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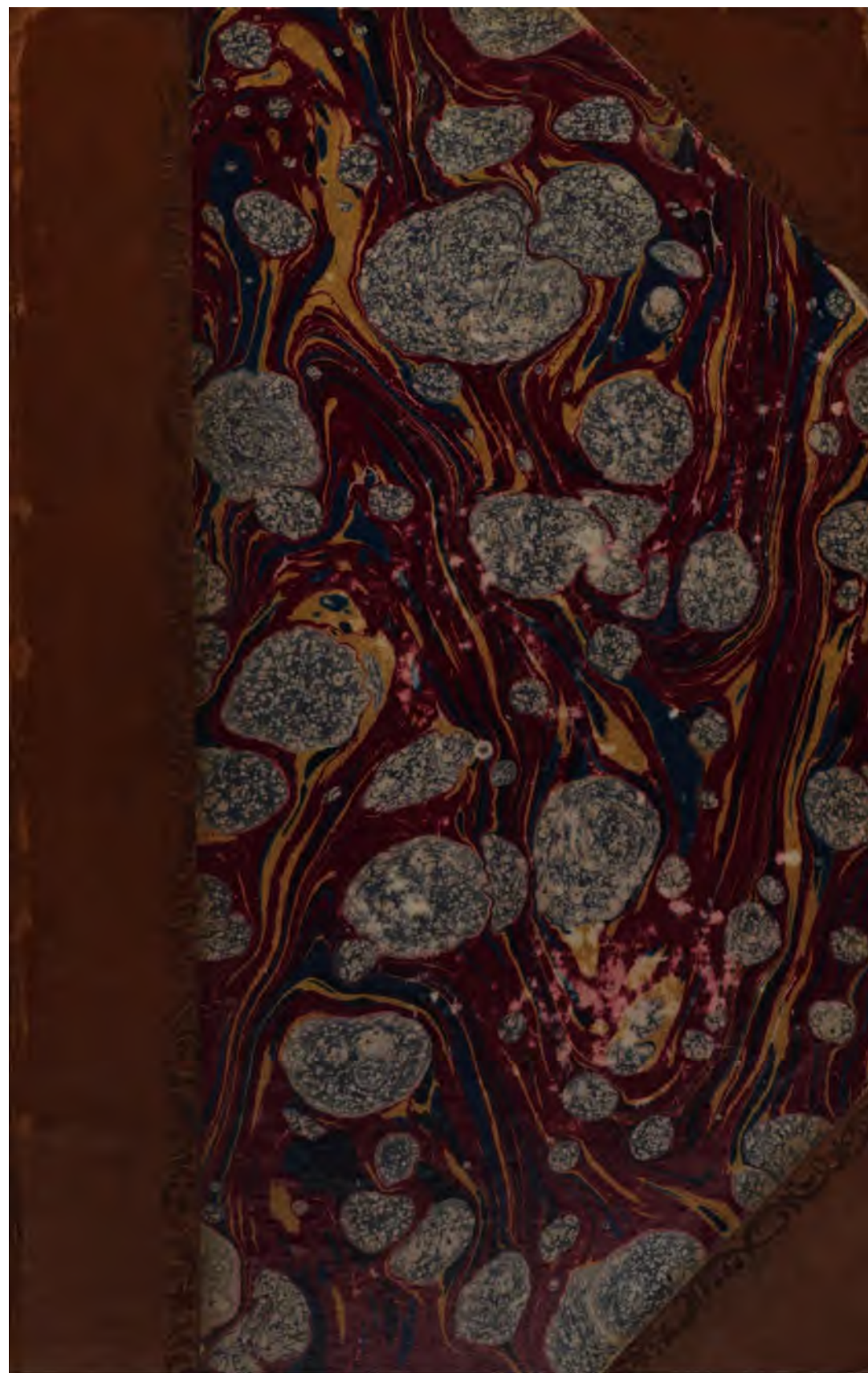
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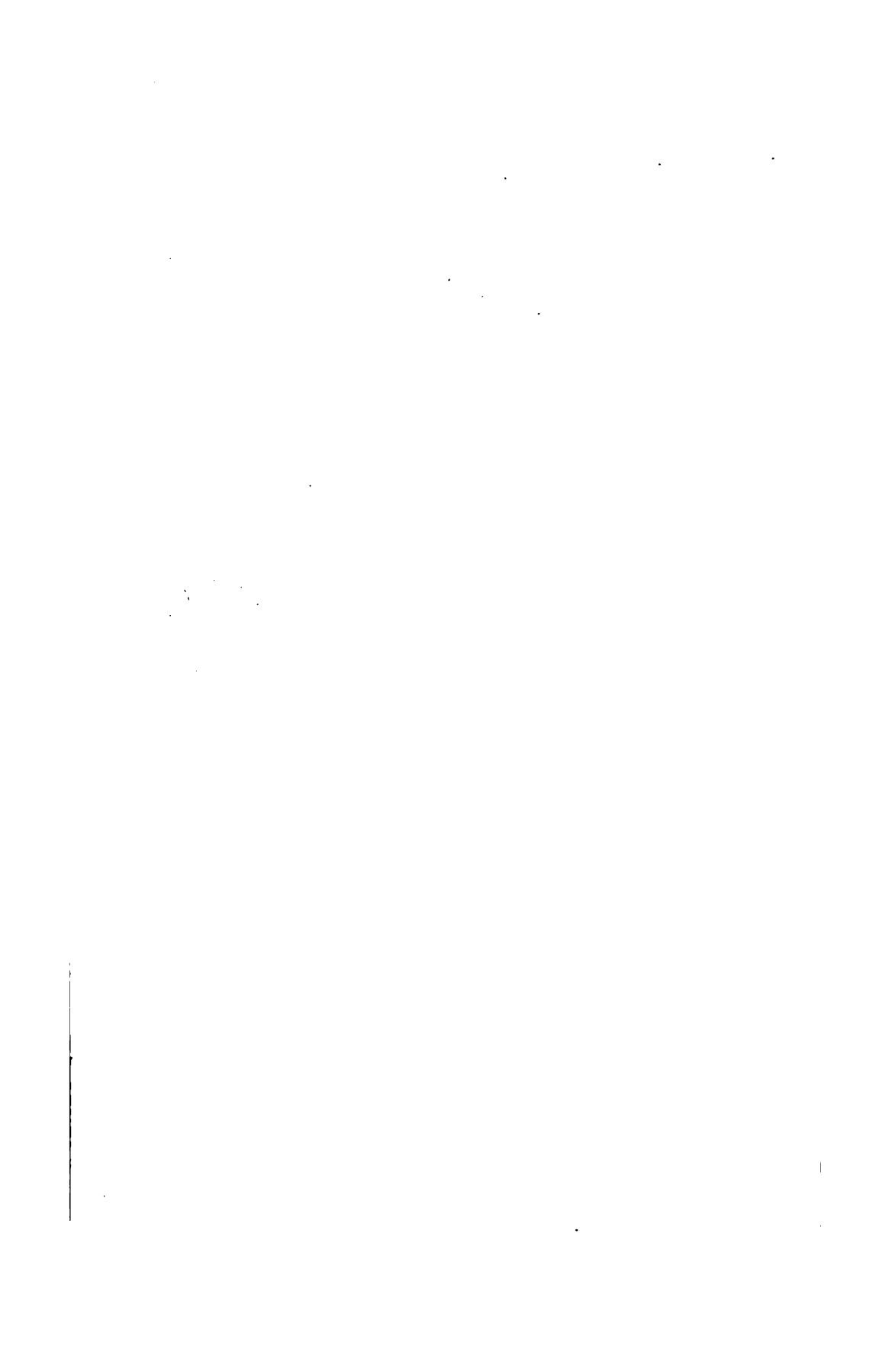
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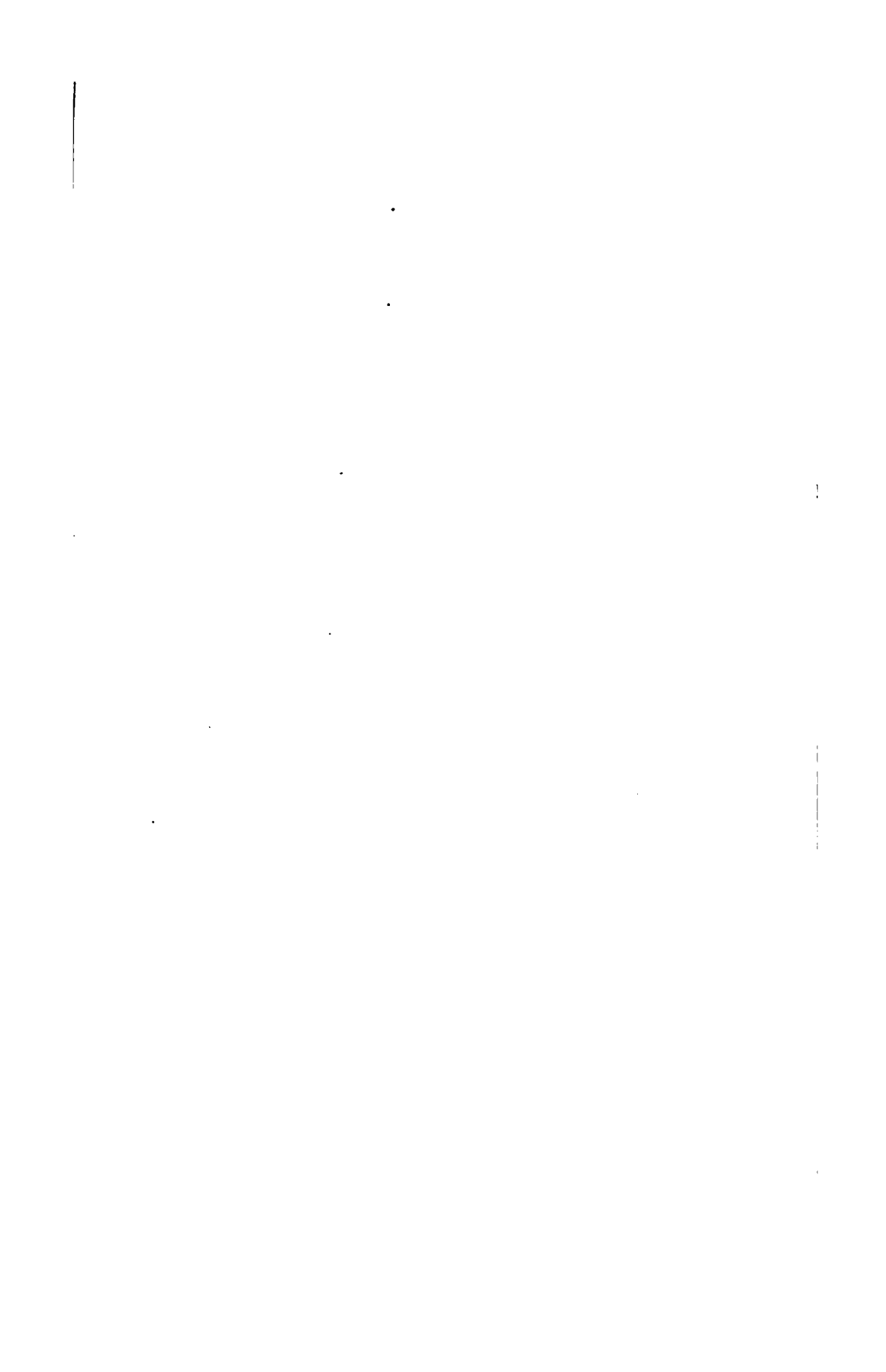
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THE PARISIANS.—BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.—FROM ISAURA CICOONA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

It is many days since I wrote to you, and but for your delightful note just received, reproaching me for silence, I should still be under the spell of that awe which certain words of M. Savarin were well fitted to produce. Chancing to ask him if he had written to you lately, he said, with that laugh of his, good-humouredly ironical, "No, *Mademoiselle*, I am not one of the *Facheux* whom Molière has immortalised. If the meeting of lovers should be sacred from the intrusion of a third person, however amiable, more sacred still should be the parting between an author and his work. Madame de Grantmesnil is in that moment so solemn to a genius earnest as hers—she is bidding farewell to a companion with whom, once dismissed into the world, she can never converse familiarly again; it ceases to be her companion when it becomes ours. Do not let us disturb the last hours they will pass together."

These words struck me much. I suppose there is truth in them. I

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can comprehend that a work which has long been all in all to its author, concentrating his thoughts, gathering round it the hopes and fears of his inmost heart, dies, as it were, to him when he has completed its life for others, and launched it into a world estranged from the solitude in which it was born and formed. I can almost conceive that, to a writer like you, the very fame which attends the work thus sent forth chills your own love for it. The characters you created in a fairy land, known but to yourself, must lose something of their mysterious charm when you hear them discussed and cavilled at, blamed or praised, as if they were really the creatures of streets and *salons*.

I wonder if hostile criticism pains or enrages you as it seems to do such other authors as I have known. M. Savarin, for instance, sets down in his tablets as an enemy to whom vengeance is due the smallest scribbler who wounds his self-love, and says frankly, "To me praise is food, dis-

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praise is poison. Him who feeds me I pay; him who poisons me I break on the wheel." M. Savarin is, indeed, a skilful and energetic administrator to his own reputation. He deals with it as if it were a kingdom—establishes fortifications for its defence—enlists soldiers to fight for it. He is the soul and centre of a confederation in which each is bound to defend the territory of the others, and all those territories united constitute the imperial realm of M. Savarin. Don't think me an ungracious satirist in what I am thus saying of our brilliant friend. It is not I who here speak; it is himself. He avows his policy with the *naïveté* which makes the charm of his style as writer. "It is the greatest mistake," he said to me yesterday, "to talk of the Republic of Letters. Every author who wins a name is a sovereign in his own domain, be it large or small. Woe to any republican who wants to dethrone me!" Somehow or other, when M. Savarin thus talks I feel as if he were betraying the cause of genius. I cannot bring myself to regard literature as a craft—to me it is a sacred mission; and in hearing this 'sovereign' boast of the tricks by which he maintains his state, I seem to listen to a priest who treats as imposture the religion he professes to teach. M. Savarin's favourite *élève* now is a young contributor to his journal, named Gustave Rameau. M. Savarin said the other day in my hearing, "I and my set were *Young France*—Gustave Rameau and his set are *New Paris*."

"And what is the distinction between the one and the other?" asked my American friend, Mrs Morley.

"The set of 'Young France,'" answered M. Savarin, "had in it the hearty consciousness of youth: it was bold and vehement, with abundant vitality and animal spirits;

whatever may be said against it in other respects, the power of thews and sinews must be conceded to its chief representatives. But the set of 'New Paris' has very bad health, and very indifferent spirits. Still, in its way, it is very clever; it can sting and bite as keenly as if it were big and strong. Rameau is the most promising member of the set. He will be popular in his time, because he represents a good deal of the mind of his time—viz., the mind and the time of 'New Paris.'"

Do you know anything of this young Rameau's writings? You do not know himself, for he told me so, expressing a desire that was evidently very sincere, to find some occasion on which to render you his homage. He said this the first time I met him at M. Savarin's, and before he knew how dear to me are yourself and your fame. He came and sate by me after dinner, and won my interest at once by asking me if I had heard that you were busied on a new work; and then, without waiting for my answer, he launched forth into praises of you, which made a notable contrast to the scorn with which he spoke of all your contemporaries, except indeed M. Savarin, who, however, might not have been pleased to hear his favourite pupil style him "a great writer in small things." I spare you his epigrams on Dumas and Victor Hugo and my beloved Lamartine. Though his talk was showy, and dazzled me at first, I soon got rather tired of it—even the first time we met. Since then I have seen him very often, not only at M. Savarin's, but he calls here at least every other day, and we have become quite good friends. He gains on acquaintance so far, that one cannot help feeling how much he is to be pitied. He is so envious! and the envious must be so unhappy. And then he is at once so near and

so far from all the things that he envies. He longs for riches and luxury, and can only as yet earn a bare competence by his labours. Therefore he hates the rich and luxurious. His literary successes, instead of pleasing him, render him miserable by their contrast with the fame of the authors whom he envies and assails. He has a beautiful head, of which he is conscious, but it is joined to a body without strength or grace. He is conscious of this too: but it is cruel to go on with this sketch. You can see at once the kind of person who, whether he inspire affection or dislike, cannot fail to create an interest—painful but compassionate.

You will be pleased to hear that Dr C. considers my health so improved, that I may next year enter fairly on the profession for which I was intended and trained. Yet I still feel hesitating and doubtful. To give myself wholly up to the art in which I am told I could excel, must alienate me entirely from the ambition that yearns for fields in which, alas! it may perhaps never appropriate to itself a rood for culture—only wander, lost in a vague fairy-land, to which it has not the fairy's birthright. O thou great Enchantress, to whom are equally subject the streets of Paris and the realm of Faerie—thou who hast sounded to the deeps that circumfluent ocean called "practical human life," and hast taught the acutest of its navigators to consider how far its courses are guided, by orbs in heaven—canst thou solve this riddle which, if it perplexes me, must perplex so many? What is the real distinction between the rare genius and the commonalty of human souls that feel to the quick all the grandest and divinest things which the rare genius places before them, sighing within themselves—"This rare genius does but express that which

was previously familiar to us, so far as thought and sentiment extend?" Nay, the genius itself, however eloquent, never does, never can, express the whole of the thought or the sentiment it interprets: on the contrary, the greater the genius is, the more it leaves a something of incomplete satisfaction on our minds—it promises so much more than it performs—it implies so much more than it announces. I am impressed with the truth of what I thus say in proportion as I reperuse and restudy the greatest writers that have come within my narrow range of reading. And by the greatest writers I mean those who are not exclusively reasoners (of such I cannot judge), nor mere poets (of whom, so far as concerns the union of words with music, I ought to be able to judge), but the few who unite reason and poetry, and appeal at once to the common-sense of the multitude and the imagination of the few. The highest type of this union to me is Shakespeare; and I can comprehend the justice of no criticism on him which does not allow this sense of incomplete satisfaction augmenting in proportion as the poet soars to his highest. I ask again, In what consists this distinction between the rare genius and the commonalty of minds that exclaim, "He expresses what we feel, but never the whole of what we feel"? Is it the mere power over language, a larger knowledge of dictionaries, a finer ear for period and cadence, a more artistic craft in casing our thoughts and sentiments in well-selected words? Is it true what Buffon says, "that the style is the man"? Is it true what I am told Goethe said, "Poetry is form"? I cannot believe this; and if you tell me it is true, then I no longer pine to be a writer. But if it be not true, explain to me how it is that the greatest genius is popular in proportion as it makes itself akin to

us by uttering in better words than we employ that which was already within us, brings to light what in our souls was latent, and does but correct, beautify, and publish the correspondence which an ordinary reader carries on privately every day, between himself and his mind or his heart. If this superiority in the genius be but style and form, I abandon my dream of being something else than a singer of words by another to the music of another. But then, what then? My knowledge of books and art is wonderfully small. What little I do know I gather from very few books, and from what I hear said by the few worth listening to whom I happen to meet; and out of these, in solitude and reverie, not by conscious effort, I arrive at some results which appear to my inexperience original. Perhaps, indeed, they have the same kind of originality as the musical compositions of amateurs who effect a cantata or a quartette made up of borrowed details from great masters, and constituting a whole so original that no real master would deign to own it. Oh, if I could get you to understand how unsettled, how struggling my whole nature at this moment is! I wonder what is the sensation of the chrysalis which has been a silk-worm, when it first feels the new wings stirring within its shell—wings, alas! that are but those of the humblest and shortest-lived sort of moth, scarcely born into daylight before it dies. Could it reason, it might regret its earlier life, and say, "Better be the silk-worm than the moth."

From the Same to the Same.

Have you known well any English people in the course of your life? I say well, for you must have had acquaintance with many. But it seems to me so difficult to know

an Englishman well. Even I, who so loved and revered Mr Selby—I, whose childhood was admitted into his companionship by that love which places ignorance and knowledge, infancy and age, upon ground so equal that heart touches heart—cannot say that I understand the English character to anything like the extent to which I fancy I understand the Italian and the French. Between us of the Continent and them of the island the British Channel always flows. There is an Englishman here to whom I have been introduced, whom I have met, though but seldom, in that society which bounds the Paris world to me. Pray, pray tell me, did you ever know, ever meet him? His name is Graham Vane. He is the only son, I am told, of a man who was a *célébrité* in England as an orator and statesman, and on both sides he belongs to the *haute aristocratie*. He himself has that indescribable air and mien to which we apply the epithet 'distinguished.' In the most crowded *salon* the eye would fix on him, and involuntarily follow his movements. Yet his manners are frank and simple, wholly without the stiffness or reserve which are said to characterise the English. There is an inborn dignity in his bearing which consists in the absence of all dignity assumed. But what strikes me most in this Englishman is an expression of countenance which the English depict by the word 'open'—that expression which inspires you with a belief in the existence of sincerity. Mrs Morley said of him, in that poetic extravagance of phrase by which the Americans startle the English—"That man's forehead would light up the Mammoth Cave." Do you not know, Eulalie, what it is to us cultivators of art—art being the expression of truth through fiction

—to come into the atmosphere of one of those souls in which Truth stands out bold and beautiful in itself, and needs no idealisation through fiction? Oh, how near we should be to heaven could we live daily, hourly, in the presence of one the honesty of whose word we could never doubt, the authority of whose word we could never disobey! Mr Vane professes not to understand

music—not even to care for it, except rarely—and yet he spoke of its influence over others with an enthusiasm that half charmed me once more back to my destined calling—nay, might have charmed me wholly, but that he seemed to think that I—that any public singer—must be a creature apart from the world—the world in which such men live. Perhaps that is true.

CHAPTER II.

It was one of those lovely noons towards the end of May in which a rural suburb has the mellow charm of summer to him who escapes awhile from the streets of a crowded capital. The Londoner knows its charm when he feels his tread on the softening swards of the Vale of Health, or, pausing at Richmond under the budding willow, gazes on the river glittering in the warmer sunlight, and hears from the villagardens behind him the brief trill of the blackbird. But the suburbs round Paris are, I think, a yet more pleasing relief from the metropolis; they are more easily reached, and I know not why, but they seem more rural, perhaps because the contrast of their repose with the stir left behind—of their redundancy of leaf and blossom, compared with the prim efflorescence of trees in the Boulevards and Tuileries—is more striking. However that may be, when Graham reached the pretty suburb in which Isaura dwelt, it seemed to him as if all the wheels of the loud busy life were suddenly smitten still. The hour was yet early; he felt sure that he should find Isaura at home. The garden-gate stood unfastened and ajar; he pushed it aside and entered. I think I have before said that the garden of the villa was shut out from the road, and the gaze of neighbours, by

a wall and thick belts of evergreens; it stretched behind the house somewhat far for the garden of a suburban villa. He paused when he had passed the gateway, for he heard in the distance the voice of one singing—singing low, singing plaintively. He knew it was the voice of Isaura; he passed on, leaving the house behind him, and tracking the voice till he reached the singer.

Isaura was seated within an arbour towards the further end of the garden—an arbour which, a little later in the year, must indeed be delicate and dainty with lush exuberance of jessamine and woodbine; now into its iron trellis-work leaflet and flowers were insinuating their gentle way. Just at the entrance one white rose—a winter rose that had mysteriously survived its relations—opened its pale hues frankly to the noonday sun. Graham approached slowly, noiselessly, and the last note of the song had ceased when he stood at the entrance of the arbour. Isaura did not perceive him at first, for her face was bent downward musingly, as was often her wont after singing, especially when alone. But she felt that the place was darkened, that something stood between her and the sunshine. She raised her face, and a quick flush mantled over it as she uttered his name, not loudly, not as in sur-

prise, but inwardly and whisperingly, as in a sort of fear.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," said Graham, entering; "but I heard your voice as I came into the garden, and it drew me onward involuntarily. What a lovely air! and what simple sweetness in such of the words as reached me! I am so ignorant of music that you must not laugh at me if I ask whose is the music and whose are the words? Probably both are so well known as to convict me of a barbarous ignorance."

"Oh no," said Isaura, with a still heightened colour, and in accents embarrassed and hesitating. "Both the words and music are by an unknown and very humble composer, yet not, indeed, quite original; they have not even that merit—at least they were suggested by a popular song in the Neapolitan dialect which is said to be very old."

"I don't know if I caught the true meaning of the words, for they seemed to me to convey a more subtle and refined sentiment than is common in the popular songs of southern Italy."

"The sentiment in the original is changed in the paraphrase, and not, I fear, improved by the change."

"Will you explain to me the sentiment in both, and let me judge which I prefer?"

"In the Neapolitan song a young fisherman, who has moored his boat under a rock on the shore, sees a beautiful face below the surface of the waters; he imagines it to be that of a Nereid, and casts in his net to catch this supposed nymph of the ocean. He only disturbs the water, loses the image, and brings up a few common fishes. He returns home disappointed, and very much enamoured of the supposed Nereid. The next day he goes again to the same place, and discovers that the face which had so charmed him was that

of a mortal girl reflected on the waters from the rock behind him, on which she had been seated, and on which she had her home. The original air is arch and lively; just listen to it." And Isaura warbled one of those artless and somewhat meagre tunes to which light-stringed instruments are the fitting accompaniment.

"That," said Graham, "is a different music indeed from the other, which is deep and plaintive, and goes to the heart."

"But do you not see how the words have been altered? In the song you first heard me singing, the fisherman goes again to the spot, again and again sees the face in the water, again and again seeks to capture the Nereid, and never knows to the last that the face was that of the mortal on the rock close behind him, and which he passed by without notice every day. Deluded by an ideal image, the real one escapes from his eye."

"Is the verse that is recast meant to symbolise a moral in love?"

"In love? nay, I know not; but in life, yes—at least the life of the artist."

"The paraphrase of the original is yours, Signorina—words and music both. Am I not right? Your silence answers, 'Yes.' Will you pardon me if I say that, though there can be no doubt of the new beauty you have given to the old song, I think that the moral of the old was the sounder one, the truer to human life. We do not go on to the last duped by an illusion. If enamoured by the shadow on the waters, still we do look around us and discover the image it reflects."

Isaura shook her head gently, but made no answer. On the table before her there were a few myrtle-sprigs and one or two buds from the last winter rose, which she had been arranging into a simple nosegay;

she took up these, and abstractedly began to pluck and scatter the rose-leaves.

"Despise the coming May flowers if you will, they will soon be so plentiful," said Graham; "but do not cast away the few blossoms which winter has so kindly spared, and which even summer will not give again;" and, placing his hand on the winter buds, it touched hers—lightly, indeed, but she felt the touch, shrank from it, coloured, and rose from her seat.

"The sun has left this side of the garden, the east wind is rising, and you must find it chilly here," she said, in an altered tone; "will you not come into the house?"

"It is not the air that I feel chilly," said Graham, with a half-smile; "I almost fear that my prosaic admonitions have displeased you."

"They were not prosaic; and they were kind and very wise," she added, with her exquisite laugh—laugh so wonderfully sweet and musical. She now had gained the entrance of the arbour; Graham joined her, and they walked towards the house. He asked her if she had seen much of the Savarins since they had met.

"Once or twice we have been there of an evening."

"And encountered, no doubt, the illustrious young minstrel who despises Tasso and Corneille?"

"M. Rameau? Oh yes; he is constantly at the Savarins'. Do not be severe on him. He is unhappy—he is struggling—he is soured. An artist has thorns in his path which lookers-on do not heed."

"All people have thorns in their path, and I have no great respect for those who want lookers-on to heed them whenever they are scratched. But M. Rameau seems to me one of those writers very common nowadays, in France and even

in England; writers who have never read anything worth studying, and are, of course, presumptuous in proportion to their ignorance. I should not have thought an artist like yourself could have recognised an artist in a M. Rameau who despises Tasso without knowing Italian."

Graham spoke bitterly; he was once more jealous.

"Are you not an artist yourself? Are you not a writer? M. Savarin told me you were a distinguished man of letters."

"M. Savarin flatters me too much. I am not an artist, and I have a great dislike to that word as it is now hackneyed and vulgarised in England and in France. A cook calls himself an artist; a tailor does the same; a man writes a gaudy melodrama, a spasmodic song, a sensational novel, and straightway he calls himself an artist, and indulges in a pedantic jargon about 'essence' and 'form,' assuring us that a poet we can understand wants essence, and a poet we can scan wants form. Thank heaven, I am not vain enough to call myself artist. I have written some very dry lucubrations in periodicals, chiefly political, or critical upon other subjects than art. But why, *à propos* of M. Rameau, did you ask me that question respecting myself?"

"Because much in your conversation," answered Isaura, in rather a mournful tone, "made me suppose you had more sympathies with art and its cultivators than you cared to avow. And if you had such sympathies, you would comprehend what a relief it is to a poor aspirant to art like myself to come into communication with those who devote themselves to any art distinct from the common pursuits of the world; what a relief it is to escape from the ordinary talk of society. There is a sort of instinctive freemasonry among us, including masters and

disciples, and one art has a fellowship with other arts; mine is but song and music, yet I feel attracted towards a sculptor, a painter, a romance-writer, a poet, as much as towards a singer, a musician. Do you understand why I cannot condemn M. Rameau as you do? I differ from his tastes in literature; I do not much admire such of his writings as I have read; I grant that he overestimates his own genius, whatever that be,—yet I like to converse with him: he is a struggler upward, though with weak wings, or with erring footsteps, like myself."

"Mademoiselle," said Graham, earnestly, "I cannot say how I thank you for this candour. Do not condemn me for abusing it—if—" he paused.

"If what?"

"If I, so much older than yourself—I do not say only in years, but in the experience of life—I, whose lot is cast among those busy and 'positive' pursuits, which necessarily quicken that unromantic faculty called common-sense—if, I say, the deep interest with which you must inspire all whom you admit into an acquaintance, even as unfamiliar as that now between us, makes me utter one caution, such as might be uttered by a friend or brother. Beware of those 'artistic sympathies' which you so touchingly confess; beware how, in the great events of life, you allow fancy to misguide your reason. In choosing friends on whom to rely, separate the artist from the human being. Judge of the human being for what it is in itself. Do not worship the face on the waters, blind to the image on the rock. In one word, never see in an artist like a M. Rameau the human being to whom you could intrust the destinies of your life. Pardon me, pardon me; we may meet little hereafter, but

you are a creature so utterly new to me, so wholly unlike any woman I have ever before encountered and admired, and to me seem endowed with such wealth of mind and soul, exposed to such hazard, that—that—" again he paused, and his voice trembled as he concluded—"that it would be a deep sorrow to me if, perhaps years hence, I should have to say, 'Alas! by what mistake has that wealth been wasted!'"

While they had thus conversed, mechanically they had turned away from the house, and were again standing before the harbour.

Graham, absorbed in the passion of his adjuration, had not till now looked into the face of the companion by his side. Now, when he had concluded, and heard no reply, he bent down and saw that Isaura was weeping silently.

His heart smote him.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed, drawing her hand into his; "I have had no right to talk thus; but it was not from want of respect; it was—it was——"

The hand which was yielded to his pressed it gently, timidly, chastely.

"Forgive!" murmured Isaura; "do you think that I, an orphan, have never longed for a friend who would speak to me thus?" And so saying, she lifted her eyes, streaming still, to his bended countenance—eyes, despite their tears, so clear in their innocent limpid beauty, so ingenuous, so frank, so virgin-like, so unlike the eyes of 'any other woman he had encountered and admired.'

"Alas!" he said, in quick and hurried accents, "you may remember, when we have before conversed, how I, though so uncultured in your art, still recognised its beautiful influence upon human breasts; how I sought to combat your own depreciation of its rank

among the elevating agencies of humanity; how, too, I said that no man could venture to ask you to renounce the boards, the lamps—resign the fame of actress, of singer. Well, now that you accord to me the title of friend, now that you so touchingly remind me that you are an orphan—thinking of all the perils the young and the beautiful of your sex must encounter when they abandon private life for public—I think that a true friend might put the question, ‘Can you resign the fame of actress, of singer?’”

“I will answer you frankly. The profession which once seemed to me so alluring began to lose its charms in my eyes some months ago. It was your words, very eloquently expressed, on the ennobling effects of music and song upon a popular audience, that counteracted the growing distaste to rendering up my whole life to the vocation of the stage. But now I think I should feel grateful to the friend whose advice interpreted the voice of my own heart, and bade me relinquish the career of actress.”

Graham’s face grew radiant. But whatever might have been his reply was arrested; voices and footsteps were heard behind. He turned round and saw the Venosta, the Savarins, and Gustave Rameau.

Isaura heard and saw also, started in a sort of alarmed confusion, and then instinctively retreated towards the arbour.

Graham hurried on to meet the Signora and the visitors, giving time to Isaura to compose herself by arresting them in the pathway with conventional salutations.

A few minutes later Isaura joined them, and there was talk to which Graham scarcely listened, though he shared in it by abstracted monosyllables. He declined going into the house, and took leave at the gate. In parting, his eyes fixed themselves on Isaura. Gustave Rameau was by her side. That nose-gay which had been left in the arbour was in her hand; and though she was bending over it, she did not now pluck and scatter the rose-leaves. Graham at that moment felt no jealousy of the fair-faced young poet beside her.

As he walked slowly back, he muttered to himself, “But am I yet in the position to hold myself wholly free? Am I, am I? Were the sole choice before me that between her and ambition and wealth, how soon it would be made! Ambition has no prize equal to the heart of such a woman; wealth no sources of joy equal to the treasures of her love.”

CHAPTER III.—FROM ISAURA CIOGNA TO MADAME DE GRANTMESNIL.

The day after I posted my last, Mr Vane called on us. I was in our little garden at the time. Our conversation was brief, and soon interrupted by visitors—the Savarins and M. Rameau. I long for your answer. I wonder how he impressed you, if you have met him; how he would impress, if you met him now. To me he is so different from all others; and I scarcely know why his words ring in my

ears, and his image rests in my thoughts. It is strange altogether; for though he is young, he speaks to me as if he were so much older than I—so kindly, so tenderly, yet as if I were a child, and much as the dear *Maestro* might do, if he thought I needed caution or counsel. Do not fancy, Eulalie, that there is any danger of my deceiving myself as to the nature of such interest as he may take in me. Oh no! There

is a gulf between us there which he does not lose sight of, and which we could not pass. How, indeed, I could interest him at all I cannot guess. A rich, high-born Englishman, intent on political life; practical, prosaic—no, not prosaic; but still with the kind of sense which does not admit into its range of vision that world of dreams which is familiar as their daily home to Romance and to Art. It has always seemed to me that for love, love such as I conceive it, there must be a deep and constant sympathy between two persons—not, indeed, in the usual and ordinary trifles of taste and sentiment, but in those essentials which form the root of character, and branch out in all the leaves and blooms that expand to the sunshine and shrink from the cold,—that the worldling should wed the worldling, the artist the artist. Can the realist and the idealist blend together, and hold together till death and beyond death? If not, can there be true love between them? By true love, I mean the love which interpenetrates the soul, and once given, can never die. Oh, Eulalie—answer me—answer!

P.S.—I have now fully made up my mind to renounce all thought of the stage.

From Madame de Grantmesnil to Isaura Cicogna.

MY DEAR CHILD, — How your mind has grown since you left me, the sanguine and aspiring votary of an art which, of all arts, brings the most immediate reward to a successful cultivator, and is in itself so divine in its immediate effects upon human souls! Who shall say what may be the after-results of those effects which the waiters on posterity presume to despise because they are immediate? A dull man, to whose mind a ray of that vague starlight

undetected in the atmosphere of workday life has never yet travelled; to whom the philosopher, the preacher, the poet appeal in vain—nay, to whom the conceptions of the grandest master of instrumental music are incomprehensible; to whom Beethoven unlocks no portal in heaven; to whom Rossini has no mysteries on earth unsolved by the critics of the pit,—suddenly hears the human voice of the human singer, and at the sound of that voice the walls which enclosed him fall. The something far from and beyond the routine of his commonplace existence becomes known to him. He of himself, poor man, can make nothing of it. He cannot put it down on paper, and say the next morning, "I am an inch nearer to heaven than I was last night;" but the feeling that he *is* an inch nearer to heaven abides with him. Unconsciously he is gentler, he is less earthly, and, in being nearer to heaven, he is stronger for earth. You singers do not seem to me to understand that you have—to use your own word, so much in vogue that it has become abused and trite—a *mission*! When you talk of missions, from whom comes the mission? Not from men. If there be a mission from man to men, it must be appointed from on high.

Think of all this; and in being faithful to your art, be true to yourself. If you feel divided between that art and the art of the writer, and acknowledge the first to be too exacting to admit a rival, keep to that in which you are sure to excel. Alas, my fair child! do not imagine that we writers feel a happiness in our pursuits and aims more complete than that which you can command. If we care for fame (and, to be frank, we all do), that fame does not come before us face to face—a real, visible, palpable form, as it does to the singer, to the actress. I grant that

it may be more enduring, but an endurance on the length of which we dare not reckon. A writer cannot be sure of immortality till his language itself be dead; and then he has but a share in an uncertain lottery. Nothing but fragments remains of the Phrynichus, who rivalled Æschylus; of the Agathon, who perhaps excelled Euripides; of the Alcæus, in whom Horace acknowledged a master and a model; their renown is not in their works, it is but in their names. And, after all, the names of singers and actors last perhaps as long. Greece retains the name of Polus, Rome of Roscius, England of Garrick, France of Talma, Italy of Pasta, more lastingly than posterity is likely to retain mine. You address to me a question, which I have often put to myself—"What is the distinction between the writer and the reader, when the reader says, 'These are *my* thoughts, these are *my* feelings; the writer has stolen them, and clothed them in his own words'?" And the more the reader says this, the more wide is the audience, the more genuine the renown, and, paradox though it seems, the more consummate the originality, of the writer. But no, it is not the mere gift of expression, it is not the mere craft of the pen, it is not the mere taste in arrangement of word and cadence, which thus enables the one to interpret the mind, the heart, the soul of the many. It is a power breathed into him as he lay in his cradle, and a power that gathered around itself, as he grew up, all the influences he acquired, whether from observation of external nature, or from study of men and books, or from that experience of daily life which varies with every human being. No education could make two intellects exactly alike, as no culture can make two leaves exactly

alike. How truly you describe the sense of dissatisfaction which every writer of superior genius communicates to his admirers! how truly do you feel that the greater is the dissatisfaction in proportion to the writer's genius, and the admirer's conception of it! But that is the mystery which makes—let me borrow a German phrase—the *cloud-land* between the finite and the infinite. The greatest philosopher, intent on the secrets of Nature, feels that dissatisfaction in Nature herself. The finite cannot reduce into logic and criticism the infinite.

Let us dismiss these matters, which perplex the reason, and approach that which touches the heart—which in your case, my child, touches the heart of woman. You speak of love, and deem that the love which lasts—the household, the conjugal love—should be based upon such sympathies of pursuit that the artist should wed with the artist.

This is one of the questions you do well to address to me; for whether from my own experience, or from that which I have gained from observation extended over a wide range of life, and quickened and intensified by the class of writing that I cultivate, and which necessitates a calm study of the passions, I am an authority on such subjects, better than most women can be. And alas, my child! I come to this result: there is no prescribing to men or to women whom to select, whom to refuse. I cannot refute the axiom of the ancient poet, "In love there is no wherefore." But there is a time—it is often but a moment of time—in which love is not yet a master, in which we can say, "*I will love—I will not love.*"

Now, if I could find you in such a moment, I would say to you, "Artist, do not love—do not marry—an artist." Two artistic natures rarely combine. The artistic nature

is wonderfully exacting. I fear it is supremely egotistical—so jealously sensitive that it writhes at the touch of a rival. Racine was the happiest of husbands; his wife adored his genius, but could not understand his plays. Would Racine have been happy if he had married a Corneille in petticoats? I who speak have loved an artist, certainly equal to myself. I am sure that he loved me. That sympathy in pursuits of which you speak drew us together, and became very soon the cause of antipathy. To both of us the endeavour to coalesce was misery.

I don't know your M. Rameau. Savarin has sent me some of his writings; from these I judge that his only chance of happiness would be to marry a commonplace woman, with *séparation de biens*. He is, believe me, but one of the many with whom New Paris abounds, who, because they have the infirmities of genius, imagine they have its strength.

I come next to the Englishman. I see how serious is your questioning about him. You not only regard him as a being distinct from the crowd of a *salon*; he stands equally apart in the chamber of your thoughts—you do not mention him in the same letter as that which treats of Rameau and Savarin. He has become already an image not to be lightly mixed up with others. You would rather not have mentioned him at all to me, but you could not resist it. The interest you feel in him so perplexed you, that in a kind of feverish impatience you cry out to me, "Can you solve the riddle? Did you ever know well Englishmen? Can an Englishman be understood out of his island?" &c. &c. Yes, I have known well many Englishmen. In affairs of the heart they are much like all other men. No; I do not know this Englishman in particular, nor any one of his name.

Well, my child, let us frankly grant that this foreigner has gained some hold on your thoughts, on your fancy, perhaps also on your heart. Do not fear that he will love you less enduringly, or that you will become alienated from him, because he is not an artist. If he be a strong nature, and with some great purpose in life, your ambition will fuse itself in his; and knowing you as I do, I believe you would make an excellent wife to an Englishman whom you honoured as well as loved; and sorry though I should be that you relinquished the singer's fame, I should be consoled in thinking you safe in the woman's best sphere—a contented home, safe from calumny, safe from gossip. I never had that home; and there has been no part in my author's life in which I would not have given all the celebrity it won for the obscure commonplace of such woman lot. Could I move human beings as pawns on a chess-board, I should indeed say that the most suitable and congenial mate for you, for a woman of sentiment and genius, would be a well-born and well-educated German; for such a German unites, with domestic habits and a strong sense of family ties, a romance of sentiment, a love of art, a predisposition towards the poetic side of life which is very rare among Englishmen of the same class. But as the German is not forthcoming, I give my vote for the Englishman, provided only you love him. Ah, child, be sure of that. Do not mistake fancy for love. All women do not require love in marriage, but without it that which is best and highest in you would wither and die. Write to me often and tell me all. M. Savarin is right. My book is no longer my companion. It is gone from me, and I am once more alone in the world.—Yours affectionately.

P.S.—Is not your postscript a woman's? Does it not require a woman's postscript in reply? You say in yours that you have fully made up your mind to renounce all thoughts of the stage. I, ask in mine, "What has the Englishman to do with that determination?"

CHAPTER IV.

Some weeks have passed since Graham's talk with Isaura in the garden; he has not visited the villa since. His cousins the D'Altons have passed through Paris on their way to Italy, meaning to stay a few days; they stayed nearly a month, and monopolised much of Graham's companionship. Both these were reasons why, in the habitual society of the Duke, Graham's persuasion that he was not yet free to court the hand of Isaura became strengthened, and with that persuasion necessarily came a question equally addressed to his conscience. "If not yet free to court her hand, am I free to expose myself to the temptation of seeking to win her affection?" But when his cousin was gone, his heart began to assert its own rights, to argue its own case, and suggest modes of reconciling its dictates to the obligations which seemed to oppose them. In this hesitating state of mind he received the following note:—

VILLA * * *, LAC D'ENGHIEN.

MY DEAR MR VANE,—We have retreated from Paris to the banks of this beautiful little lake. Come and help to save Frank and myself from quarrelling with each other, which, until the Rights of Women are firmly established, married folks always will do when left to themselves, especially if they are still lovers, as Frank and I are. Love is a terribly quarrelsome thing. Make us a present of a few days out of your wealth of time. We will visit Montmorency and the haunts of

Rousseau—sail on the lake at moonlight—dine at gipsy restaurants under trees not yet embrowned by summer heats—discuss literature and politics—'Shakespeare and the musical glasses'—and be as sociable and pleasant as Boccaccio's tale-tellers at Fiesole. We shall be but a small party, only the Savarins, that unconscious sage and humorist Signora Venosta, and that dimple-cheeked Isaura, who embodies the song of nightingales and the smile of summer. Refuse, and Frank shall not have an easy moment till he sends in his claims for 30 millions against the Alabama.—Yours, as you behave,

LIZZIE MORLEY.

Graham did not refuse. He went to Enghien for four days and a quarter. He was under the same roof as Isaura. O those happy days!—so happy that they defy description. But though to Graham the happiest days he had ever known, they were happier still to Isaura. There were drawbacks to his happiness, none to hers,—drawbacks partly from reasons the weight of which the reader will estimate later; partly from reasons the reader may at once comprehend and assess. In the sunshine of her joy, all the vivid colourings of Isaura's artistic temperament came forth, so that what I may call the homely, domestic woman-side of her nature faded into shadow. If, my dear reader, whether you be man or woman, you have come into familiar contact with some creature of a genius to which, even assuming

that you yourself have a genius in its own way, you have no special affinities,—have you not felt shy with that creature? Have you not, perhaps, felt how intensely you could love that creature, and doubted if that creature could possibly love you? Now, I think that shyness and that disbelief are common with either man or woman, if, however conscious of superiority in the prose of life, he or she recognises inferiority in the poetry of it. And yet this self-abasement is exceedingly mistaken. The poetical kind of genius is so grandly indulgent, so inherently deferential, bows with such unaffected modesty to the superiority in which it fears it may fail (yet seldom does fail)—the superiority of common-sense. And when we come to women, what marvellous truth is conveyed by the woman who has had no superior in intellectual gifts among her own sex! Corinne, crowned at the Capitol, selects out of the whole world, as the hero of her love, no rival poet and enthusiast, but a cold-blooded, sensible Englishman.

Graham Vane, in his strong masculine form of intellect—Graham Vane, from whom I hope much, if he live to fulfil his rightful career—had, not unreasonably, the desire to dominate the life of the woman whom he selected as the partner of his own. But the life of Isaura seemed to escape him. If at moments, listening to her, he would say to himself, "What a companion!—life could never be dull with her"—at other moments he would say, "True, never dull, but would it be always safe?" And then comes in that mysterious power of love which crushes all beneath its feet, and makes us end self-commune by that abject submission of reason, which only murmurs, "Better be unhappy with the one you love, than happy with one whom you do not." All

such self-communes were unknown to Isaura. She lived in the bliss of the hour. If Graham could have read her heart, he would have dismissed all doubt whether he could dominate her life. Could a Fate or an angel have said to her, "Choose,—on one side I promise you the glories of a Catalani, a Pasta, a Sappho, a De Staël, a Georges Sand—all combined into one immortal name; or, on the other side, the whole heart of the man who would estrange himself from you if you had such combination of glories"—her answer would have brought Graham Vane to her feet; all scruples, all doubts, would have vanished; he would have exclaimed, with the generosity inherent in the higher order of man, "Be glorious, if your nature wills it so. Glory enough to me that you would have resigned glory itself to become mine." But how is it that men worth a woman's loving become so diffident when they love intensely? Even in ordinary cases of love there is so ineffable a delicacy in virgin woman, that a man, be he how refined soever, feels himself rough and rude and coarse in comparison. And while that sort of delicacy was pre-eminent in this Italian orphan, there came, to increase the humility of the man so proud and so confident in himself when he had only men to deal with, the consciousness that his intellectual nature was hard and positive beside the angel-like purity and the fairy-like play of hers.

There was a strong wish on the part of Mrs Morley to bring about the union of these two. She had a great regard and a great admiration for both. To her mind, unconscious of all Graham's doubts and prejudices, they were exactly suited to each other. A man of intellect so cultivated as Graham's, if married to a commonplace English 'Miss,' would surely feel as if life had no

sunshine and no flowers. The love of an Isaura would steep it in sunshine, pave it with flowers. Mrs Morley admitted—all American Republicans of gentle birth do admit—the instincts which lead ‘like’ to match with ‘like,’ an equality of blood and race. With all her assertion of the Rights of Woman, I do not think that Mrs Morley would ever have conceived the possibility of consenting that the richest, and prettiest, and cleverest girl in the States could become the wife of a son of hers if the girl had the taint of negro blood, even though shown nowhere save the slight distinguishing hue of her finger-nails. So, had Isaura’s merits been threefold what they were, and she had been the wealthy heiress of a retail grocer, this fair Republican would have opposed (more strongly than many an English duchess, or at least a Scotch duke, would do, the wish of a son), the thought of an alliance between Graham Vane and the grocer’s daughter! But Isaura was a Cicogna—an offspring of a very ancient and very noble house. Disparities of fortune, or mere worldly position, Mrs Morley supremely despised. Here were the great parities of alliance—parities in years and good looks and mental culture. So, in short, she, in the invitation given to them, had planned for the union between Isaura and Graham.

To this plan she had an antagonist, whom she did not even guess, in Madame Savarin. That lady, as much attached to Isaura as was Mrs Morley herself, and still more desirous of seeing a girl, brilliant and parentless, transferred from the companionship of Signora Venosta to the protection of a husband, entertained no belief in the serious attentions of Graham Vane. Perhaps she exaggerated his worldly advantages—perhaps she undervalued the warmth of his affections;

but it was not within the range of her experience, confined much to Parisian life, nor in harmony with her notions of the frigidity and *morgue* of the English national character, that a rich and high-born young man, to whom a great career in practical public life was predicted, should form a matrimonial alliance with a foreign orphan girl who, if of gentle birth, had no useful connections, would bring no correspondent *dot*, and had been reared and intended for the profession of the stage. She much more feared that the result of any attentions on the part of such a man would be rather calculated to compromise the orphan’s name; or at least to mislead her expectations, than to secure her the shelter of a wedded home. Moreover, she had cherished plans of her own for Isaura’s future. Madame Savarin had conceived for Gustave Rameau a friendly regard, stronger than that which Mrs Morley entertained for Graham Vane, for it was more motherly. Gustave had been familiarised to her sight and her thoughts since he had first been launched into the literary world under her husband’s auspices; he had confided to her his mortification in his failures, his joy in his successes. His beautiful countenance, his delicate health, his very infirmities and defects, had endeared him to her womanly heart. Isaura was the wife of all others who, in Madame Savarin’s opinion, was made for Rameau. Her fortune, so trivial beside the wealth of the Englishman, would be a competence to Rameau; then that competence might swell into vast riches if Isaura succeeded on the stage. She found with extreme displeasure that Isaura’s mind had become estranged from the profession to which she had been destined, and divined that a deference to the Englishman’s prejudices had something to do with

that estrangement. It was not to be expected that a Frenchwoman, wife to a sprightly man of letters, who had intimate friends and allies in every department of the artistic world, should cherish any prejudice whatever against the exercise of an art in which success achieved riches and renown. But she was prejudiced, as most Frenchwomen are, against allowing to unmarried girls the same freedom and independence of action that are the rights of women—French women—when married. And she would have disapproved the entrance of Isaura on her professional career until she could enter it as a wife—the wife of an artist—the wife of Gustave Rameau.

Unaware of the rivalry between these friendly diplomatists and schemers, Graham and Isaura glided hourly more and more down the current, which as yet ran smooth. No words by which love is spoken were exchanged between them; in fact, though constantly together, they were very rarely, and then but for moments, alone with each other. Mrs Morley artfully schemed more than once to give them such opportunities for that mutual explanation of heart which, she saw, had not yet taken place; with art more practised and more watchful, Madame Savarin contrived to baffle her hostess's intention. But, indeed, neither Graham nor Isaura sought to make opportunities for themselves. He, as we know, did not deem himself wholly justified in uttering the words of love by which a man of honour binds himself for life; and she!—what girl, pure-hearted and loving truly, does not shrink from seeking the opportunities which it is for the man to court? Yet Isaura needed no words to tell her that she was loved—no, nor even a pressure of the hand, a glance of the eye; she felt it instinctively,

mysteriously, by the glow of her own being in the presence of her lover. She knew that she herself could not so love unless she were beloved.

Here woman's wit is keener and truthfuller than man's. Graham, as I have said, did not feel confident that he had reached the heart of Isaura: he was conscious that he had engaged her interest, that he had attracted her fancy; but often, when charmed by the joyous play of her imagination, he would sigh to himself, "To natures so gifted what single mortal can be the all in all?"

They spent the summer mornings in excursions round the beautiful neighbourhood, dined early, and sailed on the calm lake at moonlight. Their talk was such as might be expected from lovers of books in summer holidays. Savarin was a critic by profession; Graham Vane, if not that, at least owed such literary reputation as he had yet gained to essays in which the rare critical faculty was conspicuously developed.

It was pleasant to hear the clash of these two minds encountering each other; they differed perhaps less in opinions than in the mode by which opinions are discussed. The Englishman's range of reading was wider than the Frenchman's, and his scholarship more accurate; but the Frenchman had a compact neatness of expression, a light and nimble grace, whether in the advancing or the retreat of his argument, which covered deficiencies, and often made them appear like merits. Graham was compelled, indeed, to relinquish many of the forces of superior knowledge or graver eloquence, which, with less lively antagonists, he could have brought into the field, for the witty sarcasm of Savarin would have turned them aside as pedantry or

declamation. But though Graham was neither dry nor diffuse, and the happiness at his heart brought out the gaiety of humour which had been his early characteristic, and yet rendered his familiar intercourse genial and playful,—still there was this distinction between his humour and Savarin's wit, that in the first there was always something earnest, in the last always something mocking. And in criticism Graham seemed ever anxious to bring out a latent beauty, even in writers comparatively neglected. Savarin was acutest when dragging forth a blemish never before discovered in writers universally read.

Graham did not perhaps notice the profound attention with which Isaura listened to him in these intellectual skirmishes with the more glittering Parisian. There was this distinction she made between him and Savarin: when the last spoke she often chimed in with some happy sentiment of her own; but she never interrupted Graham—never intimated a dissent from his theories of art, or the deductions he drew from them; and she would remain silent and thoughtful for some minutes when his voice ceased. There was passing from his mind into hers an ambition which she imagined, poor girl, that he would be pleased to think he had inspired, and which might become a new bond of sympathy between them. But as yet the ambition was vague and timid—an idea or a dream to be fulfilled in some indefinite future.

The last night of this short-lived holiday-time, the party, after staying out on the lake to a later hour than usual, stood lingering still on the lawn of the villa; and their host, who was rather addicted to superficial studies of the positive sciences, including, of course, the most popular of all, astronomy, kept his guests politely listening to speculative con-

jectures on the probable size of the inhabitants of Sirius—that very distant and very gigantic inhabitant of heaven who has led philosophers into mortifying reflections upon the utter insignificance of our own poor little planet, capable of producing nothing greater than Shakespeares and Newtons, Aristotles and Cæsars—manikins, no doubt, beside intellects proportioned to the size of the world in which they flourish.

As it chanced, Isaura and Graham were then standing close to each other and a little apart from the rest. "It is very strange," said Graham, laughing low, "how little I care about Sirius. He is the sun of some other system, and is perhaps not habitable at all, except by Salamanders. He cannot be one of the stars with which I have established familiar acquaintance, associated with fancies and dreams and hopes, as most of us do, for instance, with Hesperus, the moon's harbinger and comrade. But amid all those stars there is one—not Hesperus—which has always had, from my childhood, a mysterious fascination for me. Knowing as little of astrology as I do of astronomy, when I gaze upon that star I become credulously superstitious, and fancy it has an influence on my life. Have you, too, any favourite star?"

"Yes," said Isaura; "and I distinguish it now, but I do not even know its name, and never would ask it."

"So like me. I would not vulgarise my unknown source of beautiful illusions by giving it the name it takes in technical catalogues. For fear of learning that name I never have pointed it out to any one before. I too at this moment distinguish it apart from all its brotherhood. Tell me which is yours."

Isaura pointed and explained. The Englishman was startled. By

what strange coincidence could they both have singled out from all the host of heaven the same favourite star?

"*Cher Vane*," cried Savarin, "Colonel Morley declares that what America is to the terrestrial system Sirius is to the heavenly. America is to extinguish Europe, and then Sirius is to extinguish the world."

"Not for some millions of years; time to look about us," said the Colonel, gravely. "But I certainly differ from those who maintain that Sirius recedes from us. I say that he approaches. The principles of a body so enlightened must be those of progress." Then addressing Graham in English, he added, "There will be a mulling in this

fogified planet some day, I predicate. Sirius is a *keener*!"

"I have not imagination lively enough to interest myself in the destinies of Sirius in connection with our planet at a date so remote," said Graham, smiling. Then he added in a whisper to Isaura, "My imagination does not carry me farther than to wonder whether this day twelvemonth—the 8th of July—we two shall both be singling out that same star, and gazing on it as now, side by side."

This was the sole utterance of that sentiment in which the romance of love is so rich that the Englishman addressed to Isaura during those memorable summer days at Enghien.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning the party broke up. Letters had been delivered both to Savarin and to Graham, which, even had the day for departure not been fixed, would have summoned them away. On reading his letter, Savarin's brow became clouded. He made a sign to his wife after breakfast, and wandered away with her down an alley in the little garden. His trouble was of that nature which a wife either soothes or aggravates, according sometimes to her habitual frame of mind, sometimes to the mood of temper in which she may chance to be;—a household trouble, a pecuniary trouble.

Savarin was by no means an extravagant man. His mode of living, though elegant and hospitable, was modest compared to that of many French authors inferior to himself in the fame which at Paris brings a very good return in francs. But his station itself as the head of a powerful literary clique necessitated many expenses which were too con-

genial to his extreme good-nature to be regulated by strict prudence. His hand was always open to distressed writers and struggling artists, and his sole income was derived from his pen and a journal in which he was chief editor and formerly sole proprietor. But that journal had of late not prospered. He had sold or pledged a considerable share in the proprietorship. He had been compelled also to borrow a sum large for him, and the debt, obtained from a retired *bourgeois* who lent out his moneys "by way," he said, "of maintaining an excitement and interest in life," would in a few days become due. The letter was not from that creditor, but it was from his publisher, containing a very disagreeable statement of accounts, pressing for settlement, and declining an offer of Savarin's for a new book (not yet begun) except upon terms that the author valued himself too highly to accept. Altogether, the situation was unpleasant. There were many times in which Madame Savarin

presumed to scold her distinguished husband for his want of prudence and thrift. But those were never the times when scolding could be of no use. It could clearly be of no use now. Now was the moment to cheer and encourage him, to reassure him as to his own undiminished powers and popularity, for he talked dejectedly of himself as obsolete and passing out of fashion; to convince him also of the impossibility that the ungrateful publisher whom Savarin's more brilliant successes had enriched could encounter the odium of hostile proceedings; and to remind him of all the authors, all the artists, whom he, in their earlier difficulties, had so liberally assisted, and from whom a sum sufficing to pay off the *bourgeois* creditor when the day arrived could now be honourably asked and would be readily contributed. In this last suggestion the homely prudent good sense of Madame Savarin failed her. She did not comprehend that delicate pride of honour which, with all his Parisian frivolities and cynicism, dignified the Parisian man of genius. Savarin could not, to save his neck from a rope, have sent round the begging-hat to friends whom he had obliged. Madam Savarin was one of those women with large-lobed ears, who can be wonderfully affectionate, wonderfully sensible; admirable wives and mothers, and yet are deficient in artistic sympathies with artistic natures. Still, a really good honest wife is such an incalculable blessing to her lord, that, at the end of the talk in the solitary *allée*, this man of exquisite *finesse*, of the undefinably high-bred temperament, and, alas! the painfully morbid susceptibility, which belong to the genuine artistic character, emerged into the open sunlit lawn with his crest uplifted; his lip curved upward in its joyous mockery, and perfectly persuaded that somehow or other he

should put down the offensive publisher, and pay off the unoffending creditor when the day for payment came. Still he had judgment enough to know that to do this he must get back to Paris, and could not dawdle away precious hours in discussing the principles of poetry with Graham Vane.

There was only one thing, apart from "the begging-hat," in which Savarin dissented from his wife. She suggested his starting a new journal in conjunction with Gustave Rameau, upon whose genius and the expectations to be formed from it (here she was tacitly thinking of Isaura wedded to Rameau, and more than a Malibran on the stage) she insisted vehemently. Savarin did not thus estimate Gustave Rameau—thought him a clever promising young writer in a very bad school of writing, who might do well some day or other. But that a Rameau could help a Savarin to make a fortune! No; at that idea he opened his eyes, patted his wife's shoulder, and called her "*enfant*."

Graham's letter was from M. Renard, and ran thus:—

MONSIEUR,—I had the honour to call at your apartment this morning, and I write this line to the address given to me by your *concierge* to say that I have been fortunate enough to ascertain that the relation of the missing lady is now at Paris. I shall hold myself in readiness to attend your summons.—Deign to accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my profound consideration.

J. RENARD.

This communication sufficed to put Graham into very high spirits. Anything that promised success to his research seemed to deliver his thoughts from a burthen and his will from a fetter. Perhaps in a few days he might frankly and honour-

ably say to Isaura words which would justify his retaining longer, and pressing more ardently, the delicate hand which trembled in his as they took leave.

On arriving at Paris, Graham despatched a note to M. Renard requesting to see him, and received a brief line in reply that M. Renard feared he should be detained on other and important business till the evening, but hoped to call at eight o'clock. A few minutes before that hour he entered Graham's apartment.

"You have discovered the uncle of Louise Duval!" exclaimed Graham; "of course you mean M. de Mauléon, and he is at Paris?"

"True so far, Monsieur; but do not be too sanguine as to the results of the information I can give you. Permit me, as briefly as possible, to state the circumstances. When you acquainted me with the fact that M. de Mauléon was the uncle of Louise Duval, I told you that I was not without hopes of finding him out, though so long absent from Paris. I will now explain why. Some months ago, one of my colleagues engaged in the political department (which I am not) was sent to Lyons, in consequence of some suspicions conceived by the loyal authorities there of a plot against the Emperor's life. The suspicions were groundless, the plot a mare's nest. But my colleague's attention was especially drawn towards a man, not mixed up with the circumstances from which a plot had been inferred, but deemed in some way or other a dangerous enemy to the Government. Ostensibly, he exercised a modest and small calling as a sort of *courtier* or *agent de change*; but it was noticed that certain persons familiarly frequenting his apartment, or to whose houses he used to go at night, were disaffected to the

Government—not by any means of the lowest rank—some of them rich malcontents who had been devoted Orleanists; others, disappointed aspirants to office or the 'cross;' one or two well-born and opulent fanatics dreaming of another Republic. Certain very able articles in the journals of the excitable *Midi*, though bearing another signature, were composed or dictated by this man—articles evading the censure and penalties of the law, but very mischievous in their tone. All who had come into familiar communication with this person were impressed with a sense of his powers; and also with a vague belief that he belonged to a higher class in breeding and education than that of a petty *agent de change*. My colleague set himself to watch the man, and took occasions of business at his little office to enter into talk with him. Not by personal appearance, but by voice, he came to a conclusion that the man was not wholly a stranger to him; a peculiar voice with a slight Norman breadth of pronunciation, though a Parisian accent; a voice very low, yet very distinct—very masculine, yet very gentle. My colleague was puzzled, till late one evening he observed the man coming out of the house of one of these rich malcontents, the rich malcontent himself accompanying him. My colleague, availing himself of the dimness of light, as the two passed into a lane which led to the agent's apartment, contrived to keep close behind and listen to their conversation. But of this he heard nothing—only, when at the end of the lane, the rich man turned abruptly, shook his companion warmly by the hand, and parted from him, saying, 'Never fear; all shall go right with you, my dear Victor.' At the sound of that name 'Victor,' my colleague's memories, before so confused, became instantaneously clear.

Previous to entering our service, he had been in the horse business—a votary of the turf; as such he had often seen the brilliant ‘*sportman*,’ Victor de Mauléon; sometimes talked to him. Yes, that was the voice—the slight Norman intonation (Victor de Mauléon’s father had it strongly, and Victor had passed some of his early childhood in Normandy), the subdued modulation of speech which had made so polite the offence to men, or so winning the courtship to women—that was Victor de Mauléon. But why there in that disguise? What was his real business and object? My *confrère* had no time allowed to him to prosecute such inquiries. Whether Victor or the rich malcontent had observed him at their heels, and feared he might have overheard their words, I know not, but the next day appeared in one of the popular journals circulating among the *ouvriers*, a paragraph stating that a Paris spy had been seen at Lyons, warning all honest men against his machinations, and containing a tolerably accurate description of his person. And that very day, on venturing forth, my estimable colleague suddenly found himself hustled by a ferocious throng, from whose hands he was with great difficulty rescued by the municipal guard. He left Lyons that night; and for recompense of his services received a sharp reprimand from his chief. He had committed the worst offence in our profession, *trop de zèle*. Having only heard the outlines of this story from another, I repaired to my *confrère* after my last interview with Monsieur, and learned what I now tell you from his own lips. As he was not in my branch of the service, I could not order him to return to Lyons; and I doubt whether his chief would have allowed it. But I went to Lyons myself, and there ascertained

that our supposed Vicomte had left that town for Paris some months ago, not long after the adventure of my colleague. The man bore a very good character generally—was said to be very honest and inoffensive; and the notice taken of him by persons of higher rank was attributed generally to a respect for his talents, and not on account of any sympathy in political opinions. I found that the *confrère* mentioned, and who alone could identify M. de Mauléon in the disguise which the Vicomte had assumed, was absent on one of those missions abroad in which he is chiefly employed. I had to wait for his return, and it was only the day before yesterday that I obtained the following particulars. M. de Mauléon bears the same name as he did at Lyons—that name is Jean Lebeau; he exercises the ostensible profession of ‘a letter-writer,’ and a sort of adviser on business among the workmen and petty *bourgeoisie*, and he nightly frequents the *Café Jean Jacques, Rue * * *, Faubourg Montmartre*. It is not yet quite half-past eight, and, no doubt, you could see him at the *café* this very night, if you thought proper to go.”

“Excellent! I will go! Describe him!”

“Alas! that is exactly what I cannot do at present. For after hearing what I now tell you, I put the same request you do to my colleague, when, before he could answer me, he was summoned to the *bureau* of his chief, promising to return and give me the requisite description. He did not return. And I find that he was compelled, on quitting his chief, to seize the first train starting for Lille upon an important political investigation which brooked no delay. He will be back in a few days, and then Monsieur shall have the description.”

“Nay: I think I will seize time

by the forelock, and try my chance to-night. If the man be really a conspirator, and it looks likely enough, who knows but what he may see quick reason to take alarm and vanish from Paris at any hour? *Café Jean Jacques, Rue * * **—I will go. Stay; you have seen Victor de Mauléon in his youth: what was he like then?"

"Tall—slender—but broad-shouldered—very erect—carrying his head high—a profusion of dark curls—a small black moustache—fair clear complexion—light-coloured eyes with dark lashes—*fort bel homme*. But he will not look like that now."

"His present age?"

"Forty-seven or forty-eight. But before you go, I must beg you to consider well what you are about. It is evident that M. de Mauléon has some strong reason, whatever it be, for merging his identity in that of Jean Lebeau. I presume, therefore, that you could scarcely go up to M. Lebeau, when you have discovered him, and say, '*Pray, M. le Vicomte*, can you give me some tidings of your niece, Louise Duval?' If you thus accosted him, you might possibly bring some danger on yourself, but you would certainly gain no information from him."

"True."

"On the other hand, if you make his acquaintance as M. Lebeau, how can you assume him to know anything about Louise Duval?"

"*Parbleu!* M. Renard, you try to toss me aside on both horns of the dilemma; but it seems to me that, if I once make his acquaintance as M. Lebeau, I might gradually and cautiously feel my way as to the best mode of putting the question to which I seek reply. I suppose, too, that the man must be in very poor circumstances to adopt so humble a calling, and that a small sum of money may smooth all difficulties."

"I am not so sure of that," said M. Renard, thoughtfully; "but grant that money may do so, and grant also that the Vicomte, being a needy man, has become a very unscrupulous one,—is there anything in your motives for discovering Louise Duval which might occasion you trouble and annoyance, if it were divined by a needy and unscrupulous man?—anything which might give him a power of threat or exaction? Mind, I am not asking you to tell me any secret you have reasons for concealing, but I suggest that it might be prudent if you did not let M. Lebeau know your real name and rank—if, in short, you could follow his example, and adopt a disguise. But no; when I think of it, you would doubtless be so unpractised in the art of disguise, that he would detect you at once to be other than you seem; and if suspecting you of spying into his secrets, and if those secrets be really of a political nature, your very life might not be safe."

"Thank you for your hint—the disguise is an excellent idea, and combines amusement with precaution. That this Victor de Mauléon must be a very unprincipled and dangerous man is, I think, abundantly clear. Granting that he was innocent of all design of robbery in the affair of the jewels, still, the offence which he did own—that of admitting himself at night by a false key into the rooms of a wife, whom he sought to surprise or terrify into dishonour—was a villanous action; and his present course of life is sufficiently mysterious to warrant the most unfavourable supposition. Besides, there is another motive for concealing my name from him: you say that he once had a duel with a Vane, who was very probably my father, and I have no wish to expose myself to the chance of his turning up in London some day, and seeking to

renew there the acquaintance that I had courted at Paris. As for my skill in playing any part I may assume, do not fear. I am no novice in that. In my younger days I was thought clever in private theatricals, especially in the transformations of appearance which belong to light comedy and farce. Wait a few minutes, and you shall see."

Graham then retreated into his bedroom, and in a few minutes reappeared so changed, that Renard at first glance took him for a stranger. He had doffed his dress—which habitually, when in Capitals, was characterised by the quiet, indefinable elegance that to a man of the great world, high-bred and young, seems 'to the manner born'—for one of those coarse suits which Englishmen are wont to wear in their travels, and by which they are represented in French or German caricatures,—loose jacket of tweed, with redundant pockets, waistcoat to match, short dust-coloured trousers.

He had combed his hair straight over his forehead, which, as I have said somewhere before, appeared in itself to alter the character of his countenance, and, without any resort to paints or cosmetics, had somehow or other given to the expression of his face an impudent, low-bred expression, with a glass screwed on to his right eye, such a look as a cockney journeyman, wishing to pass for a 'swell' about town, may cast on a servant-maid in the pit of a suburban theatre.

"Will it do, old fellow?" he exclaimed, in a rollicking, swaggering tone of voice, speaking French with a villanous British accent.

"Perfectly," said Renard, laughing. "I offer my compliments, and if ever you are ruined, Monsieur, I will promise you a place in our police. Only one caution,—take care not to overdo your part."

"Right. A quarter to nine—I'm off."

CHAPTER VI.

There is generally a brisk exhilaration of spirits in the return to any special amusement or light accomplishment, associated with the pleasant memories of earlier youth; and remarkably so, I believe, when the amusement or accomplishment has been that of the amateur stage-player. Certainly I have known persons of very grave pursuits, of very dignified character and position, who seem to regain the vivacity of boyhood when disguising look and voice for a part in some drawing-room comedy or charade. I might name statesmen of solemn repute rejoicing to raise and to join in a laugh at their expense in such travesty of their habitual selves.

The reader must not, therefore, be surprised, nor, I trust, deem it

inconsistent with the more serious attributes of Graham's character, if the Englishman felt the sort of joyous excitement I describe, as, in his way to the *Café Jean Jacques*, he meditated the rôle he had undertaken; and the joyousness was heightened beyond the mere holiday sense of humoristic pleasantry by the sanguine hope that much to affect his lasting happiness might result from the success of the object for which his disguise was assumed.

It was just twenty minutes past nine when he arrived at the *Café Jean Jacques*. He dismissed the *fiacre* and entered. The apartment devoted to customers comprised two large rooms. The first was the *café* properly speaking; the second, opening on it, was the

billiard-room. Conjecturing that he should probably find the person of whom he was in quest employed at the billiard-table, Graham passed thither at once. A tall man, who might be seven-and-forty, with a long black beard slightly grizzled, was at play with a young man of perhaps twenty-eight, who gave him odds—as better players of twenty-eight ought to give odds to a player, though originally of equal force, whose eye is not so quick, whose hand is not so steady, as they were twenty years ago. Said Graham to himself, "The bearded man is my Vicomte." He called for a cup of coffee, and seated himself on a bench at the end of the room.

The bearded man was far behind in the game. It was his turn to play; the balls were placed in the most awkward position for him. Graham himself was a fair billiard-player, both in the English and the French game. He said to himself, "No man who can make a cannon there should accept odds." The bearded man made a cannon; the bearded man continued to make cannons; the bearded man did not stop till he had won the game. The gallery of spectators was enthusiastic. Taking care to speak in very bad, very English, French, Graham expressed to one of the enthusiasts seated beside him his admiration of the bearded man's playing, and ventured to ask if the bearded man were a professional or an amateur player.

"Monsieur," replied the enthusiast, taking a short cutty-pipe from his mouth, "it is an amateur, who has been a great player in his day, and is so proud that he always takes less odds than he ought of a younger man. It is not once in a month that he comes out as he has done to-night; but to-night he has steadied his hand. He has had six *petits verres*."

"Ah, indeed! Do you know his name?"

"I should think so; he buried my father, my two aunts, and my wife."

"Buried?" said Graham, more and more British in his accent; "I don't understand."

"Monsieur, you are English."

"I confess it."

"And a stranger to the Faubourg Montmartre."

"True."

"Or you would have heard of M. Giraud, the liveliest member of the State Company for conducting funerals. They are going to play *La Poule*."

Much disconcerted, Graham retreated into the *café*, and seated himself haphazard at one of the small tables. Glancing round the room, he saw no one in whom he could conjecture the once brilliant Vicomte.

The company appeared to him sufficiently decent, and especially what may be called local. There were some *blouses* drinking wine, no doubt of the cheapest and thinnest; some in rough, coarse dresses, drinking beer. These were evidently English, Belgian, or German artisans. At one table, four young men, who looked like small journeymen, were playing cards. At three other tables, men older, better dressed, probably shopkeepers, were playing dominoes. Graham scrutinised these last, but among them all could detect no one corresponding to his ideal of the Vicomte de Mauléon. "Probably," thought he, "I am too late, or perhaps he will not be here this evening. At all events, I will wait a quarter of an hour." Then, the *garçon* approaching his table, he deemed it necessary to call for something, and still, in strong English accent, asked for lemonade and an evening journal. The *garçon* nodded, and went his way. A

monsieur at the round table next his own politely handed to him the 'Galignani,' saying in very good English, though unmistakably the good English of a Frenchman, "The English journal, at your service."

Graham bowed his head, accepted the 'Galignani,' and inspected his courteous neighbour. A more respectable-looking man no Englishman could see in an English country town. He wore an unpretending flaxen wig, with limp whiskers that met at the chin, and might originally have been the same colour as the wig, but were now of a pale grey—no beard, no moustache. He was dressed with the scrupulous cleanliness of a sober citizen,—a high white neckcloth, with a large old-fashioned pin, containing a little knot of hair, covered with glass or crystal, and bordered with a black framework, in which were inscribed letters—evidently a mourning pin, hallowed to the memory of lost spouse or child,—a man who, in England, might be the mayor of a cathedral town, at least the town-clerk. He seemed suffering from some infirmity of vision, for he wore green spectacles. The expression of his face was very mild and gentle; apparently he was about sixty years old—somewhat more.

Graham took kindly to his neighbour, insomuch that, in return for the 'Galignani,' he offered him a cigar, lighting one himself.

His neighbour refused politely.

"*Merci!* I never smoke—never; *mon médecin* forbids it. If I could be tempted, it would be by an English cigar. Ah, how you English beat us in all things—your ships, your iron, your *tabac*—which you do not grow!"

This speech, rendered literally as we now render it, may give the idea of a somewhat vulgar speaker. But there was something in the man's manner, in his smile, in his courtesy,

which did not strike Graham as vulgar; on the contrary, he thought within himself, "How instinctive to all Frenchmen good breeding is!"

Before, however, Graham had time to explain to his amiable neighbour the politico-economical principle according to which England, growing no tobacco, had tobacco much better than France which did grow it, a rosy middle-aged monsieur made his appearance, saying hurriedly to Graham's neighbour, "I'm afraid I'm late, but there is still a good half-hour before us if you will give me my revenge."

"Willingly, M. Georges. *Garçon*, the dominoes."

"Have you been playing at billiards?" asked M. Georges.

"Yes, two games."

"With success?"

"I won the first, and lost the second through the defect of my eyesight; the game depended on a stroke which would have been easy to an infant—I missed it."

Here the dominoes arrived, and M. Georges began shuffling them; the other turned to Graham and asked politely if he understood the game.

"A little, but not enough to comprehend why it is said to require so much skill."

"It is chiefly an affair of memory with me; but M. Georges, my opponent, has the talent of combination, which I have not."

"Nevertheless," replied M. Georges, gruffly, "you are not easily beaten; it is for you to play first, M. Lebeau."

Graham almost started. Was it possible! This mild, limp-whiskered, flaxen-wigged man, Victor de Mauléon, the Don Juan of his time; the last person in the room he should have guessed. Yet, now examining his neighbour with more attentive eye, he wondered at his stupidity in not having recognised

at once the *ci-devant gentilhomme* and *beau garçon*. It happens frequently that our imagination plays us this trick; we form to ourselves an idea of some one eminent for good or for evil—a poet, a statesman, a general, a murderer, a swindler, a thief: the man is before us, and our ideas have gone into so different a groove that he does not excite a suspicion. We are told who he is, and immediately detect a thousand things that ought to have proved his identity.

Looking thus again with rectified vision at the false Lebeau, Graham observed an elegance and delicacy of feature which might, in youth, have made the countenance very handsome, and rendered it still good-looking, nay, prepossessing. He now noticed, too, the slight Norman accent, its native harshness of breadth subdued into the modulated tones which bespoke the habits of polished society. Above all, as M. Lebeau moved his dominoes with one hand, not shielding his pieces with the other (as M. Georges warily did), but allowing it to rest carelessly on the table, he detected the hands of the French aristocrat; hands that had never done work—never (like those of the English noble of equal birth) been embrowned or frecked, or roughened or enlarged by early practice in athletic sports; but hands seldom seen save in the higher circles of Parisian life—partly perhaps of hereditary formation, partly owing their texture to great care begun in early youth, and continued mechanically in after-life—with long taper fingers and polished nails; white and delicate as those of a woman, but not slight, not feeble; nervous and sinewy as those of a practised swordsman.

Graham watched the play, and Lebeau good-naturedly explained to him its complications as it pro-

ceeded; though the explanation, diligently attended to by M. Georges, lost Lebeau the game.

The dominoes were again shuffled, and during that operation M. Georges said, "By the way, M. Lebeau, you promised to find me a *locataire* for my second floor; have you succeeded?"

"Not yet. Perhaps you had better advertise in *Les Petites Affiches*. You ask too much for the *habitués* of this neighbourhood—100 francs a-month."

"But the lodging is furnished, and well too, and has four rooms. One hundred francs are not much."

A thought flashed upon Graham—"Pardon, Monsieur," he said, "have you an *appartement de garçon* to let furnished?"

"Yes, Monsieur, a charming one. Are you in search of an apartment?"

"I have some idea of taking one, but only by the month. I am but just arrived at Paris, and I have business which may keep me here a few weeks. I do but require a bedroom and a small cabinet, and the rent must be modest. I am not a *milord*."

"I am sure we could arrange, Monsieur," said M. Georges, "though I could not well divide my *logement*. But 100 francs a-month is not much!"

"I fear it is more than I can afford; however, if you will give me your address, I will call and see the rooms,—say the day after to-morrow. Between this and then I expect letters which may more clearly decide my movements."

"If the apartments suit you," said M. Lebeau, "you will at least be in the house of a very honest man, which is more than can be said of every one who lets furnished apartments. The house, too, has a *concierge*, with a handy wife who will arrange your rooms and pro-

vide you with coffee—or tea, which you English prefer—if you breakfast at home.”

Here M. Georges handed a card to Graham, and asked what hour he would call.

“About twelve, if that hour is convenient,” said Graham, rising. “I presume there is a restaurant in the neighbourhood where I could dine reasonably.”

“*Je crois bien*—half-a-dozen. I can recommend to you one where you can dine *en prince* for 30 sous. And if you are at Paris on business, and want any letters written in private, I can also recommend to you my friend here, M. Lebeau. Ay, and on affairs his advice is as good as a lawyer’s, and his fee a *bagatelle*.”

“Don’t believe all that M. Georges so flatteringly says of me,” put in M. Lebeau, with a modest half-smile, and in English. “I should tell you that I, like yourself, am recently arrived at Paris, having bought the business and goodwill of my predecessor in the apartment I occupy; and it is only to the respect due to his antecedents, and on the score of a few letters of

recommendation which I bring from Lyons, that I can attribute the confidence shown to me, a stranger in this neighbourhood. Still I have some knowledge of the world, and I am always glad if I can be of service to the English. I love the English”—he said this with a sort of melancholy earnestness which seemed sincere; and then added in a more careless tone—“I have met with much kindness from them in the course of a checkered life.”

“You seem a very good fellow—in fact, a regular trump, M. Lebeau,” replied Graham, in the same language. “Give me your address. To say truth, I am a very poor French scholar, as you must have seen, and am awfully bother-headed how to manage some correspondence on matters with which I am intrusted by my employer, so that it is a lucky chance which has brought me acquainted with you.”

M. Lebeau inclined his head gracefully, and drew from a very neat morocco case a card, which Graham took and pocketed. Then he paid for his coffee and lemonade, and returned home well satisfied with the evening’s adventure.

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning Graham sent for M. Renard, and consulted with that experienced functionary as to the details of the plan of action which he had revolved during the hours of a sleepless night.

“In conformity with your advice,” said he, “not to expose myself to the chance of future annoyance, by confiding to a man so dangerous as the false Lebeau my name and address, I propose to take the lodging offered to me, as Mr Lamb, an attorney’s clerk, commissioned to get in certain debts, and transact other matters of business, on behalf

of his employer’s clients. I suppose there will be no difficulty with the police in this change of name, now that passports for the English are not necessary?”

“Certainly not. You will have no trouble in that respect.”

“I shall thus be enabled very naturally to improve acquaintance with the professional letter-writer, and find an easy opportunity to introduce the name of Louise Duval. My chief difficulty, I fear, not being a practical actor, will be to keep up consistently the queer sort of language I have adopted,

both in French and in English. I have too sharp a critic in a man so consummate himself in stage trick and disguise as M. Lebeau, not to feel the necessity of getting through my rôle as quickly as I can. Meanwhile, can you recommend me to some *magasin* where I can obtain a suitable change of costume? I can't always wear a travelling suit, and I must buy linen of coarser texture than mine, and with the initials of my new name inscribed on it."

"Quite right to study such details; I will introduce you to a *magasin* near the Temple, where you will find all you want."

"Next, have you any friends or relations in the provinces unknown to M. Lebeau, to whom I might be supposed to write about debts or

business matters, and from whom I might have replies?"

"I will think over it, and manage that for you very easily. Your letters shall find their way to me, and I will dictate the answers."

After some further conversation on that business, M. Renard made an appointment to meet Graham at a *café* near the Temple later in the afternoon, and took his departure.

Graham then informed his *laquais de place* that, though he kept on his lodgings, he was going into the country for a few days, and should not want the man's services till he returned. He therefore dismissed and paid him off at once, so that the *laquais* might not observe, when he quitted his rooms the next day, that he took with him no change of clothes, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Graham Vane has been for some days in the apartment rented of M. Georges. He takes it in the name of Mr Lamb—a name wisely chosen, less common than Thomson and Smith, less likely to be supposed an assumed name, yet common enough not to be able easily to trace it to any special family. He appears, as he had proposed, in the character of an agent employed by a solicitor in London to execute sundry commissions, and to collect certain outstanding debts. There is no need to mention the name of the solicitor; if there were, he could give the name of his own solicitor, to whose discretion he could trust implicitly. He dresses and acts up to his assumed character with the skill of a man who, like the illustrious Charles Fox, has, though in private representations, practised the stage-play in which Demosthenes said the triple art of oratory consisted—who has seen a great deal of the world,

and has that adaptability of intellect which knowledge of the world lends to one who is so thoroughly in earnest as to his end that he agrees to be sportive as to his means.

The kind of language he employs when speaking English to Lebeau is that suited to the rôle of a dapper young underling of vulgar mind habituated to vulgar companionships. I feel it due, if not to Graham himself, at least to the memory of the dignified orator whose name he inherits, so to modify and soften the hardy style of that peculiar diction in which he disguises his birth and disgraces his culture, that it is only here and there that I can venture to indicate the general tone of it. But in order to supply my deficiencies therein, the reader has only to call to mind the forms of phraseology which polite novelists in vogue, especially young-lady novelists, ascribe to well-born gentlemen, and more emphatically to those

in the higher ranks of the Peerage. No doubt Graham in his capacity of critic had been compelled to read, in order to review, those contributions to refined literature, and had familiarised himself to a vein of conversation abounding with "swell," and "stunner," and "awfully jolly," in its libel on manners and outrage on taste.

He has attended nightly the *Café Jean Jacques*; he has improved acquaintance with M. Georges and M. Lebeau; he has played at billiards, he has played at dominoes, with the latter. He has been much surprised at the unimpeachable honesty which M. Lebeau has exhibited in both these games. In billiards, indeed, a man cannot cheat except by disguising his strength; it is much the same in dominoes,—it is skill combined with luck, as in whist; but in whist there are modes of cheating which dominoes do not allow,—you can't mark a domino as you can a card. It was perfectly clear to Graham that M. Lebeau did not gain a livelihood by billiards or dominoes at the *Café Jean Jacques*. In the former he was not only a fair but a generous player. He played exceedingly well, despite his spectacles; but he gave, with something of a Frenchman's lofty *fanfaronnade*, larger odds to his adversary than his play justified. In dominoes, where such odds could not well be given, he insisted on playing such small stakes as two or three francs might cover. In short, M. Lebeau puzzled Graham. All about M. Lebeau, his manner, his talk, was irreproachable, and baffled suspicion; except in this, Graham gradually discovered that the *café* had a *quasi* political character. Listening to talkers round him, he overheard much that might well have shocked the notions of a moderate Liberal; much that held

in disdain the objects to which, in 1869, an English Radical directed his aspirations. Vote by ballot, universal suffrage, &c.—such objects the French had already attained. By the talkers at the *Café Jean Jacques* they were deemed to be the tricky contrivances of tyranny. In fact, the talk was more scornful of what Englishmen understand by radicalism or democracy than Graham ever heard from the lips of an ultra-Tory. It assumed a strain of philosophy far above the vulgar squabbles of ordinary party politicians—a philosophy which took for its fundamental principles the destruction of religion and of private property. These two objects seemed dependent the one on the other. The philosophers of the *Jean Jacques* held with that expounder of Internationalism, Eugene Dupont, "*Nous ne voulons plus de religion, car les religions étouffent l'intelligence.*"* Now and then, indeed, a dissentient voice was raised as to the existence of a Supreme Being, but, with one exception, it soon sank into silence. No voice was raised in defence of private property. These sages appeared for the most part to belong to the class of *ouvriers* or artisans. Some of them were foreigners—Belgian, German, English; all seemed well off for their calling. Indeed, they must have had comparatively high wages, to judge by their dress and the money they spent on regaling themselves. The language of several was well chosen, at times eloquent. Some brought with them women who seemed respectable, and who often joined in the conversation, especially when it turned upon the law of marriage as a main obstacle to all personal liberty and social improvement. If this was a subject on which the women did not all agree, still they discussed it,

* Discours par Eugene Dupont à la Clôture du Congrès de Bruxelles, Sept. 3, 1868.

without prejudice and with admirable *sang froid*. Yet many of them looked like wives and mothers. Now and then a young journeyman brought with him a young lady of more doubtful aspect, but such a couple kept aloof from the others. Now and then, too, a man evidently of higher station than that of *ouvrier*, and who was received by the philosophers with courtesy and respect, joined one of the tables and ordered a bowl of punch for general participation. In such occasional visitors, Graham, still listening, detected a writer of the press; now and then, a small artist, or actor, or medical student. Among the *habitués* there was one man, an *ouvrier*, in whom Graham could not help feeling an interest. He was called Monnier, sometimes more familiarly Armand, his baptismal appellation. This man had a bold and honest expression of countenance. He talked like one who, if he had not read much, had thought much on the subjects he loved to discuss. He argued against the capital of employers quite as ably as Mr Mill has argued against the rights of property in land. He was still more eloquent against the laws of marriage and heritage. But his was the one voice not to be silenced in favour of a Supreme Being. He had at least the courage of his opinions, and was always thoroughly in earnest. M. Lebeau seemed to know this man, and honoured him with a nod and a smile, when passing by him to the table he generally occupied. This familiarity with a man of that class, and of opinions so extreme, excited Graham's curiosity. One evening he said to Lebeau, "A queer fellow that you have just nodded to."

"How so?"

"Well, he has queer notions."

"Notions shared, I believe, by many of your countrymen?"

"I should think not many. Those poor simpletons yonder may have caught them from their French fellow-workmen, but I don't think that even the *gobemouches* in our National Reform Society open their mouths to swallow such wasps."

"Yet I believe the association to which most of those *ouvriers* belong had its origin in England."

"Indeed! what association?"

"The International."

"Ah, I have heard of that."

Lebeau turned his green spectacles full on Graham's face as he said slowly, "And what do you think of it?"

Graham prudently checked the disparaging reply that first occurred to him, and said, "I know so little about it that I would rather ask you."

"I think it might become formidable if it found able leaders who knew how to use it. Pardon me—how came you to know of this *café*? Were you recommended to it?"

"No; I happened to be in this neighbourhood on business, and walked in, as I might into any other *café*."

"You don't interest yourself in the great social questions which are agitated below the surface of this best of all possible worlds?"

"I can't say that I trouble my head much about them."

"A game at dominoes before M. Georges arrives?"

"Willingly. Is M. Georges one of those agitators below the surface?"

"No indeed. It is for you to play."

Here M. Georges arrived, and no further conversation on political or social questions ensued.

Graham had already called more than once at M. Lebeau's office, and asked him to put into good French various letters on matters of business, the subjects of which had been furnished by M. Renard. The office was rather imposing

and stately, considering the modest nature of M. Lebeau's ostensible profession. It occupied the entire ground-floor of a corner house, with a front-door at one angle and a back-door at the other. The ante-room to his cabinet, and in which Graham had generally to wait some minutes before he was introduced, was generally well filled, and not only by persons who, by their dress and outward appearance, might be fairly supposed sufficiently illiterate to require his aid as polite letter-writers—not only by servant-maids and *grisettes*, by sailors, zouaves, and journeymen workmen—but not unfrequently by clients evidently belonging to a higher, or at least a richer, class of society,—men with clothes made by a fashionable tailor—men, again, who, less fashionably attired, looked like opulent tradesmen and fathers of well-to-do families—the first generally young, the last generally middle-aged. All these denizens of a higher world were introduced by a saturnine clerk into M. Lebeau's reception-room very quickly, and in precedence of the *ouvriers* and *grisettes*.

"What can this mean?" thought Graham. "Is it really that this humble business avowed is the cloak to some political conspiracy concealed—the International Association?" And, so pondering, the clerk one day singled him from the crowd and admitted him into M. Lebeau's cabinet. Graham thought the time had now arrived when he might safely approach the subject that brought him to the Faubourg Montmartre.

"You are very good," said Graham, speaking in the English of a young earl in our elegant novels—"you are very good to let me in while you have so many swells and nobs waiting for you in the other room. But I say, old fellow, you have not the cheek to tell me that they want you

to correct their cocker or spoon for them by proxy?"

"Pardon me," answered M. Lebeau in French, "if I prefer my own language in replying to you. I speak the English I learned many years ago, and your language in the *beau monde*, to which you evidently belong, is strange to me. You are quite right, however, in your surmise that I have other clients than those who, like yourself, think I could correct their verbs or their spelling. I have seen a great deal of the world,—I know something of it, and something of the law; so that many persons come to me for advice and for legal information on terms more moderate than those of an *avoué*. But my antechamber is full, I am pressed for time; excuse me if I ask you to say at once in what I can be agreeable to you to-day."

"Ah!" said Graham, assuming a very earnest look, "you do know the world, that is clear; and you do know the law of France—eh?"

"Yes, a little."

"What I wanted to say at present may have something to do with French law, and I meant to ask you either to recommend to me a sharp lawyer, or to tell me how I can best get at your famous police here."

"Police?"

"I think I may require the service of one of those officers whom we in England call detectives; but if you are busy now, I can call to-morrow."

"I spare you two minutes. Say at once, dear Monsieur, what you want with law or police."

"I am instructed to find out the address of a certain Louise Duval, daughter of a drawing-master named Adolphe Duval, living in the Rue — in the year 1848."

Graham, while he thus said, naturally looked Lebeau in the face

—not pryingly, not significantly, but as a man generally does look in the face the other man whom he accosts seriously. The change in the face he regarded was slight, but it was unmistakable. It was the sudden meeting of the eyebrows, accompanied with the sudden jerk of the shoulder and bend of the neck, which betokened a man taken by surprise, and who pauses to reflect before he replies. His pause was but momentary.

"For what object is this address required?"

"That I don't know; but evidently for some advantage to Madame or Mademoiselle Duval, if still alive, because my employer authorises me to spend no less than £100 in ascertaining where she is, if alive, or where she was buried, if dead; and if other means fail, I am instructed to advertise to the effect—'That if Louise Duval, or, in case of her death, any children of hers living in the year 1849, will communicate with some person

whom I may appoint at Paris,—such intelligence, authenticated, may prove to the advantage of the party advertised for.' I am, however, told not to resort to this means without consulting either with a legal adviser or the police."

"Hem!—have you inquired at the house where this lady was, you say, living in 1848?"

"Of course I have done that; but very clumsily, I daresay—through a friend—and learned nothing. But I must not keep you now. I think I shall apply at once to the police. What should I say when I get to the *bureau*?"

"Stop, Monsieur, stop. I do not advise you to apply to the police. It would be waste of time and money. Allow me to think over the matter. I shall see you this evening at the *Café Jean Jacques* at eight o'clock. Till then do nothing."

"All right: I obey you. The whole thing is out of my way of business—awfully. *Bon jour*."

CHAPTER IX.

Punctually at eight o'clock Graham Vane had taken his seat at a corner table at the remote end of the *Café Jean Jacques*, called for his cup of coffee and his evening journal, and awaited the arrival of M. Lebeau. His patience was not tasked long. In a few minutes the Frenchman entered, paused at the *comptoir*, as was his habit, to address a polite salutation to the well-dressed lady who there presided, nodded as usual to Armand Monnier, then glanced round, recognised Graham with a smile, and approached his table with the quiet grace of movement by which he was distinguished.

Seating himself opposite to Graham, and speaking in a voice

too low to be heard by others, and in French, he then said—

"In thinking over your communication this morning, it strikes me as probable, perhaps as certain, that this Louise Duval, or her children, if she have any, must be entitled to some moneys bequeathed to her by a relation or friend in England. What say you to that assumption, M. Lamb?"

"You are a sharp fellow," answered Graham. "Just what I say to myself. Why else should I be instructed to go to such expense in finding her out? Most likely, if one can't trace her, or her children born before the date named, any such moneys will go to some one else; and that some one else, who—

ever he be, has commissioned my employer to find out. But I don't imagine any sum due to her or her heirs can be much, or that the matter is very important; for, if so, the thing would not be carelessly left in the hands of one of the small fry like myself, and clapped in along with a lot of other business as an off-hand job."

"Will you tell me who employed you?"

"No, I don't feel authorised to do that at present; and I don't see the necessity of it. It seems to me, on consideration, a matter for the police to ferret out; only, as I asked before, how should I get at the police?"

"That is not difficult. It is just possible that I might help you better than any lawyer or any detective."

"Why, did you ever know this Louise Duval?"

"Excuse me, M. Lamb: you refuse me your full confidence; allow me to imitate your reserve."

"Oho!" said Graham; "shut up as close as you like; it is nothing to me. Only observe, there is this difference between us, that I am employed by another. He does not authorise me to name him; and if I did commit that indiscretion, I might lose my bread and cheese. Whereas you have nobody's secret to guard but your own, in saying whether or not you ever knew a Madame or Mademoiselle Duval. And if you have some reason for not getting me the information I am instructed to obtain, that is also a reason for not troubling you farther. And after all, old boy" (with a familiar slap on Lebeau's stately shoulder)—"after all, it is I who would employ you; you don't employ me. And if you find out the lady, it is you who would get the £100, not I."

M. Lebeau mechanically brushed, with a light movement of hand, the shoulder which the Englishman had so pleasantly touched, drew himself

and chair some inches back, and said, slowly—

"M. Lamb, let us talk as gentleman to gentleman. Put aside the question of money altogether, I must first know why your employer wants to hunt out this poor Louise Duval. It may be to her injury, and I would do her none if you offered thousands where you offer pounds. I forestall the condition of mutual confidence; I own that I have known her—it is many years ago; and, M. Lamb, though a Frenchman very often injures a woman from love, he is in a worse plight for bread and cheese than I am if he injures her for money."

"Is he thinking of the duchess's jewels?" thought Graham.

"Bravo, *mon vieux*," he said aloud; "but as I don't know what my employer's motive in his commission is, perhaps you can enlighten me. How could his inquiry injure Louise Duval?"

"I cannot say; but you English have the power to divorce your wives. Louise Duval may have married an Englishman, separated from him, and he wants to know where he can find, in order to criminate and divorce her, or it may be to insist on her return to him."

"Bosh! that is not likely."

"Perhaps, then, some English friend she may have known has left her a bequest, which would of course lapse to some one else if she be not living."

"Bygad!" cried Graham, "I think you hit the right nail on the head: *c'est cela*. But what then?"

"Well, if I thought any substantial benefit to Louise Duval might result from the success of your inquiry, I would really see if it were in my power to help you. But I must have time to consider."

"How long?"

"I can't exactly say; perhaps three or four days."

"*Bon!* I will wait. Here comes M. Georges. I leave you to dominoes and him. Good-night."

Late that night M. Lebeau was seated alone in a chamber connected with the cabinet in which he received visitors. A ledger was open before him, which he scanned with careful eyes, no longer screened by spectacles. The survey seemed to satisfy him. He murmured, "It suffices—the time has come;" closed the book—returned it to his bureau, which he locked up—and then wrote in cipher the letter here reduced into English:—

"DEAR AND NOBLE FRIEND,—Events march; the Empire is everywhere undermined. Our treasury has thriven in my hands; the sums subscribed and received by me through you have become more than quadrupled by advantageous speculations, in which M. Georges has been a most trustworthy agent. A portion of them I have continued to employ in the mode suggested—viz., in bringing together men discreetly chosen as being in their various ways representatives and ring-leaders of the motley varieties that, when united at the right moment, form a Parisian mob. But from that right moment we are as yet distant. Before we can call passion into action, we must prepare opinion for change. I propose now to devote no inconsiderable portion of our fund towards the inauguration of a journal which shall gradually give voice to our designs. Trust to me to insure its success, and obtain the aid of writers who will have no notion of the uses to which they

ultimately contribute. Now that the time has come to establish for ourselves an organ in the press, addressing higher orders of intelligence than those which are needed to destroy, and incapable of reconstructing, the time has also arrived for the reappearance in his proper name and rank of the man in whom you take so gracious an interest. In vain you have pressed him to do so before; till now he had not amassed together, by the slow process of petty gains and constant savings, with such additions as prudent speculations on his own account might contribute, the modest means necessary to his resumed position. And as he always contended against your generous offers, no consideration should ever tempt him either to appropriate to his personal use a single *sou* intrusted to him for a public purpose, or to accept from friendship the pecuniary aid which would abase him into the hireling of a cause. No! Victor de Mauléon despises too much the tools that he employs to allow any man hereafter to say, 'Thou also wert a tool, and hast been paid for thy uses.'

"But to restore the victim of calumny to his rightful place in this gaudy world, stripped of youth and reduced in fortune, is a task that may well seem impossible. Tomorrow he takes the first step towards the achievement of the impossible. Experience is no bad substitute for youth, and ambition is made stronger by the goad of poverty.

"Thou shalt hear of his news soon."

THE ISSUES RAISED BY THE PROTESTANT SYNOD OF FRANCE.

FEW more remarkable events have occurred in an age so remarkable in many respects as ours, than the assembling of the Protestants of France in synod at Paris. The object for which they met was one of surpassing interest. We all remember how momentous the act was universally felt to be when Parliament addressed itself to the task of disestablishing the Irish Church and providing an organisation for its future existence. A deep consciousness spread over the whole English nation that a graver question could scarcely ever occupy the attention of the Legislature. But the problem which lay before the French Protestants at Paris was still more arduous, and the difficulty of dealing with it far more formidable. The Irish Church came before a body whose character, authority, and recognised power had endured for centuries, and were open to no challenge from any quarter. The Parliament of England was the constituted sovereign power of the nation: their right to deal with any public question was indisputable. The position of the French Protestants was quite other than that of the House of Commons to which the Government presented their disestablishing and reconstructing Bill. When they met at Paris, every point was open to dispute. They did not know the nature itself of the very Synod which they were supposed to form. Their relation to each other and to the State had all to be determined. Some declared that they were nothing more than a consultative body, and had begged M. Thiers, when he gave them leave to meet, to declare that such only was their character. He refused to de-

cide for them their relations to each other; it was for the Protestants themselves to determine what their Synod was. But most wonderful of all was the purpose for which they had gathered together. They met for no less an object than to found and construct a Church. But even these words fail to indicate the unlimited magnitude of their mission. Other founders of Churches have been summoned to provide organisations that should give effect to some well-defined and previously-ascertained principle. They worked to embody a definite conviction in a social structure. The truth which animated them lay clearly before their minds. The task imposed upon them was simply to select such a common action as should enforce its power amongst their associated brethren. But at Paris the far deeper preliminary question had to be first determined—shall there be a Church at all? The issue, as the debates rolled on, became nothing smaller than this. Some of the principles advocated with the greatest energy would have converted the Protestants of France into separate congregations, with practically no union whatever to bind them together into one society. And this result was desired, not on the ground held by English Independents, that congregations severally detached constitute the most effective machinery for promoting a common aim and the advancement of a common religion, but with the express design of conferring on each pastor the unrestricted liberty of giving any description of Christianity which he chose. Church organisation of any kind, other than the proposal to allow every minister to teach what

he liked, played an utterly insignificant part in these debates.

The result of this general position has been a most powerful discussion on first principles. Not only the primary elements of all religious communion, but, still more, the very essence itself of the Christian religion, have been expressed with a fulness and a clearness of reasoning which very few deliberative assemblies, if any, have ever exhibited. Several eminent journals have expressed the impression left on their minds that, both as to form and substance, no parliamentary debate in any country was ever characterised by such thoroughness and depth of investigation. The issues raised profoundly interest every Christian throughout the world. They were two in number: first, What is the minimum of belief indispensable for membership even of a Church constituted on the widest basis of toleration? and, secondly, What is, and what is not, the Christian religion? who are, and who are not, entitled to call themselves Christians? These questions were looked at in their utmost breadth, and it is they which bestow such great importance on the proceedings of the Synod. Their range sweeps far beyond the limits of French Protestantism. They are emphatically the main questions of our age. They are discussed in every part of the civilised world. Endless issues in philosophy, in literature, in social and national organisation, in the most inward life of men, turn on the solutions which these questions receive. The French Protestant Synod debated a problem for which every Christian communion, whatever be its form or name, is bound, under the actual conditions of modern thought, to have a clearly-conceived and distinctly-expressed answer. Is Christianity a religion or a philosophy? and if it is a reli-

gion, in what does its essence consist? What is the *differentia*, the characteristic and radically-dividing distinction, between the two? That answer, in its main element, must be common for all Christians. Every Christian was virtually represented in the great debate of Paris.

The position of the French Protestant Synod was extremely peculiar. It met as the lineal continuator of an ancient body; and yet, in substance, the work it was summoned to perform was nothing short of the construction of a Church. Its presence in the *Temple du Saint Esprit* proclaimed a history which had come down to the very hour of its meeting: it was the descendant of ancient Synods; it was the child of fathers who had formed a mighty religious organisation that had shaken the power of Catholicism in France to its foundations. It had been convened under rules framed in bygone days, and in the name of the Huguenot Church of France; and yet the grand issue it was called upon to solve was whether Protestantism should have a Church in France, and what that Church should be. The Protestantism of the Huguenots had exhibited a vitality which had been proof against the fiercest assaults of the strongest and most powerful of external foes. Neither the treachery of Catherine de Medici, nor the warriors of the League, nor the betrayal of Henry of Navarre, nor the *dragonnades* of the great King, had been able to subdue it. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove many of its members to foreign shores; but a seed was left which no persecution could extirpate. It was forbidden to meet in public assembly by the decree of Louis XIV.; but its hold on the hearts of its children was indestructible. Nevertheless, it had not passed unscathed through the struggle. Dis-

organisation, almost amounting to anarchy, had weakened its action both on its members and its country. A more insidious and more formidable enemy had worked havoc amongst its ranks. The low tone of religious feeling which had marked the nation in the eighteenth century had invaded the minds of its teachers. Religious fervour had decayed, and doctrine had been sublimed away into conceptions in which the traces of Christian thoughts had been almost too faint to be discerned. Rationalism had penetrated into many of its most important centres; Christian aspiration had grown feeble; the authority of the foundation on which it had been erected, the word of Holy Scripture, had waxed weak; and the very name of a creed had become distasteful. But the reviving warmth of Christian piety in the nineteenth century gradually penetrated the coldness of French Protestantism. Belief gathered strength and fervour in many localities. Pastors distinguished by religious zeal and intellectual gifts won hearts chilled with indifference to earnestness and religious life. The sympathy of foreign brethren cheered their courage; and the instinctive desire of all Christians to be united to each other in a living association was awakened in the hearts of many with such force as to impel them to seek of the Government of M. Thiers that liberty of Church government of which they had been so long deprived.

No Protestant Synod had been seen in France for more than two hundred years. Like the Convocation of the Church of England, the French Synod had been subjected to silence by the power of the State. But that silence produced very different effects in France and in England. The Church of England possessed, outside of Convocation, legislative

and administrative machinery capable of maintaining the associated life of a Christian Church: without a Synod, the French Protestants had nothing but local and individual organisations. Foremost amongst those who saw the disastrous results of such a chaos, and felt keenly the desire for the recovery of Church union, was M. Guizot; a man who, during a long and illustrious career, had always been distinguished by the most profound and sincere interest in religious matters. Since the fall of the Empire, the passion for religious liberty, for the most unshackled freedom to practise any religion which a man might choose, had become intense in France; and why should not the Republic restore rights of religious liberty which a bigoted and persecuting despotism had taken away? Under the influence, it is presumed, of M. Guizot, M. Thiers sanctioned by a public decree the reassembling of the Protestant Synod. Its members—lay and clerical—were elected by the consistories in conformity with the old regulations; and the Synod held its first meeting on the 6th of June of last year.

At its very opening a critical question presented itself which revealed a very serious discordance of views amongst its members, What was the nature of the Synod? Was it a governing or only a consultative body? What were the powers of the majority over the minority? How far could it bind pastors and congregations to obey the decrees it might put forth on the organisation and administration of the Protestant Church? These questions were keenly contested. Not a few pastors and consistories had opposed the convening of the Synod. They had petitioned the Government against adopting such a measure. They had enjoyed complete independence; they disliked the thought of being

governed by a central authority, and greatly mistrusted the kind of government they would have to obey. As M. Gaufres afterwards remarked in the Synod, for two hundred years every one had been free to preach according to his conscience. But the President of the French Government persisted in his intention of allowing the Synod to meet. He would observe strict impartiality towards all. If the Synod resulted in one organised Church, he would acknowledge it; if schism broke it up into two, the Republic would recognise both Churches. If M. Thiers was animated by the feeling that the Protestant Huguenots had a natural right of administering their own affairs, and providing for those daily wants which every society experiences, he could give no other reply. Besides, the relation of the State to the Huguenot Church was quite different from that of Parliament to the Church of England. The State claimed no right whatever of interfering with its management; it simply recognised it as one of the religious bodies of the country, and gave pecuniary aid to its pastors as it did to Jews and to other religious communions. When M. Thiers was appealed to, to pronounce the Synod to be merely a consultative and advice-giving body, he declared it was the business of the Synod itself to decide on its own nature and powers; all he had to do was to act as the sentinel of the law. Accordingly the Synod overruled all objections against its constituent rights, and acted throughout as a sovereign assembly.

The two parties into which the Synod, as every other deliberative assembly, was divided, now stood out in the sharpest conceivable contrast with each other; and, after French fashion, each side had two subdivisions—thus forming two extremes and two centres. They were desig-

nated by the names of Orthodox and Liberals. These terms are complete misnomers, and very misleading. Orthodox is a word opposed to heretic: both expressions imply the reception of a common authority, whether Scripture or any other, differing only in the interpretation each assigns to the utterances of that authority. But this was in no wise the position of the Orthodox towards the Liberals. The term Liberal so far correctly expressed the main principle of their party, that they claimed to be free, to be exempt from all obligation to any authority, to be fully entitled to form any conception they liked of the Christian religion, and to preach it as Christianity. This principle of the opposition party in the Synod widely exceeded the sense attached to the expression Liberal in the political world. It included not only the idea of liberality, of toleration, of a natural equity which does justice to the fair rights of others, but also the absence of all limitation, the right of every member of the Protestant Church to frame at pleasure any interpretation he chose of the meaning of the Christian religion, and to adopt it; and this as co-ordinate and coequal members of one common ecclesiastical institution. On the one hand, they did not wish to take up the Voluntary principle: they did not desire to separate themselves from the Protestant Church recognised by the State, to abandon support from the funds of the State, and to form single and independent congregations, each with a Christianity of its own. They sought to be a part of the Protestant Church, and yet to be as free as Voluntaries to set up any scheme of Christianity that suited their ideas on religion. Nor did they leave the extent to which they intended to push this liberty in any way obscure. They took up a position in the debate which was

singularly clear. It covered the widest conceivable space short of Atheism. There was no room for misunderstanding; the issue was thoroughly understood by both sides. No one complained that his meaning and his aims were not rightly comprehended. The battle was obscured by no cloud of misconception. The view taken by one side was directly contradicted by the other. The struggle was fought with the most sharply defined antagonism, but no one said that he had been misunderstood. The dividing-line was clearly and rightly drawn by M. Guizot. "As for me, I am a Christian: I know what my symbol is. There are men sitting by my side who do not accept the Christian religion. They have a sincere belief in God. I shall be careful not to deny that these men have a religion. Let them form a Deistical Church: I shall be glad of it: but assuredly the difference is great between them and Christians." The issue was perfectly plain: the definition of Christianity was at stake. It was no contest between bigoted and liberal Christianity, between ecclesiastical conservatism and toleration, between a hard and fast line of dogma framed in an unenlightened past and the wider charity of modern thought. The question was, What is, and what is not, the Christian religion? The word Liberal manifestly failed to describe the position of the Left: to deny a mode of thinking is not to take a liberal view of it.

The Orthodox party in the Synod has been accused in England of having displayed a marvellous incapacity to understand the Liberals. These latter are described as men who are ever seeking the truth, who refuse to be the slaves of formularies composed in distant ages, who deny that truth can be bound up in definitions, who do not place their

faith in histories, or traditions, or doctrinal speculations, but go at once to the practical facts of a new life and the power of spiritual contact with the Gospel. If these had been the extreme limits of the Liberal position, if the liberty they contended for had aimed at nothing further, then, no doubt, the Orthodox misunderstood and misrepresented the mind of the Liberals, and the debate could be justly charged with having turned on a false issue. But those who dwell on the blindness and unintelligence of the Orthodox, themselves admit that the language of the Liberals sometimes requires explanation, and that upon their own confession, their dogmatic belief is indefinitely variable. We fear that the want of perception is to be imputed rather to the English critic than to the French Christian. The Liberals urged the views here ascribed to them, but they said a great deal more. When the right is claimed for every minister of a Christian Church to form and preach any opinion about Jesus Christ that he chooses, to regard Him as an ordinary man, to accept or reject His teaching by the light of human reason, and thus to place religious opinion on the foundation of pure Deism, it is at once obvious that something far other in kind than a Church more or less dogmatic, more or less tolerant, is at stake. The Liberals, by their formal proposal to embody authoritatively in the Protestant Church views which were simply theistic and nothing more—views which were clearly enunciated and not repudiated by the Liberal party—raised the inevitable question, Whether Deism was Christianity? The Liberals, as our narrative will show, denounced with great vigour the opinions of the Orthodox as erroneous and mischievous. They, moreover, re-

proached them with obtuseness in not comprehending the character and range of the Liberal programme. They were too eager to have their claim of unlimited opinion recognised in all its breadth, to suffer it to be obscured by misapprehension.

The Synod laid the foundation of its action, as well as set forth the authority which it claimed, by adopting the following resolution, proposed by M. Pernessin, a layman :—

“ L'Assemblée, considérant que le présent Synode a été convoqué et s'est réuni aux termes des lois et décrets qui ont réglé le régime de l'Eglise Réformée de France depuis son rétablissement ; considérant que la convocation et l'élection au dit Synode général reconnaissent et consacrent les libertés et l'autonomie de l'Eglise Réformée de France en matière religieuse ; considérant que les élections au présent Synode général ont été faites en pleine liberté, avec le concours de toutes les autorités religieuses appelées à y prendre part, et que ce droit de l'Eglise Réformée de France à modifier, s'il y a lieu, son régime intérieur religieux, notamment son système électoral, quant à ses synodes futurs, reste entier et pleinement réservé, passe à l'ordre du jour.”

The Synod thus proclaimed itself to be the direct successor of the legislative body of the ancient Protestant Church of France, and to be invested with the same full power of legislating and governing as is possessed by the British Parliament or any other constitutional association. The Liberals who deprecated the restoration of the Synod might now have withdrawn into Voluntarism, had they chosen to do so ; by retaining their seats they recognised the power of the majority to bind the minority.

The character and powers of the Synod being now determined, the great battle began on June 13th.

The issue was pointedly defined in two manifestoes which the contending parties had laid upon the table. The Orthodox proposed action, the Liberals stood on a simple defensive. The one were dissatisfied with the anarchy which prevailed among the Protestants, to the great trouble of private consciences, and with a distressing uncertainty as to what the Church did and did not hold ; the others defended the liberty which each congregation and pastor enjoyed to form their own creeds and to teach them. The Orthodox took up their position on the cardinal principle, that the Church is a religious society held together by a common faith ; the others maintained that the Church can exist without common beliefs, and that every individual minister has an inherent right to frame his own symbol, his own creed, for himself. This is not the old question which has troubled the Christian Church during the long line of ages, whether any particular doctrine is essential either to Church association or to Christianity itself—whether, as is debated in our own day, any ecclesiastical communion or party is too broad or too narrow ; but this rather, whether the Church has any doctrine whatever, whether it has a single religious tenet, without which it would cease to be a Christian society or church. As we have already remarked, this is a question which possesses paramount importance for every Christian in the world of every denomination. Every Christian is concerned in the vital inquiry, What is a Christian Church ? Every member of every form of Church, the broadest churchman alive, was covered by the position occupied by the Liberals, that men who had nothing in common but a belief in God and a pious feeling towards Him were all entitled to be regarded as Christian,

and might all be included in one common ecclesiastical organisation.

The first move was made by those who had a positive object to attain—by the Orthodox. "The Synod has met," said M. Guizot, "to determine the beliefs of our Church. There are essential beliefs which constitute a Church." This assertion the Liberals met by a direct negative—a negative of the principle put forth. Christianity, they maintained, does not consist in beliefs. "We differ," interrupted M. Colani, one of the foremost leaders of the Liberals, an ex-professor of Strasburg, and who has renounced his office of pastor: "you place Christianity in certain beliefs; we place it in the heart. In my eyes, a man is a Christian who, although a sinner, has a joyous confidence in God." He might have encountered M. Guizot with the undeniable truth, that a formal declaration of faith, a creed, is not an indispensable condition of a Christian Church; he might have referred to Churches which are held together by a common liturgy or form of prayer, and probably he would have commanded the assent of some members of the Right Centre, who might have preferred to declare their belief by the import of their prayers rather than by a formal confession of faith. But this would have been only an evasion of the real question at issue, for a prayer declares a belief as effectually as a creed. A prayer addressed to Jesus Christ at once acknowledges Him to be capable of hearing and answering prayers, and a vast belief is contained in the acknowledgment. M. Colani manfully resolved to go down to the very roots of the whole matter; and it is this vigorous penetration to the lowest depths of the nature of the Christian religion and a Christian Church, which confers such surpassing interest on the debates of

this French Synod. Thus M. Colani, at the very outset, denied that any specifically Christian belief was necessary to the Christian religion, and laid down limits of Church association which would gather in every religiously-minded Deist, and give him the name of Christian. And thus he drew the correct proposition from M. Guizot—a proposition as much philosophical as religious—that religion is composed of two essential elements, an act of the intellect and an emotion of the soul. The opening of the very first debate placed the definition of the Christian religion in the very centre of the battle-field.

On the 13th of June, M. Bois, pastor of Montauban, moved the adoption of a Confession of Faith by the Synod as the standard of the Church's belief. "Along with its fathers and its martyrs, as they spake in the Confession of La Rochelle, in company with all the Churches of the Reformation in their symbols, the Protestant Church of France proclaims the sovereign authority of Holy Scripture in matters of faith, and salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, who died for our offences and rose again for our justification. It preserves and maintains, as the basis of its teaching, its worship, and its discipline, the great Christian facts which are expressed in its religious solemnities and in its liturgies, more especially in the Confession of Sins, the Apostles' Creed, and the Liturgy of the Holy Communion." Most truly did M. Vaugiraud observe of this proposal, that it sought to declare the faith of the Church on terms and conditions which would allow it to extend its limits up to the point where infidelity began. M. Bois maintained "that there cannot be a Church without a common faith. A man is not born a Christian; he

becomes one by a positive act on his part. There need not be a uniform faith, but certain truths must be accepted. Silence was not permissible. They did not pretend to be infallible in their statements of the faith; they were not engaged in the work of a council; what one Synod pronounced, another might modify. Two tendencies of thought were often spoken of; alas! the reality was two diametrically opposite views. On the one side there was a supernatural revelation, on the other a simple utterance of the human conscience; on the one, Jesus Christ, only begotten Son of God, perfectly holy, infallible as to religious truth, who died to save men, and rose again; on the other, Jesus of Nazareth—that is, a mere man, the best of all men, be it so, but who partook of the ideas and even the errors of His age, who had His weaknesses and His illusions, who died, and remained in the tomb. In all honesty, are these two tendencies? No; it is not a shade of opinion which the initiators of this movement have found; it is a revolution which they have accomplished. They have the consciousness of having done this; they have founded, I will not say a Church, but a new religion; and—thing wonderful and without example—a religion without dogma, without anything supernatural, without prayer—I mean prayer which God answers; for I do not call that prayer which is nothing but the soul falling back upon itself. It is a new religion which they bring us; and the question which we are occupied with to-day is this, Does the Reformed Church of France wish to change its religion, or does it desire to give the rights of citizenship to the new religion, with the faculty of ejecting the old?" Long and vivid applause followed these words from the Right and Centre benches.

This was very plain speaking. The description given of the Liberals, or rather of the ground they occupied, was the most outspoken imaginable. Their principle was declared in the most precise terms to be, that pure Deists were Christians, and as such were as fully entitled to be members of the Christian Church as the loftiest believer in traditional dogma. There was not a touch of offensiveness in the tone of the speaker; the declaration was made as a practical and scientific statement of a principle at issue, apart from all personality. Was it repudiated by the Liberals? Here at the very outset their position and aim were plainly defined; did they remonstrate at misdescription, or complain of being misunderstood? Nothing of the kind. On a preceding day M. Athanase Coquerel had interrupted M. Guizot with the question, whether he was included amongst those whose opinions M. Guizot had characterised as anti-Christian? But this was only a statement of the very point at issue, whether the holders of such opinions were or were not Christians? it was no repudiation of the opinions themselves. No protest whatever arose in the debate against the description given by M. Bois of the general position of the Liberals—it was accepted as correct; and the battle turned on the question, Whether such opinions were tenable within a Christian Church—whether those who held them could be members as Christians of a Christian Church? The Right proposed a Confession of Faith for the Church which excluded these opinions; the Liberals resisted that proposition, on the basis that opinions which contradicted that Confession did not place men outside of the pale of Christianity.

The first line of defence taken up by the Liberals was an appeal to consequences if their party were defeated: schism would ensue, the

Church would be broken up, and great mischief would result to the cause of the Christian religion. They reproached the Right with desiring schism. The Right very easily replied that they did not aim at schism, they did not seek the expulsion of their opponents; but the Protestant Church, they contended, had become a mass of confusion, and was infested with views and teachings which were repugnant to Christianity. These they must eject at all hazards if the Church was to be saved from dissolution; and if schism were the consequence, they would accept schism rather than the authorised retention of anti-Christian opinions that overthrew the essence itself of the Christian religion. In truth, the appeal to schism was a mere threat, and a threat out of place. The principles in conflict were too grave and too directly antagonistic to allow fear of external consequences to have any reality in the debate.

The Left now retreated on a second position. They deprecated all imposition of dogma. Dogma had been the curse of the Church for centuries: it had expelled men of the most eminent piety from the Christian society; it had dishonoured and profoundly injured religion by the most revolting persecutions; it had placed religion in the intellect instead of in the heart. Dogma, too, was but intellectual reasoning—deductions from Scripture, generally narrow, ill-considered, and erroneous. Dogma had failed to secure uniformity of belief; wherefore then encumber the Protestant Church with an obsolete, ineffective, and unscriptural machinery? It had bred insincerity and hypocrisy amongst the clergy, thus sapping the morality of the teachers of religion. "By imposing a creed," exclaimed M. Pécaut, one of the very foremost chiefs of the

Left, "you will reap lying." Had the Liberals confined themselves to arguments of this nature, it can scarcely be doubted that they would have won the day. There were not a few members of the Right Centre who combined a strong dislike of dogma with the sincerest adhesion to the inmost truths of Christianity. It is incontestable that dogma has often sorely defaced the fair form of Christian piety. Dogma, indeed, can never be got rid of, even by the most latitudinarian of religionists, for no religion is conceivable without dogma. That there is a God, is involved in the very idea itself of religion; yet this proposition is the greatest of all dogmas. But though Christianity contains dogmas without which it could not exist, it has not been expounded in the dogmatic form. Dogma is necessarily involved in revelation. The moral truths and the facts of revelation contain dogma; but it is not put out formally in Scripture in a scientific, intellectual form. It was inevitable that the intellectual construction of dogma should go forward; but the process has been undeniably pushed to excess. It has been too minute, aiming at too numerous and too precise definitions, and travelling far beyond the bounds of all attainable knowledge. In the pursuit of the determination of dogma, recourse was necessarily had to the philosophical and metaphysical ideas of the day; and by this means a large human element was imported into Confessions of Faith, that was inevitably subject to change, and even discredit. Thus the doctrine of Transubstantiation was built up out of a physical theory, which ascribed to matter a mysterious thing called substance. No man of science of our time believes in such a substance, or would found any doctrine, religious or other, upon it. The existence of this large infusion

of earthy clay in the precious gold of necessary dogma is profoundly felt by Christians of every class. Then, unhappily, in proportion as the definitions travelled into extreme minuteness, the disposition to exact belief in every syllable they contained grew stronger and more intolerant. The spiritual element was wellnigh stifled in the intellectual. Assent was required to propositions so detailed and multitudinous that they exceeded the powers of the human faculties to know anything about them. Metaphysics and logic set to work on revelation, and derived from it deductions which the apostles, were they alive, would be amazed to learn were contained in their teaching.

Reaction was sure to set in, and its tide is now flowing with great force. Men have widely learnt to feel that

"Thousands have reached heaven who
never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false
and true."

The appropriation of the spiritual essence of Christianity is distinguished from the adoption of intellectual formulas. Confessions of Faith abounding in philosophical theories are growingly disliked as conditions of church communion. The feeling is fast gathering strength that men may be equally good Christians, and yet differ widely on theological dogma. By many a liturgy is held to be the best, the surest, and the most abiding bond of church-membership. A liturgy is pervaded by dogma. A God who is Creator and Judge, a Christ who died to save, and, though dead, can hear and answer prayer, are dogmas of the greatest breadth and depth; but dogma in a liturgy as in Scripture is practical in form, not philosophical. It expresses relations of faith, and says nothing about ontology; it addresses itself to the spirit, and

leaves room for intellectual divergence. Here, then, the Liberals in the French Synod had a second chance of victory. They came from congregations which were isolated units. They might, whilst declining a formal Confession of Faith, have placed the demand for union on the ground of a common liturgy. They did indeed repel dogma as the test of church-membership. They dwelt on its narrowing and proscribing influences. They pointed to the Roman Catholic Church as the home of dogma, as the consistent and logical teacher of dogma. But they were Protestants, and Protestants had been driven away from the Catholic communion by the never-ceasing evolution of dogma. The Catholics had formed dogma out of the intellectual conceptions of each age, and thus stereotyped error, and ultimately reduced Christian thought to slavery. They stood on the eternal principle of Protestants, the right of free inquiry. The Christian religion did not aim at suppressing thought. This was the conception formed of it by Catholics. Protestantism was built on the directly opposite principle. Free inquiry had overthrown vast accumulations of dogma in the Roman Church. It was by free inquiry, and not by dogmas, such as were formulated by M. Bois, that the French Protestants were to live. So the Liberals argued; but the appeal to free inquiry was foreign to the question at issue—a mere attempt of the Liberals to throw dust in the eyes of their adversaries. Free inquiry was not the direct negative of dogma. The Right stood on free inquiry quite as truly as the Liberals. The aim of the latter was not to defend free inquiry, which was never attacked, but, under cover of this principle, to establish that every result of

free inquiry was tenable within the Christian Church; that every pastor and every congregation might adopt any opinions they pleased about the Christian religion, and continue members of the Christian society. To resist such a demand was not to repudiate free inquiry. Free inquiry is a method, an instrument, the universal instrument, for discovering religious as all other truth, and its ultimate tribunal is private judgment. Protestantism recognises both these principles for its foundation. If the debate in the Synod had turned on the principles of Protestantism, as against the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, the Liberals would have had an unsailable position in declaring that they held their belief on conviction, and not on the utterance of an infallible Pope or Church. The antagonism of the two parties would then have been real and direct. But the Right was not divided from the Left by rejecting free inquiry. Both parties accepted free inquiry and private judgment as the basis of belief; only the one held that free inquiry brought out certain conclusions—the other denied their correctness. Nor did the Orthodox, by taking the traditions, the belief, the history and lives of Christians during many ages, into account, violate free inquiry. They treated them as evidence to be examined and weighed. They acknowledged the entire right, a right equal to their own to be Christians, of men to be Deists upon free inquiry. What they repelled was the right of Deists to be members of the French Protestant or of any other Christian Church. The Liberals fought for the right of every pastor, without forfeiting his character as a Christian or a clergyman, to accept any conclusions whatever from free inquiry in interpreting the meaning of Christianity, even to the extent

of denying everything in it, except its morality; the Orthodox replied that a society which included such a divergence of opinion would be as chaotic and unintelligible as a school of philosophy which comprised materialists and spiritualists amongst its members. "M. Pécaut," exclaimed M. Bastie, the President of the Synod, "defends a new conception of religious society. The principle of union for him lies not in belief, but in a community of aspirations, memories, and moral ideas. This, I say, is chimerical; it is contrary to the very nature of our being. The objective elements of religion exist no longer for you. There is nothing left but individual feeling." "The teaching of Socrates and Cicero might be taught in the Church," added M. Dhombres, "by the side of Scripture, on your system."

The discussion speedily plunged into greater depths. "We do believe," exclaimed the Liberal M. Clamagérans, "in the resurrection of Jesus Christ; only you believe in a material, we in a spiritual, resurrection of Christ." "We preach," cried M. Fontanès, "the resurrection in the original sense of the Greek word—the rising of the soul to a higher life. St Paul did not believe in the material resurrection of Jesus Christ. He said that if Christ had not been brought up in the higher life, he would have been still in Sheol,—that if Christ had not entered into higher life, there was no higher life at all." M. Colani, ex-professor of Strasburg:—"You say, 'rose for our justification.' What does that mean? It is St Paul's expression. St Paul is not always clear. Our fathers bequeathed to us two things: a school of theology, which is ruined; and a school of sanctification and austere life, which it is our business to build up. We keep Easter, because we see in it

the triumph of Jesus Christ over death, without believing that His body left the tomb. And who can celebrate Pentecost better than we who are spiritualists? We appeal from you to Jesus Himself: not to Jesus glorified, for we know Him not; but to Jesus our brother, who pardoned sinners without atonement, who refused miracles to those who asked Him for them."

Upon this M. Jalabert distinguished the Left Centre from the Left. "We recognise Christianity as a divine revelation, the product of an intervention of God in the history of humanity, and not merely as the highest effort of the human reason. Jesus Christ is for us more than a man. On the other hand, we do not believe in the Trinity, nor in atonement by blood. The Left Centre believes in the supernatural, though free to examine any particular miracle. We believe in the resurrection of Christ's body, nor do we admit that a minister is subject to his own conscience alone. The Left believes in spiritual miracles wrought by the Spirit of God in souls. They are like the disciples before the Lord's death."

M. Etienne Cocquerel stood upon a very different principle. "There is but one single authority—the private conscience of each man. That alone can say whether Paul or James is right."

Wider liberty of thought cannot be conceived than that claimed in this language. Never in the history of any religious society had the demand for comprehension been pushed to such an extreme. A Confession of Faith for the Church was resisted, avowedly on the ground that there was no faith to confess. Every man on these principles might have a faith of his own making, and yet be included in one common Church. Authority there was none,

none except each man's notion of what was true or false; for the right not only to interpret Scripture as he chose, but also to pronounce every statement made in Scripture, whether of fact or teaching, erroneous, was reserved in turn for every individual member of the Church. But the extravagance of their demand damaged the Liberals. Had they confined themselves to the assertion, that by the consent of all, the literal inspiration of every word of Scripture must be abandoned—that no one accepted every statement it contained—and that, consequently, a standard of authority other than the actual words of the Bible must be appealed to in judging particular passages,—the Evangelical party would have been placed under some embarrassment. Not a few points were cited in which the actual utterances of Scripture were given up by believers as irreconcilable with sound exegesis. But there was an enormous interval between resisting a declaration of the authority of Scripture on the ground that by it a man might feel bound by words which no one accepted, and a rejection that proclaimed that Scripture was no authority whatever. The retort which the Liberals made—Why impose Scripture upon us, when you do not regard it yourselves?—might have been difficult to answer in precise terms; but it was perfectly easy to point out that to reject Scripture altogether—a thing distinctly claimed as a right for every Liberal—was to give up the Christian religion entirely. To draw up an accurate definition of the inspiration existing in the Bible might be adjudged a hard task; but logic made short work of it in showing that Christianity was completely swept away when its sole ultimate foundation, the record given of its facts by its

teachers, was entirely overthrown. It was the doing of the Liberals themselves that the issue took the form of Scripture or the Christianity constructed by each man for himself.

M. Dhombres, in reply, reached the very centre of the Liberal position. The Liberals had interpreted spiritually the Christian facts: "*Spiritualiser* ce n'est pas vaporiser," rejoined M. Dhombres. "When a fact is explained in such a manner as to make it disappear, that process is no longer called the taking a spiritual view of it." "To suppress a fact," M. Vaugiraud urged, "is not to interpret it." Here came on M. Pernessin, a layman: "You say that religion is a sentiment; but how many men are there who do not share our beliefs, who have Christian sentiments, and do Christian deeds? They exist in freemasonry, and in many forms of religion. Would you infer from this that you would throw open your pulpit to a man who put the masonic triangle in the place of the Cross? M. Cocquerel has told us that theological sermons do not convert. This is often so: but let him remember that it is not by speaking of aspirations, of an unlimited ideal, of divine effluences, that consciences are awakened. I once heard an Easter sermon divided under three heads. 1. The resurrection of nations; 2. The resurrection of ideas; 3. The resurrection of nature in spring. Let us not deceive ourselves; that which constitutes the force of Catholicism is, that through all its errors it has preserved Jesus Christ." Then argued M. Guizot: "The authority of Scripture and the conscience of each individual man alone constitute authority for him. Let us have a clear conception of what these ideas mean. We hear much in these days of the spirit of

association; but every society has its conditions. There can be none without a common belief and a common end. Free-traders and Protectionists could not form a common society: they both aim at the prosperity of the country, but they proceed on contradictory principles. Pantheism, which I have always regarded as a learned materialism, has invaded us from Germany. The creation of certain schools has been eminently anti-Christian, and we have had the grief of having accomplices of these academies amongst us. The hand of fellowship has been held out to them, and efforts made to introduce them into the Church; can we regard such persons as allies?" Grave words truly, and full of meaning; words that deserve at the present hour to be as well weighed in England as in any other country. Finally, M. Bois summed up the issue before the vote: "The question which divides us is this,—Is there, or is there not—yes or no—a supernatural revelation of God? Has God created, loved, and saved us by His Son? If so, is this compatible with its contradictory? If Christianity is a supernatural revelation of God, it is not the supreme effort of the human reason. There are no shades or degrees here; the proposition is either wholly true or wholly false."

The Synod adopted the motion of M. Bois by a majority of 61 against 45; and the French Protestant Church thereby made a confession of its faith—a declaration of what it holds to be true—and constituted that confession as the principle of its association.

On July 3d a second and complementary step was made by M. Cambfort, who moved that every pastor at his ordination should declare his adhesion to this Confession of Faith adopted by the Church. The posi-

tion already acquired by pastors should be respected, but watchful care should be taken that the faith of the Church should not be attacked in the religious instruction given. This last clause was omitted from the motion—a proposal made by a committee imposing the duty on the Synod of watching over religious instruction having, after a short but warm debate, been adopted.

Then followed a repetition of the struggle, a second battle on the same ground, only the personal element of the individual pastor's feeling here occupied the foremost place. The danger of schism and its mischief were again pressed. The best minds were the most difficult to satisfy, and they would be driven out of the Church. The Church would retain pastors who had no will and received impressions like wax. Hypocrisy would abound. "But," replied M. Dhombres, "the Protestants of the sixteenth century were the most unsubduable spirits of their age; and it is not in countries with determined beliefs that characters without vitality have been found." "And," continued M. Babut, "we commemorate Christian facts at our great festivals: can we allow that they should be treated as legends—that one should read liturgies without believing them? If we were to suffer this, I do not say that we should not be Christians; but I say that we should not be honest and respectable." But, rejoined Colonel Denfert, the celebrated defender of Belfort, "I ought to change my faith when I like: still more a pastor, because he studies these questions more. The only rule is, that the pastor should be in harmony with the congregation in which he teaches." "That is," retorted M. Lasserre, "we ultimately arrive at Robinson Crusoe in his island." "You set up," said M. Delmas, "an

omnipotent pastor in an enslaved Church. He might be a Jew, who sees in God a father, and in Jesus a sage—perhaps the greatest of sages." M. Bois wound up the debate by a quotation from a posthumous paper of Professor Talaquier, on whom M. Pécaut, the great leader of the Left, had written an article, which M. Bois praised as being perhaps the best that had come from his pen. M. Talaquier had been eminent for moderation, and wholly disinclined to theological strife. No man had had a greater respect for the liberty of thinking of others. In this paper, entitled, 'Who can become Pastors?' M. Talaquier, after repelling the imposition of dogmatic and disciplinary formularies, which had suited a different age and a different situation, then asked: "Does this mean that the ministry is given up to every opinion?—that every one can enter without scruple, provided only that he retains the names of Christ, of the Gospel, of Redemption, whatever may be the meaning that these terms may have for him? Does it mean that on this principle a Fourierist or an Icarian, a Hegelian or a Friend of Light, has right to seize on the pulpits of our churches and our academies? This is not a question of ecclesiastical discipline, but a question of conscience and of honour. What comes forth from every system is this, that a dispensation breaking forth the general course of nature and of providence, a divine intervention, constitutes the very substance of the Gospel. The supernatural clings to the very entrails of Christianity, and when this conviction is wanting, it is impossible to enter the ministry without a breach of conscience and of honour."

The Synod voted the motion by a majority of 62 against 39. On the reading of the minute on a subsequent day, a very characteristic scene

occurred. M. Martin Paschoud explained, that in accepting the word "revealed" he had not understood it in a supernatural sense: he took it in the sense of the poet—

"Tout ce que le globe enserre,
Révèle un Dieu créateur."

"There are no great and little miracles," he added. "Everything is a revelation of God, because everything is His work."

Thus ended this most memorable discussion. Grandly did it bear out the remark of M. Guizot. "I have been present for more than sixty years at many parliamentary struggles, in which the first orators of France were engaged. I have never seen any which had a more elevated or a more dignified character, or which was more remarkable for form and substance." The ability and thoroughness which distinguished it throughout, invest it with surpassing interest for all Christians. The issue concerned every man who calls himself a Christian, for it was the definition of that name. Is Christianity pure Deism? that, in all its breadth, was the question that had to be solved; and no one can say that it was not thoroughly grappled with. There was no reticence on either side; no fear of the criticism of the world; the men were absolutely in earnest; and everything which concerned the argument was uttered in entire fulness on both sides. Hence the grandeur and importance of the judgment which was pronounced; and remarkable it is in the highest degree, that a deliberate assertion of the divine and supernatural character of the Christian religion was made in a public assembly upon an unrestricted argument by an open vote against opponents of great vigour and in strong sympathy with some of the most intellectual and

sceptical ideas of the nineteenth century, by a body of Christians who were generally supposed to be cold and unbelieving rationalists. Justice has not yet been done in England to the philosophical power of the discussion and the splendour of the result.

There were, as we have seen, two issues before the Assembly. The first, whether men who held such diverse opinions about the preaching of the Christian religion could be comprehended in one single society, was easily disposed of. The Liberals contended virtually for anarchy, for a form of association without reality—for the impossible. But the second issue soon superseded the first. A Church was an association of Christians; Who must be regarded as not Christians, and thereby altogether out of the pale of the inquiry whether they could be included in a Christian Church? The Synod affirmed the supernatural character of the Christian revelation; they excluded pure Deists—that is, men who acknowledged no higher source of religious truth than the conclusions reached by the highest reason under its most moral, and, if the word be desired, most spiritual aspect. In pronouncing such a decision, the Synod could only affirm the proposition, they could not prove it. That was a function which was not imposed upon them, and which they could not have discharged. Their task was entirely practical. Shall Deists, who may deny every alleged Christian fact, reject every asserted miracle, and by interpretation eliminate from Christianity every element which was different in kind from those found in philosophical schools, be accepted as fellow-members of the French Protestant Church? They determined this question in the negative. But there

remains the still larger one for us, Was the Synod right in reason when they affirmed the supernatural character of Christianity, as constituting its *differentia*, its true and necessary essence? We answer, with M. Talaquier, that miracle is planted in the very entrails of Christianity. Without miracle the Christian religion is gone. It is reduced to a philosophy; its teaching has then the same source and the same authority as all other philosophical utterances. The light of reason becomes the sole authority, not only for opinion, but for fact. The Christian religion rests on a claim which is the direct contradictory of the ground of assent put forth by all philosophy. Christianity asserts that it possesses special and specific information on matters of the utmost conceivable importance to man. Deny the possession of information, and you place Christianity at once upon the same ground as all other religions, all other philosophies. It then knows no more than what the voice of reason says, and its beliefs may be legitimately contradicted and pronounced errors by all who declare that the voice of reason says just the opposite things. Christianity says, I know as a matter of historical fact; reason says, You know as *I* do, and in no other way: you belong to me; you are only one of my many children. Thus Christianity says that it knows there is a world to come, a life after death, because one who rose literally from the dead, after having been actually put to death, has given information about this future reality. Reason says, There may be, or there may not be, a future life. Many of my cleverest sons affirm that there is; a still greater number have said that there is not. It is a speculative opinion, about which I have no knowledge.

Christianity adds that this future-life will begin—so it is informed—with a judgment on the conduct pursued in this life. But in that judgment it will be condemned, unless a Saviour is found; and it announces the existence of such a Saviour, and the terms on which salvation may be attained. These claim to be facts made certain by specific information, and reason is entitled to ask, What is this special information which you say you possess? It would be no reply for Christians to answer that the light of conscience and of the mind gives the assurance, for then reason would justly deny that any information whatever existed, and, with this claim to information, all title of Christianity to be anything more than common philosophy would utterly vanish also.

A quite other answer, then, must be given than revelations of the human mind, however cultivated and refined; and that answer must be that the information was authenticated by miracle; for no other answer that would save Christianity from knowing nothing more than reason does is conceivable. Clearly the existence of miracle must be proved; the refusal to believe in the existence of miracle till it is proved is irresistible. With miracle we know that a future life, a judgment to come, and a Saviour, are realities; but without miracle these vast realities melt away into mist and nothingness. On the existence of miracle, therefore, everything depends. Jesus Christ Himself placed His religion on this very ground. He repeatedly appealed to His works as the proof that He had been sent to men in a special and peculiar sense by God. Above all, He perilled His claims on His own resurrection from the dead. But upon this some eminent men of

science reply that miracle is impossible. They not only deny that no miracle is sustained by adequate evidence; they maintain beyond this, that by the nature of the universe no evidence can ever establish a miracle, for it would be an attempt to prove the impossible. This answer is decisive of the existence of the Christian religion, if it is sound; all examination of evidence for miracle would be a pure absurdity and waste of labour. The demurrer, therefore, of these scientific eminences must be met; and we assert deliberately that it is met by Christians with the utmost ease. Physical science has not advanced the millionth part of a step in showing miracle to be impossible. Science is only an accurate record of the processes of nature; its laws are only generalisations of its observations, and one of its observations is the uniformity of natural sequence. Science has not travelled one step beyond this uniformity. Now it is one thing to say that nature always moves along the same path, and another to say further that that path never can be changed. The uniformity on which science stands is absolutely necessary for the Christian's argument. The denial of the possibility of miracle, therefore, is a mere barren assertion of nature's uniformity—a doctrine necessary for and admitted by both sides. The issue begins only when the proposition is brought forward, that this uniformity has been broken; and manifestly it is no reply to urge that because it has not been broken before, it cannot have been broken later. A scientific law is not a declaration of inherent necessity, but only of observed fact. There is no greater or more universal law in science than the law of gravity; but what astronomer would assert that there can be no other law of

gravity than the inverse square of the distance? The asserters of miracle would be greatly embarrassed if the uniformity of nature's action was shown not to exist; but an argument which cites no inherent necessity, but only observed sequence, can never touch the Christian's affirmation that a change did occur on a given occasion.

Science, indeed, might enter a plea which would destroy the Christian religion. It might take its stand on pure Atheism, announcing that materialism was the sole force in the universe. This objection would be fatal, because it would introduce not only actual but necessary sequence in the events of nature. If will is swept away out of existence, an intelligent God, acting for an end willed, would be wanting to the Christian evidence, which then would manifestly break down. Absolute materialism is the sole ground which would prove a miracle to be impossible; and what Christians would have to do against such an assertion would be to demand the proof of materialism. The world is a far way off from that as yet. Christianity is not yet summoned to show cause why it should not be pronounced a delusion, because a God, capable of adapting means to ends, and of authenticating a message by special credentials, has been demonstrated to be a necessary fiction.

But there are men, and they are to be found in England, who, avowedly treating Christianity as a mere philosophy, as an outcome of natural religious feeling, nevertheless distinctly claim to be called Christians. They justify the demand, like the French Liberals, on the spiritual excellence of Christianity, the nobleness and elevation of its ideal, its vast power to civilise, the goodness of the character it

tends to produce. They insist on their right to the name of Christians as other men style themselves Platonists or Hegelians. Viewed in the abstract, and as designating what does not pretend to be anything more than a particular school of philosophy, the right to use such a name could be resisted. If they would term themselves Neo-Christians, no objection could be taken. What they were would then be plainly understood. But the matter wears a totally different aspect when considered in relation to the historical use of the name of Christian by the professors of a specific religion during a long series of ages, and over the whole of the civilised world. The danger of confounding two systems of thought directly contradictory in their essence is immense, and the mischief would be enormous. To repel this invasion by a radically different body of thinkers of a name which has, in the known understanding of mankind, been appropriated by others, is a necessity of the most vital kind for the believers in revelation. That the new men admire and follow Christian philosophy is no defence of their use of the name. Every society which suffers ideas contrary to its principles to be associated with its name destroys itself. The new philosophers may affirm that belief in miracles does not matter, that goodness is everything, that spiritual excellence is the true salvation of man, and that nothing in Jesus Christ has any importance except His moral teaching; and their right to maintain these opinions as the true ones is incontestable on philosophical ground. But the Christian believers in revelation are bound, under penalty of their own extinction, to say that these men are not Christians. To admit as a fellow-religionist a man who declares that

Christ was an ordinary man, tainted with error as other mortals—that the existence of a future state is an open question—that no Saviour, except as a moral teacher, is needed—or that men have no reason for shaping their lives or guiding their feelings with any reference to a judgment to come,—would be at once to proclaim that, even in the estimation of the Christians themselves, these great beliefs have no real importance, are questions utterly indifferent in themselves. The Christian who admits that the denier of these things may be termed a Christian with as much truth as himself, declares that Christianity is not an acceptance of facts and knowledge, but a system of speculative opinion. His consent to the assignment of the name to philosophers, would render it impossible for him to assert that his religion stands on fact and information. Christianity would pass altogether into the philosophic region,—in other words, it would be extinguished. The process of extinction would be the more rapid if the followers of a philosophical Christ not only were recognised as fellow-Christians by their brethren who affirmed supernatural revelation, but also were allowed to be members of the same organised Church. We have seen what the French Protestants thought of such fellowship. But, on the other hand, it must be fully conceded that the French Liberals made no claim which was incompatible with honour and self-respect. They announced their views fairly, and then asked for such a construction of the Church as would permit any minister to be and to teach what he chose. The case would be quite different if they had been required to adopt a common liturgy. The Orthodox party never hinted at such a requirement. To have proposed it would have

been an insult to their opponents. A Christian who treated every fact and belief which claimed to be supernatural as false, who thought miracles to be impossible or doubtful, or who held Jesus Christ to have never risen from the dead in any real sense, but to be still, like all other departed men, in the tomb, and then addresses public prayers to such a Christ which he would scorn to offer to any other dead man, would be a revolting and distressing spectacle. He could escape the charge of dishonesty and total want of self-respect only by the supposition that he regarded the words he used as indifferent and of no meaning; still, he would know that those who heard him, and for whose sake it was that he used those words, would understand him to be uttering them in the same sense with themselves. Such a position would be profoundly immoral—destructive of all association, whether lay or religious, from the utter dis-

trust in the existence of sincerity and of honour which it would create. An avenging Pascal never fastened a more withering brand of untruth on any Jesuit than that which the feeling of every man of honour would inflict on a person capable of so disreputable a proceeding. And if to avert such an infamy the disbelief in the reality of the act or the meaning of the words were not concealed, would such a person, we ask, dare to say to those with whom he worshipped, in explicit terms,—I am going to pray with you to Jesus Christ, but I believe He is dead, and does not hear me? Honour might be saved by such a declaration, but would it be possible for any body of men to associate itself with such a proceeding? Would they endure that their prayers to a Christ whom they worshipped as God should be uttered by a man who proclaimed that he was speaking to ashes?

A TRUE REFORMER.—PART XI

CHAPTER XLVII.—ICONOCLASTIC.

"We finished off last night," said Captain Strickland, as we set to work again in the back room of the little house by Queen's Gate—"we finished off by your darkly foreshadowing some impious designs against the Control Department. Your private secretary trembles, but begs you to proceed."

"Seriously, do you really think there will be much opposition to reform in that direction? I should rather hope that we may find this the easiest job of all, because public opinion—at any rate military opinion—appears ripe for the change. You can hardly find anybody to defend the present system."

"Burley will make a fight for maintaining things as they are."

"Of course, and will write paragraphs by the thousand, of which no one will be able to make out any meaning. But it is not so much demolition as reconstruction that is needed. The title, to begin with, is a complete misnomer; for why should the man who feeds the army be called a controller, any more than he who fights it? The real controller of the troops on active service is the general, and so he should be at all times. But the present control system is altogether a case of over-centralisation. There is no necessary connection between the duties of feeding the troops, and keeping their stores, and issuing their pay; and to combine them under one head is really to over-weight it, in fact, to over-centralise under a false semblance of simplicity. I propose, therefore, that the three duties should be kept separate and distinct. Three departments, for Commissariat, Stores, and Pay, should

be constructed out of the existing Control Department."

"But are you not losing sight here of the main object of the present system? These controllers were appointed, as I understand, expressly to relieve the general from the trouble of having to deal with so many separate departments. The controller relieves him of this, and so far there appears a *prima facie* gain in the institution."

"This control arrangement was a reaction from the complexity which it superseded. Formerly the splitting up of business between various departments was altogether overdone. There were ordnance store departments, and general store departments, and medical store departments, and purveyors, and what not, with conflicting duties and divided responsibility, so that no one knew where to look to get anything done, as witness the Crimean confusion. Moreover, the Commissariat were under two masters,—partly under the Treasury, and partly under the War Office. Then, again, there was no recognised organisation or responsibility in regard to army transport. The formation of the Control Department, by getting rid of these complications, was therefore a great step in the right direction. The mistake has been in carrying the change too far, and the secret of the mischievous course the thing has taken lies in this, that the executive head of the Control Department, combining also the functions of a leading official in the War Office, has used the authority of the Secretary of State to concentrate the inordinate amount of power and authority in his own

person and that of the department he represents. Had the War Department been properly constituted from the first, in the manner now proposed, the different heads of executive departments being placed outside our office, and made formally responsible to the Secretary of State for the performance of their duties, while the latter held the balance of authority evenly between them and the army, this tyranny which one branch of the service has come to exercise over the rest could never have arisen. But the point does not admit of argument. The Control Department in its present form is absolutely indefensible, and no reform will be worth anything which does not begin with the demolition of it."

"But is it not rather a bad time to propose a separation of the civil departments just now, when it is in contemplation to consolidate the different army staff departments, and to give each general a chief of the staff to stand between him and the other officers of the divisional staff? The popular idea seems to be that the general should have two principal aides—a chief of the staff for the military duties, and a controller (or whatever name he may go by) for the civil business. There appears a certain amount of symmetry about the notion, at any rate."

"The symmetry is in appearance only; there is really no analogy between the two cases. The military staff are merely the mouth-piece or *alter ego* of the general. They have no powers save what they derive from him, nor do they relieve him of any responsibility; they act only in his name and on his responsibility. Whether he gives his orders to the members of his staff direct, or through one principal staff-officer, is therefore merely a matter of administrative convenience. But the civil staff have specific duties, and the ques-

tion is whether they should be directly responsible for the due performance of them to the general, or should an official of the controller species be interpolated between them? Another objectionable feature in the present arrangement is, that the Control Department profess not to recognise the general's staff, but only the general himself. This would not be tolerated for a moment on active service, nor should it be allowed in peace time. Have a chief of the staff certainly, but he must be the general's representative not only with the combatant officers, but also with the civil departments. That the contrary practice should ever have been proposed is merely another instance of the intolerable pretensions of the Control Department, which could only have been admitted through the indirect influence it has established in our office.

"As regards the general question, whatever be the nominal centralisation, there must be a real division of duties between two such different things as feeding the army and keeping its stores. Although, therefore, the general may look to the controller to get the work done, the latter cannot do it himself; he must look in turn to the local heads of the two branches: there must be a separation of duties somewhere. The controller is therefore, in my view, merely an additional functionary needlessly interpolated."

"It is only fair to the War Office to point out that there this amount of decentralisation is already in force within its own walls. We have there our separate heads of the Commissariat and Store Departments. It is only at the district stations that the two are brought together under these controllers. Further, this is not done always. At the larger stations it has already been found necessary to carry out the separation,

and to have two separate officers, who, although both called controllers, have distinct duties, one being in charge of stores, the other of supply. And what is found necessary in peace time would be still more so in war. To feed the army on a campaign is surely quite enough work for one department, and to manage the stores for another.

"Moreover, this is not a mere *doctrinaire* proposal for something which has never been tried. We have before us an example of the plan in full work, and which has stood the test of long actual practice. What I propose is, in fact, nothing more than the Indian system. There, whatever faults they may have in other ways, they certainly understand how to feed the army and keep it supplied with stores. The Indian Commissariat and Store Departments are both marvellously efficient, and with such examples before us it is wonderful we should not have thought of taking a lesson from them."

"How about artillery stores?" asked Strickland. "Many of the administrative doctors, including, I believe, most of your brother officers, are for keeping these separate from other stores. Nobody but themselves, they say, understands how to look after them properly."

"Artillery stores are the most important of all, and no doubt require special training for their management. But there is no need for two store departments. Since there must be an Ordnance Store Department in any case, I would solve the difficulty by putting it in charge of all other stores also."

"Ah, people will say you propose this because you are a gunner yourself."

"I can't help that. Again I say, Go to India for your pattern. There, what is known as the Ordnance Commissariat Department, which is

officered entirely from my regiment, has charge of all the army stores (except clothing), which are kept in the ordnance magazines. And admirably the work is done."

"There is the Army Transport question still to be settled," said Strickland.

"Well, that is a more complex matter. Still I think it resolves itself in this way: In war time the Store Department and the Commissariat both want carriage, no doubt, besides the troops; but there is a decided advantage in having only one organised corps for transport service, and in peace time the Commissariat has most to do with transport. I would therefore attach the Army Transport Corps to the latter in peace time: on active service, and of course in peace time when necessary, the Commissariat would supply the needful carriage to the other branches.

"This, again, is the Indian system. The whole transport there is under the Commissariat, and they supply the Store Department as well as the troops, both with carriage and cattle, and with the establishment to look after them. And the plan works without the smallest friction.

"After all, however, the secret of efficiency lies in harmonious decentralisation. The Indian system works so well because responsibility is distributed; because everyone knows what he has to do, and is allowed to do it without being interfered with. Above all, the duty of acting is placed on the executive officers, and the ministerial officers at headquarters merely supervise. That is where we should learn to imitate them. If a force has to take the field in that country, the local executive officers are expected to make all the needful arrangements, acting upon merely general instructions. There is no telegraphing to headquarters, no shirking responsibility, no asking

people at a distance to do what can only be done properly by those on the spot. This superiority of method is not because people in India are exceptionally wise, but the system of decentralisation has grown up there out of the continual state of war in which the Indian army used to be engaged, and they have had the good sense to keep to it. The result is, that while a regiment or a battery may march from one end of India to the other without firing off a single telegram, the Indian War Department consists of a single secretary with a few assistants and clerks, and it gives them less fuss to make a war than it would cost us to send a brigade to Ireland. We happily have no wars to gain experience by; but we might at least make use of these peace manœuvres to learn what is wanted. Instead of carrying on as we did last summer before the Yewcestershire campaign, discussing, minuting, ordering, telegraphing,

working over-hours, and fussing generally, the share of our office in the matter should have been limited to general instructions. The real business should have been done out of the office. That is what we have to aim at. It is no use pedantically imitating the Germans in externals; parcelling out the troops over the country into army corps, or otherwise professing to decentralise, so long as all the military wires are pulled from Pall Mall. Real decentralisation—that is, the delegation of power and responsibility to others—is the thing to be aimed at. When we have a state of things under which the War Minister can feel sure that if he orders ten or twenty thousand men to be equipped for service, the local executive departments can and will carry out the order, without asking further questions; then, and not till then, have we reached the point of efficiency in our military administration."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—DEVELOPS SOME ORIGINAL IDEAS.

Strickland and I next set to work on the second branch of our subject—

Organisation of the Army,

and the memorandum which we drew up ran after this fashion:—

"War, if it comes, will be sudden, short, and decisive. The essential condition of proper organisation is, therefore, that while the embodied army in peace time should be of moderate size, there should be large reserves immediately available. Hence the following proposition:—

"Every regiment of infantry to consist of two battalions of the line and two of militia, with a depot battalion, or five battalions altogether."

"Is not that pretty much the present scheme, as set on foot by Mr Thorowcome when he was War Minister?" said the Secretary.

"The idea is borrowed from him, no doubt, but is carried much further. Under his plan the militia are available for defence against invasion; I would make them available for all military purposes, offensive war being often the best defence, by making them thoroughly efficient, which no one pretends they are at present. For this we must have a complete fusion between the two services, which I would effect thus:—

"Every recruit to enlist in the first instance for general service in the regiment, lasting for six months, after which to elect for his further service between the line and militia. If he chooses the first, his term of service to be as at present for twelve years, but—and here is the original point of my scheme—a proportion of the line-soldiers would be em-

bodied only for the first year, and would pass the rest of their time in the reserve; the remainder would also, as a rule, join the reserve for the latter six years of their service. If the recruit elects for the militia, he would as a rule be called out only for annual drill, but the militia battalions should be liable to embodiment and service abroad when required, due notice being given to Parliament, and so forth, according to constitutional formula.

"By this means the reserve (militia and line) might easily be maintained at three or four times the strength of the peace establishment of embodied infantry; in other words, the strength of the infantry could be at once increased fourfold if the necessity arose."

"And how would you insure getting the needful number of men on these terms?"

"By paying them what is needful. Every soldier, militia or reserve, should receive a retaining-fee of so much per day while disembodied. The specific amount may be left blank for the present till it is found what is necessary; but it should not be large, for the liability to be called out is a remote one. For small wars, such as we are generally called on to engage in, it would suffice to call out the reserve line, or to recruit more briskly. The full strength of our army would be put forward only in a great struggle, such as we may hope will never arise. What we need is to be ready, to organise beforehand, and not have to make good defects just when the storm breaks. I propose, then, to reorganise the militia thoroughly; hence my next proposition:—

Militia to be officered wholly by officers who have served in the line.

"Thoroughly experienced officers are even more necessary for the militia than the line, just in propor-

tion as the troops are less highly trained and experienced. No measure short of this will suffice. A raw militia with raw officers is no real defence; but young soldiers led by trained officers can soon be got into shape. Besides, with the complete fusion between the two forces which this scheme contemplates, good non-commissioned officers also can be transferred to the militia."

"What plan do you propose for transferring officers to the militia?"

"That question opens up the whole subject of officering the army. I propose, first, the following condition:—

Officers to be appointed to the regular army for a limited term of years only, but to be eligible for reappointment.

"This rule is proposed both as a means of obtaining efficient officers for the militia, and also to meet the difficulty that will certainly arise of securing a sufficient rate of promotion in the line. If all officers are to enter the army in view to making it a regular profession for their lifetime, as the artillery and engineers do now, either the ranks will get blocked up with men too old for their work, or an outlet must be made by a continual stream of retirements at the top. The charge such a pension-list would be on the finances is enough to frighten an economist."

"Still," objected Strickland, "the condition appears a hard one. How if you find officers cannot be got to enter the army on such terms?"

"I don't think that speculation is a reasonable one. Hitherto a sufficiency of candidates with independent means has always been forthcoming, willing to pay, and not looking for pensions. Because we have abolished Purchase, that is no reason for discouraging this class

from entering the army. The cry has been raised, indeed, for officering the army with what is called a professional class, by which is meant, I suppose, a poorer class; and it is to meet the wants of these that the country is called on to provide pensions, and improved pay, and increased expense in every direction. It seems to me that there is absolutely no case for such change; at any rate, it is for the advocates of a professional army, as they call it, to prove the necessity, which they have certainly not done yet. If, while men can be got to serve in the army for nothing, or next to nothing (and the number of such increases as the nation grows ever richer), it is necessary to displace these by inviting a poorer class to enter it, clearly we cannot in reason stop at that point. If the nation generally has a claim to officer its own army, we ought to go further, and educate free of charge the promising youths who are ambitious of becoming officers; for it is the cost of education which will soon, as things tend, be the only barrier. But it has never been pretended that any case of this sort has been made out. I contend that while the work is so admirably done as it is at present (for our regimental officers are simply the best in the world), there is no call to make a change of this kind. Remember too that the force serving in India on comparatively high pay is much larger than it used to be; further, what a great outlet the Indian army itself offers to the poorer class of officers. Of course I don't mean that our officers should be worse off than formerly, which would be the case if their pay remained fixed, while the value of money steadily declined. All I contend for is that no case has been made out for improving their relative position. But a good deal may be usefully done, in the other direction,

by raising still more the social position and consideration enjoyed by our regimental officers, as I will endeavour to show presently."

"Pray don't suppose," said Strickland, "that your private secretary wants any convincing on this point. I believe the brigade to a man would poll in favour of it; but it strikes me as rather hard to make a man leave the army after ten or twelve years' service whether he wants to go or not."

"Not ten years necessarily; make the limit fifteen years if you like, or even more; but the hardship is only apparent, because the great majority of officers retire of their own accord before that time. A rule is needed to prevent a stagnation of promotion; but if that stagnation does not occur, the rule would not need to be enforced, except for getting rid of incompetent men. But I propose this rule also as a means of attracting officers to the militia. By transferring his services to the militia, the line officer would be sure of a further tenure of employ, so that when vacancies occur in that branch there should be always applicants to fill them.

"This plan would apparently transfer the block in promotion from the line to the militia. It can hardly, indeed, be greater in the latter service than at present, since there is absolutely no predisposing cause to produce retirement, such as is found in the line—I mean foreign service, bad climate, and so forth. You may often find a militia officer holding the same place in his regiment—a senior captain perhaps, or major—for twelve or fifteen years: that state of things ought to be stopped. I would therefore superannuate freely—say the colonels at fifty-five, majors at fifty, captains at forty-five."

"Even this," objected my companion, "would leave them a pretty old lot."

"I suspect that for officering young troops, such as the militia would be if embodied, old fellows are as good as young ones, provided, of course, they are good of their sort. Men stand more from old officers if the discipline happens to be not very good, and old men have more temper and judgment. Mounted officers, after all, have not got to encounter very much fatigue. You want young men for the staff, and above everything, young generals, if you only knew how to get them; but colonels and majors may very well be elderly fellows. But I have still another plan in view. I propose that every militia officer should be allowed to retire on half-pay after twenty-five years' service, provided he has been ten years in the militia. This will be an inducement to men to move on from the line. It involves expense certainly, but that seems unavoidable."

"But if you transfer captains from the line to the militia, how are the subalterns in the latter to get their promotion?"

"Some of the steps would go to them, some would be filled up direct by transfer from the line. Their promotion would no doubt be slow, but then I anticipate that a good many retirements would take place from this grade. A subaltern would move from the line to the militia preparatory to settling down in life—remember that the regimental headquarters would be in his native place—instead of leaving the army altogether; then by-and-by, when he had established himself in business of some sort, if he found that he did not get promotion to captain, he would give up the service. However, if it were found in practice that there was a difficulty on that score, I would have no militia subalterns, or at any rate only a few."

"Would that be a move in the direction of reform?"

"I think that practically there need be no difficulty. During peace time, when the militia is called out for annual training, a sufficient number of additional subalterns would be available from among those of the line battalions at the depot; if the militia were embodied for war, I would at once fill up the establishment by giving commissions to non-commissioned officers of the line."

"That proposal surprises me—that you, of all men, who go in so strongly for the blood-and-birth school, and for having gentlemen to lead our troops, should advocate the wholesale officering of militia regiments from the ranks."

"And yet, where is the inconsistency? Our trained line troops no doubt are best led by officers of the present stamp, but for the raw militia, if suddenly called out, you want above everything experience in your officers. Now, to keep up a large staff of such officers in peace time for the militia—I mean of subalterns—would be inordinately expensive. After all, heroic remedies of this sort are not likely to be needed many times in a century. What we do need is some recognised plan arranged beforehand, so that if a crisis should occur we may not be thrown on our beam-ends from not being ready. However, there is another plan to be mentioned hereafter for supplying militia subalterns, which perhaps would be even better."

"Is anything to be said about the strength and composition of the proposed battalions?"

"Better leave that to be settled when the general principle is agreed to; but the organisation should be, I suppose, something of this sort. It seems to be generally admitted that a battalion of ten or even eight companies is unwieldy for modern tactics. It might there-

fore consist of six companies, giving twelve companies for the two battalions of a regiment, or eighteen including the depot. The existing number of infantry battalions (excluding the Guards and Rifle regiments) being 133, with 1330 companies, they would furnish 74 regiments of the new strength. Giving two field-officers to each active battalion, and one to the depot, a small augmentation of these grades would be necessary, the number of other grades remaining the same. But the plan involves a saving, from the abolition of several existing regiments. This cannot be avoided under any scheme of reorganisation which is to be complete and also economical. The number of separate line regiments at present maintained is out of all proportion to the strength of the force under arms.

"The militia would be increased by several additional battalions. If we are to have a cheap and yet sufficient army, it must be by increasing the militia rather than the line.

"The whole regiment, line and militia, should be commanded by a colonel, a new grade created for the purpose, who would ordinarily be at headquarters, with a captain as adjutant-major.

"Mobilisation would be carried out thus :—

"Each regiment would, as a rule, have one battalion abroad and one at home. Leaving the first alone, the battalion at home and the depot battalion would be brought up by calling out the reserves to 900 strong each, available for immediate service, giving, with the Guards and Rifles, over 150,000 infantry. Of the two militia battalions one would be got ready to follow the line, the other would become the depot battalion of the regiment while the war lasted. Each regiment could therefore furnish 2700 bayonets in the field, or

the whole infantry available would muster something like 220,000 strong; and with less than that number you had better in these days not go into war at all.

"See what a stimulus this scheme would give to promotion. There would be altogether, between line and militia battalions, ten field-officers and thirty captains per regiment, with only about six-and-thirty subalterns attached to the former, and succeeding to all the vacancies. See what an outlet is thus afforded to the subalterns. For whether promotion is quick or slow depends on the proportion of higher to lower grades. Using the militia in this way to stimulate the current of promotion in the regular army, is surely better than expensive retiring schemes and pension-lists."

"Then," said Strickland, "as I understand it, your line and militia are really one and the same body under different names?"

"Quite so, although both men and officers would be serving in them different terms during peace time. When embodied, there would be complete fusion. But it is as well to maintain the distinction of names, if only on account of Mrs Grundy."

"Is there anything more to be proposed?"

"Yes, write down—

"Change in mode of promoting and appointing General Officers."

"This is a branch of our organisation which still savours of the dark ages. It has escaped reform so far, but no part more needs overhauling. (Put all this down for Lord Stowe to read.) In all other grades the establishment is framed with reference to the wants of the service. There are only as many colonels, majors, and so on, as there is employment for. So with the various civil staffs, control, medical, &c. In

all these the establishment consists of the persons who are required for duty in some capacity, and there are no idlers or supernumeraries. But the establishment of general officers has no sort of relation to the wants of the service. They constitute, in fact, a virtual retired list, only a mere fraction of them ever obtaining employment after their promotion to it. The lieutenant-generals and full generals are scarcely ever employed at all. The whole arrangement is utterly unsuited to the real requirements of the case. The general officers of the army should be the men who are to lead it, or who have led it, and not merely elderly gentlemen who never have been, and never ought to be, and never will be, employed in this way."

"Well, but," objected my secretary, "have you not forgotten that the establishment of general officers forms an outlet for the colonels, and so keeps up promotion? Promotion without purchase will be bad enough in any case, as I have heard you yourself say frequently. If you reduce the general officers' list, it will become still worse."

"I doubt it. I suspect the establishment in its present form tends rather to retard promotion, by inducing men to hold on in expectation of becoming general officers, which they do by mere force of seniority. That is the vicious part of the arrangement. This of all grades is the very last in which mere seniority ought to be recognised as a claim, still less the only claim; and the inconsistency is the greater now that selection has become established as the fitting ground for advancement in the junior grades. We want picked men for generals above everything: you may get along well enough with regimental officers of mediocre ability and elderly colonels, but the general officers should be the very

cream of the army, in the prime of life and activity."

"You forget," answered Strickland, "that practically the system does provide a rude mode of selection, because scarcely one general in ten is ever employed. The remainder are no doubt on a sort of permanent half-pay, but the result is that there is really no call to employ any but good men, for out of such a large number there must always be a sufficient proportion of efficient generals to select for active duty."

"Yes; but what a clumsy plan, to put a man first on what is virtually, as you say, half-pay retirement, in order to bring him back afterwards to active employment! Why not keep him on the active list till you want him, and then bring him straightway on to the generals' establishment? We do select the general officers, as you say, for commands, and presumably the most efficient. But observe, they are not so efficient as they have been, because they go through a rusting interval on half-pay. Look at what commonly happens. A man distinguishes himself early in life, gets brevet rank, and so becomes a major-general sooner than usual—say at forty-five. And then, when he is in the prime of life and efficiency, you place him on the shelf, for this is what his promotion comes to in reality; and so he waits for half-a-dozen years perhaps, eating his heart out at the clubs or in some country retirement, till it comes to his turn for a command. But when it does come, he is no longer the same man; he has grown older, and fallen behind in the march of professional knowledge."

"But I foresee," said Strickland, "one very strong objection to the plan you seem to have in view. Think what a ridiculously small list the establishment of generals would be reduced to, if it were to be limited

merely to the men actually exercising commands as generals."

"Not at all. For—and here is another absurdity of the present system—having got this enormous establishment of generals, you don't, after all, make use of them. The greater part of the general officers' commands are brigades, and to these colonels are usually appointed with acting commissions."

"You are speaking of brigadier-generals. We have no permanent officers of that rank in our service; they are always chosen from the colonels."

"My dear Strickland, you are as bad as Molière's physician: *L'opium endormit parcequ'il a une vertu soporifique*. I ask why, when we have already three hundred other generals to choose from, do we appoint colonels to be brigadier-generals? and you reply, because we always choose brigadier-generals from the colonels. There can be no reason for doing so, except that the generals on the permanent establishment are not up to the mark. It is not as if brigades were temporary things; there will always be brigades in the British army just as much as battalions, and there is no conceivable reason why the command of them should not be recognised as a permanent rank."

"My dear fellow, if I appear to be tending towards softening of the brain, please ascribe it to my desire to play devil's advocate properly. At the same time, I think in this particular case you have overlooked what is surely the special merit of the present system—namely, that brigadiers are strictly selected officers, and are not appointed, like the senior generals, by mere force of seniority. This is surely a real advantage."

"But I do not want to abolish the present system, so far as the power of selecting goes. The change

I advocate is, that selection should be applied to every command. The rank of brigadier-general (or better, brigade-general) should be a permanent one, just as that of major-general is now; and no promotion should be made to it, or to the superior ranks, except to fill a qualifying appointment. In fact, I propose to extend to the general officers' list the rule which obtains in all other ranks. Just as a man can become a lieutenant-colonel or a captain only by succession to a battalion or a company, so in future a colonel should be promoted to general only on appointment to a brigade, and he should get the next step only in virtue of appointment to a major-general's command."

"Observe, too, another advantage of this reform, that it would save men from being promoted *too quickly*, as often happens now. It has frequently occurred in India within my own knowledge, that an active young brigadier, who was made a colonel for distinguished service, has been ejected from his command before half his tour of service is completed, by untimely promotion to major-general. And then, while he goes home to potter about at Bath or Cheltenham, wasting the best years of his life, the vacant brigade is taken up by some man old enough to be his father. Thus the service loses in both ways. Under my plan no man would be liable to dispossession, at any rate till his term of office was completed."

"What would become of him then?"

"He would become a general officer unattached, unless reappointed, or until promoted to a higher command, and therefore to the next higher grade. The list of brigade- and major-generals would therefore be made up of the officers holding the different brigade and divisional commands of the army, and those who had held them previously."

"And what about the lieutenant-generals?"

"That grade should be done away with. Three ranks would be quite sufficient for all purposes—general, major-general, brigade-general. The first would be limited to those holding the chief command in India and other principal appointments, and those who have held them already. Here see another absurdity of our beautiful system as now administered. You select a man, presumably the most distinguished and efficient in the army, for the Indian command-in-chief, incomparably the most important post in the army, and you give him while holding it the *acting* rank of full general. When he returns home he reverts to his old position of lieutenant-general. And this is done, forsooth, to save the delicate sensibilities of the other lieutenant-generals, that they may not be superseded. Superseded in what? In the privilege of living at the clubs, apparently, for that is the principal occupation of the greater number of them. But in truth the sensitiveness of unemployed generals about being superseded, and the deference shown to that sensibility, is perfectly inexplicable. In every other grade supersession goes on to the fullest extent quite unchecked. The accidents of the service, the better or worse promotion in different regiments, brevets, till quite lately Purchase, make supersession the rule rather than the exception in the British army; and very properly too, if it is conducted on a proper system, for there can be no efficiency without selection, and the preference for one man means the supersession of others. But when the higher grades are reached, where it becomes more than ever important to apply the principle of selection, because the duties to be performed call for

exceptional qualities, then the principle of selection stops. Provided a man lives to become a general officer by force of seniority, he goes on rising by virtue of the same negative quality right through the three ranks."

"In all which observations my chief has his faithful secretary entirely with him."

"Then look at the absurd fuss made a few years ago about the alleged supersession of the generals on the British list by those on the Indian. It was observed that the former were getting promoted faster than the other, which was just what any one could have foreseen must happen from the conditions of the regulating warrant. And so forth—with there are memorials, and royal commissions, and what not, in order to redress the grievance. One might have thought men would prefer to be superseded, since promotion nowadays acts as a disability rather than otherwise; at any rate, to a man performing no military duty of any kind, the grievance, it might be supposed, would not be very keenly felt. However, provided for it was, and a beautiful new regulation laid down to prevent anybody from ever superseding anybody else under any possible combination of circumstances."

"This, in my poor opinion," said Strickland, "is about the best thing you have proposed. But I suspect you will find the generals' list a tough nut to crack. They are a very influential set of old fellows, especially those who are in the Lords."

"Tough or influential, they will find John Graham Merrifield quite a match for them, if he can only be persuaded to go into the matter. But the change, I verily believe, would be heartily approved by the army at large, and by the country too, when once understood. The fact is, the

present system is absolutely indefensible, and must be abandoned if inquired into. The wonder is that it has held out so long. To talk about reforming army organisation, and then leave this part of it untouched, would truly be an impotent conclusion."

"There is one thing to be observed," said Strickland; "how is all this patronage to be dispensed without arousing the jealousy that attaches to all patronage nowadays? You may have obstructives, in Parliament and out of it, coming forward to propose all kinds of conditions and checks on the disposal of these appointments, which would nullify all power of free selection, and reduce the system to pure seniority, or something as feeble. Competitive examinations, perhaps; who knows what folly the advocates of unlimited competition are not capable of proposing? And after all, I am not sure they would not have some reason on their side, at least so far as demanding a check of some sort. Patronage pure and simple would be jobbed to a certainty."

"There appears to me little cause for apprehension on that score. Patronage of appointments involving no responsibility might and would be jobbed no doubt; but where, from the nature of the case, the credit of those who dispense the patronage is involved in making good appointments, I believe you will find men act up to their responsibility."

"This faith is very refreshing to witness, especially in an official so experienced as the Under-Secretary of State. I wish I could bring myself to take such a trustful view of human nature."

"I think we have every reason to be trustful, notwithstanding your sneer, by a simple appeal to facts. Are not the best men among the generals selected for commands as a

rule? Then look at the appointments made to the colonelcies or regiments in the line and cavalry. Here is patronage of a most valuable kind—handsome life-annuities to give away. Yet can anybody say that they are not bestowed with extreme fairness, upon the grounds of good service and seniority combined?"

"You have cited about the only case in your favour."

"It is the only one that exists. There is no other systematic patronage of appointments on a large scale to be found at home. But I will take another equally pertinent—the Indian Civil Service. The appointments here are the most valuable in the world; governors, councillors, commissioners, secretaries, all appointed solely by selection, without reference to seniority. And accordingly you find men brought up by patronage to the top of the professional tree in twenty or five-and-twenty years, while others of less ability remain in subordinate posts throughout their official days. And the choice will in almost all cases be endorsed by the services themselves. I will take another precedent still more to the point. Every appointment in the Indian army, the staff, commands of regiments, second-in-command, adjutancies—every appointment is made by unrestricted selection, pure and simple, and no one can say that this immense patronage has not been administered, on the whole, by successive Commanders-in-Chief with extraordinary fairness. In fact, the mode of regimental appointments is about the only good thing in the Indian army system. The truth is, in these matters men rise up to the level of the responsibilities placed on them. When patronage is not worth having, men job it; when it is large, and the working of a great administration is involved in choos-

ing fit agents, patronage is pretty sure to be honestly dealt with. A tendency to job is not inherent in English statesmen, and my belief is that they admitted the nuisance of competition in its present form, not because they mistrusted their own morality, but because they found patronage of the kind now replaced by competition an intolerable bore."

"The devil's advocate stands or rather sits silenced as well as convinced. Are there any more cobwebs to be swept away by your vigorous broom?"

"Let me see. Yes, of course, there is one most important point still to be set down: The reorganisation of the Indian army.

CHAPTER XLIX.—UNINTERESTING BUT NECESSARY.

"Reorganisation of the Indian army!" exclaimed Strickland, leaning back in his chair and passing his hand through his hair in a bewildered manner; "that is going into reform with a vengeance. I should have thought the British army would have been enough to satisfy the most ardent reformer, at any rate to begin with. However, pray go on; I am all attention."

"It cannot be helped. It is no good putting matters square at home, and trying to make military rank worth having, when titles are swamped by the prodigal misuse of them in India. It makes one lose all patience to think about it—the needlessness and the heedlessness with which they have gone out of their way there to prostitute military rank by that preposterous Staff Corps."

"I have no doubt the system is a very bad one, because I observe everybody abuses it; but I never succeeded in making out what it is all about. The Indian army is a sort of thing no fellow can understand."

"I should think not. The fatuity of the whole arrangement is simply inconceivable. Yet it is rather monstrous than mysterious, and may be readily described. Know then that what is called the Indian Civil Service—that is, the service chosen by competition—is really only a part of the Civil Service of

India. Besides this body, the magistrates, judges, and so forth, who govern the country, there is another body of officials, almost equally numerous, also acting as magistrates and judges, and in every conceivable civil situation, who are chosen from the army. But instead of being required to leave the army on entering the Civil Service, they are transferred to what is called the Indian Staff Corps—*lucus a non lucendo*—which is not a corps, and has no connection whatever with the Staff. This body has no distinct organisation, nor any specific size, but is simply a congeries of miscellaneous Government employees, the only thing military about it being its name; but the officials who, in virtue of being judges and magistrates, or road-makers, or accountants, or policemen, or doing any sort of civil work whatever, are entitled to become members of this body, henceforward receive military promotion at certain stated periods, rising to be captains in twelve years, majors in twenty, lieutenant-colonels in twenty-six, colonels in thirty-one, and eventually, if they live long enough, general officers."

"And does their pay increase in the same order?"

"Not a bit of it. Their pay depends entirely on the nature of the appointment they hold. You may see one man a commissioner and

colonel on five thousand a-year, and another 'brother officer' of the same standing a junior police-officer or deputy canal superintendent getting only as many hundreds."

"This must be very awkward."

"Very awkward for the man who gets the hundreds."

"But how is their relative position determined when they come together on military duty?"

"They never do come together on military duty, or any other duty. They are not eligible to exercise any military functions whatever, or to take any military command, neither are they subject to the command of any one. If one of these so-called colonels lives in a military station, he is not under the orders of the officer commanding the troops; and if the command fell vacant, he could not exercise it. He is, in fact, a civilian in everything but in name."

"It seems inconceivable that such a system should have been hit upon."

"It does; and because it is so absurd, people believe there must be some hidden virtue in it. This cannot be the whole of the plan, they naturally say, because it is so absurd."

"But how is the real Indian army organised? because I presume there is a real Indian army."

"There is an Indian army of about a hundred and fifty regiments, which is officered from the Staff Corps also, seven officers to a regiment. They enter that corps through the British army in the first instance. A young fellow who wants to join the Indian army is appointed to a line regiment serving in India, and after a year or two gets transferred to a native regiment, in virtue of which he leaves the British army altogether, and is transferred to the Staff Corps, his promotion being henceforward regulated solely by length of service."

"Then a portion of these Staff Corps men are in fact employed as soldiers?"

"Undoubtedly; and this has no doubt served to disguise the anomaly which exists in regard to the civil part. Otherwise it must have been exposed before this time. But even for the military portion the organisation is singularly unsuitable; because, since all regimental appointments in the Indian army are made by selection, the rank held by a man has very often no sort of relation to his military position. You may often see a captain commanding a regiment, and a lieutenant-colonel or major in some quite subordinate post, or very possibly in no appointment at all; because, since there is no sort of correspondence between the number of officers in each rank and the number of appointments, there is usually a large surplusage of field-officers for whom no suitable employment can be found. However, my concern is not with the Indian army, except so far as it affects our own. One object of reform should be to raise the higher military titles in public estimation by conferring them only for merit, and not merely for senility; and this cannot be done so long as the Staff Corps abuse continues. Look at Boughler, for example, whom we met in the street the other day, when coming out of the Union Jack. That old gentleman was a district magistrate in Magadha for about twenty years, and would never have got any higher if he had held on for another twenty, for civil preferment goes only by efficiency. His lot was cast in an out-of-the-way part, where he never saw a soldier from one year's end to the other, passing his life in a dull round of taking affidavits, collecting rents, and settling petty squabbles between the peasantry. I don't suppose he ever read a book, certainly never a military

book ; nor would he mount a horse to save his life. Of military science generally, of the changes that have come over warfare, he has no more notion than this poker. Yet this worthy old Indian Justice Shallow rises in the fulness of time to be a general, and comes home to live in Bayswater and be accepted as a representative type of the Indian officer.

"Take Pogfield, again. You never met him, probably ; but he is a well-known man, and a very different sort of fellow to poor old Boughler. He was in the Analytical Department all his life, a clever man enough, and well informed about everything except military matters, which he hated. A regular military philistine is Pogfield ; sneering at improved drill, and examinations for promotion (no examinations for promotion in the Indian Staff Corps), and military service, and all things pertaining to the army proper ; especially bitter he used to be about the Staff College, and declares the Quartermaster-General's Department has gone to the deuce, now that some of the members of it know how to survey. He, too, has never been seen on horseback, and he, too, is now a general officer. No wonder you Guardsmen sneer at Indian officers, when these slipshod old fellows are taken for specimens. Happily it has also some real soldiers to show, or the Indian army would be in ill case. Not, however, that the military portion of it is immaculate. It was altogether ahead of the British army in the ante-Crimean days ; but I doubt if it has advanced with the age, or partaken of the scientific spirit which now actuates European armies. It tends to grow rusty, and some of it is little better than an armed police. People forget that a large part of the Indian service has not been engaged in serious war since the beginning of the century, and go on say-

ing that India is a splendid practical military school. It may have been once, and the frontier may be so still ; but I should say that Southern and Western India form the worst possible school ; a handful of troops scattered in insignificant detachments, idling for six months in the year, and practising an antiquated drill with still more antiquated arms for the remainder. The fact is, the splendid use to which a few men in that country have turned their opportunities blinds the world to the faults of the rest."

"As to all which your secretary desires humbly to act as chorus. But will it not be adding to what is rather a tough job already, to go into Indian army reform too?"

"I think not. If Lord Stowe will take the matter up, it is not likely he will meet with much opposition ; nobody is interested in maintaining the existing system, and every one who knows anything about it agrees in condemning it. The difficulty has been to get some one to raise the question. I suppose there are not a dozen men outside the army, even at the India Office, who know what the Staff Corps means.

"You must," I continued, "of necessity deal with the two armies at the same time, otherwise these Staff Corps crudities will crop up at every point to embarrass the military reformer. Take one instance. Promotion to colonel in the British army is obtained only by qualifying service as lieutenant-colonel. A lieutenant-colonel in the Guards, for example, may remain a lieutenant-colonel for ever. To get promotion to colonel, he must serve for five years as a mounted officer. And if you or I got a civil appointment while a regimental lieutenant-colonel, we should forfeit our claim to promotion in five years. But these restrictions are waived in the case of

the Indian Staff Corps, the lieutenant-colonels of which all get their promotion to colonel in five years; judges and paymasters and accountants and all. Yet while such a row was made about the supersession of the British generals under the working of a quite fair rule, this particular form of wholesale supersession goes on continuously without notice or remonstrance. Truly we strain at gnats and swallow camels."

"Well, the Indian army being rolled up, is there anything else to be done?"

"There are one or two small matters still to be proposed; the abolition of honorary promotions on retirement; of honorary rank to the non-combatant grades; readjustment of relative rank, and generally

the levelling-up of the regimental officer, whom the tendency of modern changes has been to depress. The object should now be to make the captain a big man, and the captain's rank something worth having. But these points had better stand over for the present. I think we have given Lord Stowe enough matter to digest at one meal."

"Talking of meals, perhaps the Under-Secretary in his zeal is not aware that Mrs West has sent three times to say that luncheon is ready. I move an adjournment."

"Dear me, this is shocking, after my sermons about punctuality. Well, let us to luncheon at once, and then I will take the memorandum to Lord Stowe, and try and get him to read it this evening."

CHAPTER L.—OUR REFORMER TAKES LEAVE OF THE OLD REGIMENT.

It was an agreeable surprise at first to find that Lord Stowe, far from exhibiting opposition to the scheme set forth in my memorandum, expressed complete approval of it. After reading the paper through by the aid of his double eyeglass, while I watched his sagacious face eagerly for any evidence in the way of expression, he handed it back to me, and leaning back in his chair smacked his lips dryly, much as if he had taken a glass of wine and felt better in consequence. The scheme, he observed, seemed unexceptionable. Some of the parts would require working out a little more in detail, but it seemed quite clear, and he had nothing particular to suggest in addition. Nothing could surely, I thought at first, be more encouraging than such unqualified approval; and yet I could not help feeling an uneasy doubt whether a little opposition, or at any rate a little criticism, might not have been more promis-

ing. If it had been a proposal to substitute blue-wove for cream-laid foolscap throughout the office, he could hardly have evinced less interest in the matter; and I wondered whether this extreme facility of temper, unusual even in Lord Stowe, could be the result of mere indifference, while my mind began to be divided between a foolish notion, either that he was perhaps acting under a private caution from the Premier, to the effect that the Under-Secretary, who, although nominally his subordinate, had to move the estimates and conduct army affairs in the Commons, was not to be interfered with in the play of his fine genius for administration; or else that my chief designed, like a crafty man of the world, to check my too officious zeal, throwing a judicious wet blanket over my attempt to set the office on fire, by affording the show without the substance of support. Few men take the measure of their own

powers so impartially that they are not ready to attach some weight to the verdict of others, whether to be classed as blockheads or miracles of genius. So far, Lord Stowe's manner afforded no index for any self-classification; for while his praise was given in too mechanical fashion to carry much assurance, his voice and manner bore no trace of ironical meaning. Still, no lever can act without a fulcrum, and my chief yielded at every point of application. As regards the mode of setting to work, for example. Did he think we should begin with the organisation of the army? Yes, that would be no doubt the best subject to take up first. Or did he think it might not be better to begin by altering the form of the estimates? Lord Stowe thought that would perhaps be as good a way as any; adding, as I rose to go, that the scheme involved, of course, a good deal of work, and that it might be as well to consult the different heads of departments, and hear what they had to say.

But that Lord Stowe was perfectly guiltless of humour, this last remark must have been understood to be severely ironical; for inasmuch as it was not our way to alter anything, even to the pattern of a water-cask or a muster-roll, without obtaining every conceivable opinion that could bear on the subject, and possibly appointing one or more committees to report on it, the notion of reorganising the department or recasting the estimates without previous consultations was sufficiently absurd; but I accepted the remark as authority for placing my memorandum in the hands of Sir Mordaunt Burley, and for seeking opinions on the general subject from the various officials. These opinions were naturally somewhat various. Colonel Murphy, for example,

highly approved of the proposal to place all stores under artillery officers, but thought that the measure most needed at present was to abolish the brigade system. Mr Bajherd, the Indexer-General, was more pronounced in his sentiments. This gentleman certainly did not want for zeal: that quality was sufficiently indicated in his eager, anxious looks and excited manner of transacting business, as if the matter in hand were always of the last importance. But I was hardly prepared for his prompt reply, when, on his entering my room, flurried and care-worn, to take orders about printing off a bundle of proofs, he said in reply to my question, that he certainly thought the department stood in need of thorough reform. Yes, Mr Bajherd went on to explain, things had come to a pass, when really, do what he could, he did not see his way to getting through the business properly. He referred to the indexing, and especially to the printing. Formerly no one but an under-secretary could order papers to be printed; but nowadays everybody in the office gave orders for the press, and it was printing here and printing there, till sometimes he hardly knew where he (Mr Bajherd) was, or where it would all end. Then the "form work" was heavy—very heavy—especially since Sir Mordaunt Burley came into the office. He did not wish for a moment to say anything disrespectful about so eminent a gentleman as Sir Mordaunt, and everybody must admit that he had really quite a remarkable ability for preparing forms; but he thought (speaking of course confidentially) that Sir Mordaunt was a little inconsiderate sometimes in ordering new forms before the old ones were used up. Reams and reams of old forms there were in the cellars—"Sir Mordaunt's failures, we call them," said Mr Bajherd,

smiling sadly, "of course confidentially"—printed, many of them, in blue and red, and on the best hand-made "super-royal:" really beautiful forms, and now no better than waste-paper. It would be a great thing if something could yet be done to utilise them; and if he (Mr Bajherd) might venture on a suggestion, perhaps they might be served out to the army to use the reverse sides for correspondence. No, he thanked me, he had no further suggestions to offer; but he was very pleased to have had the opportunity of unburdening his mind on a subject which caused him constant anxiety.

Mr Rueteen the chief clerk was more of an optimist. The fact was, that gentleman said, all this cry for reform, and the complaints made by the army about our department, arose from a very simple cause. The army wanted things done in one way, and the department wanted to do them in another. The army, in short, did not understand the department. But when the army came to understand the department, and did things as the department wanted them to be done, then all this trouble and difficulty would disappear, and both the army and the department would work as smoothly as possible.

More important were the opinions of Sir Mordaunt Burley and the other heads of departments, to be delivered at a board meeting held for the purpose, the proceedings at which began by Sir Mordaunt Burley reading a paper which he had prepared by way of commentary on my memorandum. And here again a surprise awaited me, for Burley's essay, which occupied two hours in delivery, opened in terms of general approval of my plan. This would be indeed a testimony to the power of genius, that even Burley should be won over to my views. But then, could it be that he was in

league with Lord Stowe, and that this was part of a concerted scheme to retire before the enemy, laying waste the country as he retreated? I inclined to the first idea, as Burley explained that if there was one idea which he had always cherished more than another, it was a thorough and well-considered scheme of decentralisation. A flattering testimony, I thought, is this sudden conversion to the persuasive force of genius. But when, under guise of offering some suggestions for giving effect to the scheme, Burley went on to overlay the subject with a cloud of words of which the drift soon became unintelligible, I began to doubt whether the confusion thus imported into the matter was not intentional, and my friend playing the part of a departmental cuttle-fish. Only two things could be made out in this verbal fog. Burley's notion of decentralisation appeared to consist in distributing the army by districts, to each of which should be attached a deputy with a large staff of clerks, reporting direct to himself, whereby, he said, that degree of general financial supervision could be exercised which must be contemplated under any system. As regards revision of the estimates, he thought a desirable preliminary would be to inquire into the forms of estimates used by other governments. A great advance had been made of late years in this respect, almost everywhere, and it would be proper to get the benefit of their experience. The Brazilian army estimates, he understood, were particularly good. He would therefore suggest the appointment of a special commission to travel about collecting information, and afterwards to draw up a report and forms, embodying the best points of the army estimates of each nation. This was the only definite proposal made in the memorandum, during

the reading of which Lord Stowe looked patient, but infinitely bored.

Mr Aweditte, the Reviewer-General, when called on for his opinion, said that undoubtedly the Under-Secretary's proposed alterations in the forms of estimates and accounts *could* be effected, if on mature deliberation it was considered desirable to make the change; everything was possible in accounts. But he said this, raising his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders as if to imply that others must take the consequences of any opening of floodgates, or rash tampering with existing systems; and it was plain Mr Aweditte had not parted with his suspicion regarding the Under-Secretary's subjection to lunatic paroxysms.

Mr Lougher Wrythem, who also was at the meeting, ventured, he said, to offer one remark bearing on the subject. As regards the strength of the army and the difficulty of recruiting, it might not have been generally observed that there was a close connection between the rate of recruiting and the price of cotton. He had made some calculations on the subject, which went to show that the price of cotton would probably rise about seven years hence to a point which would give such an increased impetus to recruiting as would admit of the first-class reserve being increased by 20,000 men. Further, with regard to the Under-Secretary's proposals for altering the mode of promotion to general officers, he had made a calculation which brought out the following interesting result—namely, that, in nine years from the present time, the average age of the lieutenant-colonels in the army would be $44\frac{1}{2}$ years; of the colonels, $50\frac{3}{4}$; and of the major-generals, $54\frac{1}{2}$ years. This calculation might be slightly affected by the result of the new Towns Drainage Act, and

if the general death-rate of the country should be favourably affected thereby. Still, the general result would be as stated, and it would be for consideration whether, in view of these interesting facts, it was necessary or even desirable to alter the existing system, which he (Mr Wrythem) considered worked well on the whole.

The opinion of the Chief of the Staff, who was not at the meeting, but sent in a written memorandum, was less disguised. This appointment, now held by Sir Roderic Baton, had been created a few years ago, when the highest military office in the country became vacant through the ill health of its distinguished occupant, and the holder of it was placed in charge of the Personal or Military Branch of our establishment in Pall Mall. In this way, it was said, the sole responsibility of the Secretary of State for our military administration will be established beyond doubt or question; the Chief of the Staff will act merely as his recognised agent, and the conflict of dual powers will be avoided. And truly if an army could be properly commanded by an elderly civilian who was shifted every two or three years, the benefit of the change might be admitted. And the experiment had in its way a fair chance of success, for Sir Roderic's claims to what was now the highest military post in the army were generally recognised on the score of character and services; while the circumstance that he had formerly held a seat in the House of Commons was considered to be in his favour. And certainly, so far as establishing the undoubted supremacy of the Minister, the experiment had been completely successful; although whether the army knew distinctly by whom it was commanded was more doubtful. The Chief of the Staff is the military

mouthpiece of the Minister, said the theorists ; see how we save red-tape and circumlocution by this plan : but how much was mouthpiece and how much Minister could never be precisely determined. Sir Roderic had a habit of going off to Baden-Baden to get rid of the gout whenever anything unpleasant was on hand, such as a reduction of field-officers, or a cutting down of commands, or the like ; returning in time to communicate the order to the army, which he could then do with a sort of moral shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say, you see I am not responsible for this ; this is the tinkering of the civil officials,—all done in my absence. But when anything good was coming off, in the way of extra brigadiers or extra allowances, for example, then it used to get freely rumoured in regimental circles that we had to thank our able and influential Chief of the Staff for the boon. He was the true soldier's friend, in fact.

I had avoided any personal discussion about my scheme with this high official, who, if diplomatic in action, was somewhat abrupt and choleric in manner, feeling that it might be distasteful to a full general, and one of the oldest officers in the army, to be put as it were on his defence by a mere captain, albeit a Parliamentary official ; and this caution proved to be not without reason. The Chief of the Staff (so ran his memorandum) fully recognised the right of Captain West to propose any alterations he thought proper in the system of military organisation, and it was not within his (the Chief of the Staff's) province to discuss the various changes recommended in finance and account. Nor would he go into the large questions raised regarding recruiting and army reserves. But with respect to the very radical alterations proposed in the mode of appointment

and promotion of general officers, this young officer had perhaps hardly considered the effect of his revolutionary scheme. Officers had been brought up to consider that they would never be superseded as generals ; and further, that colonels are entitled to succeed to the rank of general in order of seniority. The inviolability of this rule had been uniformly recognised, as witness in proof the numerous commissions appointed from time to time to inquire into grievances of supersession between the English and Indian armies, or between different branches of the service, and the various warrants issued from time to time to redress such grievances. Even admitting that the Under-Secretary was a competent judge of the qualifications needful in general officers, it must be evident that the present system afforded an ample field of selection for all necessary purposes. As for the proposal to promote general officers by selection only, he (the Chief of the Staff) might at once say that such a plan would be found impracticable. It would be greatly resented by the senior officers of the army, while he might frankly confess that the task would be too invidious for any one in his position to carry out. Finally, while fully recognising the right of the Secretary of State for War and Parliament to make any regulations they saw fit, he hoped he might be allowed to add that, in his opinion, it would be more becoming in a young officer with the limited experience of the Under-Secretary, although circumstances had placed him temporarily in a position of importance, to confine his attention to the matters of finance and administration which came within his province, and to leave questions of military organisation to be dealt with by those who were properly responsible for such matters.

Such was the purport of what the gallant old veteran said in his counter-memorandum, a document which gave general satisfaction in the office, being regarded as setting me down properly, and the tone of which made me glad that our first communication had been carried on through the medium of paper. "You were quite right," I observed to Strickland, "in your prediction that I should have to get rid of the incumbrance of my captaincy. The old gentleman shall not be able to twit me again with my juniority, any more than he can find fault

with the seniority of Lord Stowe or any other civilian." And accordingly, before the week was out, our senior subaltern, one Lieutenant Hopeful, saw his unexpected promotion in the Gazette, "to be Captain, vice West, who retires." I suppose no man takes the irrevocable step of leaving the army without a pang. Certainly I did not, for my attachment to the "old regiment," as my friend Julian Straight used to call it, was at least as strong as his; but I was too much in earnest about the work in hand to let any minor considerations stand in the way.

CHAPTER XL.—CONSTITUTIONAL PRINCIPLES PRACTICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

"There is something in the paper that will interest you, Eva," I said, as we were sitting at breakfast on the morning of my retirement being announced—or to be more correct, as I was standing by the fire after finishing my share of that meal, to which Eva had just descended.

"Is there? what is it about? Won't you read it out aloud? Oh dear, this tea is quite cold."

"It is the nature of hot fluids to accommodate themselves to the surrounding temperature, a phenomenon frequently to be observed in this establishment."

"You don't like cold tea better than other people. I suppose it was hot when you had yours."

"My dear, you twit me with my punctuality, but the man said you had sent word you should be down in five minutes, or I would not have allowed him to bring breakfast. That was about three quarters of an hour ago."

Eva made no reply, but sipped her cold tea in silence, whereon I observed that it was quite practicable to reproduce that beverage by the agency of boiling water; and as soon as this idea presented itself to

her, she consented to my ringing the bell and ordering some more breakfast.

Somehow the little incident turned our attention away from the news in the paper, and she did not hear of my retirement till the evening. "You must not go on speaking of your husband as 'Captain' any longer, Mrs West," said my private secretary, as we three sat by the drawing-room fire, just after a visitor had gone down stairs, for he and I had been working at home all the day, memoranda writing. "You must not call him 'captain' now, you know; for although he is entitled to the designation by courtesy, I have it in command to say that he wishes to drop it as soon as possible."

To Eva looking at me in surprise, I explained briefly that I had retired from the service.

She did not ask my reasons for the step, but showed perhaps more animation than usual when exclaiming, "Do you mean to say, Charlie, that you are never going to wear any uniform again?"

"Not unless they make me honorary colonel of the Leatherby Volunteers some fine day."

"Well, I *am* sorry. And fancy your doing this and never telling me anything about it!"

"My dear, I was on the point of telling you this morning when you turned off the conversation. And considering that I have worn uniform about twice since we were married, the event need not signify much from that point of view."

"Ah, but then you might perhaps have taken to it again. You know you often used to say that you might have to go back to your battery after a time, and then it would have been so nice to see you galloping about at the head of it."

"I am sorry to disappoint your noble ambition, my dear, but it is too late to recall the step now. As a matter of fact, however, I should have been galloping at the tail of the battery only, instead of the head, since it is Major Spuraway who commands it. But you must submit to the degradation of your husband being only a subordinate official instead of a captain of artillery, for I find that politics and soldiering do not go well together."

Eva pouted a little, as she often did when she thought I was speaking ironically. Presently she continued, "I suppose I have done or said something silly, from your satirical manner. Because you think of nothing else but politics and stuff of that sort, you expect everybody else to know all about them too. I think you are very hard on me. Besides, you know you told me yourself what a capital thing it was for Major Tuffenut being in Parliament, because he could take six months' leave every year without asking for it, and bother the Government with all sorts of foolish questions: and then there is old Lord Gowtiose; he is a general, isn't he, and he is in the House of Peers, and you are only in the Commons."

"My dear, those are two most appropriate precedents; nevertheless believe me I had reasons for the step, albeit they might not commend themselves to your judgment."

"Oh, if you mean to talk like that," retorted Eva, "we had better stop. I see you mean to be very severe."

I did stop; for in truth I was ashamed at recollecting that a third person was present. And again I was reminded what a change had come over our life. Want of sympathy on one side, and disappointment on the other begotten of the discovery, finding outlet at first in gentle remonstrance, when any recrimination was checked at once by the ready-flowing tears, leading to soothing apologies and pretty little confidences — had brought us to this already; the little lovers' quarrels of a few months ago, to be succeeded already by biting words and petulant replies! Perhaps had I been less preoccupied I should have asked myself the question more distinctly, whither we were tending? and seen the folly of sacrificing our happiness to selfish pride and indolence of mood,—of drifting thus helpless at the mercy of each gust of vain temper. But business always came after these little scenes—now, alas! of frequent occurrence — pressing on, to drive away the impulse for self-examination,—always whispering a plausible excuse for negligence in the conduct of home life.

Our guest, who had been silent during this little quarrel, now broke in upon the succeeding silence, as we all leaned back in our chairs round the fire, with a suggestion that Eva should practise a duet with him. And as she rose and moved to the piano, it seemed to me, as I moodily watched her from my seat, that her figure, slight and

fragile as ever, yet expressed less of that graceful gentleness which used to appear in every movement that she made. The change in temper seemed to be signified by something of a harder carriage. Yet, noticing this, I was too sullen and proud to take the warning to heart.

But whatever Eva might think about my retirement from the army, I had reason to congratulate myself on the propriety of the step when, a day or two later, I met the Chief of the Staff by appointment in Lord Stowe's room at the office. The old gentleman, I could see, felt both embarrassed and ready to take offence, as if expecting that I should take advantage of the situation. Sympathising with him in his evident anxiety, I endeavoured by my manner to dispel his suspicions, placing a seat for him before I sat down myself, and generally expressing as much deference for his rank and age as was compatible with the situation.

"Well now, Sir Roderic," said Lord Stowe, when we were seated, "about these different changes which West has brought forward. He is pressing me to make a beginning; and I may say that I am committed to some extent, both to him and to the Cabinet, to take the matter up. I think if we discuss it now we might perhaps be able to come to some definite conclusion."

This was the most business-like opinion I had heard Lord Stowe express, and made me feel quite hopeful and animated.

"Well, my lord," said the old general, "I daresay there is a great deal that is very clever and ingenious in this scheme of Captain West's——"

"Mr West, if you please, Sir Roderic."

"Oh yes," he continued, "I was aware you had retired; but you know the old saying, 'Once a captain always a captain.'"

"Once a captain never more a captain, in my case. I think it will simplify matters if you omit all reference to my supposed military experience or inexperience, whichever you will, and consider me merely as a civil official, responsible to Lord Stowe and to Parliament, and desiring that any proposals I may submit to him should be judged on their own merits."

It was amusing to notice the effect of this remark, and how, as the old general gradually got rid of the notion that he was not dealing with a military junior, or a military man of any sort, his touchiness and uneasy pride disappeared, and he became free and unembarrassed, even deferential; for Sir Roderic, like many of our senior officers, had been so long accustomed to the control of superior authority that he was by no means disposed to assert himself. The change was equally marked with Burley and other officials, as soon as by degrees they got out of the habit of calling me Captain West; although I was made to feel that my position would have been a still stronger one if I had never been in the army, and knew nothing at all about military affairs.

"Of course it is so," said Strickland, when I mentioned to him that I still felt a sense of the old leaven about me. "Do you suppose that Buoyers would have been allowed to knock the fellows at the Admiralty about as he has done, if he had ever been a post-captain himself, or even a midshipman? I feel much more respect for you myself since you have become a plain Mister; but it will be some time before I shall be able to bring myself quite to believe in your capacity to be Secretary of State, as I might have done if you had never held a commission."

CHAPTER LII.—CAPTAIN STRICKLAND RETURNS TO REGIMENTAL DUTY.

The course of events that now followed at the office may be disposed of in a few words. Of the interminable discussions that took place on every conceivable point; the memoranda that were written, and the rejoinders put forth; the verbal and written arguments that were piled up upon every item of the proposals; how, while everybody professed himself ready to carry out any changes that were ordered, he advanced a string of reasons why they should be suspended; how, while Lord Stowe assented to every proposal submitted to him, he assented equally to every counter-proposal, always siding with the last speaker or writer, and becoming a mere post-office for the circulation of minutes and counter-minutes; how, when he had agreed to a specific proposition, and the order embodying it was laid on his table for signature, he bespoke my attention next day to somebody's paper of objections, as containing matter worthy of careful consideration; how Burley, while openly opposing nothing, fired off a series of memoranda which, so far as they could be understood, culminated in a proposal to call for some additional tabular return; how the simplest issue thus got to be lost sight of, obscured by the mass of correspondence that grew up around it;—how, in short, Lord Stowe, between his apparent desire to gain reputation as an administrative reformer; his fear of making changes in face of any opposition; and the indolence which kept him from mastering thoroughly a single one of the subjects he had to deal with, and forced him to shelter himself behind a mass of generalities and platitudes—had effectually set us all at cross

purposes; all this need not be detailed at length. The only result of these weary days was, that while every one was hard at work on the generation of friction, a certain degree of mental heat being naturally evolved in the process, and life generally at the office was anything but pleasant or amicable, the time drew near for moving the army estimates, and not a single point was settled of the proposals under discussion.

In this dilemma I took the opportunity afforded by finding myself next to Mr Merrifield on the Treasury bench one night to mention my difficulty to him. Lord Stowe, I said, was constantly promising to bring these matters before the Cabinet, but he always brought away the same excuse, that the time of the meeting was occupied with other matters, and he could not find an opportunity.

"What Stowe says is quite true," said the Premier, smiling grimly; "I am afraid the Cabinet does not take much interest in these matters. Certainly I have never professed to do so myself. But surely there are a great many points that may be dealt with departmentally without coming before the Cabinet at all? I have no doubt that whatever you and Stowe agree upon will be accepted by the Government."

"But that is just the point. I can't get Lord Stowe to agree to anything."

"That," said Mr Merrifield, sarcastically, "would certainly be a reason for not doing anything."

"I don't mean that exactly. Lord Stowe has nothing to say against any of my proposals. On the contrary, I gather that he approves generally of the whole

scheme. But the different heads of departments are by no means unanimous—it would be wonderful if they were; but the result is, that between the conflicting opinions brought before him, Lord Stowe cannot make up his mind——”

“Well, of course the first step in matters of this kind is to convince the people who are responsible for carrying out the change. If you cannot satisfy them of the propriety of your proposed reforms, that would be *primâ facie* ground for questioning their expediency.”

“But I thought I had at least satisfied you, Mr Merrifield, of the soundness, nay, the absolute need, for these changes——”

“My dear West,” said he, interrupting me, “I must have said a great deal more than I meant if I ever led you to suppose that I was prepared to commit the breach of official etiquette that you seem to imply I intended. I may frankly say that your views seemed to me original and ingenious; and I have not ceased,” he added, kindly, “to congratulate myself on having secured your services to the Government, especially in your present office. And as I said before, anything you and Stowe agree to will no doubt be accepted. But I can’t force changes upon the head of a department; and in fact you must see that it is somewhat of a breach of etiquette to be discussing the matter with you at all in this way.”

I felt the deserved rebuke, and also that the Minister most likely considered me an impulsive block-head. For holding belief in ourselves we must feel that others believe in us. Complete depression of mind now succeeded my former oversanguine mood, and feeling that I was merely giving trouble and rousing opposition to no purpose, a desire to be quit of office increased as the session advanced, so that it wanted

much less than the complications which arose out of my statement on the estimates to induce me to take the decisive step.

This *contretemps* was of the kind apt to arise when people trust to verbal understanding, even where the views held on both sides are quite specific and distinct, as was certainly not the case in this instance; and if Lord Stowe did not show perfect frankness in what passed subsequently, I give him credit for good faith of intention. The affair was, of course, too important to be disposed of without explanations; for my announcement, when moving the estimates, of various contemplated changes (which Lord Stowe the previous day had specifically agreed that I should refer to on the occasion), naturally attracted a good deal of public attention, and some of the papers expressed decided approval of what was proposed. The *Overseer* in particular warmly adopted what it termed Lord Stowe’s scheme; and in an eloquent article entitled “The Development of Political Genius,” explained how Lord Stowe’s powers had been gradually increasing in the course of a long public career; and how, while some great men, as Pitt, Newton, and Napoleon, displayed their greatest powers from the first, others, like Marlborough and Palmerston, and now Lord Stowe, did not reach the full measure of their capacity till late in life. This article came out on a Saturday, two days after the affair had been terminated by my resignation. For immediately after I sat down, on the evening in question, Mr Merrifield, who was in the House, moved down to the next seat on the bench, and said with some warmth that Lord Stowe had gone considerably beyond what was authorised by anything agreed to in the Cabinet or by himself; and when Mr Perkyman

getting up on the other side said that the House and the Opposition would need time to consider the radical measures contemplated by the Government, and proposed the adjournment of the debate for a fortnight, Mr Merrifield, in agreeing to the proposal, expressed himself in such vague terms as partly furnished a cue to the actual state of the case. As regards what the Premier had said to myself, it was not for me to defend Lord Stowe from the charge of having gone beyond his authority, but I was certainly quite unprepared for Lord Stowe's complete repudiation of me and my speech the next day. He could, of course, appeal to the Cabinet as to the fact that he had not been authorised to sanction the various changes which I had announced as impending; but this was no proof that he had not completely misled me on the matter. However, it was not for me to bandy recriminations with my chief. I had committed the false step of acting on his verbal assent, without obtaining his agreement in black and white to making the announcement, and must take the consequences. Resignation of my post was the only course open. Mr Merrifield wrote very kindly, expressing his hope that the matter might be more easily accommodated, and saying he would not act upon my letter until I had reconsidered the matter; but I felt that there was only one way out of a false position. There could be no more serving under Lord Stowe.

This affair, of course, attracted some attention; questions were asked in the House, and Mr Ernest moved for papers, but was told that there were no papers on the subject, and no explanations to give. My friendly patron the *Overseer* gave indeed a circumstantial account of the affair. Lord Stowe, it was explained, was

for a militia ballot and a volunteer army, while I went in for a general conscription; but the Cabinet were divided on the measure, and supported the former by a small majority. It had therefore been arranged that one of the two should make way for the other, and the lot had fallen on me. But it was to be hoped the services of Colonel West (of late the *Overseer* would persist in calling me a colonel) would be utilised in some other way. "Why should not he be made chief of the staff, with brevet rank of general if necessary? Sir Roderic Baton was a very old man." The *Dial's* account of the affair was more authentic; and its verdict in the case was that the country was generally satisfied with the moderate reforms introduced by Mr Thorowcome, which were more suited to our complex civilisation, and a practical nation, than the more systematic scheme which it was understood Mr West desired to press upon the Government. The English law was complex; so was the English railway system; and so, no doubt, ought to be the English military administration. Complexity was suited to the genius of a practical people like ours. At the same time, should circumstances ever conspire to compel us to adopt a more thorough military organisation, the needful capacity for giving effect to the will of the nation would be recognised as to be found in the late Under-Secretary.

But a judicious reticence will soon divert public attention. Lord Stowe said nothing, for reasons best known to himself; and I declined to give any explanations to anybody, even to my constituents. The Government allowed the matter to drop quietly; and in a short time it was forgotten, overlaid by fresh subjects of interest.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY IN ENGLAND.

A COMPANIONSHIP or intellectual brotherhood of highly-cultured men, zealous for Religion, but calm and clear-eyed as to the conditions of its external observance by ritual,—yearning for a well-ordered peace alike in Church and State, and for a harmonious conclusion of the chaos of dogmas and of the strife of sects which with many had eaten the soul, the divine element, out of Religion, and left it as a lifeless husk, a thing of loud-sounding but empty and barren phrases (true parent of the religionless period of the Restoration),—such were the Divines of the seventeenth century whose lives and writings are now brought up to view in this work of Principal Tulloch. In him, these learned, tolerant, and eminently Christian-minded writers have a congenial as well as intellectually accomplished expositor. Falkland, Hales, Chillingworth, Stillingfleet, More, Cudworth, and Jeremy Taylor, form a galaxy of Churchmen to which we scarcely find any subsequent parallel. High intellect, pure life, and an all-pervading zeal for religion as an essential element of the National life, combined with an earnest care for the freedom of conscience, are special characteristics of those men; and Dr Tulloch's estimate of their writings, as "the highest movement of Christian thought in the seventeenth century," might be considerably extended.

The times are easy-going now,—they are perfect tranquillity compared with the fierce and stormy epoch when those eminent Church-

men lived and wrote so manfully in support of their opinions. Religious "toleration" has in word at least become an accepted axiom,—and, politically, in a far wider sense than it was, or reasonably could be, upheld at a time when the power of the Papacy was still struggling strenuously to regain its supremacy in England. Nevertheless religious intolerance, although banished from the councils of the State, still holds its ground only too bitterly alike among churches and sects. Nearly all the parties and sects of the seventeenth century have still their representatives among us. Indeed, says Dr Tulloch, "the closeness of the parallel, not only in its great lines, but in some of its special features, must strike every attentive reader." The questions discussed by the Liberal theologians of the seventeenth century, are in spirit, and very much in actual form, the questions now discussed under the name of Broad-Churchism. To this class of theologians Dr Tulloch belongs, as an eminent yet unobtrusive champion. Not until now has he published any work upon these questions, as did his prototypes of the seventeenth century; but, unlike them, he has taken a constant part in the deliberations of the Church assemblies of his country, and all his speech and action have been in favour of Christian charity in doctrine, alike as good in itself, and as the only basis of Christian unity. And it is in a like spirit, and with a like object—namely, in the cause of Christian truth,

Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century. By John Tulloch, D.D., Senior Principal in the University of St Andrews; and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland; Author of '*Leaders of the Reformation*,' &c. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

and for the sake of the great object of Christian unity, which can only be attained by the recognition of this truth—that he has devoted himself to the study and exposition of the great writers who so manfully and earnestly propounded these doctrines two centuries ago.

"Deeply interested," he says, "in the principles expounded in these volumes, and in the writers who first advocated them in England, I have had sincere pleasure in endeavouring to do some measure of justice to both the one and the other. It is something of a misfortune for religion and the history of the Church, that men who secure most attention in their own day, and afterwards, are by no means those distinguished for Christian moderation. Churchmen like Hales and Whichcote are forgotten, while the noisy champions of extremes are remembered, and live in the historic page. I have derived so much pleasure from the repeated study of Hales and Chillingworth, and again of Whichcote and his Cambridge contemporaries, and cherish so warm an admiration of their great gifts of Christian reasonableness, that I should rejoice if I have done anything to restore the images of men, who appear to me the very best types of the English theologian—manly and fearless in intellect, while reverent and cautious in spirit."

Freedom of conscience—the right of private judgment in interpreting the Scriptures as the supreme fountain of truth and means of salvation—such were the watchwords of the Reformation, and of the creed of the Protestants. The leaders of the new movement cared nothing for the authority of the Fathers, or of the traditions of the Church, or of the creeds adopted by the great ecclesiastical Councils. They cared nothing for these, any more than they cared for the authority of the Pope. They made a direct appeal to the Scriptures, and maintained the right of every man to interpret the Bible by the light of his conscience as the only means of salvation.

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The Reformation was the grandest outcome of the "new learning" as it was called, and of the ardent spirit of inquiry then awakening in nearly all branches of life and knowledge in Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the tide of inquiry which up-bore Luther and Calvin in their noble and daring warfare against the Church of Rome, refused to be curbed in turn by the doctrines and teachings of those great leaders of the religious movement. The old authority of the Church and the Fathers being gone, and appeal being made to the Bible alone, the Reformers soon split up into various independent bodies, each of these establishing itself as a Church, with a more or less elaborate Confession of its own. The Reformed Church was breaking up into a chaos, each body differing from the rest; while among individuals the spirit of free Biblical inquiry was producing new beliefs, which were "damnable heresies" in the eyes of the great leaders of the Reformation, as well as of the inferior class of theologians who succeeded them. If the grand movement was not to be lost in chaos—in a quagmire of new creeds, each based on the Bible by the right of private judgment—a stop must be put to this process of Church disintegration and endless schism, and of the outcrop of new religious doctrines.

"The tide of religious passion," says our author, "swelled till it threatened to burst all bounds, and to subvert the order of society. Luther was forced to forget the Pope while he declaimed against his own theological colleagues and the Zwickau fanatics; and Calvin recognised his most persistent and hated opponents in the 'Libertines' at Geneva. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, to set a restraint upon the impulses of inquiry, and to break in the spirit

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of freedom which in its licence menaced the very existence of the Church." And so the very men who, as the leaders of the Reformation, had broken down the old barriers of authority, and opened the springs of religious revolution throughout Europe, "are found ere long busy in collecting, consolidating, and placing anew under authority the spiritual energies which they had called forth." Protestantism became even more intensely dogmatic than Popery; and Servetus was burnt as a heretic with as little compunction as the Church of Rome had burnt Savonarola,—a "terrible warning," as our author calls the fate of Servetus, which at least had the effect of moderating in the Reformed Church the enthusiasm for free inquiry.

The Reformed theology rapidly hardened into dogmatism; and by the middle of the sixteenth century the principles of Authority had almost entirely superseded anew the principles of Inquiry. The men of dogmas everywhere came to the front; and Protestantism grew, or rather settled, into Churches, with creeds or confessions far more minute and pitilessly dogmatic than any which had ever before helped or burdened the conscience of the Christian world. "Within a period of about thirty years, Protestant Christendom added upwards of *twenty confessions* to the three Creeds which had hitherto satisfied the Christian Church. Confession rapidly followed Confession, till their number reached a goodly volume, *less than one page* of which would contain the creed which the united Christendom of the East and West in the fourth century judged to be amply adequate for all purposes of Christian communion,—denouncing an anathema upon those who should venture to impose anything further upon the Christian con-

science." This anathema of the primitive Church upon any who should narrow the way of salvation beyond the simple Apostolic Creed, went for nothing with the enthusiastic dogmatists of the second stage of the Reformation. The men who framed the new Confessions had no doubts nor hesitations. Strong in their own interpretation of the Scriptures, they narrowed the mercy of God, and dealt out damnation with a free hand.

All the Reformed Churches started with the principle (which, as a principle, they have always maintained) of a direct appeal to the Bible, and of the right of private judgment in interpreting the Scriptures; but, as we have seen, the theory soon became inoperative and disregarded in practice. "In point of fact," our author remarks, "the Confession becomes the measure of the Word of God, and not the Word of God the measure of the Confession." A mass of confessional theology was stereotyped, and the theologians of the Reformed Churches were warned, as by so many fences, from approaching Scripture save through the medium of these Confessions. Moreover, the element of compulsion was held to belong to the Church, or to the civil magistrate as the executive of the Church. It was held to be one of the most important duties of the civil power "to take order that unity and peace be preserved in the Church;" and the expression of any opinions at variance with those of the Church was not only to be reprovèd, but suppressed by force. In actual fact, the old reign of Infallibility was set up again—the only difference being, that instead of the Pope there was the Church, and instead of the Fathers, Confessions.

The first powerful opponents of this despotism of dogmatic theology in the Reformed Churches of the

Continent were Arminius and the Remonstrants at the Synod of Dort. An attack having been made by two ministers at Delft upon the predestinarian doctrine of Calvin, James Hermann—better known as Arminius—was invited to undertake its defence; but the result of his studies was such, that he not only lost faith in the old doctrine, but ere long assumed an attitude of direct hostility to it. He maintained that the remorseless logic of Calvin was only successful by basing itself solely upon the Divine omnipotence, and by throwing out of account the Divine benevolence; whereas, he maintained, in the Christian faith which preaches that "God is love," Goodness is as inseparable an attribute of the Deity as Omnipotence is. But the difference between the Remonstrants and the Reformed Churches was much wider than this opposition to the stern predestinarianism of Calvin. They continued to uphold the right of private judgment; and while regarding Confessions as useful guides of Christian opinion, they maintained that they ought never to be made compulsory enactments—and, as such, said the Remonstrants, they have already done much harm. Religious questions, they said, were to be fearlessly prosecuted and decided by the Word of God alone, as "the only rule beyond all exception." The right of private judgment was the only adequate security against Confessions being set up as "idols in the Church," and placed in an equal degree of honour with Scripture, and made fetters for the human conscience. Above all, said the Remonstrants, Confessions were not to be held as limiting the truth of God, so that those who were unable or refused to receive them, were thereby excluded from salvation, and shut out from the kingdom of heaven. Indeed, in those days of

pitiless dogmatism, it was one of the most characteristic principles of the Remonstrants, that they made a distinction (surely a very obvious one) betwixt fundamental and non-fundamental doctrines. They not only refused to extend the sphere of authority beyond Scripture, but they strove to bring the compass of faith within the simple bounds of the primitive Church. The only fundamental truths (*i.e.*, those necessary for salvation), they maintained, were the facts lying at the basis of Christianity, as contained in the language of Scripture, or, at the utmost, as expressed in the Apostles' Creed. These doctrines found but little favour at the time, amidst a reign of intolerant dogmatism, and the din of warring sects and parties; but they lingered in the hearts and minds of men, and reappear again and again. "Protestantism," says Professor Tulloch, "found in them its full meaning, and gradually they have leavened the spirit of modern thought."

In England the religious leaders of the Reformation were averse to the intense dogmatism which characterised the movement on the Continent. In England, with the opening of the sixteenth century, we find genuine and decided manifestations of an awakening of religious life, and a new tone of religious thought, which specially directed themselves to renovate the Church, and to free theology and the study of the Scriptures from the bondage of scholasticism and mere tradition. This was the religious base of the Reformation in England. Undoubtedly there was in the English Church, as in all the Reformed Churches, a disposition to accept, without questioning, the doctrines originally elaborated by that great teacher of the fifth century, Augustine, whose influence had for ages been supreme over the whole of the

Western Church, and which had been systematised anew by Luther and Calvin. But Augustinianism in England was moderated; and although the dark tone of this doctrine is visible in the thirteenth section of the Articles, as settled in 1571, the theology of this English Confession is essentially moderate and conciliatory. Colet and Tyn-dale, and the other early leaders of the Reformation in England, were evidently distrustful of, if not indeed directly opposed to, theological Confessions, save merely as guides to religious belief. The dogmatic Confessions of the Reformed Churches on the Continent were already producing evil fruit. And it is told of Colet that, when young theological students "came to him in despair, on the point of throwing up theological study altogether, because of the vexed questions in which they found it involved, and dreading lest they might be found unorthodox, he was wont to say, 'Keep firmly to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, and let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest.'" Tyndale, in like manner, warned his hearers that "twenty doctors will expound one text twenty ways."

The early leaders of the English Church considered that the truths necessary for salvation were plainly stated in the Bible; and although the Church subsequently adopted a Confession of Faith, in the Thirty-nine Articles, the questions which chiefly agitated it were not so much theological as ecclesiastical. The government of the Church was the stirring question of the Elizabethan age, as it was destined, in an envenomed form, to become that of the succeeding period. On this point, as in theology, the early English Reformers were eminently broad and liberal in their views. Cranmer denied the distinction of presbyter and bishop; and he contended

(in opposition to the Papal doctrines) that a priest might be validly constituted by the supreme civil power in virtue of the authority committed to it, and also by the people in virtue of their election. Becon, his chaplain, maintained the same views, and advocated the practice of appointing ministers by popular election; while Hooker, in conformity with all the principles of his great work, held that "there may be sometimes very just and sufficient reason to allow ordination made without a bishop." In truth it appears that on such matters the views of the Reformed divines in England, in the sixteenth century, were uniformly liberal, and that the question of Episcopal ordination was not then regarded as a vital one by either of the rival parties.

It is lamentable to think of the exaggerated importance subsequently attached to those questions of Church government—of the rancorous spirit in which they were conducted, and the national calamities which ensued from them. The extreme Reformers, known as the Puritans, brought from the Continent not only Calvinian theology but Calvinian Presbyterianism. The question came keenly to be discussed, Is the model or pattern of Church government formally or expressly laid down in the Bible? *No*, was the distinct reply of the leaders of the Church of England in the sixteenth century. Whitgift held that there was no "one certain and perfect kind of government prescribed or commanded in the Scriptures to the Church of Christ. The substance and matter of government must, indeed, be taken out of the Word of God;" but "the offices in the Church whereby this government is wrought are not namely and particularly expressed in the Scriptures, but in some points left to the discretion and liberty of the

Church." Hooker—one of the noblest and most rational intellects which ever enriched Christian literature or adorned a great cause—virtually expressed himself as follows: Granting that divine laws are our only immutable guides in the ordering of the Church (which was the Puritan postulate), yet laws are not divine exclusively because they are found in Scripture. All law, truly so, is no less divine, as forming an expression of the fundamental law, or reason, of the universe. Its sacredness is the same, as springing out of the same Fountain of all light and order. "This unity of nature and life and Scripture," says our author, "as all equally true, if not equally important, revelations of the Divine will, lies at the foundation of Hooker's whole argument. The Church was to Hooker, in fine, no dogmatic or exclusive institution, as the Puritans would have made it; it was a spiritual order, capable of diverse forms, and tolerantly comprehensive of all Christian gifts and activities."

During the troubles which followed Hooker's age—that is, during the reigns of the two first Stuart monarchs—the Church of England lost much of its original breadth and catholicity. It narrowed and hardened, just as Puritanism also did. The waters of strife were let loose, and petrified everything. The spirit of free inquiry, and of liberality in rule and doctrine, came to an end. The rival parties in the Church gradually became connected, and ultimately identified, with the contending political parties; and in this way the differences in the Church, which under happier circumstances might have become harmonised, were exaggerated and became hopelessly irreconcilable. The narrowing of the original breadth and liberality of the

English Church is marked by the rise of "Anglo-Catholicism," the special features of which were, the claim of a divine right from Scripture for the Episcopal form of Church government, and also a respect for the teachings of the Fathers—not indeed in any degree as ultimate authorities (for all parties in the Church alike appealed to the words of Scripture as the supreme rule of belief), but as useful guides in the interpretation of Scripture. "Anglo-Catholicism" had no connection whatever with a desire to return into the bosom of the Romish Church. There was no such desire on the part of the English Reformed Church or of its leaders. Indeed, Archbishop Laud, the most thoroughgoing champion of Anglo-Catholicism, claimed the credit, "by God's blessing," of rescuing many men of eminence from the wiles of the Jesuit missionaries, then so active in England, and especially, as is well known, of bringing back Chillingworth to the bosom of the Church of England.

"No theological school," says our author, "has been adorned by a series of higher or more beautiful characters" than the Anglo-Catholic; and in one respect it was a characteristic development of the English Church. *Tolatur abusus, maneat usus*, was the special motto of the English Reformation; and although there was a strong desire in some of the early bishops, such as Sandys, Grindal, and even Jewel, for sweeping changes in the ceremonies and constitution of the Church, no one ever held or imagined that the Episcopal form of government was *opposed* to Scripture. The liberality, and spirit of free Biblical inquiry, of the early divines of the Reformed English Church, were much better maintained by the Anglo-Catholic school than by their Puritan opponents.

Puritanism has always been intolerant of differences, whether theological or ecclesiastical. This was especially the case in the seventeenth century; and from no quarter did the liberal theological spirit receive more discouragement or more fervent denunciation and resistance.

Nevertheless, Anglo-Catholicism is different from, and narrower in spirit than, the Anglican Reformation; and the Anglo-Catholics, as a party, have no right to claim the inheritance of the Church of England. The early divines who approved and warmly supported the Episcopal form of government, never claimed for it a divine right,—they supported it simply with the weapons of reason and of fair Scriptural inquiry. In truth, as our author observes, “the Anglo-Catholics were really the successors, and not the precursors, of the Puritans;” and he shows very clearly how this change or modification of doctrine in the English Church arose.

It was a natural result of the antagonism, then become so serious, between the English Church and the Puritans. In times of national commotion, it is extreme views which find most favour with the combatants on either side; and a good watchword or “platform” is half the battle. The very narrowness and dogmatic form of the Puritan theory in such times, gave it an advantage with the popular mind. It was understood of all. The Puritans, maintaining that nothing was to be in the Church which was not commanded in Scripture, also claimed an explicit divine commandment for every part alike of their creed and of their form of Church government. They asserted, and doubtless believed, that the Presbyterian platform was as clearly revealed and commanded in the New Testament as the Levitical economy was in the Old. This unhesitating identifi-

cation of Scripture with its own forms of thinking was of the very essence of Puritanism, and gave it something of its marvellous success in an age when argument was strong, and criticism weak. In antagonism to this *jus divinum* for Presbyterianism, naturally arose a similar claim for Episcopacy. A divine right for the Episcopal form of government, based upon the direct sanction of the Apostles, now became the watchword of the Church. “Or, more particularly,” to use the words of our author, “the exclusive authority of a threefold ministry (bishops, priests, and deacons) became the special theory of the Anglo-Catholics, against the fourfold order (doctors, pastors, elders, and deacons) of the Puritans.”

Truly, a miserable cause of feud! In calm times, and to thoughtful minds at all times, it seems almost inconceivable that so trifling a difference should have raised such passions of anger and merciless hatred, and plunged a whole nation in war and bloodshed, in executions and persecutions. Yet the history of mankind has supplied only too many illustrations of the fact that in periods of national commotion, when the fierce spirit of Anger seizes upon a people—when “the fountains of the great deep” are let loose, and human passions find ready vent in a time of temporary chaos, the direst calamities are often produced, and envenomed hatred of party against party is engendered, by questions which in ordinary times the same people would either bring to a harmonious agreement, or upon which, at all events, they would be content to differ. Each of the rival religious parties had now given to its platform a divine injunction. Hence the feud was irreconcilable. The Puritans claimed a *jus divinum* for Presbyterianism,—the English Church, departing from its earlier

and more liberal views, claimed in turn a divine right for the Episcopal form of Church government. On the surface the change in the attitude of the Church may appear small, and it was not unnatural; moreover, the Scriptural argument for Episcopacy was as well founded as the opposite tenet of Presbyterianism. But the seriously important feature of the case was this—that both the Church and the Puritans maintained their opposite tenets in regard to ecclesiastical government as questions of *divine right*; and so the feud not merely became more explicit and universally intelligible to the contending parties, but was based upon dogmas which did not admit of compromise.

It was towards the close of the sixteenth century that the attacks upon the long-established form of Church government in England began to be acrimonious. The Martin Marprelate pamphlets against the bishops and the English ecclesiastical system generally, excited a violent agitation in the popular mind, which with some fluctuations went on increasing, until the earnest but narrow and ecclesiastically intolerant spirit of Laud brought the contention to a crisis. Laud, as our author remarks, was “not destitute of generous and liberal qualities, nor without a certain breadth of dogmatic sympathy”—as is proved (if other proof were wanting) by his relations with Hales, Chillingworth, and other upholders of liberality in matters of dogma and ecclesiastical government. But he was earnestly desirous to procure, or rather restore, “uniformity and decency of external worship.” “All that I laboured for in this particular,” he says, “was that the external worship of God in this Church might be kept up in uniformity and decency, and in some beauty of holiness.” The Puritans did not

care for the “beauty” of holiness in their form of worship; but, as regards Laud’s principle of enforcing unity in the Church, and suppressing the publication of opinions hostile to that unity, the Puritans were really at one with him,—only it was to be unity in *their* Church, not in his.

The Stuart kings, like their predecessors, saw no reason for altering the old form of Episcopal government; hence they favoured the Church as against the Puritans; and thus, while the Church party generally sided with royalty, the Puritans became the king’s most bitter enemies. It was this religious or ecclesiastical element of the strife which aggravated its bitterness, and imparted to the struggle its deadliest features. “All the reflective minds of the time,” says our author, “felt this, from Hales to Hobbes.” Political complications, the use of royal prerogatives then become antiquated, and a tyrannous exercise of the executive functions both of Church and State, “all helped to bring the long-continued struggle to a crisis; but it was the hate and determination engendered by religious fanaticism on both sides that made the fierce background of the struggle, and compelled it to be fought out to its bitter end.”

In such a crisis it was only natural that the thoughtful men on either side should be excited to an earnest consideration of the questions thus brought into stern antagonism. As religious men, they were impelled by the very discomforts of the ecclesiastical position to inquire whether there was not a more excellent way than that presented by either extreme; and as patriots (as Falkland truly was) they desired to save their country from the calamities obviously impending from “the futile and miserable controversies” which then distracted it.

Nevertheless, although desirous to appease the bitterness of the times, their supreme object was the enduring cause of truth; and any one who studies, or even cursorily peruses, the writings of those earnest and learned men, must be struck with the remarkable calm and even-mindedness with which they pursue their inquiries. Amid the most stormy and disastrous period of our history, they are time-serving (even in the highest sense of the word) in no respect whatever; they look neither to the one side nor the other, and they write as if writing for all time. In this way, says our author,

"There came forth a new element out of the theological fulness of the time. A few reflective minds pondering over the distracted condition of the Church and the country, and wearied with the ceaseless contention between Puritan and Anglo-Catholic, struck their line of thought deeper than either, and brought into view a wider set of principles, in the light of which the old antagonism seemed hollow and false. Getting below the dogmatic basement of both, the structures which had been reared upon them crumbled away; and there was opened up the fair prospect of a higher structure—a Church more true than either had conceived—more divine, because more simple and comprehensive."

In the clear and practical, but essentially materialistic mind of Hobbes, the "futile and miserable controversies" bred a reactionary feeling of thinly-disguised contemptuous scepticism. He was justified in ascribing the long train of national calamities to the action of the religious principle in its exaggerated dogmas and its aggressive and despotic violence on the one side and the other; but he was wrong in seeking to restore peace and national concord by virtually extirpating that principle, or—which comes nearly to the same thing—

subordinating it entirely to the civil authority. Very different was the spirit in which the subject was approached by the eminent theologians whose lives and writings form the subject of Professor Tulloch's work. To them, Religion was the essence of their lives, as they held it ought to be of national life also. They considered that it was impossible to bestow too much carefulness and thought upon determining the foundations of religious belief; and they pursued their studies with a clearness of penetration and a truly wise and Christian spirit of liberality, which have never since been surpassed, and rarely equalled. Indeed a large portion of the great work which they undertook and accomplished has since been forgotten; and to bring the fruit of their labours in a compendious form again before us, and thereby stimulate a revival of the noble spirit that inspired them, is the high and important object of Professor Tulloch in his present work.

The commencement of this new religious movement, which pursued its noble course through all the turmoil and bloodshed of the seventeenth century, is associated with a name of romantic interest in English history—that of Lord Falkland, whose portraiture is the most charming of the series of personal sketches which adorn the pages of Clarendon. As a member of the Long Parliament, Falkland took the popular side on the questions both of State and Church. He spoke ardently alike against the "illegal imposts" of the king and the tyranny of the Laudian policy in the Church. But his object was that of a reformer, not of a destructive. While wholly denying and repudiating the divine right of Episcopacy, he supported the existing form of Church government. "Bishops," he said, "may

be good men; and let us but give good men good rules, and we shall have both good governors and good times." And he held the wise principle, so often quoted in later times, that "where it is not *necessary* to change, it is necessary *not* to change." He was the centre of the Constitutional party, who correctly represented the general and permanent feelings of the country, although these were temporarily overborne in the tumultuous and chaotic period of the Great Rebellion. When the House of Commons became more despotic than the King, and thoroughly revolutionary in its proceedings—when it had sent to the scaffold the King's ministers, abolished the House of Lords and the Church, excluded the Opposition members of its own body, and assumed the power of levying troops and commanding the army (a despotism, as is well known, soon followed by the overthrow of the House of Commons itself, and the crowning usurpation of power by Cromwell and the army), Falkland took part with the cause of monarchy, and, heartbroken at the calamities impending over his country, and ever yearning for "*Peace! peace!*" died the death of a soldier on the field of Newbury.

Of the four other eminent men whose lives and writings form the subject of Professor Tulloch's first volume, the two greatest are Hales and Chillingworth. Both of those theologians, like Falkland, wrote in the very crisis of the great struggle. No man could be more peace-loving than Hales—he kept wholly aloof from politics, and was unobtrusive of his opinions even in his private life; nevertheless, on the triumph of Cromwell and the Independents, he was deprived of his offices and turned out of his residence at Oxford, to die in penury. Ecclesiastical turmoil—"the brawls grown

out of religion"—were hateful to his whole soul, and on no account would he have added to them; so that in his prosperous days he used to say, playfully, that "he thought he should never die a martyr." A thoughtful, affable, and devout soul, whom adversity did not sour; yet as he drew near his journey's end, when speaking of death, he said, "I hope it is not far off, for I am weary of this uncharitable world." Chillingworth, like his intimate friend Falkland, ultimately sided with the King, and died a captive—his equable and unruffled temper enabling him in his last hours to bear with serenity the rabid disputations of the Puritan Cheynell, who would not leave even his dying moments without coarse intrusion. Jeremy Taylor, a man of peace and not over-zealous in some of his opinions, was nevertheless twice imprisoned for his publications by the dominant party, and was forced to make a living by keeping a school in Wales; but, unlike his predecessors, he survived the storm, and died Bishop of Down. Stillingfleet (the last of the four), fortunately for himself, came later into the field of controversy: his public career belonged to the period of the Restoration and the Revolution of 1688—to which latter event, and certainly not to the chaotic convulsion of the great Rebellion, we owe the organisation of freedom and our constitutional government.

The starting-point in the writings of Falkland, Hales, and Chillingworth, was the question of infallibility in the interpretation of Scripture. Is there any external source of infallibility in matters of religious belief? and is such authority vested in the Church? This was the fundamental question of these times. The Church of Rome was making strenuous efforts, by means of highly accomplished missionaries, to regain its hold upon England; and it was a

strong point with these skilful controversialists to point to the diverse creeds and confessions of the Reformed Churches, and to ask how it was possible for any believer to learn from these conflicting dogmas the way of salvation. Moreover, among the Reformed Churches themselves, and the contending religious parties in England, a *jus divinum* in the Church as the only true expositor of Scripture had, in one form or another, been practically adopted. Falkland earnestly opposed this doctrine. He wrote against it as claimed by the Church of Rome; in like spirit he denied the "divine right" of Episcopacy; and he maintained the same view against all the other Churches and sects. In one of his speeches in Parliament he said—"For us to bring in any *unlimited* authority [in the Church] is against the liberty of the subject, and also against the Protestation [the Protestant religion]. If it be said that this *unlimitedness* is only in spiritual things, I answer, first, that arbitrary government being the worst of governments, and our bodies being worse than our souls, it will be strange to set up that over the second of which we were so impatient over the first." And, secondly, he uttered the warning (amply justified by the experience of all ages) that if unlimited authority were given to the clergy in spiritual things, they would have the power of extending that authority into secular matters also. "They will in this case be judges not only of that which is spiritual, but of what it is that is so; and the people, receiving instruction from no other, will take the most temporal matter to be spiritual, if the clergy tell them it is so." He also held that "punishing for religious opinions" was entirely foreign to the best ages of Christianity, and was in fact "a mark to know false opinions by."

And he added, "I confess this opinion of damning so many, and this custom of burning so many—this breeding up of those who knew nothing else in any point of religion, yet to be in a readiness to cry, *To the fire with him! to Hell with him!*—these, I say, were chiefly the causes which made so many so suddenly leave the Church of Rome." He was utterly averse to the establishment of such doctrines of Infallibility, or of the continuance of such cruel customs in England.

Hales, in a kindred spirit, was wont to say (according to Clarendon) that he would renounce the Church of England to-morrow, if it obliged him to believe that any other Christian should be damned. His tract on "Schism," published in the boldness of a pure and simple heart during the despotism of Laud, in which he controverted the Church's *jus divinum* in the interpretation of Scripture, and his sermon on "Enquiry and Private Judgment in Religion," express the fundamental result of his inquiries and beliefs. He examines the question of Infallibility, on its various grounds of antiquity, councils, universality, &c., and he concludes unhesitatingly against it,—maintaining, *inter alia*, that as an individual is liable to err, so any collection of individuals cannot be free from the same liability. But he is wholly indisposed to indifferencism even on the minor matters of belief. He stoutly upholds the precept of St Paul on such matters, "Let every one be persuaded in his own mind." "It concerns every man," says Hales, "sincerely to know the truth of his own heart, and so accordingly to determine of his own way, whatever the judgment of his superiors be, or whatsoever event befall him." But while thus insisting upon the importance of conscientious belief even in non-fundamental matters (*i.e.*, such as

are not necessary for salvation), he maintains that differences upon such matters ought not to break the unity of common faith and worship. All theological or doctrinal opinion (as distinguished from the plain words of Scripture) implies certain human additions to the Divine word—certain “conceits of men,” which in their very nature provoke and admit of diversity of criticism; but there is no reason why men of differing opinions in such matters should not worship together as Christians. “It is not the variety of opinions,” he says, “but our own perverse wills, who think it meet that all should be conceited as ourselves are, which hath so inconvenienced the Church. Were we not so ready to anathematise each other, where we concur not in opinion, we might in hearts be united, though in our tongues we were divided,—and that with singular profit to all sides. It is ‘the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace,’ and not identity of conceit [i.e., individual opinion] which the Holy Ghost requires at the hands of Christians.”

“It hath been the common disease of Christians from the beginning,” says Hales, “not to content themselves with that measure of faith which God and the Scripture have expressly afforded us; but upon pretence of church authority, which is none, or tradition, which for the most part is but figment, they have peremptorily concluded and confidently imposed upon others” the opinions which found favour with themselves; and thereby “have broken out into divisions and factions, opposing man to man, synod to synod, till the peace of the Church have vanished without possibility of recall.” “When we seceded from the Church of Rome, our motive was because she *added unto Scripture* her glosses as canon-

ical, to supply what the plain text of Scripture could not yield. If, in place of this, we set up *our own glosses*, thus to do were nothing else than to pull down Baal and set up an ephod—to run round and meet the Church of Rome again at the same point in which at first we left her.” And he adds this striking sentence: “If he that abases the prince’s coin deserves to die, what is his desert who, instead of the tried silver of God’s Word, stamps the name and character of God upon Nehushtan—upon base, brazen stuff of his own!”

Chillingworth is a man of kindred spirit, equally clear-eyed in his discernment of the foundations of religious belief, but more elaborate and exact in his treatment of the subject. His great work, ‘The Religion of Protestants,’ is generally acknowledged as a bulwark of Protestant argument; and as for a short time he became a convert to the Romish Church—attracted mainly by its claim and promises of infallibility—he was enabled to write with ample knowledge of both sides of the case. “*The Bible and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants.*” This is his starting-point and fundamental position. “By the religion of Protestants,” he says, “I do not understand the doctrine of Luther or Calvin or Melancthon, nor the Confession of Augusta or Geneva, nor the Catechism of Heidelberg, nor the articles of the Church of England—no, nor the harmony of Protestant Confessions; but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony as a *perfect* rule of their faith and actions—that is, the *Bible*.” Again he says, “Propose to me anything out of the Bible, and require whether I believe it or no, and seem it never so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe it with hand and heart—as knowing no demonstration

can be stronger than this: God hath said so, therefore it is true. *In other things*, I will take no man's liberty of judgment from him, neither shall any man take mine from me." Here he takes firm ground. To the question, How are we to know the meaning of Scripture? he replies (as Hales had done before him, and Jeremy Taylor, Stillingfleet, and others subsequently), that in all matters necessary for salvation, which alone are requisite for Church communion, the words and meaning of Scripture are plain and express. The great principles of religion (he maintains)—what we are to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of us—are clearly revealed in the Bible. The Apostles' Creed embraces them, and all Protestant churches have seen and acknowledged them. They are patent to the "right reason" (to use his own expression) and judgment of every man. The matters that separate Protestants are matters of speculation, on which Christians may differ without any detriment to their spiritual condition. "Nothing is necessary to be believed but what is plainly revealed." And arguing against the strong point of the Jesuits, namely, the alleged necessity for an infallible authority for interpreting Scripture, he says, "Those places in Scripture which contain things necessary, and where error would be dangerous, need no infallible interpreter, because they are plain; and those that are obscure need none, because they contain not things necessary,—neither is error in them dangerous."

The root and life of the Protestant movement, as of the Protestant religion in all times, was a direct appeal to Scripture, free Biblical inquiry, and the right of private judgment in the interpretation of God's Word. No man has more earnestly asserted this principle, or

more ably and elaborately justified it, than Chillingworth. But he sees clearly the necessary corollary, namely, that the right of free Scriptural interpretation implies the right of difference in matters not essential to salvation. He holds the broad and firm ground that all that is fundamental in Christianity, and necessary for salvation, is plainly and expressly revealed in the Bible; also, that beyond these great facts and truths there is no unity of belief possible or desirable among Christians. The best creed, therefore, is the simplest one, and that which employs the very words of Scripture; and he holds that the "Apostles' Creed" best answers to this description. Accordingly, he thinks it would be of the utmost advantage for the Christian world if men would recognise the adequacy of such a creed as this, and hold all beyond as matters upon which they could agree to differ. There appears to him no other prospect of Christian union. "For this is most certain," he says, "that to reduce Christians to unity of communion, there are but two ways: the one by taking away the diversity of opinions [which he shows to be impossible, and indeed undesirable]; the other, by showing that the diversity of opinion which is among the several sects of Christians ought to be no hindrance to their unity in communion." By communion, he adds, "I mean a common profession of those articles of faith wherein all consent,—a joint worship of God after such a way as all esteem lawful, and a mutual performance of all those works of charity which Christians owe one to another. . . . *For why should men be more rigid than God?* Why should any error exclude any man from the Church's communion which will not deprive him of eternal salvation?"

Jeremy Taylor and Stillingfleet followed in kindred spirit. Holding the Word of God supreme in all things, they pointed out that all the questions which embittered religion, and reduced the Christian Church to endless schism and chaos, belonged not to matters necessary for salvation (which are explicitly laid down in Scripture), but to theological dogmas and opinions on Church government,—wherein, in Chillingworth's words, there is "a presumptuous imposing of the senses of men upon the words of God—the special senses of men upon the general words of God, and laying them upon men's consciences together, under the equal penalty of death and damnation." Differences upon such points, says Taylor, are inevitable. Uniformity of opinion upon these matters, indeed, is not desirable in itself, for it can only exist where religious thought and earnestness are dead,—where (to use our author's words) "the cold shadow of the Past lies upon the quick life of the Present, and imprisons it."

"So long," said Jeremy Taylor, "as men have such variety of principles, such several constitutions, educations, tempers and distempers, hopes, interests, and weaknesses, degrees of light and degrees of understanding, it is impossible all should be of one mind. And what is impossible to be done is not necessary it should be done." Men are "so in love with their own fancies and opinions as to think faith and all Christendom engaged in their support;" and so a theological dispute grows into "a quarrel in Religion, and God is entitled to it;" and the person with whom we differ becomes to us "an enemy of God," whom we think it is a good service to God to persecute, even unto death. It is not the variety of understandings,

but the disunion of wills and affections that cause our miseries; and there is no cure for us but piety and charity."

Stillingfleet says, For the Church to "require more than Christ Himself did, or make other conditions of her communion than our Saviour did of discipleship, is wholly unwarrantable." "Those creeds are best," says Jeremy Taylor, "which keep the very words of Scripture;" and he held that beyond the Apostles' Creed, there is nothing further which "a wise man" would wish to have imposed upon himself, or which "a just man" would wish to impose upon others. They entirely deny the right of the Church to add *credenda* to the Christian creed,—to declare any article to be necessary "which before was not necessary." "By so doing," says Taylor, "the Church makes the narrow way to heaven narrower, and chalks out one path more to the devil than he had before."

The religious condition of England was going from bad to worse. "Controversies about religion," said Stillingfleet, "have increased until they have brought religion itself into a controversy. Of the age we live in it may be as truly said, as ever yet of any, that it is *seculum fertile religionis, sterile pietatis*. I fear this will be the character whereby our age will be known to posterity, that it was the age wherein men talked of religion most, and lived it least." The only effectual remedy appeared to him to be "an infusion of the true spirit of religion—the revulsion of the extravasated blood into its proper channels; thereby taking men off from their eager pursuit after ways and parties, notions and opinions, and bringing them back to a right understanding of the nature, design, and principles of Christianity."

Natural though it was in such a

time of chaotic fervour and fanaticism, it is striking for us, as it was startling and horrifying for the Westminster Divines, to witness, during the very years when they were sitting in solemn and harmonious conclave, framing their long series of conscience-burdening dogmas with elaborate uniformity, the uprush of wild opinions, each proclaiming itself divine, that then swept over England "Abominable errors, damnable heresies, and horrid blasphemies," to quote the words of the Puritans, "to be lamented, if it were possible, with tears of blood." The Westminster Divines would have made short work with the upholders of these damnable doctrines. Satan had been sowing his tares in their garden, and they would have executed condign punishment upon his agents, had not the civil power failed them in the very hour of their own dogmatic triumph.

But another, and widely different, source of difficulty was then invading the Church—namely, science and secular philosophy. The writings of Bacon, Descartes, and Hobbes were stirring the minds of thoughtful men. Bacon, in his great work, after a profoundly reverent preliminary obeisance to religion as based upon God's Word, proclaimed that science must be pursued wholly irrespective of such an authority. Hobbes, in his elaborate treatise on social and political morals, while profusely employing Scriptural language, reduced religion to a mere creature or effect of civil Law. He maintained that "there is nothing good or bad in itself," and that religion and morality are defined and determined simply by the law of the supreme civil power, whether that be king, parliament, commonwealth, or despot. The age, too, was favourable for such purely secular opinions. Religion had become discredited by the lamentable and

ferocious feuds which it had engendered; and men, sickened in heart, were only too ready to turn from the "appeal to the Bible," which had been made the watchword of endless schism and bloodshed, to another basis of society and morality, which promised to be more certain, or at least which wholly eschewed fanaticism and persecution.

To meet this new movement, a new element was wanted in the Church. And this was supplied, with rare ability, by the "Cambridge Theologians," who form the subject, of Professor Tulloch's second volume. While fully retaining and upholding all the doctrines of their Oxford predecessors, like Hales and Chillingworth, they added the new element of Christian Philosophy. They did not ignore the new spirit of science and philosophy; on the contrary, they cordially embraced it and united it harmoniously with the Christian faith. As Professor Tulloch remarks:—

"The noble distinction of the Cambridge divines is, that they at once rationalised religion, and vindicated its distinctive reality. The contentions of religious parties had discredited religion altogether. The Cambridge divines found themselves facing not merely exhausted factions, before whom they sought to present a higher ideal of religion—conciliatory instead of sectarian,—but facing what appeared to them a new and formidable foe, which struck at the very basis of spiritual life, and left no room for the ideas of God and immortality at all. The exponents and advocates of a comprehensive Church, the purifiers of the national theology, they were at the same time the great champions of the reality of Religion when the excesses of its partisans drove their age to unbelief. They stood in the breach, and fought for the good cause with the weapons of reason, when many of the cowardly fanatics who had disgraced Religion were swept away with the new tide, or were silent in their ignorant and irrational isolation."

Whicote, John Smith, Cud-

worth, Henry More, and Culverwel were the leading men in this new school of Cambridge Divines. They were pre-eminently Christian philosophers. Science was young in those days; but even now, when it seeks to reign with undivided power over the kingdom of mind, we turn with delight and great comfort of heart to the masterly teachings and principles of those eminent theologians. They did not turn away from the new lights of science. Christians to the core, as they were, they calmly faced whatever knowledge was brought before them. The light of Nature and the light of Religion, they knew, could not be in opposition: for do they not both proceed alike from God, the Fountain of all light? In this respect they followed Hooker—certainly independently, and probably unconsciously; for Hooker was far in advance of his age, and as always happens in such a case, he himself founded no school. With the exception of Cudworth, the Cambridge Divines were not controversialists. While dealing with the questions which then stirred the world of thought, they lived and moved in a higher and serener sphere of mind, seeking less to controvert the writings of others, than to give forth their own noble expositions of religion, and of the essential harmony between the light of Nature and the Word of God.

"Religion," said Whichcote in one of his noble aphorisms, "is the being as like God as man can be like Him." "God hath set up two lights to enlighten us in our way; the light of reason, which is the light of His creation; and the light of Scripture, which is after-revelation from Him. Let us make use of these two lights; and suffer neither to be put out." The relation which exists betwixt natural truth and revealed truth is the vein which pervades all his discourses. In like

manner with Culverwel, Nature is a great order, embracing the spiritual as well as the material. The law of Nature is the reflection of the Eternal law, which is nothing else than God Himself; and Reason is at once the light which discerns the law, and the subject which obeys it. Speaking of Faith and Reason, he says:—"There is a twin-light springing from both, and they both spring from the same Fountain of light, and they both severally conspire in the same end—the glory of that Being from which they shine, and the welfare of that being [man] upon which they shine." Cudworth, in his "True Intellectual System of the Universe," ably combats the doctrines of Materialism. And, as our author remarks, many of the questions of which he treats "are as living for us and our time, as they were for Cudworth and his." The very form of them has been but slightly altered. It is worthy of notice that "he saw in full light what so many Theistic writers have taken so long to see, that the subordinate conception of 'construction,' or 'evolution'—of an act or process of origin—is of no vital moment. Theism is no more essentially involved in the one conception than in the other; and just as there have been Theistic Atomists, there have been Theistic Hylozoists."

The Cambridge school of divines was a natural and required supplement to the Oxford school. Although between the first champions of this new movement, such as Hales and Chillingworth, and the last, such as Cudworth and Culverwel, there is a wide difference in the themes which called forth their high intellectual powers, a kindred spirit animates and pervades all their writings. Each of these theologians in his turn continues the truly good and heroic work, carrying it on by almost imperceptible gradations from stage to stage with the

changing onward movement of thought. Even at the present day our religious world is still far below the level of the teaching of those great theologians of the seventeenth century. What, then, was the position of those truly wise and good men in their time?—uplifting their voices amid the tumult of powerful and tyrannous factions, neither, or rather none, of whom could understand their principle of thought and religious belief; or, in so far as they understood it, they hated it.

Ably and well, with deep insight, calm judgment, and in a truly Christian spirit, has Principal Tulloch accomplished his work. The subject was worthy of his intellectual powers, and the work was much wanted in the field of literature. It is easy to see that a higher object, a nobler motive, has inspired the author than intellectual reputation or the desire to supply a want in the literature of our country. Deeply as every man of intellect must be interested in the learned, thoughtful, and noble-hearted writings of our English theologians of the seventeenth century, the animating desire of Principal Tulloch manifestly has been to benefit the religious world, the Christian Church, and the cause of Christian faith and belief, by placing before us anew, and in a clear and compendious form, the admirable and deeply-founded opinions of those eminent theologians. Never since the fierce and chaotic period of the Great Rebellion has the Christian Church in our country been dissevered into so many rival and antagonistic sects as at the present day. And the fundamental cause of this deplorable disunion and seemingly interminable schism is really the same at present as it was two centuries ago. Religion has once more become keenly associated with Politics; and secular ambition exaggerates and petrifies questions of religion, or rather

of ecclesiastical government, which would disappear from the Christian world if they were considered and discussed simply as matters of Christian belief.

Can we not come back to the pure and simple Biblical faith of the founders and teachers of the Reformed Church in England? Has the simple Scriptural and Protestant faith of Colet and Hales and Chillingworth been in any degree shorn of its truthfulness and piety? The saddest and most enduring effect of the conflict during the Great Rebellion was, that it broke in like a lava-stream upon the English Church, destroying its original breadth and Biblical simplicity, and giving birth to a rank growth of dogmas—certainly not necessary for salvation, and which in their exaggeration not only overburdened the consciences of Christians, and thereby multiplied schism and religious disagreements, but imparted to those disagreements a wholly factitious importance, and generated a bitterness of sects which has been the worst legacy of all from that period of national anger and convulsion.

It is a noticeable feature of this work, and significant of the high motive which has inspired it, how little the author is visible in it. He sinks himself in his work—he seems purposely to withdraw his personality from view, lest he should interpose any medium between the reader and the clear contemplation of the subject. He seems to say on every page, “Do not think of me; think only of the noble Christian views here placed before you.” Nevertheless, withdraw his presence as he may, we feel his spirit everywhere. We feel that in the noble sentences which he quotes, his sentiments are uttered too, and that in placing before us the earnest and often eloquent appeals of others on behalf of Christian unity in communion, he himself is pleading for a cause very

dear to his heart, as it surely must be to that of every enlightened Christian. Let us listen to a few sentences from his concluding chapter, in which he gives a "general estimate" of these pious and wide-hearted theologians :—

"Differing in their theory of the Church both from the Prelatists and the Puritans, they no less differed in their theory of religion. With both these parties Religion was more or less something distinct from humanity—a celestial truth *in the keeping of bishops or of presbyters of the 'Church,' or of a Westminster Assembly.*" They, on the contrary, held that the Bible spoke clearly and intelligibly to all men, upon all matters necessary for salvation, and that uniformity upon other points was neither possible nor indeed to be desired. "Starting with the sacredness of religious conviction in the individual, and its divinely incompressible character, our Divines did not let any of them sink into Individualism, or dream of a 'dissidence of dissent.' They felt the awful reality of the religious problem, and that Religion was something beyond all State compulsion ; but they did not therefore abandon the idea of a national Church. They sought to modify the idea,—not to subvert it. What is known as the 'Voluntary Principle' was then unknown, and would not have appeared to them a principle at all. The conception of Dissent had no place in the minds of our Theologians. Let men differ as they may in religious *opinion*—this was no reason, according to our Divines, why there should not be common worship and a common national Church. According to them the special function of the Church was to educate, and not to bind and control, religious thought. It has a common Faith,—it may have a common Worship ; but it is not bound to any definite type of

theology — any argumentative or theoretic creed. The Apostles' Creed is ample doctrinal basis, beyond which it is wrong to go. The Church is the home of the faithful everywhere — of all who have any aspirations after God and truth."

There are thousands and tens of thousands of earnest hearts who will echo such sentiments and doctrines. There are thousands who, turning away with sickening from the "brawls of religion," are now asking themselves anew, Can we not return to the simple Bible-faith, apart from the conceits of human intellect which have been superimposed thereon, to the misery of believers, the distraction and disintegration of Christ's Church, and to the discredit of religion itself? This sentiment is spreading alike in Scotland and in England, and, if we mistake not, it is nowhere more sincerely entertained than by the distinguished and truly Christian-hearted Scotchman who is Primate of the Church of England. And there is much need for the growth of such sentiments. Ecclesiastical ambition wedded to politics is once more leading the Voluntary and Dissenting bodies into an agitation against the very principle of a national Church : and in the Education question, they have shown themselves ready to banish religion, nay, the Bible itself, from our schools, simply because the majority of those schools have been established by the Church of England. Is religion to continue to be a matter of national concern, or is it not? That is the question. And we are confident that in dealing with the "awful reality" of this question, not only our Churches, but Parliament and the entire community, will do well to study earnestly and carefully this work of the eloquent and Christian-hearted Principal of the University of St Andrews.

THE LOST SECRET OF THE COCOS GROUP.

INTRODUCTORY.

AWAY across the Atlantic—past the busy eastern states—past the great lakes and the fertile plains of Indiana and Ohio—past the great rivers, the Mississippi and Missouri—past the boundless prairies of Kansas and Nebraska,—the giant chain of the Rocky Mountains stretches before us. Stupendous “snow-capt” peaks that human foot has never defiled—deep valleys and gorges as yet unexplored—whole districts larger than many a European kingdom, where, save some wretched captive or solitary trapper, no white man’s face has ever yet been seen—where but lately the Red man, savage though he is, maintained his unquestioned sovereignty, and lived as his fathers had done before him, as yet undegraded from his nomad freedom, and his worst qualities brought out by his first contact with civilisation in the enticing guise of whisky, small-pox, and rifle-bullets. Had his native mountains possessed no further attraction than was to be found in magnificent scenery and an unrivalled climate, he might have remained in undisturbed enjoyment of his woods and fountains for ages to come, or at all events till the hundreds of thousands of square miles of rich farming land still unoccupied, and extending through the central states, had been brought under the plough; but the discovery of gold in California, the settlement of Utah by the Mormons, the consequent construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and finally, the discovery of the enormous mineral resources of Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico, have put an end to his empire. The Cockney tourist he

could afford to despise, and possibly eat—the Western trapper he was accustomed to, and scalped, or was shot by, as chance ordained, quite in the natural course of events. He and his ancestors, the Utes of old, had been at war with their neighbours the Arapahoes of the plains ever since the nation had a history. They rather liked it, and there was every reason to hope that they might continue “at war” for ages to come—till one unhappy day some wandering hunters found “yellow dirt” in a little branch of the Platte River. Following the river up to its source they found other great beds of ore, and towns sprang up, and works were erected, and pits sunk; and after a few one-sided battles on the one hand, and equally one-sided butcheries on the other, the Indians “moved on,” and now are only occasionally seen where but a few years ago they roamed the undisputed masters. But the process of “moving on” once commenced cannot be stayed. Ere many years have passed this hitherto *terra incognita* will be brought close to us by the agency of railroads and telegraphs. Already, when I write, the iron horse has reached the foot of the “snowy range.” Mining camps have risen to the dignity of “towns,” and new camps are each season being formed; whilst singly or in parties, prospectors are busily engaged in exploring new districts, and registering their “claims” to any of the precious-metal-bearing lodes they may discover. These men, gathered from every nationality under the sun, possessing the same utter disregard of consequences and reckless love of freedom and of adventure,

which helped the founders of Rome to "make a success," form almost a clan by themselves—a clan bound together by a community of feeling and taste; many members stained by crime; most, characterised by the same rough virtues; all possessing an "individuality" only met with "on the frontier"—the border-land between civilisation and nature.

Fate, chance, or whatever you will, has thrown the writer of these lines into companionship, and often friendship, with many of this clan. By the blazing camp-fire on the distant shores of Nicaragua, or in the lonely glens of the Rocky Mountains, he has listened to their tales of privation and adventure. None know better than himself how futile the attempt must be to depict scenes that can never be depicted, or to give an idea of the wild, strenuous language in which a tale is told by an actor, when unconsciously he has nature "at her grandest" to form a background for the picture his imperfect words would paint.

Those of my readers who some years back were fortunate enough to see Bierstadt's "Storm in the Rocky Mountains" will remember the lake—or rather lakes, for there are two of them—which form so prominent a feature in the "middle distance." They are called the Chicago lakes, and for a certain wild grandeur of surrounding scenery, are perhaps unrivalled in the world.

On the north-western shore of the upper of these lakes is a narrow bay or inlet almost entirely shut in by vast "dykes" of rock, half hidden by a thick growth of stately but storm-worn pines, which find root-hold in the interstices of the crags, and grow thickly above on the shoulder of the gulsh. Enclosed in this natural amphitheatre, and sloping slightly upwards from the lake shore, is a small open space covered with thick and velvety turf. Here,

during the fall of '65, on the evening of which I write, were camped a party of explorers, seven in number—four being white men, whilst the remainder were Indians of the Ute tribe, who had been engaged as guides and hunters to the expedition. Of the white men two were Western Americans, tall sinewy men, the very beau-ideals of the frontiersman; the third was of mixed nationality—an Irish American, not of the vile Fenian type, now, alas, so prevalent, but a wild, hearty good fellow, who, impelled by the national "demon of unrest," had spent the last ten years of his life in wandering through America from the St Lawrence to the San Juan, sometimes doctor, sometimes, as now, miner, and generally Ishmaelite. Amongst his friends he is generally known as "the Doc," though for the outside world he bears the name of O'Brien.

The four explorers, or "prospectors," as they are there called, had started from Denver—then a mere camp—about a fortnight previously, and working up Clear creek to its junction with Chicago creek, had followed the latter stream up to the lakes from which it takes its name, and had now for several days been camped on the spot already roughly described, which, being naturally so secluded, offered a capital camping-ground in a district where the Indians, though then nominally friendly, were rightly considered neighbours to be, if possible, avoided. The days, varied by an occasional bear-hunt, had been passed in carefully "prospecting" for indications of the precious metals, which were then supposed to exist in the spurs of Grey's Peak. Hitherto the search had not been very successful, but the explorers were full of hope and energy, and forgetting "yesterday," always thought of "to-morrow." The evenings were occupied

with the usual routine of camp-life: supper being cooked and disposed of, arms and accoutrements carefully looked to and cleaned, a small ration of grog would be served out, and, seated round the cheery crackling fire, and soothed by the ever-to-be-commended evening pipe, the hours would rapidly pass in social chat, varied now and then by some tale of wild adventure, in which the narrator was generally a witness, if not indeed a participator, till, tired with the day's work, or warned by

the night chill of the lateness of the hour, one and all, with feet turned towards the fire, drop asleep, each rolled in his blanket or buffalo-robe, trusting the safety of the camp to the watchfulness of two gaunt dogs, whose quickness of ear, however, would scarcely be surpassed by that possessed by the Indian braves, who sleep, or appear to sleep, equally soundly with their white allies. Such the scene and such the actors whom the writer would introduce to you.

THE LOST SECRET OF THE COCOS GROUP.

"It must have been in '55 or '56," began the Doctor, pushing with the toe of his boot a log further into the fire, and hurling after it the stump of his cigar, "when I made my first voyage as ship's surgeon. I was only a young shaver then, and knew no more about 'surgery' than I had picked up at home in the old country, where my old dad kept a druggist's store. I could 'bleed' with a penknife, and draw a tooth with a bullet-mould, make a real stinging mustard-plaster, or tie up a broken head (I learned to do that same at the Galway elections); and to that last accomplishment I owed my first rise in life, and in the medical profession. It happened in this way: I was one fine morning wandering about the quays at Boston, looking at the ships, and wondering which of them came from old Ireland. I was jingling in my pocket the last three dimes I had in the world, and thinking, maybe, that I had better just 'take a drink for luck,' when what should I see coming towards me on the side walk but a couple of men, discoursing away like a brace of half-boiled lobsters. Well, naturally I pulled up to see the fun. One was a big red-faced pimply young man in black, the

other a lathy individual in a broad Panama hat, and otherwise dressed like a ship's skipper. When just as they came abreast of me, the pimply-faced chap, who seemed the cussiest of the two, let fly, and hit the skipper an all-rounder under the ear, which sent him staggering. In a moment, however, he recovered himself, and whipping out a 'bowie' went at the other; but the black and purple boy was too quick for him, and seeing the knife, picked up a broken stave of an old cask which was handy, and let the skipper 'have it' straight on the top of his head as he rushed in; down he went all in a heap in the mud, and no wonder, for it was as illigant a rap as I had seen given in the country. I felt quite kindly to the big man when I saw it, and would not have minded taking a drink with him; but I fancy he thought he had killed the skipper outright, for, after one look at him, he took to his heels, and I never saw him again.

"Well, I lifted up the dead man as well as I could, and two or three sailors helping, we carried him on board a barque which lay alongside, and which chanced to be his own command. We carried him down to the cabin.

"'Where's the Doc?' sings out the chief mate, who came up from the hold just as we laid him out on the table.

"'Doc be durned,' says one of the men; 'it was him as gived old demijohn that crack on the sconce. I seed him.'

"Now, thought I, here's my chance.

"'No need of *another* medical man, my boys,' remarked I (splashing some water in the skipper's face). 'I am a medical man myself, and will attend to the case.'

"I don't think they quite believed me; but they did as I told them, and brought me some more water, a basin, and a pair of scissors. I soon had the hair clipped away (the barrel stave had made a baddish cut), and set to work to dress the wound. 'Now,' said I, 'bring me some whisky.' The steward did so, and I poured a little into the cut (for there is nothing like spirits for a broken head); but I didn't waste much on *his*, but drank off the rest myself, and a tidy drop it was. 'Guess that 'ere Doc was raised where they make good medicine,' grumbled the mate: 'shouldn't mind being a bit ill myself.' I finished dressing the wound, and was beginning to feel rather scared, for the skipper had been insensible for wellnigh half an hour; and I was just settling in my mind that it would be as well to bleed him and put a mustard-poultice on his stomach, when he began to come to, and opened his eyes. After a bit he seemed to know where he was, and asked for a drink. This I gave him,—whisky as before—only this time inside of his head instead of out; then we put him into his bunk, and he went to sleep. As it was clearly my duty under these critical circumstances to keep an eye on my patient, I decided not to leave the ship. I called the steward and explained to him

that, as the captain might awake at any moment and require my services, I would risk leaving my other patients unvisited for the day, and remain with him. I fancy the steward did not quite believe in my patients, but he got me some dinner, and that was the main point. Towards three o'clock the skipper awoke, and called the steward, with whom I left him. He soon tumbled out of his bunk and joined me in the saloon. 'Good morning, sir. The steward tells me that you are the doctor who fixed up my head a while ago, and helped to carry me in when that all-fired villain had nearly murdered me.' I bowed, and replied that I had had that pleasure. There was a bit of a pause, during which I felt that the skipper was taking my measure, then he broke in—'Now, you'll be Irish?' 'I am, sir; county Kildare.' 'And you'll not have been long in the States?' 'Four months only,' I replied. 'Well, and what air you agoing to do? You have *done* me a good turn, and I shall be glad to due you one if I can.' This rather put me on my guard, as I fancied I saw an intention to defraud me of (as I considered) my well-earned fee. 'Well,' said I, 'I am at present practising as a surgeon' (that, you see, was safe enough; for hadn't I dressed his head not three hours before). 'That won't pay,' answered he; 'you'll find there are a sight too many docs in this location for a free country, and there are some of 'em we could very well do without, I guess' (this he hissed through his teeth, evidently having a lively recollection of some of his latest transactions with a member of the medical staff). Then he continued—'Now, you'll not find dollars very plentiful here away, I'll be bound.' I admitted that I had not yet made that discovery. 'Have you been to sea?' I reminded him that the overland route

to America from Ireland was not as yet much used. Though vague, this answer seemed to satisfy him, for he came to the point at once. 'Say, now, stranger, will the surgeon's berth of this 'ere barque suit you? 'coz I'm bound to sail to-morrow, and it is not likely that I shall set eyes on that durned doc of mine again; if I due' (and he whistled softly). I was expressing my willingness to accept of his offer, when he added carelessly (at the same time giving me a sharp glance)—'You have your papers all correct, stranger, of course?'

"I had to admit that I had not—had left them in Ireland. This statement the worthy skipper received with another whistle of very different tone.

"'You have passed your examination, though?'

"'Sure and I have,' said I, boldly. That again was *thrus* as gospel, for hadn't I passed last in my class for English composition, and didn't I remember that same well, by rayson that my dad gave me such a larruping that evening, when I came home and told him, that I had run away before the rest of the examinations came on; for what between bateing at school and bateing at home, I wouldn't have had a sound bone in my body to sit down upon by the end of the week.

"'Now, young man,' said the skipper, reaching down two tumblers from a shelf, I 'think we can due business. Owing to the *loss* of your papers, you see I can't well give you the surgeon's berth or pay, but I *can* take you as surgeon's assistant. I sail for Colon to-morrow, and so, if you fancy the trip, I'll give 30 dollars and board you; for you see I'd like to due you a good turn, I would.'

"I didn't long hesitate, for the offer, though not much, was better

than a 'poke in the eye with a tarry stick,' and in a couple of minutes I walked out of the cabin the better by a glass of 'old rye,' and a slip of paper appointing me surgeon's assistant to the barque Flying Cloud of Boston, U.S., Captain Jackson. (I afterwards found out that that cute old sea-dog had represented me to the owners as an experienced surgeon *en route* to Lima, whom he had engaged for the trip at 180 dollars, and free passage, thus clearing a bonus for himself of 150 dollars.)

"I found the Flying Cloud a roomy barque of some 850 tons, her cargo consisting almost entirely of railway plant, &c.; and in addition to the regular crew and officers, he had on board about a dozen passengers, mostly all clerks and *employés* of the Panama Railway Company. Nothing of importance occurred during the voyage except the death of one of the seamen. I don't know what the poor fellow died of, but I did my best for him, bleeding him every morning, and putting a mustard-plaster on his stomach every night; but he would die in spite of all I could do, just before we reached Aspinwall. When we got in, the skipper and I fell out, so much so that I swore I would never enter his ship again. He told me to be off at once, and be thankful that he didn't hand me over to the police for an impostor; for, says he, 'Young man, I guess you're no doc at all, and know no more about surgery than the vet. "down east," who know no more about horse-flesh than how to "fix" up a Colt's revolver; and,' added he, 'I shouldn't be doing my duty to my owners if I didn't withhold your pay, for durn me if you have earned a red cent of it.'

"I confess this made me uncommonly wrathful. Still, unluckily for me, I didn't feel quite safe as to

my treatment,' of the poor fellow who died, and I think old Jackson knew I daren't say much; so I had to 'cave in,' and the skipper fingered my 30 dollars, and landed me and my bag on the wharf at Aspinwall, without a dime to buy a drink with. So I reckon the old man cleared 150 dollars, and got himself and crew doctored for nothing, all in return for his generosity in giving me assistant-surgeon's berth."

"Good man," put in Goldey Hall, one of the party, approvingly, "now I guess if we had a gold mine here away, which would run about one-tenth to the ton, and which we kinder thought advantageous to part with to one of your British joint-stock companies, that friend of yours, Doc, 'the skipper,' is just the man I would like to make promoter or secretary, or whatever you calls the beggar who draws up the prospectus. You don't happen to know where your friend breathes now, do you, Doc?"

"No, not I; but it's ten years ago now, and he's gone under, maybe."

"Pity that," muttered Hall, lighting a fresh cigar.

A couple of fresh logs are pitched into the fire, which has burnt low during the Doc's story. Up shoots the bright flame, throwing a broad circle of light round the encampment, lighting up the grey rocks and solemn storm-worn pines, and sparkling brightly on the rippling waves of the lake, which lap softly on the white sand at our feet. Further out, beyond the feathery branches of a great tree which overhangs the water, the silent lake lies gleaming in the cold white moonlight, the distant land shrouded by a bank of white mist. Night has always a charm of beauty all its own; and where is that charm more powerfully felt than here in our

solitary unnamed camp! Little, however, does Dr O'Brien think or care about the "surroundings," as he pours himself out what Goldey Hall aptly describes as a "full-grown man's drink;" and after having refreshed his inner man, continues unreeling his yarn.

"It was a mighty lucky thing for me that none of the passengers had been ill, or they might not have had such kind feelings towards me. As it was, they thought I had been very hardly used, and made up a subscription for me, giving me enough to take me to Panama, where I might possibly find employment. I won't tell you of the shifts I was put to for some time to keep body and soul together. I have heard say the meanest thing a white man was ever known to do was to rob a little nigger boy (who hadn't a stitch on him to steal) of a half-chewed lozenge—but I won't swear to the truth of *that*; anyhow, I know a white man will do plaguey mean things, and *eat* plaguey mean things too 'at that,' when pushed to it. Well, as I was saying, I contrived to keep my joints hanging together (and that was about all), till at length I was lucky enough to catch a real hot typhus fever, and was taken to hospital. That fever saved my life, I guess, for I was fed and taken care of there; so as I got my strength again and got stout a bit, I began to make myself useful to the other patients, and by being always ready to bear a hand, I got noticed by the medicos, and when I was almost ready to leave, the head-surgeon offered me the post of hospital dresser and attendant. This I gladly accepted, thinking, as I did so, that evidently nature meant me for an M.D.; still I thought it wiser to tell the chief nothing about my having before been in the medical line. I had been in hospital for maybe three or four months, when

a case was brought into my ward (they always brought the English and Americans, and, in fact, foreigners generally, to mine, as none of the other attendants could understand them; always excepting one other employed in the hospital, an English Dr, or rather a Scotchman, and indeed he had more to do with the gold-hunting than I had). As I was saying, a case was brought in (we always called them cases, and numbered them, you know—this was No. 13). He was an old man, with hair as white as cotton, but a face as swarthy as a Jack Spaniard's. He was American, though, or at least they said so; but he was a remarkable-looking cuss, of whatever nation he was. He had been put ashore from a San Francisco schooner coasting it down to Valparaiso. He had come as passenger with another chap, a common sailor, along with him. They brought in his sea chest, a big one, and stowed it at the foot of his bed. I didn't quite know what to make of him at first, except that he was stark staring mad; but when Dr M'Gill saw him, he settled the question at once. Inflammation of the brain, he said; but I suppose he meant D.T. The sailor chap who came along with him tried mighty hard to be allowed to stay in hospital with him; but when he found he couldn't, as that was of course against rules, he actually wanted to take him away again; but that couldn't be, so he had to content himself with the regular visiting days—twice a-week. It struck me at the time that it was queer that he should take such a fancy for staying with the patient; but as neither of them had a figure-head that you would suspect to see come off a bishop, I guessed that the sailor was afraid of his mate telling too much—and I wasn't far out in my guess, you bet.

"I was sitting out in the verandah when he was brought in, and they put him down in the bed nearest to the window where I was; then I first heard his voice, very weak and broken it was, but clear enough for me to catch what he was saying:— 'Lat., 5° 27' N., lon. 87° 15' W. Steady, boy—keep her full—three days more if this breeze lasts. Yes, yes, I shan't forget—lat. 5° 27' N., lon. 87° 15' W. I shouldn't do, for I took the sights. Call the captain—he knows too—so does Rowley, and Don Pedro the nigger; but the Doc's dead, and he won't share—ho, ho!'

"By this time I was by his side, and was assisting to undress him. The sailor was there too, and I just heard him whisper in the sick man's ear, 'Keep still, d—n you—you'll blow it all;' but the patient paid no attention to him or to any of us, and kept on chuckling and talking to himself, always, after a bit, coming back to lat. 5° 27' N., lon. 87° 15' W. Dr M'Gill came and saw him, prescribed, and he was put into the usual course—his head shaved and blistered, and some blood taken from him. This seemed to ease him, and the first night he slept a little by snatches like; but as I passed his bed, going my last rounds, I could hear him still muttering in his sleep, 'Lat. 5° 27' N., lon. 87° 15' W.' For several days he kept much in the same state; for though the delirium and fever seemed to get less violent, his strength declined in proportion. Still he talked, though hardly above a hard whisper. He had evidently been a sailor, and perhaps an officer, as he was constantly giving orders as to a ship's course, making or shortening sail, and once I heard him growl, 'We might as well heave the long tom, and the barkers, overboard, for we shall never want them again, and then

we might put into Bahia with clean decks.' At first I took no notice of his rambling talk, thinking it merely the effect of delirium; but the one constantly recurring topic at last riveted my attention. Lat. 5° 27' N., lon. 87° 15' W. ended everything, but beyond that he gave no sign. Some power greater even than delirium seemed to tie his tongue. Sometimes he spoke of going shares with Rowley and Don Pedro. Shares in what? Money, no doubt; but how, what, and where? 'lat. 5° 27' N., lon. 87° 15' W.,' whispered the sick man's voice. My curiosity was more and more excited, the more I thought over the matter. I borrowed an atlas, and there, just at the point indicated, I found marked down in mid-ocean a solitary group of islands. This discovery roused in me the strongest anxiety to find out more; for now I entertained no doubt but that the sick man's ravings pointed to some hidden secret, the value of which I could not guess, but that it was of immense value I felt no doubt. One other in the hospital, I began to fancy, shared my idea! Dr M'Gill! I noticed that he now came to visit the patient oftener than formerly, and would, instead of asking a few questions and passing on, sit by his bedside listening to his rambling talk, and twice I saw him making a note in his case-book, I supposed of what fell from the patient in his raving. It was, I think, on the eighth day after his admission that he recovered consciousness; he had slept for an hour or two, and I noticed that when he opened his eyes he lay quiet, without speaking. I went up to his bed, and in a moment saw that he was sensible. He looked steadily at me for a few moments, and after an ineffectual effort to raise himself, asked—

"Where am I?"

"In the hospital at Panama; but you must keep quiet now."

"He gave a sort of groan, and then, after a pause, said—

"Where's Bill?"

"I'll send for him if you like?"

"Yes, be quick—quick."

"I sent for him, and in half an hour he was by the sick man's bedside; but he was sleeping again, and when he awoke later in the afternoon he was wandering. Sorely against his will, Bill the sailor had to leave the hospital at the usual hour. I thought at the time that the rule might have been waived, for I felt certain that No. 13 (that was his number) would sink in the night. But Dr M'Gill would not allow it, and, of course, I had nothing to say in the matter. At about 8 p.m., M'Gill made his usual round, and stayed for some time by No. 13. He was now evidently sinking fast, and in all probability would never again recover consciousness."

"The Doctor, when he left, told some of the attendants to put the black screens round the bed, which is always done in hospitals when a patient is near his last. Half an hour later M'Gill sent for me to his private room. I was rather surprised, as he had never done so before. When I entered I found him sitting at a table, before him some books and papers and a chart rolled up. He looked up quickly as I came in, and motioned me to a seat opposite to him. After a moment's pause he began:—

"You have been in charge of No. 13, I believe. What do you think of the case?"

"Very bad, sir; he'll hardly live through the night."

"I know that well enough," replied M'Gill; "but I mean, have you noticed anything peculiar—*very* peculiar—about the case?"

"I did not care about telling him

all I thought, so I hesitated a little, trying to think of an answer. I saw, too, that M'Gill was getting nervous and excited.

" 'I understand your hesitation, Mr O'Brien, but there is no occasion for it; our *interests* in this matter are identical. I don't think you *know* much more than I do; but by comparing what we each know, we may render quite clear certain points which neither of us entirely understand. You have, no doubt, observed the extraordinary amount of sameness which his ramblings have always had.'

" 'Lat. 5° 27' N., lon. 87° 15' W.,' remarked I.

" 'Yes, precisely so; and do you know to what that refers?'

" 'The Cocos group,' I replied.

" 'Right,' said the Doc, 'here they are' (opening the chart and laying his finger on a particular point)—'here they are. The Cocos Islands—lat. 5° 27' N., lon. 87° 15' W.'

" 'Well, and what do you deduce from that?'

" 'That No. 13 knows some secret (a valuable one perhaps) connected with those islands.'

" 'And do you know what that secret is?'

" 'I can guess—buried treasure of some kind!'

" 'Exactly my idea; and neither you nor I have *as yet* the key to the secret.'

" 'No.'

" For nearly a minute the Doctor paused, his head resting on his hands and his eyes fixed on the chart. Then, rising quickly from his chair, like a man whose mind is quite made up, he came round the table to where I was sitting. I rose, too, and we stood facing each other, looking into each other's eyes.

" 'O'Brien, if there is anything to be done in this matter we must trust each other *entirely*.'

" I nodded assent.

" 'I tell you frankly that I would do without you if I could; but chance has placed a great secret equally within your reach and mine; if we can find the means by which to render ourselves masters of the key to that secret, our fortunes are made—of that I am morally convinced; and working together as allies that key we shall find. Now I will tell you what I know already, and what I deduce from my knowledge, then what I propose to do. As you may have noticed, I have spent a considerable amount of time by the bedside of No. 13, and have now and then taken notes of various rambling statements and hints, all of which have reference, more or less, to the subject we have in hand. You doubtless have also heard and may remember many things severally unimportant, but which collectively, or when taken together with what I have heard, may be most valuable. Let us now see to what deduction your data added to mine will bring us.'

" I willingly agreed, and for the next half-hour we were busily employed in putting together a mass of facts and conclusions from which we deduced this theory: that No. 13 was in possession of the secret of the exact locality of an immensely valuable hidden treasure; that he himself was one of those who originally buried it; that it had been accumulated by unlawful means, probably by piracy; and that it was still left where it was originally buried—on an island in the Cocos group, lat. 5° 27' N., long. 87° 15' W.

" 'To my mind,' pursued M'Gill, 'these deductions are as clear and exact as possible. But one thing puzzles me, and that is this,—it is so long since anything like a real pirate has been on these coasts, that, granting No. 13 to have been connected with these gentry, it must

have been when he was quite young. How comes it, then, that for all these years neither he nor his former comrades have returned to recover the treasure? He must, I fancy, have had some good reason for believing that it has remained undisturbed till now, or he would hardly have come here to look for it after such a lapse of time.'

"Possibly," said I, 'his mates were all hanged, and he on account of his youth escaped.'

"Ah, I see what you mean—transportation for life. Yes, that may be it, but I trust we shall know more soon. Now I will tell you what I mean to do. In the first place, I take it for granted that, chance having placed this secret within our reach, we are perfectly justified in making what use of it we can. Certainly we are more entitled to it than the Government, who, if they got scent of the affair, would not leave us a dollar; and as for our piratical friend No. 13, he can't last out the night. And even if he should recover by a miracle, I doubt if he could substantiate any legal claim; and as for his sailor friend, I look upon him as merely an accomplice. Now you know that "by the rules," after the death of any foreign patient I shall have to make an inventory of his belongings, and hand them over to the governor, who gives them in charge of the consul pending inquiries. I need not repeat that should there be amongst them any plans or papers by which the police might be able to obtain the clue to this secret, our chance would be gone for ever. So what I propose is this,—you must sit up with No. 13, and, when necessary, have me called. You understand me?'

"Yes."

"Then when all is over we will make a private search in his chest, and whatever is useful we can re-

tain; for, as I have said before, we have as good or a better right to this information than the beggarly Government, or that consequential ass the consul, who, you may swear, would make a good thing of it.'

"I objected that we could not take away any of the papers, as, if we were found out, that would get us into trouble."

"Perhaps you are right," said the Doctor—"but we can make copies; and as far as destroying a link or two in the chain, a few drops of aquafortis will do all we require."

"Then we parted, and I returned to my ward, and to the bedside of No. 13. He was much quieter now, poor fellow. I confess I had several qualms of conscience—I had some of that left *then*—about the business; but I was so excited at the thought of becoming a rich man, that all the ten commandments would not have stopped me. Even the short time I had been away in M'Gill's room had made a marked alteration in the patient. He was evidently sinking fast, and was quite still and insensible: before ten o'clock, longer and longer became the intervals between each breath; and by midnight it was all over. I at once sent for M'Gill, without, however, telling the messenger that No. 13 was dead, and in about ten minutes he was with me. He looked pale, and a trifle nervous, I thought; and, to tell the truth, I did not feel comfortable myself. After satisfying himself that the patient was really dead, M'Gill selected from a small box at the bed-head—in which all articles found on the persons of patients were always put, and the key of which was kept by the surgeon—the key of the sea-chest at the foot of the bed. This we opened, after first making sure that the black screen entirely hid us from view. We carefully ex-

amined its contents one by one. There was nothing differing much from the usual run of articles comprised in a sailor's kit, till we came to near the bottom; there, carefully rolled up in a piece of oiled cloth, we found a black-leather case secured with a strap. In a moment the Doc pounced on it, and with trembling hands spread out its contents on the lid of the chest which was opened back on the foot of the bed. He knelt at one side and I at the other. I remember the queer turn it gave me as I saw that the lid rested on and was a little tilted up by the dead man's feet; but the Doc didn't notice it, and I was too excited to mind much.

"Silently we divided the packet, and by the faint light of the night-lamp began to search for what we required. At first we merely glanced over the papers, putting aside those which appeared to have reference to observations, charts, &c., and then began again with these, making a careful examination of each. One after another was put away as useless; some related to stores, some to harbour matters, rations, &c. I was just trying to decipher the almost illegible characters scrawled on what appeared to be some leaves roughly torn from the log-book of some ship, when a sort of choking sound which I can hardly describe, caused me to look across at M'Gill. Never in a few moments was human face so changed. In place of the hard passionless lineaments I knew so well, every feature was altered and expressive of the most intense excitement; his face was as pale as that of the corpse, and beads of perspiration were standing on his brow. In a moment I was by his side, and was reading the paper, which with trembling hands he held stretched out on the lid of the chest. Now, boys, I'm not going to tell you what those figures totted up to,—firstly,

because you wouldn't believe me—and next, because I'm sworn not to tell; but this I can say, that there ain't a placer here—no, nor yet in California—that would be a circumstance to the pile we had the certainty of handling. No, sir; I can see that list now—thousands and thousands of Mexican dollars, dozens of bars of pure gold, case after case of precious stones; yes, and gold crucifixes and candlesticks, and suchlike; piles of them,—for there was the loot of more than one Spanish town there. And with this list, water-stained and yellow with age, was another paper, or rather two: one was calculations, figures, and measurements, and all that; the other was a rough sketch of an island—a curious-shaped island it was, long and pretty flat all but two peaks connected by a ridge, near the middle of it, and in the side of one of them was a crag shaped just like the spire of a church—not these square-topped things they have down New Mexico way, but like what I remember the village spire was at home in the old country, so steep that none of us boys could ever climb it; and when the old weathercock came down one windy night, the parson couldn't find a man in the parish who could put it up again.

"Well, I reckon, I'll cut the yarn short, for it's getting late. You know at first we only meant to copy whatever papers we found, but that good intention wasn't carried out, you bet. No; we kept all we could find that related in any way to the plunder, and the Doc touched up some of the rest with some chemical stuff he had, which took all the colour out of 'em right away, and spoilt 'em for ever. I was kneeling by the box helping the Doc to fix the papers, and feeling a bit stiff, just raised myself for a stretch. Somehow, instinctively

my eyes sought the bed,—and I tell you, boys, it's true—never but once since have I felt the fearful cold start that seemed to fly through me and root me to the spot. Now, mind, this is true, boys, and you needn't snigger, for you would have been scared too, I guess. You know, when M'Gill had done examining the body, it was dead—dead as could be; there warn't no manner of doubt on it. Well, we had done what always is done—that is, drawn the sheet over his face and closed his eyes. And what do you think I saw when I looked up? Why, as sure as I now live, the sheet was drawn down again, and there he was, his eyes wide open and staring hard into mine, and on the face was a cold mocking sneer which I can't forget, and never shall. Those eyes have haunted me for ten years, and will till I go under, I guess. M'Gill jumped up in a hurry and sprang to him, thinking he had come round;—but no, he was dead and cold enough. Well, hurriedly we repacked the chest, locked it, and put the key back, and then woke up one of the attendants. (I mind well how M'Gill 'went at him' for being asleep.) Next day No. 13's friend the sailor came as usual, and precious odd he looked when he found that his mate had slipped his cable in the night. However, he made application through the consul to have the effects, which were given over to him; and that was the last we heard of him, except that, a week later, I found that he had taken a passage back to Frisco. The papers M'Gill and I had secured, when we came to examine them closely, seemed to give all we wanted—the exact locality of the island, with the sketch of it to make sure, the bearings and observations taken from different points (from the foot of that steeple-rock for one), and the measurements

to the very spot where, years ago, the treasure had been hid. From the papers, too, we found that No. 13 had been the sailing-master of the schooner (her name was never mentioned), and had shared with four other officers in the plunder, which they themselves had hidden, the crew having buried their share at some other place. Now there were stories in Panama which every one had heard of some years previous. The west coast cities, from San Francisco to Lima, had been flooded with old Spanish coin; and it was generally reported and believed that a great treasure had been found or recovered by a party of foreign sailors who had about that time chartered a small schooner from Panama, and after a month's cruise, no one knew where, had put in at the Gulf of Fonseca, sent the schooner back to Panama, and dispersed, no one knew whither. Now we argued that these men (all strangers in Panama) were some of the crew of the very vessel that No. 13 had been sailing-master of, and that after years of absence (possibly in prison) they had returned and recovered their booty. We knew that the officers had taken the greatest precautions to keep the secret of their *cache*; as on the drawing, at a point from which the harbour was visible, we found a mark, and under it, in faded writing, 'The point where the Don stood sentinel to watch the schooner.' Within a fortnight the Doc and I got leave, and started in a fishing-boat, with three niggers for crew. The Doc, he understood taking sights, and such-like, and was gay sure he could make the island, which wasn't 300 miles off; but we got into a gale which all but swamped us, and, as it was, drove us altogether out of our course, and back again into the coast, 100 miles south of Panama.

Our provisions were all spoilt with salt water, and one of the blacks had his arm broken, and both M'Gill and I were dead beat; so we coasted back to Panama to refit. We had delay after delay; and finally, when we were nearly ready for a second start, I was struck down with 'them cussed shakes.' Yes, you may laugh, Goldey; but I tell you, chills and fevers in Louisiana ain't a circumstance to the regular Panama shakes. No, sir. So, when I couldn't stir from my bed, M'Gill came and swore to me he would treat me fair, but that he meant to try alone. I couldn't help myself; so he went. Never shall I forget the anxiety of that fortnight; and when, one morning, I chanced to hear that the Doc was back, the attendants had to hold me down, weak as I was, I was so wild to get to him. In a little time he came in, and I saw in a moment he had failed. He looked worn to death; his eyes were as red as beef-steaks, and he could hardly walk. When he was about again next day he told me all. He had sighted the island—got close to it, near enough to see the very cliff from which the measurements had been made, and recognised the bluffs and bays on the coast which were marked in the sketch; but just when he thought himself certain of success, his crew—four blacks as before—who had shown symptoms of discontent for the last twenty-four hours, came to him, and refused to proceed or to land. Two of them were old pearl-divers, and they said that the island was 'debbil island'—that no one lived there, and no one who had ever landed there had ever come back, and finally flatly refused to go ashore. M'Gill tried entreaty, threats, everything; and at last tried force. The four then rushed on him with their knives, and he was obliged to

shoot down the leader in self-defence. This cowed the rest; but he recognised the impossibility of doing anything, as, had he landed alone, the blacks would certainly have carried the boat off and left him; and he could do nothing with them on shore. So, reluctantly, he turned the head of the boat towards Panama. A fearful voyage he had! The three blacks sulked in the bows of the boat, ready at any moment to rush on him; so he dared not sleep, but sat night and day for two whole nights and three days steering with one hand, the other hand grasping his revolver. Several times he was almost overpowered by sleep, but roused himself in time to see the three blacks glaring at him each with his *machette* in his hand, and on the point of springing aft upon him. Sullenly, as he instinctively raised his pistol, they crouched back into their former positions, and sat there muttering to each other in their own language. He knew that to sleep was to die; but it was a fearful struggle; and no wonder that he was more dead than alive when at last he reached Panama. If he hadn't luckily had a fair breeze back it would have been all up with him; as it was, his sufferings under that burning sun must have been fearful. By the time we were both about again, the calms had set in, and a sailing-boat would be no use to us. Besides, cash was running short; so, after many consultations, we decided to take in some partners. We had to be very careful in choosing our men; and every one, before he was told a word, was sworn to secrecy. But there was no lack of 'bully boys' in Panama then, who had plenty of shiners always ready for a spree, and this one suited them exactly. In about a month we had fourteen in our party, and £5000 actually subscribed. With this

money we chartered a small steamer that chanced to be lying idle in port; and one dark night we cleared for Tetuantepc—all fourteen of us on board, and a crew of ten hands, chiefly firemen. Every mother's son of them was searched as he came on board, and not so much as a knife left; for you see we couldn't trust them. We were all armed—well, too, you may bet. To hide our track effectually as we left the harbour, we put her head to the northward and steamed up the coast. The lights of Panama were reflected a thousand times on the dancing water astern of us, then one by one they sank and faded out, till those at the pier-head alone were visible, and broad on the quarter, the lights of the mail-steamer laying at anchor under the lee of the islands. In another hour these too disappeared. Then the helm was put hard down, full steam ahead was the order, and we shot out from the dark shadow of the land, and headed direct to sea. An hour later we had made a good offing, and her head was put S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., and without a light showing, we steamed past the islands again, leaving them on the port hand, and held our course. Not till then did we leave the deck, for the Doc and I had bargained that, until we were fairly at sea, the exact measurements, observations, and plans should remain in our keeping and secret. The crew were all sent forward. One of our party took the wheel, whilst another stood sentry at the head of the cabin-stairs. The rest of us crowded round the small table. There was a dead silence as one by one M'Gill spread out the worn and yellow papers, and his voice seemed hushed and trembled as he read out to the rest the great secret. Then one by one the papers were closely examined, and the observations and measurements compared; and then

as, finally, M'Gill placed his finger on a particular spot in the map, and remarked, 'It's just thereabouts, gentlemen,' there rang out such a cheer, such a wild exulting shout, that I verily believe you might have heard it here from Denver. Down rushed the guard we had left on duty, and the man who was steering, unable to remain longer on deck. We had quite forgotten them; and as some of us tumbled up to take their places, we saw the crew, engineers and all, clustered together forward, and looking half-scared, as if they thought themselves in a floating mad-ship. There was not much sleep that night, you bet; and morning still found us grouped aft talking over our chances and 'counting our piles.' The steamer was a fast little boat, and towards the afternoon we sighted 'land ahead.' What a scurry there was! Every glass in the ship was pointed at the two blue cones we could just make out rising apparently from the water.

"Higher and higher grew the blue cones, and hour by hour the outline of the sharp broken ridges connecting them became more distinct; down went the sun like a ball of blazing gold; and I mind how eagerly, whilst there was a ray of light left, we scanned the mysterious island, and tried to locate the spot where our treasure lay hidden.

"By ten o'clock we were close in with the land, and had to 'lay to' till morning. The boats were launched and provisioned; instruments, spades, picks, and tools were stowed beneath the thwarts; and as soon as the first symptom of dawn appeared, the oars fell into the water, and we started for the land, some two miles off. M'Gill was in the bows of the launch and I in the whale-boat—he leading, as he knew the coast. The island had been a

volcano one time, I guess, for the shore was steep and rocky all but one spot where there was a little sandy bay; and in front of this, as if to guard it, some 400 yards out was a reef, over which the rollers thundered and dashed, throwing up clouds of spray. As we neared it there seemed to be no break in the belt of foam, and some of us thought M'Gill must have gone mad or lost his bearings as he 'went for it;' but we followed half-a-dozen lengths astern, and I guess we'd have rowed over Niagara if it had been in our way. But M'Gill knew what he was about, for sure enough there was a channel just where the old chart said; and as the launch seemed almost in the white water, down went the helm, and she shot into the gap. Narrow enough it was; for as we followed there seemed hardly room enough to use the oars as a big sea slid from under us, and the grey sharp-pointed rocks seemed to rise on each side as if by magic. With a thunder and a roar the next huge roller came in; and, catching the whale-boat on the quarter, half-filled her, and lifting her like a feather, carried her clear over the rocks that a moment before seemed ten feet above us. It seemed but a couple of seconds, but in those two seconds I experienced what it was to be nearer death than ever I was before; for apart from being smashed and drowned in that hell of water, a man has no chance where the sharks are as plentiful as fish in the lake here. Well, all we got for our scare was a shout of laughter from the boys in the Doctor's boat, who had pulled through without a splash; but we took the shine out of them in the race to the beach; for though they had a good start, we reached it with them, and ran our boat half her length up on the sand. Then such a cheer! We

had won our goal at last. They had been watching us from the steamer, and above the hoarse roar of the breakers we could hear the boom of her gun as she saluted. *Viva*, boys; but my heart felt big then I tell you. From the little strip of sand at the landing there was a steep pull up a dry water-course some 200 feet or so, till you came to the woods: woods! —I tell you, boys, there's no such woods in the five republics, nor yet in the Amazonas, to equal them. Why, the mangrove-swamp down to Realejo isn't a circumstance to them—big trees, little trees, vines, tree-ferns, creepers—every kind of green thing that grows was there, I guess, and all matted and tangled together, so that a snake could hardly get through. I never saw such an undergrowth in my life—never. Well, we took the bearings of the steeple-rock from the point where we first landed, and found, sure enough, it was just as the old chart gave it. That put us in high spirits, and we set to work with axe and *machette* to cut a trail through the bush. What a job that was! Night came on, and we had only just reached the foot of it. We found no water, so had to return to the boats, and camp on the beach; but there wasn't one of us who slept a wink, I reckon. The mosquitoes are downright desperate. I tell you, boys, there were so many of them, there wasn't room on all our carcasses for them all to sit down at once—so they had to work by relays; and when one million or so had got a good square meal, they would fly off to the woods, and perch on the biggest tree they could find to rest, whilst the next million, who had been patiently waiting all the time, would fall to by sections and subdivisions, and give us a lively time till No. 3

went on duty. I tell you, it's a fact, that before morning the air all round camp was quite thick as London fog with the cusses! We got our coffee before daylight, and set to work again, and soon got our second bearing—from the foot of the steeple-rock, 300 yards W. by $\frac{1}{2}$ S., to the jiccatybar tree. Now, as most of the trees were of that kind, and as the ground was all broken up with steep ravines and overgrown with scrub, you may fancy what a piece of work we had to keep the line, and get the right post at the end of it. We had to start up the side of the ridge, and as we got within a couple of hundred feet of the summit, it was as steep as the side of a house. As we got higher and the ground became steeper, there were fewer big trees, but the undergrowth got thicker than ever. It was just ten o'clock, and we were nearly at the top, when the Doctor, who was leading, gave a whoop, and scrambled up the bank in front, on all-fours; we all follow at double-quick, and in another minute were on smooth ground again. The ridge seemed to have been broken here, making a sort of gap—the ground falling away rapidly on each side; and then, just in the centre of the little plateau was about the biggest tree I ever saw: it was a jiccatybar, and *the* one we wanted. That tree, I mind, was 67 feet round, and went up straight as the main-mast of a three-decker for a good 120 feet without a branch; then it broke off into five great arms, five or six feet thick they seemed, but all grown over, and covered with anichds and suchlike. There were two old macaws sitting up near the top, and croaking to each other, with their heads all on one side squinting at us; and, it struck me, expressing their opinion that

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we must be a blamed set of fools anyhow, to come sweating and swearing up the mountain-side on the ground instead of by the tree-tops, like other monkeys. One of our boys fired his revolver at them, and they flew off into the woods; and, I believe, took our luck with them. (I never saw another pair all the time I was in the island.) When we had got our breath, and taken a drink, we all fell to examining and measuring the tree.

"What's this?" said Dick Gregory, pointing to a mark in the bark.

"Looks mighty like a rifle-ball," said I. 'Anyhow, we'll see,' and so I set to work with my bowie. Almost directly I felt something hard, and, after whittling a bit more, found on the edge of my knife a bit of stuff that shone like gold! And what do you think we found?—why, a big copper bolt, 6 inches long, which had been driven in years before and over which the bark had closed. Now in the old instructions it said that the *cache* was at a certain distance from this tree, measured with the deep-sea line, so many fathoms; and there round the head of the bolt and completely cased in the bark we found some strands of hemp. *That old bolt had been used to fasten the measuring-line to.* I don't think there were a dozen more pleased men in the world than us, as we rested under the shade of that big jiccatybar that morning. But we didn't spend much time in resting; we had plenty of work before us. Somewhere in the valley that sloped down from our feet was the treasure, but its exact position could only be determined by following the line of the shadow of the big tree, as projected at 6.45 A.M. on the 17th day of a certain month years before. Now in the old leaves from the log-book in which the observations had

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been written, the upper corner had been torn off, so that we never knew the month, though the rest of the date was clear enough; and to this slight flaw in the chain we owed all our troubles. We employed the afternoon in clearing away the undergrowth as nearly as we could judge in the line of our future explorations, so as to be able to get a good view of the valley from the great tree looking N.W. This we did, and before sundown sufficient timber was down to enable us to get an uninterrupted view all over the valley, and right down to the shore three or four miles off. Some of us voted to fetch up a keg of water and to camp where we were; others proposed returning to the ship for the night, none caring to face the mosquitoes and sand-flies down on the beach again. At last it was settled that the Doc, with about half-a-dozen, including two who were complaining of sickness, should return to the ship, while I and four others should camp where we were. The three previous days had fagged us all, and we soon turned in; but for my part, after two or three ineffectual efforts to doze off, I quietly got up and, lighting a fresh cigar, seated myself on a rock just within the belt of black shadow cast by the great tree. Insensibly I fell into a reverie, in which the present, the past, and the future were strangely blended. From where I sat I could distinctly see the little steamer lying at anchor outside the reef: the night was so clear, the moonlight so bright, that I almost fancied I could distinguish objects on her deck. Then I began trying to picture them to myself—two or three men on watch—others lying about the deck asleep—the Doc and one or two more stretched out on chairs under the little awning aft, smoking cheroots and indulging in iced shan-

garee, and talking together in low tones. I could almost hear the murmur of their voices and the wash of the tiny waves rippling along the sides of the vessel and splashing under the counter, as she ever and anon rocked slightly to and fro as she felt the ground-swell or the slight power of the sea-breeze, which was just springing up and whispering softly through the tree-tops. Was it the tree-tops? No; the land is too far off; it must have been the light tracery of spars and rigging standing out indistinctly against the starlit sky. How they have changed the look of the boat since morning! What a rake they have given to the topmasts! Surely there were no such spare spars on board; nor had she even a sail bent. What strange madness possesses me! An icy chill seems to strike to my very bones—a vague terror possesses my very soul; but I cannot fly—a power I cannot resist seems to urge me to look: the steamer herself seems changed—a long low schooner with spars raking considerably, and appearing too big for her, her mainsail and foresail brailled up and flapping heavily in the night-breeze; an awning extending fore and aft, and protected by it from the heavy night-dew, forward of the mainmast, some fifty or sixty men—rough wild-looking men of every nationality and colour, lying about in every position, sleeping heavily. Forward, sitting on the heel of the bowsprit, are two men on watch. Aft, the officer on duty is slowly pacing to and fro on the small quarter-deck; four 9-pounder carronades are mounted on either side, whilst amidships is a long gun of Spanish make, profusely and grotesquely ornamented, as was the fashion fifty years ago. Below I find another group; they too are on watch. They sit silently smoking and playing cards by the light

of a rude lantern. Piled up against the bulk-head behind them are heavy chests filled to the lid with broad silver dollars fresh from the mint of Mexico, rolls of valuable silks, silver-mounted pistols and swords, watches and valuables of all kinds. Aft in the cabin are still others: a dark-bearded, broad, stalwart man looks over another who is writing to the dictation of a third, who is carefully repacking in an arm-chest plunder also like that guarded by the sailors forward; but far richer—ingots of solid gold—small canvas bags filled with precious stones—golden cups and bowls and heavy plates. Opposite to this young man writing the list sits another busy with a log-book, also young, but with a face prematurely aged by guilt—a dark southern face, with piercing eyes and black hair. *I had seen the face before.* Wonderingly, I look back to the first writer: he has just finished his task, and holds out to the elder man the parchment he has been writing. Heavens! it is the very one we now possess! Then the dark-faced man pushes across the log-book, on which the ink is still wet. He points to the last entry: *Lat. 5° 27' N., lon. 87° 15' W.* Ah! I know him now; he is the dead man I robbed in Panama. Yes; the same eyes, hair, and features, though now full of youth and strength, that I saw aged, worn, and dead there in the hospital six months since. The scowl in the dark fierce face changes into a mocking sneer, as he looks me straight in the eyes. That face—cold and still—but the eyes open and staring at me, and seeming alive with vengeful hate. My God, how I remember *that look!* I remember trying to banish the horrid vision from me, but I was held firmly entranced by horror as one is when

in a nightmare. I closed my eyes to shut out the hateful face peering into mine; my senses seemed in a whirl. Then I *felt* there was another change, and looked again. The spectral freebooters were gone—the racks of arms and old-fashioned cabin fittings had disappeared; in their place I recognised the well-known furniture of our own little steamer. I could hear the engines working, and the rush of water along the sides of the ship. Seated round the cabin-table were five of my companions. I was about to spring forward and accost them, when an indescribable ‘something’ arrested me. I looked closer; the light from the cabin-lamp brightened for a moment, as it swung to and fro with the motion of the ship, and, for a few seconds, fell on the face of the one nearest to me. It was the face of a corpse! . . . With a suppressed gasp of horror I awoke, chilled to the bone and cramped; but with an intense feeling of thankfulness that it was all but a dream. The night had somewhat advanced, and the moon, now nearer the horizon, was throwing a broad belt of light across our camping-ground near the roots of the giant tree, leaving the spot where I sat still in deep shadow. The fire was almost quite out, nothing left but a mass of white ashes—whiter still in the moonlight—with one thin column of transparent smoke rising straight up from the centre and losing itself in the darkness of the tree-top above. I was on the point of rising to throw on some fresh branches when my attention was riveted by a glimpse I caught of some moving object projected beyond the bole of the tree. In another moment a human figure was outlined dimly against the dark starlit horizon. I knew it could not be one of my friends, for there they all four were lying sleeping in

the full moonlight before me. With a noiseless step the figure approached the sleepers till it reached the edge of the belt of light; it then sank to the ground and commenced to crawl forward on hands and knees. Then, as it came into the clear light, I in a moment recognised the deadly peril that hung over one, at least, of my sleeping friends. The figure was that of a negro, and an old man at that; but of all the big black niggers I ever saw, that one was the biggest: he must have been six feet six, and had shoulders on him like a buffalo bull. He wore no clothes but a tattered old piece of canvas; but in his teeth he held a long narrow-bladed knife, near as long as a *machette*. I should say he was creeping straight towards the nearest sleeper, and his purpose was written as clearly in his face as ever a murderer's was. Such a face, too! If ever a fiend's and a living human being's were combined, they were 'so' in that old negro's; but I hadn't much time to admire him, for he was within ten feet of my friends. Quickly I drew my pistol and sighted him. As I did so, he took the knife from between his teeth and raised it in his right hand . . . then I pulled. I never heard such a yell as he gave. He was just on the spring as I fired, or, I think, I'd have 'thrown him.' As it was, he bounded clear over the boy nearest him, and landed in the ashes of the fire, kicking up a cloud of dust and sparks, and scattering the smouldering embers in all directions. I couldn't get another shot, as the boys sprang up between us, and before they were fairly awake, he was off into the woods. To follow him was useless; so we stayed where we were, not knowing what was coming next—the rest not even knowing what had happened, in fact. In half a minute

we heard a rock dislodged from the steep face of the hill go bounding down a little way; so, taking the sound as a guide, we sent half-a-dozen rifle-balls whizzing through the trees, but nothing came of it, and not another sound was heard.

"We didn't build the fire again, you may bet, but sat there in the darkest shade at the foot of the tree, and never closed an eye all the rest of that night; for the idea of the island being inhabited had never occurred to any of us till now, and we didn't know but what we might be attacked in force before our mates could arrive. Slowly enough the night wore on, but nothing happened; and glad were we when, after the hour of intense darkness that succeeded the setting of the moon, the faint grey morning light began to make things visible; and not till then, or rather till we had light enough to shoot by, did we rebuild our fire and begin to talk about breakfast. Before sunrise our friends arrived from the steamer; and all, I think, felt more or less uncomfortable at the idea of there being others on the island besides ourselves, who might perhaps be watching us at that very moment, or might even have some inkling of our secret. There was another cause for anxiety. The two who had complained of sickness the day before were worse this morning, and had to be left on board, together with a third one of the crew who had exhibited the same symptoms. The Doc, however, made light of it, and expected them to be all right in a day or two; but somehow I didn't feel easy, for I remembered the five figures I had seen in my dream sitting round the cabin-table; and two out of the three now on the sick-list were certainly there. . . .

"Impatiently we waited till the

sun was high enough in the heavens to project the shadow of the great jiccatybar tree into the valley below. Slowly the minutes passed, till the nearest trees (which, standing some 150 feet below us on the hillside, raised their topmost branches above the level on which we were standing) were touched with golden light. Then the boys cheered, and every man took to pointing out the exact spot where the shadow would fall in half an hour's time, which would give us the exact hour at which to take our observation. But every one quieted down as the important moment drew near. Then the Doc stood at the foot of the tree, just in front of the spot where the copper bolt had been driven in, with the compass fixed upon a tripod, ready to get the bearing the moment the time arrived. When it did, and when the Doc had read off the exact direction, we went to work with a will—most of us hacking away with axe or *machette*, and others scouting out in advance and on each side of the working party, with shooting-irons ready, and eyes skinned in case of trouble; but none came; and in less than an hour we had cut a trail through the bush and measured the distance. Then we set to work with picks and crows, spades, and even knives, every man burrowing like a musk-rat. What work it was, down in that deep gulsh! The heat towards noon was stifling, and not a breath of air; but we worked on as if our lives were staked on our work;—and so some's were, though they didn't know it, poor boys. The papers told us the treasure was only buried three feet deep; and before evening we had a dozen shafts down, each four feet good—but not a sign of the plunder. We remeasured the ground, and found our first measurement right.

Then whilst some worked on deepening their shafts, others prospected about, and tried likely places a few yards farther off, and so on, but with no results. Then as evening began to close in, we silently and one by one quitted work, and came out of the gulsh up to the foot of the big tree again. In the morning we had thrown together roughly some logs, so as to make a sort of cover in case of an attack; and here eight of us were to pass the night and guard the workings, which could easily be seen in the clear moonlight. Those whose lot it was to return to the ship started about twilight, taking with them in a hammock one of the party who had been seized with the same symptoms as those the day before. He had in a few hours become quite light-headed; and they were obliged to take away his knife and revolver, to prevent his doing some of us or himself a mischief.

"The disappointment caused by the unsuccessful day's work, coupled with the illness of our friends, and the strange encounter of the previous night, made us the reverse of a jovial party under the big jiccatybar tree that night. No one volunteered a song, and no one seemed to care to talk; and so, a guard being set, and reliefs arranged, one by one we fell asleep. I confess the remembrance of my last nocturnal experiences kept me awake for some time; but finally I snoozed off, and did not awake till the watch aroused me to take my spell 'on guard.' The night passed quietly—not a sound, not an indication of there being a living soul on the island but ourselves. Morning came, and with it a fresh supply of pluck to the whole party. We hastily finished breakfast, and hurried off to our shafts and cross-cuts, each returning to where he had left off work the

night before. Hardly had I taken up my pick when a hurried call from Charley Burt brought us all to his location. He had been working in soft earth the day before, and had thrown up quite a heap of it. He was now standing in his "claim," stooping forward and examining this heap.

"Look here boys!" says he; 'Pat was not dreaming after all. I guess there is none of you got a hoof to match that track, have you?'

"Sure enough there, deeply impressed in the soft black soil, was the print of a human foot. I doubt if Robinson Crusoe ever examined the first footprint he found with half the eagerness we did that one; but there was not much to be made of it beyond that it was a foot-track certain sure, and a big one at that—the biggest any of us had ever seen. I wish now we could have measured it, but it seems to me that it must have been fourteen inches long if it was one! As for following the trail on that ground, it was out of the question. At least none of our crowd was up to it, though I have known some Indians who might have; yes, and Dyaks too—they could track a bird, I think. As it was, we thought we could touch on it here and there, but nothing came of our search; and when the rest of the party came from the ship, they tried and could make nothing of it either. Bad news they brought. One of our companions had died in the night, and M'Gill had remained on board with the other three sick, one of whom seemed almost gone. I felt there was no hope for him, for his face came back dimly to me as one of the five I had seen in my dream. Doggedly and silently we worked on through all the weary hours of that day. The sun seemed to pour down all its concentrated

heat into that lonely gulsh—the air seemed hour by hour to become more dense and stagnant—the sun seemed to beat down into one's brain and cause fearful agony. Sick and giddy, at length I threw down my spade and staggered back to the camp. I remember hearing Seth Parker's voice speaking kindly in his rough way, and feeling some one supporting me and guiding me. Then all seemed to become indistinct, and I remember no more.

"It was near three weeks after this, as I afterwards found, that I awoke from what appeared to have been a long deep sleep. I had a faint consciousness of being deadly sick and weak, so weak that my arms felt like lead when I tried to move them. I dimly recognised the well-known hospital ward at Panama; then I slept again. When I awoke my head was clearer, and I tried to speak to M'Gill, who was standing by my bedside; the sight of him brought back in a confused way the events of the past up to when I gave up work that fearful afternoon. I tried to ask M'Gill what had happened, but I could hardly whisper; and it was not till after several days that he gave me the closing scenes of our unfortunate expedition. It seemed that after I was taken ill, I was at once carried on board ship, where M'Gill was engaged in nursing the other three patients. We were all 'down' with the same complaint, a jungle fever of the most deadly kind. The next day added three more to the sick list, and another death occurred. For two more days did the treasure-seekers work on literally with death in their midst; and it was not till a third of our party had sunk that the quest was for the time abandoned. During the run to Panama another sank, and one more in the hospital after landing—'And, O'Brien,

my boy,' said M'Gill, kindly, 'for days and days I feared you would make the sixth!' 'No, Doc, no,' muttered I. *There were only five that night!* I was just dozing off again from weakness, I suppose, but I heard M'Gill say to the attendant, 'The laddie's wandering again, but he'll pull through.'

"It was not till some days after that M'Gill would tell me all that had happened. It was a weary tale of disappointment; and I mind feeling so heart-sick and 'down' at the time that I heartily wished I had been one of the five, and hardly care to think of it now.

"To cut matters short, it appeared that the only explanation M'Gill and the rest could give of our failure

was, that each month the shadow thrown by the big tree would fall on different ground—I don't see why it should, but they said so; and that, not knowing the month, we had gone at the wrong date. M'Gill vowed he would never give it up, if he had to make eleven more trips. But, as for me, I kinder felt I had had enough of treasure-seeking and the Cocos Islands; and then I couldn't get rid of that face, which fairly haunted me; so I concluded to try my luck at the diggings, and haven't been near Panama since.

"There, boys, that's the yarn, but it's run out longer than I reckoned. Goldey, I say! Charley!—why, if the boys ain't asleep! Thunder!"

NOTE.—The story of the Lost Secret of the Cocos Group is *true*—that is, all the leading facts happened much as I have tried to tell them—but since several of the survivors of the party are still (to the best of my belief) alive, and being so, have certainly never for a moment given up the intention "of trying again," names, dates, and localities have been, for obvious reasons, altered by "*the narrator*."

SIR TRAY : AN ARTHURIAN IDYL.

THE widowed Dame of Hubbard's ancient line
Turned to her cupboard, cornered anglewise
Betwixt this wall and that, in quest of aught
To satisfy the craving of Sir Tray,
Prick-eared companion of her solitude,
Red-spotted, dirty-white, and bare of rib,
Who followed at her high and pattering heels,
Prayer in his eye, prayer in his slinking gait,
Prayer in his pendulous pulsating tail.
Wide on its creaking jaws revolved the door,
The cupboard yawned, deep-throated, thinly set
For teeth, with bottles, ancient canisters,
And plates of various pattern, blue or white ;
Deep in the void she thrust her hooked nose
Peering near-sighted for the wished-for bone,
Whiles her short robe of samite, tilted high,
The thrifty darnings of her hose revealed ;—
The pointed feature travelled o'er the delf
Greasing its tip, but bone or bread found none.
Wherefore Sir Tray abode still dinnerless,
Licking his paws beneath the spinning-wheel,
And meditating much on savoury meats.

Meanwhile the Dame in high-backed chair reposed
Revolving many memories, for she gazed
Down from her lattice on the self-same path
Whereby Sir Lancelot 'mid the reapers rode
When Arthur held his court in Camelot,
And she was called the Lady of Shalott ;
And, later, where Sir Hubbard, meekest knight
Of all the Table Round, was wont to pass,
And to her casement glint the glance of love.
(For all the tale of how she floated dead
Between the city walls, and how the Court
Gazed on her corpse, was of illusion framed,
And shadows raised by Merlin's magic art,
Ere Vivien shut him up within the oak.)
There stood the wheel whereat she spun her thread ;
But of the magic mirror nought remained
Save one small fragment on the mantelpiece,
Reflecting her changed features night and morn.

But now the inward yearnings of Sir Tray
Grew pressing, and in hollow rumblings spake,
As in tempestuous nights the Northern seas
Within their caverned cliffs reverberate.
This touched her: "I have marked of yore," she said,
"When on my palfrey I have paced along
The streets of Camelot, while many a knight
Ranged at my rein and thronged upon my steps,
Wending in pride towards the tournament,
A wight who many kinds of bread purveyed—
Muffins, and crumpets, matutinal rolls,
And buns which, buttered, soothe at evensong;
To him I'll hie me ere my purpose cool,
And swift returning, bear a loaf with me,
And (for my teeth be tender grown, and like
Celestial visits, few and far between)
The crust shall be for Tray, the crumb for me."
This spake she; from their peg reached straightway down
Her cloak of sanguine hue, and pointed hat
From the flat brim upreared like pyramid
On sands Egyptian where the Pharaohs sleep,
Her ebon-handled staff (sole palfrey now)
Grasped firmly, and so issued swiftly forth;
Yet ere she closed the latch her cat Elaine,
The lily kitten reared at Astolat,
Slipt through and mewling passed to greet Sir Tray.

Returning ere the shadows eastward fell,
She placed a porringer upon the board,
And shred the crackling crusts with liberal hand,
Nor noted how Elaine did seem to wail,
Rubbing against her hose, and mourning round
Sir Tray, who lay all prone upon the hearth.
Then on the bread she poured the mellow milk—
"Sleep'st thou?" she said, and touched him with her staff;
"What, ho! thy dinner waits thee!" But Sir Tray
Stirred not nor breathed: thereat, alarmed, she seized
And drew the hinder leg: the carcase moved
All over wooden like a piece of wood—
"Dead?" said the Dame, while louder wailed Elaine;
"I see," she said, "thy fasts were all too long,
Thy commons all too short, which shortened thus
Thy days, tho' thou mightst still have cheered mine age
Had I but timelier to the city wonned.
Thither I must again, and that right soon,

For now 'tis meet we lap thee in a shroud,
And lay thee in the vault by Astolat,
Where faithful Tray shall by Sir Hubbard lie."

Up a by-lane the Undertaker dwelt;
There day by day he plied his merry trade,
And all his undertakings undertook:
Erst knight of Arthur's Court, Sir Waldgrave hight,
A gruesome carle who hid his jests in gloom,
And schooled his lid to counterfeit a tear.
With cheerful hammer he a coffin tapt,
While hollow, hollow, hollow, rang the wood,
And, as he sawed and hammered, thus he sang:

Wood, hammer, nails, ye build a house for him,
Nails, hammer, wood, ye build a house for me,
Paying the rent, the taxes, and the rates.

I plant a human acorn in the ground,
And therefrom straightway springs a goodly tree,
Budding for me in bread and beer and beef.

O Life, dost thou bring Death or Death bring thee?
Which of the twain is bringer, which the brought?
Since men must die that other men may live.

O Death, for me thou plump'st thine hollow cheeks,
Mak'st of thine antic grin a pleasant smile,
And prank'st full gaily in thy winding-sheet.

This ditty sang he to a doleful tune
To outer ears that sounded like a dirge,
Or wind that wails across the fields of death.
'Ware of a visitor, he ceased his strain,
But still did ply his saw industrious.
With withered hand on ear, Dame Hubbard stood;
"Vex not mine ears," she grated, "with thine old
And creaking saw!" "I deemed," he said, and sighed,
"Old saws might please thee, as they should the wise."
"Know," said the Dame, "Sir Tray that with me dwelt
Lies on my lonely hearthstone stark and stiff;
Wagless the tail that waved to welcome me."—
Here Waldgrave interposed sepulchral tones,
"Oft have I noted, when the jest went round,

Sad 'twas to see the wag forget his tale—
Sadder to see the tail forget its wag."
"Wherefore," resumed she, "take of fitting stuff,
And make therewith a narrow house for him."
Quoth he, "From yonder deal I'll plane the bark,
So 'twill of Tray be emblematical ;
For thou, 'tis plain, must lose a deal of bark,
Since he nor bark nor bite shall practise more."
"And take thou, too," she said, "a coffin-plate,
And be his birth and years inscribed thereon
With letters twain 'S. T.' to mark Sir Tray,
So shall the tomb be known in after-time."
"This too," quoth Waldgrave, "shall be deftly done ;
Oft hath the plate been freighted with his bones,
But now his bones must lie beneath the plate."
"Jest'st thou ?" Dame Hubbard said, and clutched her crutch,
For ill she brooked light parlance of the dead ;
But when she saw Sir Waldgrave, how his face
Was all drawn downward, till the curving mouth
Seemed a horseshoe, while o'er the furrowed cheek,
A wandering tear stole on, like rivulet
In dry ravine down mother Ida's side,
She changed her purpose, smote not, lowered the staff ;—
So parted, faring homeward with her grief.

Nearing her bower, it seemed a sepulchre
Sacred to memory, and almost she thought
A dolorous cry arose, as if Elaine
Did sound a caterwauling requiem.
With hesitating hand she raised the latch,
And on the threshold with reluctant foot
Lingered, as loath to face the scene of woe,
When lo ! the body lay not on the hearth,
For there Elaine her flying tail pursued,—
In the Dame's chair Sir Tray alive did sit,
A world of merry meaning in his eye,
And all his face agrin from ear to ear.

Like one who late hath lost his dearest friend,
And in his sleep doth see that friend again,
And marvels scarce to see him, putting forth
A clasping hand, and feels him warm with life,
And so takes up his friendship's broken thread—
Thus stood the Dame, thus ran she, pattering, o'er

The sanded tiles, and clasped she thus Sir Tray,
Unheeding of the grief his jest had wrought
For joy he was not numbered with the dead.

Anon the Dame, her primal transports o'er,
Bethought her of the wisdom of Sir Tray,
And his fine wit, and then it shameful seemed
That he bareheaded 'neath the sky should go
While empty skulls of fools went thatched and roofed ;
"A hat," she cried, "would better fit those brows
Than many a courtier's that I've wotted of ;
And thou shalt have one, an' my tender toes
On which the corns do shoot, and these my knees
Wherethro' rheumatic twinges swiftly dart,
Will bear me to the city yet again,
And thou shalt wear the hat as Arthur wore
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship."
Whereat Sir Tray did seem to smile, and smote
Upon the chair-back with approving tail.

Then up she rose, and to the Hatter's went;—
"Hat me," quoth she, "your very newest hat ;"
And so they hatted her, and she returned
Home through the darksome wold, and raised the latch,
And marked, full lighted by the ingle-glow,
Sir Tray, with spoon in hand, and cat on knee,
Spattering the mess about the chaps of Puss.

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CHAPTER LIII.—UNDERSTANDINGS AND MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

ALTHOUGH determining without hesitation to resign office as the only fitting course to pursue under the circumstances described in the last chapter, I felt, nevertheless, possessed by intense mortification of spirit at my egregious political failure. To have failed in carrying my point at once was the smallest part of the matter ; I had not been very sanguine of speedy success. Success, in such matters, must follow the development of public opinion, which will usually be a slow process. But to be looked upon as an impracticable enthusiast, still worse, as an unsafe impulsive man, of a sort to say rash things unauthorised, and commit the Government to wild schemes—in other words, to be set down as a political blockhead, the iron of these reflections entered into my soul. I would fain have hidden myself for a time, and the doctor more than hinted that a trip to the south of Europe was desirable for Eva ; but somehow the desire to hold on to the present life

was stronger, much as a man may shrink from leaving a company of persons whom he suspects will fall to discussing him when his back is turned. Thus I became more constant than ever in attendance on the House, in my new seat behind the Treasury bench, calm and unconcerned without, consumed by vexation within.

Yet the change from the engrossing over-occupation of eager official life to complete leisure was not without its sense of enjoyment. To have the whole day at command, instead of being obliged to lay out its disposal for every minute beforehand ; even to be able to dawdle over the newspaper of a morning, conveyed a feeling of relief, although it was not without a pang of jealousy that I thought how readily the office would get on without me, and how much satisfaction my absence would cause in certain quarters. Moreover, I was now able to devote some time to my wife, and had leisure to perceive, what I had overlooked before,

—or pretended to overlook, in that common form of selfishness which makes the performance of one duty the excuse for neglecting another,—how lonely my busy preoccupation must have made her life. And then it came upon me, almost like a revelation, how by insensible degrees Eva had moved apart upon a separate life of her own, to escape from her solitude, and had now her own tastes, pleasures, and occupations, in which I took no share. The very visitors who came and went were people whom I had never met before, and Eva had her own special engagements, which she could not break off at once even for my company. I discovered, in short, that we were leading two separate lives, and this before we had been two years married.

Eva, however, was very pleased to have her husband back again—so much so, indeed, that she could find no room for sympathy in his disappointment. “Shall you be at home to dinner to-day, Charlie?” said she, on the morning following the day of my resignation; “because, you know, Mary comes to-day, and if you can’t come home we two would dine early after going to one or two drums, and I would take her to the Truly Classical Concerts in the evening. Mary likes that sort of thing,—it wouldn’t bore her a bit.”

My gentle helpless Eva, who last year could not have walked down the street without losing her way, to be now talking of taking anybody else anywhere! And I had been so preoccupied as hardly to have noticed the change!

“This being a Wednesday, my dear, there is no evening sitting at the House, and I shall be glad to have the honour of dining with you, and even of going to the Concert afterwards, if you can manage a place for me. The fact is,” I added, after a pause, “you are like to have

me a good deal on your hands, for I have just resigned my office, and come home for good.”

“What! given up that horrid office, and come home for good? Oh,” cried Eva, with a flush of pleasure and looking quite animated, “that is nice. But ah!” she added, observing that my face did not express any ecstatic response, “I see you are sorry about it, and I have been blundering as usual; I ought to have remembered how dearly you liked being in Parliament. How stupid I am, to be sure, not to know that this would be a disappointment!”

“I did not say I had given up Parliament, Eva—you go too fast. I hope to continue in that honourable position so long as the electors of Leatherby may be pleased to retain my poor services, although that may not be long, perhaps, for they have come to consider it almost a matter of right to be represented by a Government official. No, my dear, the only resignation I referred to was of my appointment as Under-Secretary of State, which perhaps you may be aware I have been holding of late. Well, it is an ill wind that blows no good. Lord Stowe is pleased; the office is pleased; and you are pleased—all which is a great consolation.”

“Ah, now I see that you are angry with me from your bitter way of speaking. I did not mean to offend you.” As Eva said this with a little pout, relapsing into silence, I could not help again reflecting how differently the course of the little quarrel would have gone a few months ago. Then the storm would have been followed by rain and sunshine; but there was no sign of those accompaniments now, and I was too proud and priggish to try and soften her mood.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the servant to

ask at what time the carriage should be sent for Miss Drew.

This visit of Mary Drew came to solve a difficulty about which I had been much exercised, for although preoccupied with my official schemes to the extent of neglecting Eva, I had been anxious ever since her sister left us that she should have a suitable companion at home, to say nothing of some assistance in her domestic duties. Even a house-keeper for that matter would have been a useful addition to our party, to keep the establishment in order; but there was hardly room for such a personage in our present house. Aunt Emily could not be persuaded to leave Leatherby and Aunt Honoria, although her little house in Church Street was dull without the young people who had brightened it for so many years; Mrs Herries, who had promised us a long visit during another prolonged absence of her husband, was ill, and ordered to the south of France; and I was fairly puzzled what arrangement to propose, when the difficulty was settled by the Squire's consent to his daughter's spending the season with us in town. Young and inexperienced as was Mary Drew, that young lady possessed a large fund of mother wit and good sense; and perhaps some of the easy power which she displayed in the management of her father's establishment might have its indirect effect in supplying certain too patent deficiencies in our ill-ordered household. At any rate Eva would have a loving friend and a companion in every way desirable.

"I do hope Mr Drew won't screw Mary down to a very small allowance," said Eva, as I went off to meet her at the station; "it will be terrible if she comes up to town looking a fright."

"Fancy Mary looking a fright!"

"No, I don't mean that: of course

Mary would always look nice whatever she had on, but I shouldn't like to see her wearing old-fashioned bonnets and things, like she used to have at home. I am sure you would not like it either, for you are dreadfully particular about ladies' dresses yourself."

"I don't think we need be apprehensive on that score; I suspect the Squire's days of screwing are numbered now. He will have to conform to his daughter's notions of propriety in this as in other things, or I am much mistaken."

And indeed any one who had seen the young lady as she stepped out of the railway carriage, would not have associated any ideas of a miserly father with her appearance; although her dress was perhaps the last thing that would have attracted attention; for without Eva's pretensions to beauty, Mary's face expressed enough of sweetness and light to be noticeable in any company.

"Indeed the obligation is all on your side," I remarked, in reply to something she said about the kindness of our invitation, as we drove away from the station. "No doubt you will enjoy being with Eva as much as she will enjoy having you here; but, over and above the pleasure we expect from your visit, I feel that Eva wants a companion sadly now that Sybil has left us; I fear, too, she finds a London household more than she can manage, and may frankly say that I have a selfish hope she may gain a useful hint or two from your powers of administration."

"Dear Eva!" said Mary, warmly, —and then catching my eye, she looked confused and blushed; feeling, as I could see, that she had done wrong in speaking in a tone of compassion. Then an awkward pause ensued, for I also felt I had said too much in even hinting at my wife's defects to one so quick of

comprehension, and was annoyed at the confession: my companion also evidently felt distressed at the sort of unintentional understanding set up. And we drove on to the house in silence.

That evening was one of the pleasantest we had passed for a long time. The two girls had endless things to say to each other, and in the excitement of welcoming her friend, Eva had lost for the time her usual languid expression, and looked, as we sat down to dinner, quite fresh and blooming.

"And so my course of dissipation is to begin at once," said Mary. "I was prepared for a season of wild excitement from what Eva has told me of her London life, but are we actually to make a first plunge this very night?"

"I don't know what you call wild excitement, my dear, but you will have to sit perched in your chair for a couple of mortal hours, without being able to move, or having a soul to speak to, for if you venture even to whisper at the Truly Classics, everybody looks round and frowns as if they were ready to eat you up. All the young ladies are such strong-minded-looking creatures, who take their music with them, and spell it out with their fingers as the band goes on, just as if it were a novel. And such frights as you will see there, too, and ever so many false fronts. I suppose so much classical music in the head makes the hair fall off. But the fact is, Charlie got these tickets because he said you would like that style of thing; and he likes it himself too. It is the only thing I can ever get him to go to."

"So, then, we are to have the honour of your company, Mr West? I thought you were too much engrossed in affairs of State to have any time for frivolous amusements and the society of womankind?"

"No, my dear Mary, that state of things has happily passed away. I am no longer keeping company with your godlike friends. My Ministerial days are over. I was tried in the balance and found wanting. So that little episode is ended."

"That is indeed bad news," exclaimed Mary, in an earnest tone; "how sorry——"

"This resignation of Charlie's comes in so fortunately," broke in Eva, "just as you are here, Mary, doesn't it? for now he will be able to go about with us a little, and you will be able to see something of him, which you would certainly not have done if he had been still going to that horrid office. I declare I used hardly to see him from one week's end to another."

Mary looked confused, and I thought I could read her mind. She was distressed at perceiving that Eva and I were at cross-purposes, and also that there should be this understanding involuntarily created between us on the subject. At any rate, she made no more condolences on my resignation, and I appreciated the motive which enforced her silence.

"Yes," Eva went on, "this political life is a horrid one. When first we came to London it seemed delightful to have Charlie an M.P.; and then when he was appointed to the Government, everybody congratulated me, and said he was such a rising man, and it seemed all very nice; but I had no notion then what horrid work it was, and how I should be left all day without a soul to speak to. I am sure I hope he will never be a Government member again."

This was the first outspoken complaint of the kind Eva had made, —made now, perhaps, only because she was excited and emboldened by the presence of her friend. I felt an uneasy pang at this confirmation

of my lately-born qualms of conscience, but I was annoyed to think how our visitor would be sure to misinterpret the speech. She would never suppose it was the first of the kind, but would surely think that my neglect of her had been often spoken of before between Eva and me. It would have been easy, however, to lead up to this inference by a gentle answer, but pride and vanity came in the way, and I replied—

"I did not know it was so very lonely, my dear, and I think it must have been so only at first. It seems to me that now you are never alone for a minute. Either there are people here, or you are out somewhere, all day long. A regular racket you will find she is, Mary, and you will need to be in good condition to keep up the pace, I can assure you. But you are rather hard on me, Eva; I was no worse than all the other officials who care about their business. Many of them had five times the work I had to do; and then look at Mr Merrifield, to say nothing of anybody else."

"Oh, I know that; it is the same with you all. Lady Elizabeth says they can never be sure of him from one minute to another; and sometimes the horses are at the door, and Miss Merrifield sitting all ready dressed to go out riding, and then—after waiting, perhaps, for hours—her papa sends to say he can't come."

"At least you cannot lay our not riding together to my door. You know I promised to ride regularly every day without fail, if you would only begin again."

"Has Eva given up riding?"

"My dear, since I had that tumble I have lost all my courage; I tried it once or twice, but I

was so dreadfully nervous, it was perfect misery. Every step the horse took I thought he was going to fall."

"I hope Eva's nerves will come back again by-and-by," I observed. "I miss the rides greatly, for a solitary canter in the Park is a form of agony I have not been able to face."

"You know you are really very glad to be off your promise," retorted Eva; "you can get to that dear office of yours all the earlier."

"You need not twit me with that longing, now that I am locked out of it."

"I suppose, however," said our guest, "Mr West does not mean to remain out in the cold for ever?"

"My dear Mary, I am what the *Round World* calls one of 'Mr Merrifield's young men,' and the same oracle pronounces that all those young men turn out failures, to be tried for a season and discarded. Mr Braham is the only person who can discover the germs of sucking statesmanship."

"The number of such trials must of course have been enormous. Mr Fergusson says we should never draw an average under a million, so perhaps some of the failures may be more fortunate. I should say, however, that some one we know is a little ambitious, and will be heard of again before long, as Harry Perkins would say."

"If you mean Charlie," said Eva, "he is dreadfully ambitious, I know; and for all his talk about being so glad to have time to be dangling about us, I have no doubt he is longing all the time to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Lord Chancellor, or something of that sort, and means to be before long."

Here again there was a difficulty in pursuing the conversation.

CHAPTER LIV.—NEWSPAPER BOYS DRIVE A BRISKER TRADE.

The heavy sense of disappointment—morbidity and disproportioned as it was, no doubt, in comparison with the occasion—which at first oppressed me as I surveyed the blank political waste before me, after my fiasco and retirement from office, was soon succeeded by a more healthy frame of mind, and I began to think that perhaps, after all, things had turned out for the best. The country was tired of the Army question, even of Autumn Manœuvres (for it was boldly stated that those held in Yewcestershire would be the last of the kind), and attention was now concentrated on the Local Taxation Bill, and the great Home Rule question, and the session promised to be, from my special point of view, of a thoroughly humdrum kind. Evidently, then, I should have pressed on my pet project to no purpose; I should have come to grief in this way sooner or later, and it was perhaps just as well that my career ended when it did. Thinking thus, I sat watching from my seat in the back benches with a sort of grim humour, the tedious progress of the Parliamentary game, and the occasional utterances of my successor (another of Mr Merrifield's young men, said the *Round World*), and his feeble efforts to make lucid statements on a subject he knew nothing about.

And yet already the small cloud had appeared in the political horizon, soon to expand into the dark pall which hung above us and around on all sides, presaging a tempest which, when it burst, would involve the whole civilised world. Then Englishmen began to realise the sort of feelings experienced by our forefathers during the great twenty years' war. Europe had undergone its revolutions, indeed, of late years, as great in kind as any

that had happened before. New kingdoms had been born, great monarchies had been crushed, but happy England had stood aloof out of the strife and tumult; and although we too had had our wars, they had been always waged on some far-off shore, and were at most affairs of sentiment or of a few millions of debt, hardly ruffling the smooth surface of English political life. But now men could begin to sympathise with the anxious forebodings of their grandsires, when they asked how the country could stand up against the power arrayed against it, and blamed—while admiring—the boldness of the great statesman of that day, who maintained the unequal contest with undaunted front, while thrones were crumbling around, and one effort after another to stem the current of the common enemy's success proved unavailing and disastrous. Of course the danger which now threatened us was not of the same kind as before. History does not repeat itself so closely; and whereas formerly the danger came from one unscrupulous man, borne on the stream of a new-found popular force, the cloud that now overshadowed Europe took the form of a coalition supported by the strength of great empires, united in a pact of violence, and organised up to the highest point of military perfection. If such a force as this is united, whether for good or ill, who—it was asked—shall withstand it? What, at any rate, are we, that we should do so? Why, it was also asked, should we trouble ourselves in the matter? We are not bound to defend treaties or to play the Don Quixote of Europe. Others, again, took a bolder line. Effacement of England not to be thought of; money, after all, the sinews of war;

and besides, think how good our army, if somewhat small. Let England only go boldly into the game, she will surely turn up trumps. Ideas more or less divergent, which press and statesmen endeavoured to express in coherent form. There were, in fact, as Mr Braham put it in his great speech on the subject, three courses open to be pursued. There was, first, the policy of abstention. That was at least a definite policy, although it might prove to be not in accord with the instincts of the country. Then there was the policy of armed neutrality. Lastly, there was the policy of a system of alliances, with or without intervention. But while Mr Braham left it to be inferred that, in his opinion, a good deal might be said in favour of non-intervention, he still appeared to cling to the good old English idea of trying to go into the business with a powerful navy and a little army, in which he had plenty of supporters; and accordingly, while a good deal used to be heard about the need for a bold and dignified policy worthy of a great country, the conception of this policy seemed invariably to culminate in the sending of 30,000 men somewhere, say to Antwerp, although one place was considered pretty much as good as another, provided only the 30,000 men were sent. These propositions, handled till from familiarity they seemed to have the force of axiomatic truths, were bandied about pretty freely in various quarters, in Parliament as well as in the papers of the day, whether with or without a world-wide circulation,—that England could not go to war without allies; that England must always have a small army; and that 30,000 British soldiers, if only put down somewhere or other, would be sure to do something effective.

Meantime, while the storm seemed to come nearer every day, and the

air to grow darker; when rumours increased about what the diplomatsists were doing, and dissertations multiplied on the legal construction to be put on the three points at issue—letters of Grotius Anglicanus in the *Dial* [generally ascribed to Rigby Sebright] especially admired, as showing that in point of international law the crowned heads had not a metaphorical leg to stand on;—while talk of this kind gradually gave place to discussions about armaments and campaigns and strategy, the national mind wavered in undecided fashion, seeking for the guidance of its rulers. And some said the national mind was feeble and uncertain, because it gave forth as yet no certain utterance. But it was not so. Nations, like individual men, may distrust their own opinions, and lean for guidance on others, and yet have opinions of their own; and after all, who should know better than our rulers what is proper to be done? They can see beyond us; if the pilot is calm, surely there can be no rocks ahead. It was while in this mood of trustfulness and diffidence that the nation saw itself overreached on a former memorable occasion; saw the treaty torn up without a struggle, which had cost two years of war and a bridge of dead men's bones to arrive at. Seems wrong and weak, said the nation. But then our agents are honourable men and shrewd; if they be satisfied, why should we be non-content?

In such case was the country now: asking itself anxiously whether those were true prophets who said that the aim and end of all things was to work up more and more iron, and to spin more and more cotton; whether it were right to go on working while the world was burning, or whether at least there might not be a point where the delving and spinning should stop, and all hands apply themselves to put out the fire. Are there not duties

to mankind, it was asked, as well as to ourselves, and has not the time come for performing them? Some, again, said that although we should never fight for others, but only for ourselves, and that national honour above everything was a mere shibboleth, yet was not this a case where we should fight in national defence? Abstention from the strife, said these doctors, will avail nothing against the crafty and unscrupulous foes who are now arbiters of the fate of Europe; our time will come, sooner or later; better, then, throw in our lot with the good cause at once; single sticks may be snapped where a fagot can resist; above all, let us forthwith send 30,000 men to Antwerp or other unknown spot.

While such eager questionings went on in the press, in the House, in the street, in the train, the nation still waited for answer from its rulers, and men asked each other anxiously, above all, what line Mr Merrifield would take. Merrifield a true patriot, said one organ of opinion—no man more ready to uphold honour when honour is really at stake. True patriot, said another, but too pure-minded for these crafty diplomats; will think Von Uberlisten to be as honest as himself, and so will surely be overreached. Honest enough at heart, said a third, but a born casuist; will betray the country through his love for over-refining. And truly when the great blue-book was published, and the eye lighted on the famous passage containing Von Uberlisten's contemptuous retort on our ambassador, in reply to his message, that if England would under no circumstances make war to defend her treaties or the rights of other nations, she had better keep silence and not interfere with what did not concern her, then a storm of indignation arose. In vain did Mr Merrifield urge that the

statement would bear another interpretation, and that it might be supposed the Count was merely putting these words into the ambassador's mouth, as a hypothetical case of his own, and not as professing to repeat anything that had been said by the latter; people would have it that the words must be taken in their literal sense, and great was the fear and the anger aroused. Honour of the country will be betrayed by these men, was the cry; and but faint defence was set up even by recognised organs, with world-wide and the largest circulation—circulation it was felt to be retained only by adopting the feelings of the nation; while the *Dial*, which had been some time hovering above the situation in an atmosphere of platitudes, now swooped down with penetrating beak, pecking away ruthlessly at Ministerial reputation.

And now every one turned to see what Mr Braham would do. Country looks to Mr Braham to uphold its place among the nations, said a lofty press; Brammy will have his innings at last, said the clubs. And the statesman appealed to, nothing loath, thereon brought forward his famous resolution—that, in the opinion of this House, her Majesty's Government, by their proceedings in regard to the High Secret Alliance, as recorded in page 52 of the papers lately presented to Parliament, "have failed to maintain the honour and dignity of the country and the interests and wellbeing of humanity"—famous resolution, supported in the orator's best manner. Old politicians said it was the best speech he had ever made; certainly it displayed him by turns in all his moods, solemn, sarcastic, vicious, and vague; altogether extremely telling.

Ministry will not wait for a division, says club gossip; hopeless break-up of party; Glissereene [Mr Glissereene was the Government

whip] tries to look cheerful, but his heart must fail him really; majority against them will be a hundred at least; better resign at once and have done with it.

Resign? Not a bit of it. Stand up and fight it out. At any rate if Mr Merrifield had betrayed the honour of the country there was no want of pluck in fighting his own battle. If Mr Braham had made a great effort, his opponent was more than equal to the occasion. No subtlety or over-refinements now, but outspoken manly sense, and straightforward argument; and when he came to that splendid passage, so often quoted since, where he said that men, and statesmen above all men, should live for the future rather than the present, and that, whatever the result might be now, the time was coming when the voice of humanity, ever gaining in power, would pronounce a verdict in his favour, then it seemed as if the House was almost won over by the noble thoughts and the noble manner

of their expression. I think I hear his clear voice still ringing in my ears as he brought his great peroration to a close. If a speech could save a cause, surely the danger is fended off.

It was worth while to have a seat in Parliament in those days, even a back seat, as the great debate went on from one night to another, while the reports were greedily devoured as the morning broke, and all Europe waited for the issue. No room for the bores now; no parish politics permitted; you must speak to the point or be silent; above all, you must keep a guard on your temper, for men tend to grow heated as the debate goes on. Not that a certain discursiveness did not perforce arise out of the subject, being nothing less than the honour of the country and the welfare and happiness of other nations. And one speaker from a back bench ventured among others to raise an issue, which, if it bore on the subject, was yet deemed to partake of the original.

CHAPTER LV.—THE ETHICS OF WAR.

You say, argued the speaker, that intervention is impracticable, therefore let us practise non-intervention. Let us mind our own business, and wait at any rate until we are attacked; then do the best we can for ourselves. We could not interfere effectively, therefore let us not interfere at all. The days have gone by when small armies could be of use, therefore let us keep our small army out of the strife, keep it at least for home use. But is there really no course between futile action and no action at all? Why should England be the only country in the world which cannot put forth its strength when needful cause arises? Why should that be impossible for us which is possible for

others? Does freedom indeed incapacitate for action? There are as many of our countrymen fit to carry arms as France could muster when she set herself in array against the rest of Europe, and each man's life and labour are worth as much across the Atlantic as ours are worth to us. What then the French could do, and our kinsmen in the West in their great struggle, is equally possible for Englishmen. No further proof is wanted; all that is really needful is to get rid of our old, half-hearted, blundering way of working, and if we go to war at all, to do it in the only way which can insure success.

But, it will be replied, these are the barbarous sentiments of a by-

gone age, which may still lead astray the other nations, or at least the despots who control their wills, but have lost their influence on us. Life is with us too highly valued, individual liberty is too well assured, for the English nation to consent to waste life and treasure in such wholesale fashion. You may call it degeneracy if you will, but the spirit of the age is opposed to such a sacrifice. Is that so? are our present English youth, with their love of movement and activity, their pursuit of sport and adventure, their temperate habits, a less manly race than the poor dandies, or the Maccaronis, or the hard livers of seventy years ago? Is there a wider gulf now than then between different classes, and a greater diversity of interests? Are the national burdens harder to bear? is there greater fear of intestine discord arising, to come between the nation and the fulfilment of its will? Is it not, on the contrary, plain at briefest glance that the nation is richer, more numerous, more united, more manly than it ever was before; and shall it be said that we, who were ready before to unite against tyranny and oppression, are now too soft and too selfish to answer the calls of duty and honour?

Yes, you will say, we can do all this if we choose to do it, but we know better. We have risen above the low moral standard of other nations, who would settle all disputes by the brutal arbitrament of arms. We reverence the sacredness of human life, nor will we commit the folly of maintaining opinions by force; the days of war for ideas, or of political crusades, are past for us, gone with the days of war for lust and conquest; we will not listen to your doctrine, whether you preach in the guise of a Quixote or a swash-buckler. But then to you in turn I reply, that you cannot detest war

more than I do. Wicked and wasteful as you think it, I deem it to be more wicked and wasteful still, gazing with the mind's eye on the sickness and misery that follow in its train, unseen by those who know not what real war means, but far transcending the mere evil of the deaths that happen on the battle-field. It is bad enough that these last should happen, when we think of the useful life cut short, the mourning and the want made by each household gap; but war is not even what people at home are wont to picture it, dark though the colours be which they employ. It is bad enough to die on the battle-field, fighting for a good or a bad cause, as the chance may be; to die in the ecstasy of passion, with the shout of victory ringing in the ears, or saved at least the knowledge of defeat. This, if it were all, would be bad enough; but for one man who dies thus, dies gloriously as it is called, ten perish ignominiously, in the hospitals or the ditch, sacrificed to the selfishness or stupidity of others. And more, of those who are killed outright in battle, think how small the numbers whose lives are given up for any useful purpose, either of conquest or protection, compared with what are thrown away in blundering, sacrificed, perchance, by a stupid leader in an attack which is bound to fail, or in some idle skirmish, or at best in an indecisive action, no way affecting the final issue of the struggle! Take all the wars of modern times and the loss in men on both sides; subtract the deaths in hospitals, deaths traceable at bottom to folly, or speculation, or selfishness, or want of care; deduct also the losses in useless attacks, false movements, and blunders generally; deduct also the men killed in indecisive actions, (and how many are decisive!) where the killed, like the pieces exchanged

at chess, leave the two sides unaltered in position,—deduct all these, and how many remain? Take away, lastly, the men who were killed fighting in a bad cause, and think how small is the residue of whom it can be said that their lives have been given up for any useful purpose!

Looked at in this way, we really come to see the wicked waste of war. And when people talk of modern war being scientific, I reply that it is still barbarous and clumsy to the last degree. You may invent new weapons and improve old ones, but in our dealings with the men who handle them, we are still as in the dark ages. We do not seem to have learned yet that skilful men are still more important than skilful arms. A new rifle or a new shell may add its hundreds to the slain enemy, but a stupid or ignorant general will add his thousands lost on our side. And leaving out of sight the mere loss, does not all history teach us that great success in war is only gained by great generals? And yet, knowing this, and that in no other calling does success depend so emphatically on the character of the chief agents, how do we generally set to work to choose the agents to whom these awful issues are intrusted? By rummaging the half-pay lists. Look at the men who have been chosen on these occasions for our brigades and divisions, often for chiefest posts, and ask how the choice was made. By interest, by seniority, by chance, by anything rather than merit. It is as if one were to be careful about bringing the best paper and the best ink, and then to set anybody down to write the book. While this sort of recklessness is the rule, who shall say that modern war is not a crude and barbarous thing?

Further, I say that war is not even a chivalrous pursuit, as people often assert it to be; and that, far from en-

couraging the nobler qualities, it makes men selfish and callous to the sufferings of others. All this talk about the care of the wounded, and the devices in fashion to soften the savagery of war, are really but a mere illogical deference to the claims of humanity. Were war carried out with consistency, the men who help their wounded comrades to the rear, would be shot for quitting the ranks. Perfect war must needs be barbarous; it is imperfect war which allows these mitigations. Further, the chivalry of war has gone, whatever of that quality it may have once possessed. When men fought hand to hand, at least they had the excuse of passion, and those who dealt death most ran most risk also. But all this is now ended. Who ever saw the bayonet, "queen of weapons," used, save on some unresisting wounded wretch? How many sabres in an army are ever crimsoned with blood? No. Bayonets have no more count in battles nowadays than epaulettes, and sabres not much more. The killing is done now for the most part at a distance, and those suffer least themselves who cause the greatest damage. The safe service is the artillery, service notwithstanding held most in estimation; and the days have gone when kings and leaders of armies waved their battle-axes in the van. Kings and commanders nowadays are mostly out of fire, ordering other people to go into it and get killed; system necessary perhaps, but not chivalrous.

Then as for the honourableness of war. The aim and end of modern military skill is to have guns which carry further, shells which burst into more pieces, than any other nation; to be more ready than the other side to pour in deadly musketry at a given signal; in short, by invention and preparation to steal a march on your adversary and

take him at a disadvantage. In what is all this better than the duellist's part, who seeks by over skill with the pistol to get the better of any man with whom he picks a quarrel? And on what grounds, I ask, can we condemn the one and respect the other?

You see, then, that I do not hold war in more esteem than you; nay, further, when you, following the gossip of convention, talk about every dead soldier as having given up his life for the country, I say that most often he has done nothing of the sort, any more than those are examples of the needful condition of humanity who die of stinking drains or railway accidents; and that war is no longer a chivalrous pursuit, and is only humane so far as it is unscientific. I believe, too, that whenever a state of real civilisation shall be reached, and the same principles of action imported into the intercourse of nations that already govern the relations between man and man, then posterity will look back with wonder on those whom they will class, as to their intercourse with other nations, with unchristian savages, no better morally than the ancients.

But then, our hatred of war will not stop war; benevolence and goodwill cannot be practised by one country alone; arbitration cannot be applied so long as other nations are ready to carry out their aims, bad or good, by fire and sword. One nation cannot stand alone in giving up the use of war, if others are still bent on fighting. War, then, in some case may be forced even on us, peace-loving people that we are, and I deny that we are going the right way to avoid it by appearing to be afraid either of raising men or spending money. So long as brute force is paramount in Europe, you must put forth your force if you would go unmolested.

Nor will it, as some say, be more costly to do so. Soldiers are costly

in a rich country, but a rich country can best afford to pay for them; and remember that the revolting instinctive love of fighting is still present here, strong if latent; that there are limits to the forbearance of the nation; and that when once it warms up to the work, it will want to go on fighting till it wins. Whether, then, is it better to spend fifty or even a hundred millions, and have done with the business, than to fritter away a much larger sum over a dozen years, and all to no purpose? Very doubtful is it if war can be avoided; but if it is to be warded off, it can only be by throwing our whole might into the business of arming, and showing ourselves ready if called upon to act as one of the great powers of Europe. But, above all, let us abandon all notion of a fatuous middle course; nothing but danger and disgrace to be got by sending 30,000 men to Antwerp or other indefinite point.

Thus spake one from the back of the House behind the Treasury bench. The utterance made some sensation (philosophy of war for first time developed, said the *Overseer*; policy ingenious, but too systematic for a practical nation like ours, said the *Dial*), as did other speeches more or less to the point; but the question now at issue is not whether we should not get ready for war, but "whether her Majesty's Government have failed to maintain the honour and dignity, &c.;" or still more the amendment on that motion moved by Mr Rigby Sebright—amendment still more condemnatory; and interest centres in page 52 of the famous blue-book and construction to be placed thereon, on which fate of Ministry depends. Five nights the great debate goes on, and is closed the sixth night or morning.

Then, when the murmurs of conversation, as members leave their seats and form little groups about

the House, succeed for a space the cheers and counter-cheers amid which the last speech ended, there appears a strange portent. Mr Braham and others of the front Opposition row are no longer to be seen in their places! They have gone out before the division! What means this? is asked among the anxious and excited groups—Does Brammy want to save the Government after all, or is it merely disapproval of Rigby Sebright's interference? No one can say, only that party is left

free to vote, and vote it does. Absence of leader and six others matters nothing on so great occasion. Well may Glissereene look pale—pale but calm, as he comes up with Rigby Sebright to the table—Ayes, 419; noes, 321: majority against the Government, 98. But whence come these cheers and shoutings? Surely from both sides? Yes! there can be no doubt about it; this vote has broken up both parties: no question now of Whig or Tory, but of national honour, even of national life.

CHAPTER LVI.—CHILTERN HUNDREDS IN GREAT DEMAND.

Such were the tidings in the morning papers, read with absorbing interest throughout the land, and discussed in every household. One eyewitness, at any rate, as he recounted that scene—a scene of excitement such as occurs only once and again in a Parliamentary life—at the domestic breakfast table, found one eager listener, and another at least interested.

"Must then the Ministry retire absolutely? what a sad thing!"

"Yes, Mary, no help for it; but there is another set of godlike creatures ready, waiting on the opposition Olympus."

"How sad!" said Eva; "I suppose there will be an end of Lady Elizabeth's receptions; they were so nice!"

"And who will be Prime Minister now?" asked Mary.

"Mr Braham, of course."

"Ah! he will not be able to give parties," said Eva, "for he is only a bachelor."

Evening papers confirm the accuracy of my prediction,—Mr Merrifield gone down to Windsor, say the first editions. Mr Merrifield returned from Windsor, say the second, and Mr Braham sent

for. Report confirmed when the House meets; Ministers hold office only till successors are appointed. Mr Braham is again absent from his place. One day passes; two days pass; Mr Braham's arrangements are still immatured. Rumours follow of unexpected difficulties in making up a Ministry. Mr Sinnick, it is reported, has been asked to join (Tommy a Tory at heart, say the clubs), and declines. Rigby Sebright (a rising man, Rigby Sebright, say the clubs) also asked to join, and also declines. Tribune of the people and country party a happy combination, but not to come off this time. What is wanted, says the *Round World*, to bring us through the crisis, is a good cry. Perkyman and Purchase, for example, Resuscitation of Purchase, how will that do? Will not do at all; Purchase gone down to the limbo of the irrevocable, and will drag down Perkyman after it and he take not care. Perkyman and Sanitary Reform then? How would that do? A good cry that,—good cry at least in quieter times; but just now it is the sanitation of Europe which has to be made good—feat not to be accomplished, it is thought, without stress of blood-

letting and the like heroic remedies. Hawthorne Sturdy and our Labourers' Cottages? How would that sound? That also a good cry in its way, but too peaceful, not to say unexciting, at present. For between the state of Europe and the state of parties, and the rumbling of war coming ever nearer, the air is full charged with political electricity. The tension is felt even in the Minerva Club, generally devoted to literature and the muses, but where just now politics alone engross both mind and tongue. Even the bishops are excited, as they muster in their favourite resort, drinking their five o'clock tea jerkily by spoonfuls. One man alone is calm, sitting unconcerned amid the murmur of excitement, making notes from big folios at library table. Happy Duke of Ulster, he too is out of office, but politics are nothing to him; his loss of office is a gain; can now finish his great treatise on the Calculus of the Unthinkable. See the happy effect of scientific training, cry the men of science, watching proudly these silent labours; science the only pursuit to produce the true philosophic mind.

Meanwhile the days pass on, bringing nothing but rumours upon rumours, and increased sale of morning and evening papers, till at length Mr Braham makes his announcement in the House. Mr Braham is at once frank and mysterious. He cannot form a Ministry. Friends not prepared to undertake responsibility of governing with a minority in face of present critical state of Europe. Mr Merrifield sent for to Windsor again; Mr Merrifield also makes statement next day. Declines to carry on Government after the late vote, and thinks time inappropriate for a dissolution. Merrifield is sulking, say ill-natured critics; intends to go out for a time, say others; thinks an airing out

in the cold will act like a tonic on the party, and brace them up to better behaviour. Surely Lord Grandison must now be sent for. But no; Lord Grandison, the author of famous despatch at page 52 of blue-book, at any rate would have been author had not fit of gout involved temporary delegation of despatch-writing to permanent Under-Secretary. Adverse resolution therefore directed as much against Foreign Secretary as Prime Minister; a Grandison Cabinet not possible just now.

Meanwhile, this dead-lock lasting, the public excitement and anxiety grow ever greater; as well they may, for how shall a nation fare in such times, when no one will govern it? At last the political tension is discharged by a manifesto in the *Dial*. In the present state of parties, says the oracle, when party landmarks are submerged in the flood that threatens even further devastation, safety of country and preservation of our beloved constitution will be best secured by appointment to head of affairs of a personage whose position and character shall be of a sort to secure the co-operation of the leading statesmen of all parties, and under whom it shall be no disparagement to the ablest politicians to serve. "Such a combination of qualifications," continues our oracle, "will be at once recognised as being present in a peculiar degree in the person of the Duke of Ulster, and we are glad to be able to announce that both Mr Merrifield and Mr Braham have consented to take an active part in the Administration which that distinguished nobleman has been instructed to form. The public will naturally inquire in what way a difficulty is to be surmounted which at once suggests itself—namely, how the just claims of these two statesmen to be each at the head of the Government in the House of Commons, can be

satisfied ; and we are glad to announce that the difficulty has already been overcome. Mr Braham, with a true patriotism which has never been wanting to his character, has gracefully waived his claim to the leadership in favour of his former opponent and present colleague, on the just plea that his greater age may fairly exempt him from the labours of the post, which has accordingly, though not without protest, been accepted by Mr Merrifield. The country may be congratulated on an arrangement which secures the great business capacity and mastery of details of the one for the irksome duties of leader, aided by the persuasive management of the other, while the example set by these eminent men, of subordination of self-interest to the public good, affords the happiest augury for the Duke of Ulster's success in forming a powerful Administration, calculated to maintain the dignity and independence of the country in this hour of difficulty."

And so on. Final arrangements said to be not complete, but the Duke in communication with the leading men of both parties. Eminently satisfactory arrangement, says the public ; man of great capacity, the Duke of Ulster, but this the first opportunity of developing it ; and of a fine courage too, quality very needful at present crisis. Brave, but disposed to be rash, says Hottice (a great authority) at the clubs. Not so, replies Howtoss (another great authority) ; rashness the best prudence, perchance, in these times. Gratifying tribute to the claims of science, his appointment, say the men of science ; but, alas ! great Calculus of the Unthinkable will now be never finished. Gradually the details leak out, with more or less accuracy. Lord Grandison to take the Foreign Office, say the earlier rumours. Naturally, for who so fit ? A trifle indolent perhaps, but

firm when necessary, yet courteous withal, and proficient in knowledge of European affairs. But gout ever increasing interferes, and Lord Grandison, it is at length announced, is to accept seat in Cabinet without office, while Mr Braham takes the Foreign Office. Mr Merrifield to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, with leadership in the House of Commons as aforesaid. Other noble lords take seats in Cabinet without office, for men are more abundant than places. Cabinet will become debating club and sort of fifth estate, growls the *Piccadilly* ; Cabinet already too large. Which is true, but unavoidable. Leaders of both parties must be conciliated, and you cannot have all the talent of the country in the Government if any is left out.

So goes on the process of forming a strong Government. Other appointments are announced by degrees. Mr Sinnick to be Home Secretary (Tommy should in no wise be left out, say both Hottice and Howtoss, at the clubs, if you want peace within). Marquis of Tewkesbury, Secretary for the Colonies. Not practical enough, says Hottice, shaking his head ; most clever beyond a doubt, but too impetuous, and will surely kick over the Government traces. Can't be helped, says Howtoss ; Lord Tewkesbury a man by no means to be left out in the cold. Has definite opinions, too, not at all tending towards political effacement of England, and much in favour at present time. The Earl of Man takes India with general approval. So much sound sense invaluable to any Government, a somewhat too phlegmatic nature notwithstanding. Mr Carstairs to the Admiralty. A tribute to Manchester, observes Hottice ; and to good sense and genial ways, adds Howtoss ; Carstairs evidently the Premier of the future.

The Chancellorship a great difficulty, present holder of the Great

Seal being the acknowledged head of the profession, and much more than a mere lawyer to boot, while Lord Soffyste has great claims on his party, and is in every respect a man by no manner of means to be left out when good things are going. Proposal whispered about to put Great Seal in commission, and have virtually two Chancellors, for surely no care and expense should be spared to insure the Government being really a great united Government, and these are not times to stickle about economy. Difficulty eventually got over by proposed creation of new High Appellate Court, with one of the two noble lords to preside over it, while the other takes the Chancellorship. Quite enough work for a Chancellor, in these times, it was said, to lead the House of Lords and manage political business without sitting in a law court also; grave questions of international law arising daily which call for best attention of England's best jurist.

But even thus, say some grumblers of the late Opposition, will not your party have more than its share? How so? it is replied; do not you know that the Duke of Kingston is to be President of the Council, and that Hawthorne Sturdy takes the Board of Trade?—which answer is said to be truly satisfactory.

This, then, was the composition of the Government—Great United Government as it came to be called, and will be so handed down to history:—

First Lord of the Treasury, Duke of Ulster.

President of the Council, Duke of Kingston.

Lord Chancellor, Lord Soffyste.

Lord President of High Appellate Court with seat in Cabinet [and *carte blanche* about law reform], Lord Pilgrim.

Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, Mr Merrifield.

First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr Carstairs.

Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr Braham.

Secretary for Home Department, Mr Sinnick.

Secretary for the Colonies, Marquis of Tewkesbury.

Secretary for India, Earl of Man.

President of the Board of Trade, Mr Hawthorne Sturdy.

Such were the principal appointments as finally arranged. Arrangements most judicious, say the press and the public: with so much talent and experience combined at the helm, England may face all dangers present and to come. Commanding majority in the House, says Hottice, —two hundred and fifty at least, so Glissereene told me himself. More like three hundred, replies Howtoss, —had it direct from Jasper Sumfute. [These two gentlemen were to be joint-secretaries to the Treasury.] No opposition left to speak of, in fact. Ah! there lurk the seeds of decay, both these gentlemen agree in prophesying; wheels will soon get rusty if there be no friction of opposition.

This ominous view, however, had so far become apparent only to experienced critics like my two friends. The public generally had nothing but admiration to offer for a Government so strong. But one appointment had still to be filled up—the War Office, and speculation was rife upon the subject. Lord Stowe will stop in, says rumour number one. Not so, says rumour number two; Lord Stowe too old, and in no case the man for Galway, whether Hibernian or otherwise. Not so, says Lord Stowe himself, after the matter is settled; his lordship tired of work and about to seek rest at Como with his dear Sophia and the rest of his daughters. Perkyman surely is to have the offer? Not so, again. Perkyman, it is thought, will claim to reopen Purchase question. Per-

kyman and Purchase in these times alike not to be thought of. Why not send Carstairs to Pall Mall, say the critics, and put Admiralty into commission ; or prevail on Neiland to take charge of it again ? Neiland should really not be allowed to refuse office in this way. If lamented Thorowcome could only be prevailed on to return to public life and the War Office, all would be well ; but medical opinion quite prohibitory. Buoyers also still ineligible for same reason. Who then shall it be ?

A question much discussed at all clubs, and especially at the Union Jack. "Confound it," said Julian Straight, late a brother officer, "whatever they do, I hope they won't give us Buoyers for War Secretary ; he's a terrible fellow for pulling things about and making changes. I daresay he would be wanting to break up the old regiment."

"Well, we are a pretty big body," said Cobbe Smith, who was standing by.

"Not so very big ; under five-and-thirty thousand, all told."

"Well, that's a tidy lot to have in one regiment ; and if they add forty batteries more, as they talk of doing, we shall be over forty thousand ; and whoever heard of a regiment of forty thousand men ? The thing must break down, sooner or later, by its own weight."

"No difficulty whatever in managing it," said Colonel Murphy, "if you have an organisation by batteries, and make each battery a separate unit." Whereat the disputants separated.

"You must take quite an interest in all these War Office changes," said Peake of the Engineers, coming up stealthily as I stood by a side table turning over the magazines, while he made as if doing the same—"you must take quite an interest in these things, having seen something of

the inside working of the place. You were Paymaster-General once, were you not, or something of that sort ?"

"Pity you left us," said Murphy, also of my late regiment—"pity you left us so soon. You might have stopped in with this new Government, and with a better chief than old Stowe, you might have done something. For my part, I thought there was a good deal in your schemes. Pity you cooked your goose so completely by chucking up."

The papers meanwhile are discussing the Perkymen-Neiland hypothesis, one paper only suggesting that in these times the idea of a Parliamentary War Minister should be discarded, and a real soldier put in, Sir Roderick Baton, for example, or some other tried organiser of that sort. But the notice which had most interest for me was a little paragraph which appeared in my old friend the *Overseer*, at the end of several others announcing the various Ministerial appointments, with a ticket of commendation or the reverse in each case.

"The War Secretaryship still remains undisposed of, the new Premier and his advisers being apparently in difficulty between the desire to fill it with an efficient man, and fear of leaving the beaten track. Lord Stowe is too slow, and Mr Buoyers is too ill, and Mr Neiland is in a pet, so the list of eligibles is almost exhausted. Colonel West might prove to be the proper man in such an emergency, at any rate would be worth a trial, none of the younger politicians having made a mark in so short a time ; but then he is not a duke, and is a colonel, and the last objection is, we suppose, a fatal one."

It would not do, of course, to write to the editor to say that I was not a colonel, or a military man of any rank ; but the mistake was a provoking one under the circumstances.

CHAPTER LVII.—INVOLVES A THIRD APPEAL TO THE ELECTORS OF LEATHERBY.

"Is Cincinnatus to be recalled from the plough? It will be a regular shame if he is not, although it seems almost too much good luck to be possible. But I wonder you can sit there so quietly. Even I feel almost too excited to stop still for a minute. When do you suppose will the matter be decided?"

Thus spake a gentle voice, of a young lady sitting at fancy-work in a drawing-room, by Queen's Gate, to Cincinnatus, in an easy-chair, pretending to read a novel.

It is difficult to know what to do when ticketed off in this way. If some one, for example, says that you are like Julius Caesar, to reply that you are not is merely to invite the other party to pursue the parallel, and to point out more particularly in what respects you resemble that famous person. It is perhaps better to be silent than to repudiate the compliment, and in the present case I could only reply that I must certainly plead guilty to being a little curious on the subject, but did not expect the offer would now be made, if it ever had been intended to make it.

"Well," said Mary, "all I can say is, it will be a tremendous shame if they don't ask you. If they do not, all their talk about being in earnest to defend the country vigorously is a mere mockery."

"My dear Mary, it would indeed be a sad state of things for poor old England if everything turned on one particular man being secured for a Minister. Think of the mute inglorious Miltons and the possible Chathams and Pitts scattered over the country, serving behind counters, perhaps, for want of a chance. One's bootmaker or tailor may be a born organiser, only he has no means of showing it, yet the world

wags, nevertheless. I do not deny thinking I could make a good job of the business if I had a chance, and such a chance will never occur again; but I have not been long enough in Parliament by twenty years. The world would be naturally shocked if one of 'Mr Merrifield's young men' were made a Cabinet Minister at a jump. But don't be afraid, there is plenty of talent available for organising the army if it is only made use of. Any respectable Minister will do, provided he will back up his subordinates and adopt their plans heartily. But I do hope they won't take on Lord Stowe again. That would indeed be making a farce of the whole business."

Thereon silence ensued, and I could not but smile inwardly to think that a man who had never been in the Cabinet, or even served in the Board of Treasury or the Home Office, or the Treasury, or been called to the Bar, and who suffered under the further disqualification of having been fifteen years in the army, should be gravely discussing his claims to the War Ministry; his confidant, who expressed herself so boldly, being a young girl fresh from the country, who had never spoken to a Minister but once in her life.

And yet, when just at this moment there was a ring at the street bell, I could not help connecting it with the matter in hand. There had been many rings during the day, as at other London houses, yet a mysterious prescience seemed to announce another turning-point in my life; and when the servant entered the room with a letter, I felt absolute disappointment to find that it did not bear the Duke of Ulster's signature. In the corner,

however, were the initials, J. G. M. The letter was from Mr Merrifield. It ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR MR WEST,—You are aware that the Duke of Ulster is engaged in forming an Administration, in which myself and several of my political friends have been invited, and have agreed, to act, together with Mr Braham and other of the leading members of the late Opposition. I venture to think that, in the present critical state of affairs, it behoves all those whose services are of a sort to be calculated to be useful to the nation, and whose political opinions are not too completely opposed to the principles and aims of the new Government, to afford their co-operation, according to their several means and capabilities. Such have been the considerations which actuated myself and my friends in accepting office, under circumstances which would otherwise have rendered such a course extremely repugnant to our feelings. One of the Prime Minister’s aims will be to undertake a revision of the defences of the country, with a view to placing them on such a footing of efficiency—possibly by augmentation of the forces, at any rate by such measures of improved organisation as may be appropriate to the occasion, bearing in mind, of course, the need for prompt action, and also that the constitution of the army should and must always be maintained in harmony with the spirit and practice of our political system, and bearing also in mind the need for maintaining such reasonable economy as may be practicable even in the present critical state of affairs—as shall be adequate to secure that degree of independence for ourselves, and justice for the claims of weaker nations, which, without undue interference in Continental affairs, must

necessarily be a primary object with any Administration, more especially at the present time,—although, for my own part, I am still not without hopes that we shall be yet spared the curse and misery of war,—which would command the confidence and support of the nation. The Duke having done me the honour to consult me, as well as others, on the formation of his Administration, and in consequence of my better acquaintance with you, has now requested me to say that it would afford him much satisfaction to learn that you would be prepared to give him your co-operation, in view to undertaking the duties, at this time peculiarly onerous and responsible, arising in connection with the charge of the War Department.—Believe me, my dear Mr West, very faithfully yours,
“J. G. MERRIFIELD.”

I am not generally given to babble about official matters, but in the impulse of the moment I could not help handing the letter to my companion.

Mary read it with a flushed face and sparkling eye, and then, handing it back, said, with a bright sympathetic smile, “You see I was a true prophet. The Duke of Ulster will be more of a hero than ever in my opinion, now that he has shown himself so wise.”

“You think, then, I ought to accept?” I asked, rising from my chair, in which I had been watching Mary’s face while she read the letter, and standing before her.

“Ought to accept! Why, what else could you be thinking of doing?” and Mary looked up wonderingly, while her smile changed to a more caustic expression.

“Well, don’t you think that the arrangement is rather a strange one? If the Duke of Ulster wants me to join his Government, why doesn’t he write himself, instead of sending

a message by a third party? I don't suppose an offer of the kind was ever made in the same way before."

"It seems to me perfectly natural. You don't know the Duke of Ulster personally, I believe, and you know Mr Merrifield very well. What more natural than that the latter should be asked to write, especially by his own brother-in-law? No doubt he has been largely consulted by the Duke, and has pressed your claims."

"I should say not. You will observe he says nothing about his own opinions, but merely quotes the new Premier's."

"Surely that arises from delicacy of feeling. It would not have been pleasant to be told that the Duke had deferred to the writer's opinion against his own. Besides, the whole letter is redolent of Mr Merrifield's humility of character, which makes him all the more charming, I think. It is that perhaps which makes him a little indistinct."

"Yes, indeed. But that there can be only one post meant, I should fancy that something else was intended by these 'duties arising in connection with the charge of the War Department.' Why couldn't he say the War Secretaryship at once? Then the silence about his own opinions is a little mysterious. It would be hopeless to attempt to carry any measure in a Government Merrifield belonged to, if he were against it."

"Men are funny creatures," observed Mary, drily, relapsing into her needlework. Presently, as I remained silent, she added, "But that I don't want to say anything that would put you on better terms with yourself just now, I should say that great men appear to have more than their share of petty vanity."

"At least they are not likely to fail from not being told their faults," I replied pettishly, and then

turned to walk up and down the room, the letter in my hand. But although angry, partly at being lectured by this young lady, still more probably at having laid myself open to her penetration, I could not help being struck with the absurdity of the situation—that I, who two years ago was a penniless regimental officer, should now be pretending to myself to deliberate gravely whether to accept or not the offer which realised more than my wildest hopes had ever ventured to conceive, and this on account of a trifling departure from etiquette. Withal I could not help being amused at the notion of our guest, who had scarcely ever been out of Leatherby neighbourhood in her life, gravely discussing the intentions of past and present Premiers as inferred from this mysterious letter.

But in a few turns of the room I recovered my temper, and exclaiming, "Yes, Mary, I am a goose, and what is worse, you have found it out," sat down at the table and replied to the letter.

"DEAR MR MERRIFIELD,—Understanding from your letter just received that the Duke of Ulster's Administration will enter upon office with the intention of making vigorous army reform a leading measure, and that this measure will also receive your unqualified personal support, I can have no hesitation in accepting the Duke's very gratifying offer, which you have done me the honour to communicate, of the charge of the War Department."

"I wonder what Eva will say when she hears of this change of fortune," I observed, when the note was finished and despatched. Eva had gone out to attend a committee of lady patronesses for a great charity ball on behalf of an oppressed nationality—oppressed nationalities rather common just then—some refugees

from which, then resident in London, were to be danced into the possession of a little food and clothes.

"I wonder what Eva will say."

"Eva will be sure to be pleased at anything which pleases you." And Mary spoke gravely and in a tone almost of rebuke, as if implying that my remark was intended to disparage my wife, and that she wished to check all such confidences.

To have explained that I had no such meaning, or any reservation in my remark, would have made matters worse. I could only remain silent, feeling that the rebuke might at any rate be fairly placed to the debit of old offences—bitter speeches made lightly, but which perhaps had the weight of frequency.

Eva came home shortly afterwards; and as she entered the room, dressed with the taste which adorned everything she wore, and flushed with the excitement of the committee meeting, I thought she had never looked more charming.

"There they are," she exclaimed, placing a packet on the table, and throwing herself into an easy-chair; "each member of the committee has fifty vouchers to give away. Oh, Charlie, you ought to have been there to see how it was managed. The Duchess of Scarborough in the chair, and amendments, and resolutions, and rules, and all sorts of things, just as if we had all been members of Parliament. I am sure I don't know what it was all about, but the Duchess made quite a little speech about the responsibility we must all feel to give away the vouchers carefully. I shall never know what to do with mine."

"Get the Miss Stricklands to come and help you to make out a list. But now is an opportunity for securing the undying gratitude of our Leatherby friends. Mrs Scrap would come up to town in a minute if you send her a voucher, and she

might seize the occasion for bringing out *Dulcibella*." *Dulcibella* was the eldest Miss Scrap, *æt.* 17.

"Mr West, too, will stand in need of all his interest, now that he has to be re-elected," said Mary; "these vouchers come just at the right time."

I took this as a hint that I ought to be telling Eva the news, and that Mary feared I meant to keep it back, as to which, however, she was quite mistaken, but there had not been a moment for speaking sooner. However, I now broke in.

"I have a piece of news for you too, Eva. I am going to join the new Government in Lord Stowe's old place; head of the War Department, you know. Are you pleased, or sorry, Eva dear?" I continued, seeing that she remained silent, leaning back in her chair and looking up as if she hardly understood what was meant.

"Why, of course I am glad," answered Eva at last, "to see that you are so pleased, you dear ambitious old man;" and getting up, Eva put her hands on my shoulders in the old pretty way, and looking wistfully for a moment with her blue eyes into mine, gave me a kiss.

It was a long time since Eva had volunteered a kiss, and the little ceremony gave me a thrill of pleasure; but somehow the way in which she spoke threw a shade of sadness after it. She had often called me an old man before, in fun; but something in the tone of her voice seemed now to imply a sense of distance between us, unfelt in our earlier married days.

The *Dial* of that morning had contained a mysterious article regarding the vacant Secretaryship, to the effect that experience and tact were above all else the qualifications needful for the post; and that the country wanted

"not so much a man great himself at organising, or who possesses a detailed knowledge of military affairs, as a statesman of varied experience who would give free play to the plans of his qualified advisers, with judgment to decide between conflicting schemes, and who would bring to the office the weight and authority conferred by rank and age."

"Seen the article in to-day's *Dial*?" said Tom Strickland—still, poor fellow, doing regimental duty—when he looked in that afternoon at the little house by Queen's Gate; "Hot-tice, who pretends to know everything, says it is an inspired feeler, and that they are actually going to bring old Stowe in again. Howtoss, on the other hand, says the article refers to Thorowcome, and that he knows for a fact Sir Charles Digit and another physician have gone down to Shropshire to report whether he is fit for work again. But I won't believe it is to be old Stowe till I see it; the thing would be too ridiculous. You don't happen to know anything about it, I suppose?" he added, looking curiously at me.

I did not like to have a secret in the matter from my old private secretary, but could only remark that the article certainly looked as if inspired. Mary Drew meanwhile kept an unconcerned face; Eva was upstairs in her room, resting after the fatigues of her committee labours.

Next morning the *Dial* had another article on the subject. The Duke of Ulster would best show the claims of his Government to deserve the confidence of the country, by obtaining for it the services of a body of Ministers with capacity adapted to the work in hand, and especially

by judicious selection for the important charge of the War Department. These were not times for promotion by routine, and even the claims of long political service must give way to the exigencies of the occasion. No staff of permanent officials, however zealous and able, would suffice to carry out the great measures expected by the nation, unless the head of the Department himself possessed a marked capacity for organisation. Mr West, in his short career of office, brought lately to a close by an unfortunate misunderstanding, had given promise of the possession of this quality in an unusual degree, while the experience gained in the profession would be especially valuable in carrying out changes, the success of which mainly depended on care in the elaboration of details. And so on. The *Dial*, in short, patted both the Duke of Ulster and Mr West on the back, and as good as promised them its full support.

This was on a Friday. On Saturday the *Overseer* had its little paragraph on the subject, coming after a string of others about the new appointments. "Lastly, the appointment of Mr West [whom we called Colonel West last week inadvertently, having mistaken him for an officer of that name in the Marines] to the War Department shows that the Duke of Ulster means business. Mr West—young man with brains and experience, who yet does not think there is nothing like leather, and can speak without stammering—may very likely prove to be the born organiser the country has always been looking for. The new Government will do."

THE BENGAL RYOT.

IN every country the keystone of society is the cultivator of the soil. All other industries hinge upon his exertions, and all classes share more or less directly in his good or evil fortunes. A special branch of manufacture, a great staple of production, may fall off or decay altogether without causing inconvenience except to the particular sections interested in it; and society soon devises a substitute. But the disasters of the agriculturists affect the whole country, and a failure of our food supplies entails universal calamity. In Britain, where our manifold resources enable us to command the produce of other nations, we are too apt to under-estimate the cultivators' importance, and to think that so long as our minerals and manufactures thrive, the prosperity of the country cannot be greatly endangered. But the very antithesis meets us in India. In that country, dependent as it is upon its own production, a famine following a failure of the crops with the unerring certainty of a natural law, the position of the agriculturist as the backbone and mainstay of the community cannot easily be ignored. His importance is likewise enhanced by the fact that in India the land and agriculture bear the large proportion of public burdens which is borne in England by native and imported manufactures. It is only natural, then, that a person upon whom the welfare of the country so greatly depends should be a primary object of care to the State; and we accordingly find that agriculture has been as much noticed by the Indian Government as it has been unjustly ignored of late by our Home Administration. It has been a principle kept firmly in view by the most successful Indian statesmen, and by none

more so than by the late Governor-General, that no reform can be of permanent public advantage which does not begin by improving the condition of the agricultural classes.

There is no subject that has been more frequently before the Indian legislatures than the condition of the "Ryot," or cultivator of the soil; and yet there is no class of natives about whom looser ideas are entertained by the home public, or about whom there has been so much of both random writing and speaking. But without an intimate study of the agricultural population, our discussions on Indian subjects can never pass the bounds of mere speculation or conjecture, and can result only in that empirical style of criticism which is the most serious difficulty that the Indian administrator has to contend against. To throw some light upon the social condition of the Bengal agriculturist is the object of the following paper.

It is now clearly established that communal cultivation was the prevailing system of agriculture in ancient India; that the village as a body, and not its individual members, was responsible for the rental; that so long as it paid its way, preserved order, abstained from aggression, and cheerfully complied with such extraordinary demands of government as exigencies might dictate, the village community was left to exercise autonomy; and that these village communities governed themselves by laws and customs common to them all, or differing only in such degrees as changes in time, place, or people were capable of producing. It is in these communal customs that the germs of our Indian land laws must be sought; and it is extremely unfortunate that

both the Bench and the Legislature should have been so tardy to recognise this descent. The laws of Manu fix the State's interest in the land at one-sixth of the produce; and there can be little doubt that, under the ancient Hindoo *régime*, this was regarded as the legal standard, although the necessities of Government on the one hand, and the circumstances of the cultivating communities on the other, must constantly have compelled deviations which would ultimately tend to the substitution of an equitable assessment for an arbitrary impost. It is easy to conjecture how cultivation first broke the bounds of the village; how the little community would soon get too large for itself; how poverty would impel some, and enterprise others, to seek out new possessions for themselves; and how, by the indolence of the villagers and the oppression of their superiors, the village communities would in process of time be destroyed. It was the policy of the Muhammedan conquerors to leave the cultivators as much undisturbed as possible, and to exact the land revenue without reference to questions of tenure. The Emperor Akbar fixed the Government revenue from land at a third of the produce, an assessment the equity of which is still apparent to posterity. But between the law as laid down at Delhi, and the law as administered in the various provinces of the Moghal Empire, there was a wide diversity; and whatever might be the theoretical protection thrown over them by the Government, the position of the Hindoo ryot, under the Muhammedan district officials, was harder, more uncertain, and infinitely more subject to caprice, than that of the Saxon "villain" in the darkest period of English feudalism. The term *ra'iyat*, a subject—our vulgar ryot—with

its plural *rāyā*, applied by the Mussulmans to the agricultural classes, carried with it an undoubted imputation of inferiority or vassalage, as it does to the present day in the Ottoman Empire, where the Porte officially designates its Christian subjects by the style of "rayah." The spirit of the Koran was favourable to village communities, and the fiscal policy of the Moghals would have fostered them if it had been disinterestedly carried out. The land revenue was more easily and cheaply collected in lump sums from villages than in individual rents. The assessment was struck upon an average of the produce, and a commission upon the collections gave the village headman an interest in being honest. It is easy to conceive how closely such a system must have attached itself to the hearts of the people; and wherever village communities have been perpetuated under our own Government, all judicial interference, all the operations of the survey, have been watched with the keenest jealousy. But a variety of circumstances militated against this system of tenures. The gift of a certain number of villages was one of the commonest rewards conferred upon a Moghal courtier, and the communal system offered too effectual a resistance to illegal exactions for the new proprietor to tolerate it. Local officials were always eager to confiscate village rights, and in unsettled times the strongest man could always seize upon, and purchase a title to, the land of his weaker neighbour. The peculiar circumstances of Bengal were specially unfavourable to communal tenures. The provincial governors were constantly in revolt against the emperor, and provided they procured money to pay their soldiers, and could confiscate land to reward their favourites, they recked little

of the rights and security of their subjects. The "farming" system of collection which prevailed throughout the whole land was in Bengal carried out to an oppressive extent. The Government, immersed in war or intrigues, placed the land revenue in the hands of zemindars or "landsmen," persons who, by their position or resources, were able to command the obedience of their neighbours, and who, so long as they paid the sum required into the Moorshedabad treasury, were left to realise the rents in any way that pleased them. But, on the whole, the ryots preferred these zemindars, who generally belonged to their own race, to the high-handed Muhammedan collectors, whom the Nawab set over the districts. Sometimes half-a-dozen of villages would join together and place themselves under the protection of some neighbouring proprietor, who was strong enough to resist the oppression of the officials, and all their rents would be subsequently paid through him. Sometimes proprietary rights would be surrendered for the sake of peace and security. In other instances the zemindar would confiscate them to himself, when the occupant had fallen behind with his rent. At all events, in the unsettled condition of Bengal, it was perfectly possible for the zemindars to acquire a hereditary right to the lands farmed by them within a very brief period; and all the evidence now available tends to show that when Bengal fell into the hands of the British, the majority of zemindars were no mere middle-men removable from office at the pleasure of the Government, but persons possessed of an actual stake in the estates over which they presided. Their titles may, of course, have been arbitrary and irregular in the highest degree; but then they were not worse than those of the actual

cultivators, whose rights rested rather upon prescription and sufferance than upon documentary evidence. At all events, the British found no regular system of landed property in Bengal, but a host of mutually-conflicting titles, with neither evidence nor precedent, worthy of the name, to aid the Government in determining upon claims.

No part of Indian history is better known to the home public than the Permanent Settlement of 1793, by which Lord Cornwallis evoked order out of chaos, and conferred upon the zemindars a legal title to their lands. The attempted Decennial Settlements of 1789 and 1790 had clearly shown that this was the wisest course which Government could adopt. Lord Cornwallis's Settlement has been much attacked of late years by persons who forget that it, and it alone, afforded the British a peaceful basis from which to make themselves masters of the whole of Hindostan. Some idea of the confused state of landed property may be gathered from the fact, that an attempt made to register the holdings subordinate to the zemindar in 1794 had to be abandoned, because the cultivators could not define their own rights, and because the landlords did not dare in their own interests to do it for them. Lord Cornwallis's Settlement carefully protected the rights of sub-proprietors, who now became a sort of "copyholders" under the zemindar; and it also guaranteed fixity of tenure to the *khudkhasht* ryots, or resident cultivators, whose occupancy dated from twelve years before 1793. These ryots were now to hold their lands so long as they regularly paid their rents, which were to be fixed at decennial intervals upon the current market value of land; with the rest of his estate the zemindar was free to deal as he pleased, and if re-

strictions were imposed upon him, they certainly were not in favour of his tenants. He was forbidden to grant any lease for a period longer than ten years, to dispose of dependent holdings at rates below their actual value, or to grant leases to ryots at reduced rents for a long term or in perpetuity. Some such restriction was highly necessary in the interests of the revenue, for landed property was still in a very insecure condition. Completely demoralised by the native government, beggared by its exactions, and naturally thriftless, the original zemindars soon fell before the rigid enforcement of the law of distraint; and during the next quarter of a century many of the fairest estates in Bengal changed hands, lapsing from the old Hindoo aristocracy to the *novi homines* who had amassed fortunes under the wing of the Company at Calcutta. The new-comers were a very different class of men from the old Hindoo squires that had lived and died among their own people. They seldom came near their estates, and only at term times to gather in the rents; they had learned the value of money too well to squander it away among their tenants; and they intrusted the absolute control of their property to agents, who in their turn looked to make a fortune off the land. The old feudal feelings which had overridden all differences and had knit together all classes connected with the soil were now broken, and each class wished to stand upon its rights and to take all that the law allowed it.

The hard and fast manner in which Lord Cornwallis's Regulations tied up the land left little room for altercation, and the only litigation to which estates could properly give rise, were suits upon rent-free grants pretended to have been made before the Permanent Settlement, or disputes between the zemindar and his

under-proprietors. But nevertheless, differences between landlord and tenant were of constant occurrence, and the courts were besieged with suitors. When a landlord threatened to cancel a lease, the ryot swore he was *khudkhasht*, or of the privileged class, and witnesses would be freely suborned by both parties. Many of these disputes were originated or fostered by the native law-agents and the underlings of the courts for the sake of the fees which flowed into them from both sides. The most atrocious frauds were unblushingly perpetrated—documents were forged—nay, the principal party to a suit would be sometimes personated. Even if the cases had been fairly got up, the courts were but little prepared to give authoritative decisions. Any one who has gone through the "Select Reports" of the old Sudder Court at Calcutta, can carry away with him only the alternative conclusion, either that the land question was hopelessly complicated, or that the judges were hopelessly incompetent. For what does he find? an order passed one day and rescinded the next; a point decided in favour of the landlord in one issue, and given against him in the second similar case that came up; a principle declared by one judge to be law, and by the next to be no law; judges resting their views rather upon their own *doctrinaire* views of the land question, than upon the text of the Acts. The civilian trained in the peasant-proprietor schools of the north-west took the part of the ryot against his landlord, while the officers brought up in the Bengal faith were equally ready to champion the cause of the zemindar. In 1812 it was found necessary to free the landlord's hands in the management of his property, and to allow him to make such contracts with his tenants as suited him, the rights of "*khudkhasht* ryots" being

always reserved. The first use which the zemindar made of his liberty was to feu away fresh portions of his estate, just as the first step of the tenant who has got fixity of tenure is to sublet a portion of his holding. Between subinfeudation and subletting, the land question in Bengal becomes, as it approaches our own times, even more complicated than before the Permanent Settlement. But until 1845, when the friends of the ryot were all-powerful in Calcutta, no plea of limitation had been put forth on behalf of fixity of tenure, except in the case of the privileged *khudkhasht* ryots. Until this time no court ever seriously entertained the notion that twelve years' occupancy could entitle any ryot to a protected tenure; but when the point was once mooted, there were not wanting judges to affirm it, although their affirmation was dictated rather by views of policy than by rules of law. From 1846 to 1856 the decisions upon tenant-right were conflicting in the extreme, but the Government was meanwhile preparing to give effect to its own prepossessions in favour of the ryot. A ruling, in the latter year, that "uninterrupted tenancy for more than twelve years should bar a suit laid for the ejectment" of the tenant, paved the way for legislation upon the subject three years later. The famous Act X. of 1859 definitively settled the question in favour of the ryot by conferring fixity of tenure upon every one who could prove twelve years' occupancy, and created a revolution in the land of Bengal to the full as sweeping as that which Lord Cornwallis had inaugurated in the opposite direction sixty-six years before.

With this slight sketch of the relations of landlord and tenant, we may perhaps be able to enter into the social condition of the Bengal cultivator. And first we

would correct the misapprehension that the position of the Bengal cultivator necessarily resembles that of the peasant-proprietor of western Europe. The word "ryot" is just as wide in its application as our word "tenant," provided the occupancy is of land. In one village we may find a ryot occupying fifty well-stocked acres, and employing a number of agricultural labourers, while his neighbour ryot has only a cow and his cottage homestead, which he tills with his own hands. The Bengalee has no love for manual labour; and the first use he makes of prosperity is to procure a substitute. Many of the well-to-do ryots in the vicinity of Calcutta and other large towns either sublet their holdings or cultivate them entirely by hired labour, while they themselves find a more profitable occupation in business, or in professional work in the city. But for all that they are just as much accounted ryots as the cultivating peasants.

Let us glance for a minute at the "steading" of a Bengal ryot in easy circumstances — a man who owns 100 *bighas* of land, or rather more than 30 English acres, and employs three or probably four ploughs in its cultivation. His dwelling is composed of a number of huts placed so as to form a quadrangle. The walls are of mud, and the roofs are thatched with straw or jungle-grass. In front of the house, on each side of the entrance, is a verandah, the roof of which is supported by rough undressed stems of bamboo, and which is furnished with a *chick*, or curtain of bamboo splits, to exclude the sun and insure the privacy of the inmates. Inside is a courtyard paved with clay baked to the consistency of paving-stone, which, in a tidy household, is duly swept and watered every morning. From the courtyard separate doors lead into

the various apartments of the family. The only apertures in the walls are boarded loopholes, seldom containing glass, and in the case of the female apartments, frequently furnished with iron bars, as a safeguard to the virtue of the inmates. The largest room is of course set apart for the master and his wife or wives; the second best, generally the one next the door, for the reception of company; and the others are allotted among the servants in the order of their importance, the female domestics, if any, generally sleeping in the kitchen, and the outdoor labourers being quartered in the barn, or, if married, having huts of their own in the vicinity. A ryot seldom employs female servants in house-work; but there are few families of any size that do not include one or more widows, who, in consequence of their condition, become the household drudges. If we venture into the interior, it will appear to our ideas wretchedly destitute of furniture. There is, to be sure, a goodly array of brass pots and copper cups, to keep which as bright as gold is the delight of a good Bengalee housewife. There is a *charpai* or rude four-legged bedstead, the framework being of bamboo and the bottoming of a network of cloth or fibres. The pillows and mattresses are filled with cotton. There are warm blankets for use in the cold weather, and there are probably net-curtains to protect the slumbers of the family from the malevolence of mosquitoes. A floor-cloth called *satranji* will be spread out in the centre of the room, and there, upon greasy cushions, the inmates loll or squat in every conceivable attitude of indolence. But there is neither chair nor table visible. A large chest contains the family treasures, the ornaments of the mistress and her children, and the ryot's spare stock of rupees, if,

indeed, he does not make mother earth his banker, preferring rather to bury his money than to trust to bolts and bars. In the centre of the room stands the family *hookhah*, of such large dimensions that it can hardly be called portable, the globe which holds the water being made of brass or of an alloy of silver. The reception-room is fitted up with cushions or a rude ottoman, or perhaps a rickety chair or two, of a European pattern, which are, of course, assigned to the visitors of most consideration, greatly to the inconvenience of the persons thus honoured, who would feel much more at ease squatted upon their hams *more majorum*. In no description of a Bengalee dwelling must the family temple pass unnoticed. Here, generally at the end of the quadrangle opposite to the entrance, sits enshrined the *Thakoor*, or idol under whose protection the house and land have been placed, by whose favour both crops and cattle thrive, and whose displeasure sends blight upon the grain, murrain upon the beasts, and ruin upon the ryot. The temple is generally but a small room, open to the courtyard; but it is the most expensive one to furnish—for not only must there be as many brass and copper vessels as would serve a small family, but the room must be lighted at night by a fine brazen chandelier, the throne of the god must be suitably decorated with gilding and tinsel, and there must be a decent carpet for the worshippers to pray upon.

The business of a Bengalee farm does not require many buildings. A cow-house, not unfrequently under the same roof with the family; a building of a rather inferior stamp for the plough-cattle; a *gola*, or barn for storing the corn—if the ryot is not compelled to part with it as soon as the grain is thrashed,

which is usually the case,—are all the houses actually necessary. A well-to-do ryot will probably keep an oil-mill, and will grind his own grain; but more often the women grind the food for the family with the *dhenki* or pedal, a heavy pestle moved by the foot with the assistance of a lever. If the ryot's dwelling is isolated from other houses, a thrashing-floor of hard clay is requisite; but if he lives in a village, one will serve the township. The grain is scattered upon the floor and trodden under the feet of the plough-bullocks until the straw is well thrashed; and the corn is afterwards roughly winnowed by large fans of plantain-leaves. Primitive as this operation is, it is wonderful how little corn is really lost in the process; and it is more than probable that, taking the indolence of the natives into account, the straw would not be thrashed nearly so clean, if the use of flails were to be adopted, and the labour transferred from the ox to his master.

Land is rented in Bengal according to the capacities of the soil. In estate accounts we find some such classification as the following generally adopted:—cultivated lands subdivided into homesteads, compound or paddock, garden, low land for rice, high land for cereals, cotton, sugar-cane, jute, betel, grass for thatching, bamboo; and uncultivated lands subdivided into arable, presumably arable, and unculturable. The most dearly rented land is that under betel cultivation, which generally pays about five times the rental of the same extent of rice-field; but betel is the most profitable branch of agriculture, though somewhat precarious, that any ryot can engage in. The betel-garden seldom exceeds a rood in extent. The betel is propagated by slips, which are planted in the commencement of the hot season, and trained to grow

up bamboo supports. It is cultivated under a cage or network of bamboo to protect it from the sun and the weather. After twelve months the garden ought to become productive, and it will last from ten to twelve years; but constant attention has to be given to the watering and dressing of the plants. The universal prevalence of the practice of chewing betel in one or other of its preparations always insures to the farmer a high price for this product. The garden lands are generally given up to leguminous plants, such as lentils or pulses, which are reared for home consumption, to be eaten with rice, and vegetables and plants for seasoning. But the ryot's "kitchen,"—to use a most expressive Saxon word still extant in the northern part of Britain—depends fully as much upon his orchard as upon his garden. The fruit of the plaintain is all to him that the potato is to our agricultural classes. The unripe mango, too, when sliced up and boiled, forms as piquant a sauce to his fish as Lucullus could have desired. The tamarind yields a delicious pickle; the cocoa-nut furnishes him with milk, oil, and food; and the *Jak*, a species of the bread-fruit tree, affords him a favourite seasoning for his curries. Much as we hear of the hard penury which the Bengal ryot has to undergo, it must be admitted that, in point of fare, nature has provided him with a greater variety of edibles than his European representative; and if he does not make the best use of them the blame must rest with his improvidence, or with his vile notions of cookery, which last are alone capable of perverting the ambrosia of the Olympians to the flavour of a Spanish *olla podrida*. A ryot's cottage is generally a pretty sight, as it peeps out of some clump of green jungle, its white walls and brown thatched roof affording a plea-

sant variety to the unbroken green of the landscape. The ryot generally selects a corner of the jungle, or a *tope* of trees to build his house in, mindful of the delights of a cool shade at the hot noontide. If the locality is inclined to be swampy, so much the better, for there is then a greater chance that his tank will keep full of water during the hot season. The erection of a house does not cost much, and if it is made of mud, the ryot will build it for himself with the assistance of a *maistry*, or artisan from the next village. The rafters are made of bamboos, and a thick covering of thatch is laid upon them, which makes an excellent roof, except that it sometimes affords a harbourage for cobras and other venomous snakes. A very poor ryot will often be content with a humble structure formed of grass-mats and bamboos, which despite its frail character is by no means uncomfortable quarters in ordinary weather. His fruit-trees, his vegetables, and his betel-garden are all generally in the vicinity of his cottage. The fruit-trees require little notice, and if he is near a town where there are English residents, their produce always commands a good price.

The real business of the farmer's year begins in February, when he must prepare his fields for the spring crop of rice. The ground is, or ought to be, ploughed three times over; and even then, but for the fertility of the soil and the geniality of the climate, the tillage would be very insufficient. The plough is merely an upright share, shod with iron, fixed in a long straight beam, to which the bullocks are yoked, and held by a short crooked handle. The soil is broken, but not turned over; and even a threefold cross-ploughing fails to produce so free a mould as a single strip with an

English harrow would raise. "A mere scratch with a pocket-comb would do more good," was the contemptuous comment of a Scotch agriculturist when he first saw a Bengal plough at work; "if Providence didn't do more for them than they do for themselves, there would be empty bellies in Bengal." Imagine two oxen harnessed to a ladder six or eight feet long, with two men standing upon it, and as many boys as the animals can pull, and this machine dragged backwards and forwards over the ploughed surface until the soil is loosened and the clods crushed, and you will have some idea of the operation which in India is made to take the place of harrowing. But much manual labour is still necessary before the soil is ready for the seed. Weeds must be rooted up by the hand; hard clods of clay must be broken with a mattock. At length by the end of March the fields are in order; and if there are any signs of rain, sowing may be commenced; but drought very frequently postpones the season until well into April. The first crop is called the *acous*—why, is a mystery to philologists; and the ryot sows it upon the driest and lightest part of his holding. At first the dangers from drought are considerable; and the ryot and his labourers will likely have to toil night and day to irrigate the fields, baling water out of the canals or courses into the tiny channels which intersect the rice-fields. One of the commonest methods of irrigation is by a leather bucket, which is hung from the end of a loaded lever. Two men pull down the bucket until it is filled with water; the weight at the other end of the lever is then allowed to raise it; the men empty the water into the rice channels; and the same process is again repeated. But very often water has to be raised by the hand,

a laborious and tiresome occupation. When the rainy season sets in early in June the *aous* crop is safe, the only danger now likely to overtake it being from inundations. In an ordinary season it should ripen within three lunar months; and in a favourable year the *aous* harvest will fall in August or the early part of September. But meanwhile another crop has been committed to the soil.

About the month of May, just before the *chota bursat*, or early rains, are expected, the ryot sows his *aumon* crop of rice in his best lands, the heavy black loam, which lie low enough to retain a considerable portion of the rainfall. It is upon the *aumon* crop that the ryot mainly depends; and its growth is attended with much more serious risks than the other two sowings. Much depends upon his sowing at the proper time. If he sow too soon, he may be ruined by drought; if too late, the young plants may be drowned by the inundations. The *aumon* takes five months to ripen, and its harvest falls about November, and should be over by Christmas. If the ryot has any lands that lie too low, and are too long under water to be cropped in the *aumon* season, he will sow them during the cold weather, and expect a crop about the end of March, in time to give him seed to sow his *aous* lands. There are thus three crops of grain embraced within the possibilities of the Bengal year. Moreover, the time between the *aous* and *aumon* harvests is employed by the ryot in laying down what he calls his cold-weather crop. The land on which the *aous* has just been reaped is hurriedly ploughed up, and a crop of cereals or pulses sown in it. Large quantities of both grain and

barley are reared in this way during the cold season; but millet, mustard, linseed, pulses, and peas are extensively sown, and turn out very profitable crops by the time that the ground is needed again to carry the spring rice.

To obviate the chances of his whole crop being destroyed, the ryot frequently transplants a portion of his *aumon* sowing. When the young rice-plants are about a foot high, a number of the most promising stems are uprooted and carried off in bundles to a higher plot of land, where they are planted by the hand in rows about a foot apart. The stalks are then levelled in a south-westerly direction, opposite to the prevailing monsoon,—an ingenious though primitive method of ascertaining whether the vitality of the plant has survived transplantation: * for if the stems continue to grow, the genial showers and the wind soon raise them from their recumbent position, if not, they will at once wither away. The *roa* crop, as this planting is called, is very productive, but the straw is too thick and coarse to be used as fodder, although it is well suited for thatch or fuel. Dr Francis Buchanan states that the quality of transplanted rice continues to improve for three years; that it then begins to deteriorate; and that after ten years it becomes almost useless. In bad seasons the *roa* crop often stands between the ryot and utter destitution; and it is one that a prudent farmer will never neglect. Unfortunately, however, the land suitable for transplanted rice is limited, and by no means widely distributed; and there are many ryots who, tempted by indolence, or by superstition, will trust implicitly to a favourable *aumon* crop

* Such at least was the explanation vouchsafed to the writer, and he is inclined to accept it, in the absence of any more probable cause.

on the strength of an astrological prediction, or on the faith of some popular portent.

We in Britain, who are conversant with the immense labour required to extract one crop in the year from the soil, cannot but wonder how, with so few hands, the Indian farmer can accomplish so much. But it must be remembered that in the East nature is the great agriculturist. The Indian labourer does but little work, and that little badly. An English or Scotch farm servant, supposing he could work in a tropical temperature, would be worth the services of any three Indian coolies. They must have their times to smoke, to eat, to rest, and to sleep, no matter how pressing is the business in hand; and the farmer, who is just as indolent as his servants, knows it is hopeless to hurry them. Like all races that lag in the scale of civilisation, the Indian labourer works well only in gangs, and under the eye and rod of the overseer. The immense number of Hindoo holidays interferes, too, with steady farm work. But what matter although the rice-fields are burnt up for want of water? Who could expect a blessing upon his crops unless he kept the festival of Jagauntha? When the drought begins to get serious, and the crops are in a critical condition, at the very time when the ryot ought to redouble his exertions for irrigating the land, he will very probably discontinue them altogether. It is all in the hands of God, he says; and down goes the water-bucket, while he himself sets out on a pilgrimage to the nearest shrine of repute, to spend some score of rupees in the propitiation of the gods, which would have been better set aside for the sustenance of his family during the impending dearth.

In many parts of Bengal there is

a class of labourers called *bargadars*, men who are possessed of at least a plough and a yoke of oxen, and who will relieve the ryot completely of the tillage of his holding. The farmer will occasionally supply a portion of the seed; more frequently the *bargadar* supplies the seed as well as the labour; and at the end of harvest accounts are squared by an equal division of the grain between the ryot and the contractor—the popular notion being apparently that half the produce is due to the inherent fertility of the soil, and half to the labour put forth upon it. *Bargadars* are generally employed by ryots who can turn their leisure to a more profitable account in some other calling; but when cultivators begin to get prosperous and indolent, and cannot manage to sublet their holdings, they often contract for the working of their farms in this fashion.

The jungle and uncultivated lands are always sufficient to pasture his cattle, and the ryot is accordingly independent of green crops. But in the cold weather when the grass is dry he feeds his cows with rice-straw and with oil-cake, of which he has generally a store if he keeps an oil-mill, as is the case with many well-to-do ryots. A ryot's cattle can hardly trespass if they keep off the rice-fields, for a good Hindoo will show more consideration for a cow than for a fellow-creature of lower caste than himself. If the ryot resides in a remote part of the country where there is not much demand for dairy produce, he pays little attention to his cows, provided they supply enough of milk for the wants of his family; and what between bad feeding and want of proper attention, his cows are frequently dry for half the year. The Bengalee breed of cattle is a weak puny race, wanting in buttock, and with the well-known hump on the

shoulder. No attention is paid to crossing, and the stock continues to degenerate, so that when disease breaks out, the animals fall an easy prey to it. Epizootic diseases have always been prevalent in Bengal; and a murrain which has of recent years played sad havoc among cattle in Assam and Eastern Bengal, has apparently been identified with the rinderpest of the Russian steppes. It is upon his cattle, also, that the ryot depends for the tillage of his farm, no use being made of the horse in Indian agriculture. The bullocks draw his plough; they drag the huge, unwieldy, creaking wain that does duty for a cart to market; and they carry light loads of firewood or manure on pack-saddles. The soil is so rich that the ryot gives himself little trouble about manures, and takes no pains to preserve his dung and litter for fertilising his rice-fields. The cow-dung, indeed, is used as fuel, especially in cooking operations, and fires are so seldom required that no ashes accumulate. But he can appreciate "top-dressing," and the earthy deposits which he scoops out of his tanks and water-courses are carefully distributed over the rice-fields. By husbanding his dung, however, and mixing it merely with earth and such decomposed vegetation as he can find in the nearest jungle, the agriculturist would add immensely to the productiveness of the soil, and by quickening the vegetation, often save himself from those disasters which extremes of drought or inundation bring upon the tender plants. But it will take years of education and English effort to rouse the rural masses to an intelligent sense of self-interest.

There is a weekly *hat* or market in most villages, where the ryots meet to transact their petty dealings. There is no better way of studying rural life than to visit one of these

places in the early morning. The tradesmen are generally first on the ground, anxious to get possession of a cool corner where they may set forth their wares to due advantage. The grain-sellers squat among their open bags, the oilman among his greasy earthen jars and pots, with sweetmeat-men, fruiterers, dealers in dairy produce, and vendors of spices and betel to bear them company. The ryots soon begin to troop in. One carries a supple bamboo on his shoulder, from each end of which a jar of butter or milk dangles in equilibrium. Another balances a basket of vegetables on his head, while each hand is occupied by a cocoa-nut or a pine-apple. A third comes leading a bullock with a sack of grain strapped on its back. By eight or nine o'clock it is *agora plethousa*, and the racket and wrangling of buyer and seller may be heard for more than a mile away. The amount of haggling requisite to strike the most insignificant bargain is ludicrously absurd. Some dozen of the Hindoo deities will have been invoked to witness the extortionate demands of the seller and the ridiculous offers of the buyer; mutual recriminations upon the memory of ancestors will have been bandied; entreaties and abuse will both have been employed, before some pat of butter, value eight annas, or a shilling, can change hands. The women are generally loudest in their tones and most vehement in vituperation, for only those of the lower and less respectable classes show themselves in such a place. To a European it is quite incomprehensible how two parties can carry an altercation to such a height as Bengalee bargainers will do, without the issue resulting in blows; but breaches of the peace are by no means common on such occasions, and the disputants generally part excellent friends. A few

of the neighbouring landlords, each attended by a retinue of some half-dozen servants and poor relations, will probably be present to air themselves with the *salaams* of their tenants, and to hear the news of the district. Room is respectfully made for these magnates, and the chaffering will take a lower tone so long as they are in the vicinity. There is, of course, a fair proportion of beggars, whose whining petitions rise shrilly above the din of the bargain-makers. No people are more charitable among themselves than the Bengalees, and their charity is put to a very severe test; for not only is the most trivial accident or natural defect regarded as a valid pretext for asking alms, but the whole host of mendicants and devotees who prey upon the public in the name of religion has to be supported. The great man who is received with the lowest bows and the blindest smiles is the police inspector from the next station, who in the eyes of these simple farmers seems to be clothed with limitless powers of doing mischief to them. There will also perhaps be a *muktyar*, or pleader come in quest of a plea; and the *mahajan*, or money-lender, and the *banniah*, or grain-merchant, are certain to be present, to take care that the ryot does not make away with produce in which either of them can claim an interest.

Though without much straining of language the *mahajan* and the *banniah* may be called the worst foes of the Bengal ryot, it is yet hard to see how he could get on without them. He is constitutionally improvident, he never looks further than from hand to mouth, and his position in Hindoo society entails so much useless expenditure upon him, that unless he begins life with hoarded capital it is next to impossible for him to keep out of debt. When the ryot succeeds to

his holding he must discharge all his father's funeral expenses, which involve the feasting of all the Brahmins in the neighbourhood and all the kinsmen of the deceased, and the giving of heavy largesses to the poor. A respectable farmer who wishes to hold up his head among his neighbours will perhaps go the length of spending two hundred pounds upon his father's funeral rites, if he has as much money or can obtain credit for it. Then come the marriages of his own children, and if he be not wholly devoid of natural affection he will pledge his crop for two or three years rather than that the wedding procession of his eldest son should be shorn of any splendour that fireworks and feasting can lend to it; and he will impignorate even his plough-oxen or the plough itself, rather than have his neighbours say that a daughter of his left the house disgraced by the insufficiency of her dowry. So there is hardly any possibility of his escaping the hands of the money-lender; and if the usurer is as unprincipled as the majority of his profession, the ryot will not get free until he has paid the uttermost farthing, even his house and lands. The consequence is, that the ryot becomes the bond-slave of the money-lender, and all the profits of his industry, all the gains of a favourable season, simply go to fill his patron's pockets, while he is allowed only the barest living for himself and his family. On the other hand, this mode of dealing is not without risk on the part of the *mahajan*. When the crops fail he is the chief loser; for not only must he forego the interest of his money for another season, but he must maintain the ryot and his family in the mean time, and furnish him with seed for the next sowing, unless, indeed, he is prepared to foreclose with the debtor and to sell him

out of his holding,—not a very easy matter to accomplish so long as the ryot can scrape his rent together. But when a debtor becomes insolvent, the *mahajan* knows that it is much more profitable for him ultimately to practise forbearance, and to put his man in the way of doing something to make more money, which he, the money-lender, can appropriate to himself. Even if he inherits some spare capital, the ryot ruins himself by working on a system of advances obtained from the *banniah*, or grain-merchant. In the spring, before a single seed has been sown, he will go to the grain-merchant and sell his coming crop at a fixed rate per maund (80 lb.); and receiving a considerable portion of the price, perhaps the whole, in advance, he goes home and makes merry so long as the money lasts. Often the *banniah* supplies him with seed-corn—for in implementing his contract of the previous year he probably has been unable to save enough of seed for the next sowing. In a bad season the whole out-turn will probably be too small to satisfy the *banniah* for the advances which he has made; and the ryot is obliged to purchase his forbearance by assigning him the next crop at terms which barely cover the cost of production. The ryot is thus, by his own improvidence or short-sightedness, reduced to the position of a steward to the money-lender or the corn-merchant upon his own farm. In a bad year he is unable to recoup himself for his deficient crop by taking advantage of the high price of grain, for the rates had been fixed with the corn-merchant early in spring, before a scarcity had tightened the markets. It is useless to attempt inculcating the simplest principles of agricultural economy upon the ryot. Preach to him by the hour of the expediency of saving as much seed from the one crop as will sow the

next—of the advantage of storing up his rice when grain is plentiful and prices low, until the rates are higher—of the comfort of making himself independent of both the grain-dealer and the money-lender; and after you have exhausted all your arguments, the ryot will shake his head and tell you that we are all in the hands of God, and straightway go off and hypothecate his next *aumon* crop for about a third of its probable value paid in advance. As yet the science of political economy commands no respect among the Indian masses. If they have heard of it at all, it has been in some extract from the Anglo-Indian journals, translated into the vernacular press, where political economy is charged with the starvation of their countrymen during the Orissa famine of 1866—an accusation not so groundless as it may at first seem. The ryot prefers the customs of his fathers to the most plausible arguments that a stranger can lay before him; and he will continue to do so until education has taught him to take a truer and more liberal view of his own interests. It is very difficult to conceive of any general remedy that will meet the pecuniary wants of the agricultural classes, and impress frugality upon them at the same time. Savings-banks may ultimately do something; but no sound banking system could possibly meet the views and necessities of the ryot in the matter of advances. The ryot does not save money, in our sense of the phrase, but he may hoard it. When his bag contains more rupees than he knows what to do with, he either invests the money in jewellery for his wife and children, which he can always pledge again when he is in want of cash, or he buries his money in some out-of-the-way corner known only to himself and a trusty member of his family. Besides, if he is really of a

thrifty disposition and has spare capital, he can always turn money-lender himself and make advances to his poorer neighbours at two pice per rupee a-month, which makes thirty-seven and a half per cent per annum,—a rate with which the modest interest of the Anglo-Indian banks can offer no comparison.

We have already seen that Act X. of 1859 conferred upon the ryot fixity of tenure. Let us now inquire how this concession has affected his social condition. Under the old system the ryot might clearly expect to have his rent raised on the expiry of his lease; and this prospect induced him to make the most of his farm, to keep his land in good order, to construct water-courses, and to maintain his homestead in thorough repair; so that when his rates were enhanced his holding might be the better able to bear the increase. An English farmer would adopt exactly the opposite course; and, making up his mind to quit if the rent dissatisfied him, would think only of taking as much off the land as he possibly could during the remainder of the lease. But the ryot will never think of throwing up his holding while any other alternative remains. That sentimental attachment to the homestead and the soil which we are familiar with in the case of the Celtic races, is strong in the Bengalee; and he will cling to the most barren holding, no matter how ruinously rented, as pertinaciously as a limpet clings to its native rock. But fixity of tenure has now made him feel himself all but a zemindar. His rent cannot be raised higher than the *pergunnah* rate, or local market value, of similar holdings; and this, affected as it is by the season and by many other accidents, by no means necessarily represents the actual worth of land. If the landlord fixes an arbitrary assess-

ment upon his holding, the ryot can bid him defiance, and fight his battle successfully in court, while he still retains his farm at the current rental. What is more, as his lease cannot now be cancelled at the will of the landlord, the ryot has no difficulty in finding persons who are willing to accept sub-leases from himself; and he can now let the most of his farm at rates which leave a margin to his own rental sufficient to maintain himself and his family. The ryot thus contrives to gratify two strong predilections—a love for idleness, and a fondness for having dependants at his beck and bidding. The framers of Act X., who so loudly complained that the Permanent Settlement had only made “useless middlemen” of the zemindar, must have been very short-sighted not to see that permanency of tenure would soon have the same effect upon the ryot. The evil effects of sub-infeudation upon the part of the landlord, and sub-letting on that of the tenant, can easily be imagined when both have been carried out on so extravagant a scale as in Bengal. On the one hand, the landlord enjoys only a small moiety of the real value of his property; on the other, the actual cultivator is rack-rented, and scarcely able to extract a bare living from the soil; while a band of middlemen are kept lolling in indolence. So long as such a system continues, there can be no hope of agricultural improvement in Bengal. Instead of the creation of large farms, in the occupation of capitalists, a condition which experience has shown us to be essential to the introduction of scientific agriculture, we find the existing holdings being broken up into smaller tenements, whose occupants rent them for a bare livelihood; and in this fashion indolence and pauperism are rapidly being stereotyped

throughout the fairest of our Indian provinces.

It is pleasant to turn aside for a space to the condition of the estates owned by English landlords in the planting districts. There, unless in exceptional cases, the whole produce of the soil is shared between landlord and tenant, and if the ryot is restricted to the cultivation of a particular crop, such as indigo, he is really not worse off than when he binds himself of his own free will to the *banniah* to cultivate only grain. On planters' estates cultivation is carried on also on the advance system; but the planter and landlord himself takes the place of the money-lender, and though he is obliged in self-defence to rigidly insist upon the ryot executing his share of the agreement, he is in the end a much more merciful creditor than the native usurer. We often hear exaggerated stories of the oppressions practised by indigo and other planters upon their helpless tenantry; but it will generally be found that the advance system is at the bottom of all complaints. When a ryot who has sown his fields with the planter's seed and spent all the planter's advances finds that he has parted with his crop upon too easy terms, it is little wonder though the planter should insist upon him implementing his bargain. The landlord has two alternatives: he may take the ryot into court, procure the distraint of his property, and possibly sell him out of house and home to pay the expenses of the lawsuit; or he may arm his servants with clubs, go to the ryot's premises, and help himself with a little bluster and show of force to what is really his own. This is the sort of oppression which is generally laid to the planter's charge; and we leave our readers to decide which of the two courses they would choose if circumstances were to place them in the

zemindar's position. All things considered, there can be no question that planters' ryots are as well off as, if not better than, any class of tenants in the East. There are no ryots in India, or in Britain either, who are more considerately treated, or who have more encouragement to better their condition, than the tenants upon the extensive zemindaries owned by the Messrs Morrell in Eastern Bengal.

Though the position of landlord and tenant is defined with at least an approach to clearness in the Bengal Rent Acts, and though in theory the courts afford a cheap and summary remedy for every possible grievance, instances of serious oppression constantly fasten themselves upon public attention. Many of the poorer ryots can scarcely afford to purchase the stamped paper upon which their petition to the magistrate must be written, far less sustain the expenses of a protracted litigation. Moreover, the most strenuous exertions of Government have never yet succeeded in cleansing the courts of corruption. A host of subordinate officials, whose salaries are too small to place them above temptation, infest every court, and bar the access of suitors to the sitting magistrate. A few annas must often be slipped into the hand of the Sahib's orderly before the suitor can get into court at all: nothing less than a rupee could be offered to the clerk, and a similar bribe should be administered to the *sherishtadar*, or registrar, if the suitor would assure himself of his petition being properly filed. Perhaps there will be collusion between the landlord and the native officials, and the petitioner may never reach the ears of the magistrate at all. He is utterly ignorant of the procedure of the courts, and is easily made to believe that he has not the shadow of a case, and that his best course will

be to go home and make his submission to the landlord. But the landlord's exactions do not always possess even the colour of a legal claim. Old Hindoo custom has sanctioned a number of demands which, although they cannot be enforced by law, may not be refused by the ryot without perilling his position in Hindoo society. The performance of a *shraddh*, or anniversary ceremonies of a parent's death and the marriage of a son or daughter, are occasions upon which the landlord expects the tenant to bear a portion of the expenses; and as much of the money finds its way to the Brahmins, the landlord is supported by all the influence of the priesthood. The ryot is seldom able to bear without borrowing the cost of such domestic occurrences in his own family; and it is rather hard that he should be compelled to provide those extravagant pageants in which the upper classes take so much delight. Round about Calcutta, where enlightenment is beginning to spread among the people, such demands are asked rather as a favour than enforced as a right; but in the more backward districts they would be received unquestioningly. In this as in most other cases of oppression, ignorance is the real source of mischief. If the Indian ryot knew his rights, and how to protect them, as well as the English tenant-farmer, we should hear as little of agrarian oppression in the one country as in the other.

Into the inner life of the Bengal ryot we have more difficulty in entering. His domestic affairs are jealously kept from public observation. We know that the great aim of his life is to have a son not merely to support him in his old age, but to deliver him from the everlasting perdition of *put* to which the souls of sonless fathers are infallibly destined. If his wife is

barren, and he can afford it, he will marry another woman, or he will adopt the son of some relation who is poorer than himself. The ryot's wife generally works as hard as her husband; and in this respect her lot is happier than that of her wealthy countrywomen, who, immured in their *zenanas*, lead a life of aimless, wearisome idleness. She has to superintend the household, to grind the rice, cook, and nurse her children, and if her husband is poor and pressed with work, she may have to assist him in the field. The boys go to the village school as soon as they can walk, and they learn to write and read upon slips of palm-leaf, which serve at once as copy-book and primer. By the time that they are twelve years of age the boys have got some knowledge of reading and writing, and of the simpler forms of accounts. But the education imparted is of a mere mechanical character, and the mental faculties of the scholars are but little improved. They grow up as did their fathers, superstitious, credulous, incapable of prevision, penny wise and pound foolish, content to live from hand to mouth, and to leave a legacy of debt to their children. The moral training is even more imperfect; but the rules of Hindooism are so engrained in the constitution of society, that the observance of them gives comparatively little trouble, and respectability supplies the higher motive. Religion, properly so called, they have none; and while they importune this or that idol in the hour of their necessity, they seldom trouble their heads with speculations about the Infinite and the Future. A ryot does not see the propriety of wasting education upon his girls. Of what account would reading and writing be to them except to supply them with new expedients for annoying their husbands? But the

schoolmistress is abroad in Bengal now, and the ryot must send his girls to school; not that he sees the slightest propriety in it, but because he does not care to quarrel with the magistrate about such a trifling matter.

It must always be remembered that the members of a Hindoo's family are seriously restricted in the choice of a profession. It will not do, in the conservative Hindoo community, for a young man to strike out a path for himself which was never trodden by his fathers, unless he would be thought to fling defiance at both gods and men. The young Hindoo must engage only in such callings as are open to his caste, or as his family already affords a precedent for. The ryot's sons will in all probability turn out ryots themselves, or they will become shopkeepers in the next village. But generally the whole family clings to the old homestead, and the sons live with their wives and children under their father's control in the simple old patriarchal fashion, which, however it may have suited the nomadic habits of the early Aryans, is productive of much inconvenience and hardship to their settled descendants. The Hindoo law of inheritance, and the joint-family system, are insurmountable barriers to individual property and individual industry in all grades of society; but they operate with a crushing severity upon the landed and agricultural classes.

We are told that one of the first apparent effects of a new civilisation is the creation of wants and desires

hitherto unfelt. Judged by this criterion, we might safely say that our civilisation has as yet failed to reach the rural classes. They eat the same food and wear the same clothes as their ancestors did before an Englishman set his foot in India, and they ask for nothing better. There is more security for life and limb, and less danger of their property being unjustly taken from them, than under the Muhammedan governors; but we doubt if the ryot will admit that any marked improvement in other respects has overtaken his condition. And yet the fault does not rest with the Government. We cannot civilise a continent by Act of Parliament; and it takes time to bring the masses out of barbarism. No doubt more might have been done than we have yet achieved; but we were aliens ruling over a strange land, and had to feel our way by tentative and partial measures. But the electric spark is now being applied to the Bengalees; and we may expect such a revolution as will throw the Permanent Settlement and all other landmarks in their history far into the shade. The education of the people in their own tongues, not in the worthless and antiquated forms of the pundits, but by new and liberal methods of instruction, will speedily dispel the gross ignorance of the rural classes, and raise up an intelligent and industrious community of agriculturists, who will, in all probability, enhance the productive powers of the province to an extent which we in the present day would hardly venture to anticipate.

EXPLORATIONS.

OF all the kinds of offerings which are tendered to the supreme public, none is so safe from depreciation and neglect as that which gives accounts of unknown or imperfectly-known regions of the earth. A strong natural curiosity prompts us to delight in the information therein given; in acquiring the information we of necessity become acquainted with the personal adventures of the traveller; we learn at what cost and risk our gratification has been procured for us; and we feel a personal regard for the author. As a bearer of new and interesting knowledge, and as a hero greater or less, he establishes a double claim on our goodwill; and if his work has any merit at all, he may calculate on a gracious recognition. The great progress of science, however, and the precise accurate methods of conducting explorations in our day, have—paradoxical as the assertion may seem—raised up a barrier between travellers and the great bulk of the people. If the information which we receive now be far more reliable and satisfying than that which used to reach our fathers in times past, it is more slowly procured, and is communicated with more caution, and in greater detail. Startling discoveries and connections cannot be allowed to rest upon the opinion of the traveller alone, but must be confirmed or supported by a collection of careful evidence, that will bear to be sifted by keen philosophical brains. Imagination has to be sternly and habitually subordinated to judgment; there must be no jumping at conclusions, no announcement of surmises as if they were established facts, however astonishing and interesting such facts might be if they could be

proved; the steps of the most alluring research must be patiently registered, and proof must be advanced upon proof, with the order and severity of a mathematical demonstration. It follows, therefore, that the narrations reflect the minds and feelings of the writers somewhat less than they did of old, and that the highly valuable facts which they report are involved in a covering of details, and are not to be reached but at an expense of some time and labour. But the greater part of the busy world cannot bestow the necessary time and labour, and that is what was meant when it was said above that the very truthfulness and minuteness with which modern research is recorded raises up a barrier between writer and reader which did not exist in times when writers could do things in their own way, and compose with an eye to their readers' convenience. This being so, it seems to us that an acceptable service may be done by giving a short account of some results of explorations, of the means used, and of the adventures encountered, while passing over the more tedious details. The idea of so doing occurred to us while lately most agreeably occupied in following the footsteps of different searchers who have been laboriously examining lands and sites which in times past were powerful kingdoms and cities, which have always continued famous, though their greatness has long since passed away, and the remains of which, associated as they are with our earliest lessons and emotions, must interest us in a high degree.

As surpassing all other regions in our regard, precedence is due to the Holy Land and countries adjoining, where the greatest energy

has been exercised with a view to presenting an accurate and complete description of their appearance and topography, to identifying the scenes of events recorded in the sacred writings, and to ascertaining what was the aspect of the land and the form of its edifices—more particularly of the famous Temple—in the times to which those writings refer. The Palestine Exploration has been effected as far as it has been carried out, and is still being prosecuted, principally by officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, but in part by enterprising civilians who have joined in the examination. The first object of the Royal Engineer expeditions (of which there have been several, the first having gone out in 1864) was to obtain an accurate survey of the country, with views of the most important places, and a full report of proceedings and observations: the second was to explore beneath the present surface of the ground about Jerusalem and other noted places, and to realise, if possible, their ancient figures and construction from an examination of their foundations and buried remains. The superficial surveys were made by Captains Wilson and Palmer, and by Lieutenant Anderson, Royal Engineers; the excavations were the work of Captain Warren, Royal Engineers. The Holy City was measured and mapped with all the accuracy which is observed in the operations of the Ordnance Survey at home, and special surveys were made of two hills in the Sinaitic peninsula; but the surveys of other parts of Palestine and of a part of Arabia were, to use a military phrase, *reconnaissances*; that is to say, such plans or maps as engineers and staff-officers on active service are able to make rapidly of parts of the theatre of war—prominent points of the country

are fixed as accurately as can be done by pocket-instruments, minor points are laid down according to judgment, the judgment being assisted occasionally by angles and compass-bearings; and the details are sketched in by aid of the eye alone. An accomplished surveyor will in a very short time make a general map of astonishing accuracy by this last method. All maps, views, and measurements of Palestine or its parts were of course sent home with the reports, so that the societies and persons connected with, and interested in, the explorations, could, sitting at their desks in England, follow every move of the examiners, and draw their inferences and conclusions almost as readily as if they had been on the spot. The means adopted for exploring beneath the surface we will state when we come to speak of Captain Warren's subterranean work, and we will find an opportunity for saying something of the personal adventures of the members of the expeditions; but in the first place it will perhaps be more convenient to give some account of what was accomplished and ascertained. In doing this we will not follow the order in which the researches were made, but begin with that investigation the subject of which is related to events of oldest date. Accordingly it is to the examination of the Sinaitic peninsula—which was made in 1868, after the survey of Jerusalem had been accomplished—that we first draw attention. This peninsula, as most of our readers are aware, is included between the gulfs of Suez and Akaba, and lies altogether north of the Red Sea of modern geographers. But perhaps it may not be so widely known that, up to the year 1868, this peninsula—which is close to the isthmus—had never been thoroughly explored, and that no one traveller

who penetrated its defiles had traversed more than two of the routes of the desert. This is remarkable in an age when the Egyptian deserts have been intersected by railways, and communication with India has been long established by way of Suez. But in truth this interesting region never could or would have been satisfactorily inspected so long as the task of searching it should have been left to enterprising individuals travelling alone or in small bands. The country is mountainous, wild, and rugged; its desolation is such that merely to make good a passage to and from its recesses is a tax which the energies of few adventurers would bear: but making the passage is a feat very far short of taking in the features of the whole ground, and comparing routes, and heights, and pools and torrents, and forms of hills, so as to determine the points which most nearly answer to those mentioned in the Exodus. The Rev. F. W. Holland, whose account we are following, says: "Few countries present to the view so wild an aspect. The mountains appear heaped together in utter confusion, and they are intersected in every direction by deep valleys, which, in the lapse of ages, have been cut out by the winter torrents." Clearly, then, the daring wanderer who could say that he had come and seen, could not reasonably claim to have overcome the difficulties of this intricate topography. Many a one flattered himself that he had solved perplexing problems, and come back with some, at least, of the desired information: but he was sure to find that another was equally positive, and not less plausible, in a different view. There were no ready means of bringing the conflicting opinions to a common test; and so, while each defended his own theories, the civilised world remained as much as

ever in doubt as to the exact track of those memorable wanderings with which it was spiritually so familiar, the obsolete names of whose stations were household words in its vocabulary, and whose trials and dangers are a shadow of the lives of just men of all times, seeking with patience and fortitude the way to their promised rest.

Thus a well organised and appointed expedition was indispensable to the successful exploration of the peninsula; and in order that the exploration, when made, should even partially dissipate the mists of ages, good maps and views must form part of the achievement. Besides these things the exigencies of the service demanded that the Arabic names should be thoroughly understood and considered and compared on the ground, so as to guard against not only accidental and innocent errors of nomenclature, but also against the wilful deceits which the suspicious nature of the Arabs leads them to practise on strangers who evince curiosity about the land. And it was desirable, although not imperative, that the natural history of the peninsula should receive attention. It will be seen that provision was made in the expedition of 1868 for the fulfilment of all these conditions. The Rev. F. W. Holland, whom we quoted above, and who had made three previous visits to the neighbourhood of Sinai, made one of the adventurers, to act, as he modestly puts it, in the capacity of guide; but it is clear that his experience, zeal, and acumen were of the greatest assistance in regard to the main objects of the expedition. Mr E. H. Palmer, Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, whose intimate knowledge of Arabic made his services invaluable, was another of the band. Mr Wyatt went to collect specimens of natural history. These, with Captains Wilson and Palmer,

Royal Engineers, before mentioned, were the leaders. Then there was a Serjeant-major, R.E., who was an expert photographer, and four other non-commissioned officers of the corps, selected from the companies that are attached to the Ordnance Survey. The party started with a caravan of forty-two camels, attended by forty Arab drivers. Thus there was the greatest probability that the exploration would this time be thorough and accurate, and the evidence incontrovertible.

Before stating the strong testimony furnished by this expedition, and the important conclusions to which it leads, it may be well to premise that the names of places given in the Exodus have all perished, or if any of them endure it is in altered forms, so that they of themselves contribute very little to identification. Hence the field for speculation as to the route of the Israelites after they left Egypt has been very wide; and some writers, who have given attention to the subject, have doubted whether the wilderness of the wandering was in the so-called Sinaitic peninsula at all. But these writers who have so doubted have been but few; tradition is altogether in favour of the peninsula; and the Rev. Mr Holland, before giving the evidence obtained in the territory itself, makes it sufficiently clear that the claims of the peninsula are, from the witness of Scripture, so strong as to entirely warrant the search in that direction for further knowledge. He shows that, from the number of the journeys (three) from the land of Goshen to the sea-shore, the sea which was reached could be no other than that which is now called the Gulf of Suez; also, that after the passage of the sea, the course was at first southward along its eastern shore: so that, concurrently with the Biblical account, the scenes of

the earlier wanderings and of the delivery of the law could have been nowhere else than on the peninsula. It must be remembered, too, that the Egyptians, even of that remote time, were amazingly advanced in intelligence and ability: it is known—for the hieroglyphic records may be read on the rocks and the remains of the mines seen to this day—that somewhere near the centre and to the eastward of the peninsula, they had mines of metal and precious stones: it is known, also, that there was at the time of the exodus an Egyptian settlement inland to the eastward of the gulf. There would, of course, be communication between this settlement and Egypt round the head of the gulf; so that if Moses desired, as no doubt he did, to avoid collision with the Egyptians, his only course was to march southwards by the sea, as we are told that he did. It being thus taken as proved by the explorers that Mount Sinai lay within the peninsula, their first care was to identify the mountain. There is no hill bearing that name now; and as to traditions, though there were plenty of them, they did not agree, and it was impossible to distinguish those which might have been merely monkish from those which might have come down from older days. Hence there was none but topographical evidence—the form, the surroundings, and the approaches—by which the identification could be arrived at. Sinai must be a mountain rising abruptly from a plain, because (Deut. iv. 11) the people came near and stood under it; moreover, in Exodus xix. 11, 17, it is said that the mount could be touched, and that the people stood at the nether part of it. It must also be a separate and distinct hill, because bounds were set about it, as we read in verse 12 of the above-mentioned chapter of Exodus. There

must be a spacious area before it, because the whole congregation was assembled at its base to receive the law. And there must be a supply of water and pasturage in the neighbourhood. Now there are only two hills in the peninsula which have ever been thought to satisfy these conditions. One of them, *Jebel Musa*, is about 45 miles due north from the southern point of the peninsula; the other, *Jebel Serbal*, is a little further to the north, but much more to the west, being less than 20 miles from the coast of the Gulf of Suez. The former is 7375, the latter 6735 feet high. The object of the explorers being not so much to put forth speculations of their own, as to give to all interested in the subject means of judging for themselves, they set to work and surveyed both of these mountains and the ground surrounding them, making in either case a map of about 17 square miles, on a scale of six inches to the mile. They also, from the survey measurements, made models. Now, on the dispute between the favourers of the respective hills * being tested in view of the maps and models, the pretensions of *Jebel Serbal*, the mountain near the shore of the gulf, are seen to dwarf immediately. It has properties which no doubt seemed convincing to those who did not see its rival, or who, visiting the other hill, could not compare save mentally the merits of the two: "In massive ruggedness, and in boldness of feature and outline, *Jebel Serbal* unquestionably presents an aspect unequalled by any other mountain in the peninsula. . . . It has a greater command than almost any other mountain over the surrounding country, and looks more imposing

from the valleys beneath." But it seems to have been the grandeur of its appearance alone which led to its being thought to be *Sinai*. It cannot be comprehensively seen from any point in the valleys near its base; and it is necessary to ascend one of the neighbouring hills to view the whole range of its magnificent peaks. No one of those peaks is so separated from the others that it could be enclosed by bounds. There is no spot which could have served as a camping-ground. The only two valleys which run away from the mount are wildernesses of boulders and torrent-beds; and the space between the valleys, which was once thought to be a plain, proves to be a chaos of rugged mountains rising to the height of 2500 feet, and intersected by deep ravines. The explorers, after spending several weeks in its neighbourhood, and after examining it most closely, as well as carefully mapping and modelling it, came to the conclusion that it cannot possibly be the Mount of the Law. This opinion, supported as it is by the documents, will, we expect, become general, and we shall hear no more of *Jebel Serbal* as a probable or a possible *Sinai*. It is otherwise with *Jebel Musa*. This mountain rises precipitously from the bottom of the plain of *Er-Râhah* to a height of about 2000 feet. It is distinctly visible from every part of the plain. It is a mountain which can be touched, and about which bounds can be set. In front of it thousands of people could be assembled. Near it are the requisite springs and pasture. Its peaks have been described by the Dean of Westminster as "standing out in lonely grandeur against the sky like a huge altar." Writing of *Er-Râhah* Mr Holland

* See the whole case stated in Dr Lepsius' 'Letters from Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Peninsula of *Sinai*.' The learned author, at the time of writing, was in favour of *Jebel Serbal*.

says: "The plain itself is upwards of two miles long, and half a mile broad, and slopes gradually down from the watershed on the north to the foot of Ras Sufsâfeh.* About 300 yards from the actual base of the mountain there runs across the plain a low, semicircular mound, which forms a kind of natural theatre; while further distant, on either side of the plain, the slopes of the enclosing mountains would afford seats to an almost unlimited number of spectators. The members of our expedition were as unanimous in their conviction that the Law was given from Ras Sufsâfeh to the Israelites assembled in the plain of Er-Râhab, as they had been unanimous in rejecting Serbal as the Mount of the giving of the Law." Until some unsuspected positive evidence may be presented to us, we may therefore rest assured that we know the mountain whose pretensions to be Sinai exceed those of any other. The point has been determined as far as examination of the ground can determine it, and the fancies of travellers can no longer have power to disturb a belief which can be effected by only direct testimony.

Notwithstanding the irresistible claims of Jebel Musa itself, we should be much embarrassed if the few circumstances given in the Pentateuch of the passage of the children of Israel from Rameses to Sinai should prove to be inconsistent with any practicable route from a cultivated part of Egypt to Jebel Musa. But the surveys and examinations showed that an itinerary can be laid down so generally agreeable to the Scriptural account that the stations eastward of the sea may all be placed in it. The three days'

march in Egypt—first, from Rameses to Succoth, next to Etham, and last to Pi-hahiroth—were in the first place so directed as to take the fugitives past the head of the Gulf of Suez; but, by divine command (Exod. xiv. 2), it turned on the third day to the south, so as to strike the sea. Whatever may have been the angle of inclination, it is clear that the length of one day's journey would not reach very low down the coast: we may therefore fairly assume that the camp from which the miraculous passage of the Red Sea was made was not far south of where the town of Suez now stands.† On the Arabian side of the gulf, eight miles below the town, are some pools which have been dug in the sand, lying now amid palm-trees and gardens. It is probable that water may have been always procurable here by a little digging; the spot is likely, therefore, to have been the first resting-place of the chosen people after they had witnessed the signal discomfiture of their enemies, and to have been that which echoed with their songs of triumph. It is known as "The Wells of Moses;" and although the name may have been given long after the flight of the Israelites, this is proof that inhabitants of the land before our time regarded this as one of their stations. After leaving their first encampment on the Arabian coast, the children of Israel, we are told, went three days' journey in the wilderness and found no water. Their progress—encumbered as they were with women and children, and old people, and flocks and herds, and spoil—would hardly be more than 12 miles a-day; so it seems

* The name of the northern peak of Jebel Musa.

† The position of the head of the gulf might be very different now from what it was so many centuries ago; but some ancient ruins have been found very near to the present Suez, and this and other considerations lead to the belief that the Red Sea was passed not far below that town.

to tally well with the Scriptural account that the next water to be found south of the Wells of Moses is at a distance, as the wayfarer must travel, of about 35 miles therefrom, and that this water is unwholesome and bitter. This place may be the Marah of Scripture; but it is also possible the wandering host may have left it on their right altogether, and passed on to a well on higher ground a few miles further on, to which tradition points as Marah. Howarah is the modern name of the supposed Marah: it is but a small water-hole, yet there are signs of its having been much larger in former days. Hitherto there has been a difficulty about these three days' march through the desert, because, according to the accounts of all travellers who had traversed the ground, nothing in the shape of pasturage was to be found, only some scanty shrubs. But our surveyors, by their more complete examination, have cleared up this matter: by keeping closer to the sea than the more common track, pasture may be found. Elim is the next station named, where there were twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm-trees. The exact site of this Elim cannot be agreed upon; not because a place answering the description cannot be found, but because there are many which would correspond. Water begins to be plentiful about this part of the route, and surrounding some of the water-pools there still are, and surrounding others there may have been, clusters of trees. There is a long valley named Gharundel, in which there are springs which run freely and fill many pools along its length. The water, too, when fresh, is very drinkable. We have now to find the Wilderness of Sin, and this our travellers identify with the plain of El Murkah, a long desert extending some twenty miles by the sea-

shore. Here the children of Israel remained some time, and here were first received the memorable gifts of manna and quails. Between the southern border of the Wilderness of Sin and the plains near the mountain Jebel Musa, which, as we have said, is now believed to be Sinai, are only four journeys, which may have been performed on consecutive days, but not necessarily so. About the route from the desert to Sinai the explorers are quite agreed; but of two of the stations the Scripture gives simply the names, and there is no use in attempting to find them exactly. The third station is one to which the greatest interest attaches—namely, Rephidim—where Moses struck the rock and brought forth water, and where the Israelites under the command of Joshua fought their first battle. Close to it must be the hill on which Moses stood to witness the engagement: "And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed." And so when Moses' hands were heavy they brought him a stone to sit on, and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands until the going down of the sun, when Amalek was thoroughly discomfited. Now there are two places on the way either of which may have been the scene of these memorable deeds: the explorers are unanimous in supposing that one or other of them is Rephidim, but they are not all in favour of either. When it is remembered that this is the only point of importance on which, after their patient and painstaking investigation, they were not in entire consent, we see how powerfully the survey has dispersed an immense amount of speculation and doubt which till now has been obscuring the evidence of the valleys and hills.

The progress of the Israelites after they left the vicinity of Sinai

was not investigated by the expedition. The work which they did perform—namely, the identification of Sinai, and of the route to it from Egypt, described in Exodus—occupied them from November 1868, to April 1869. They carried with them all the necessities of life, including water. From Suez to Sinai was to them a journey of ten days; for they proceeded, in the first instance, as rapidly as they could to Jebel Musa, where, at the convent of St Catherine, they established a depot for their stores. The explorers, however, did not take up their quarters in the convent, but lived always under canvas. The special survey of the Jebel Musa region was the operation first commenced; but the weather became so cold at the end of the year that they were compelled to interrupt this survey, and to move to more sheltered ground. As they were less exposed in the valleys near Jebel Serbal, they made the special survey of that mountain and its environs in the depth of winter, some of the party making excursions and carrying on other investigations while the survey proceeded. Then they went back to Jebel Musa and completed the survey of that part. The *reconnaissances* were effected at convenient opportunities; and the result is, that besides the two special surveys above named, seven hundred miles of route-survey, showing the course of the principal valleys, were completed, making, with the *reconnaissances*, a map of more than 4000 square miles of country. After first reaching the convent the party travelled generally on foot, the camels carrying their provisions, implements, and stores. Toils, risks, and privations seem to have fallen to their share in plenty; but they had patience and energy sufficient to cope with all difficulties; their

work was faithfully done; and they have presented us with documents of surpassing value.

In 1864-65, Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Anderson made a *reconnaissance* of part of the Holy Land. They began at the northern frontier and surveyed the western highlands of Palestine from Mount Hermon to Jerusalem, taking in as much ground to the right and left of the highest ridge as they conveniently could. There is only one short break in this survey, at a point where, from the ruggedness of the region and the wars of the tribes of Bedouins which were going on at this point rather hotly, the connection was lost. It is the first map of any portion of the Holy Land that has been constructed from actual survey: it must be largely added to before a complete map can be furnished; but the extension will be far less difficult than the fundamental survey; and the benefits to science already resulting from what has been done are so great, that there is very little doubt of the survey being completed. Those benefits, of course, are mainly the aid given to students of the sacred writings; but there are more than that, for it seems that we are beginning to open up ancient sites and buildings hitherto not known to be recognisable, and we have a glimpse of the geography of a not very remote land, which, independently of its grand associations, we are bound to be acquainted with. A few memoranda of the things already established by the survey will abundantly prove the service that has been done; so we will proceed to state what some of those points and places are, which, although they have for ages been seen by every religious mind, have never till to-day obtained their rightful recognition by geography.

The site of the encampment of

Abram and Lot at the time when their herdmen quarrelled, consequently the spot on which Abram and his nephew came to the agreement that they would separate, can now be determined very approximately. It was a hill between Bethel and Hai; and Bethel (now Beitin) and the heap which once was Ai, have been laid down in the survey. From this hill, as we know, is visible the Dead Sea, which in Abram's day was the vale of Siddim, and the whole plain of Jordan, so that Abram's altar must have stood within a limited area. The survey of the vale of Jordan also enables us to estimate properly the brilliancy of the exploit which Abram performed in effecting the punishment of the *reguli* and the rescue of Lot. In this very vale of Siddim it was that the battle took place in which the native princes were beaten; and the invaders with their captives and spoil made off up the valley of the Jordan. Abram armed his retainers, and, with a following of three hundred and eighteen men, started in pursuit. The ground which he traversed can be seen now pretty much as it was in his day; for the deadness of that region for ages, which has caused the obscurity which is now being removed, has, at any rate, prevented much alteration of the natural features. Past Jericho and Gilgal the course leads up to Succoth and the Sea of Galilee, along the whole shore of which (afterwards a region of such celebrity) the pursuit must have been maintained; thence past the waters of Merom (now Lake Huleh) through the territories which were afterwards allotted to Naphtali and Dan, up to the sources of the river, across Mount Hermon, and beyond the boundaries of Canaan to Hobah, which is near Damascus. A smart chase indeed, over at least a hundred and thirty English miles of

difficult ground; and we see by studying the map what first-rate conduct it must have been that kept it up so vigorously, crowned it with a signal victory, and obtained from the excursion such complete success that all the captives and goods were brought back again to the cities of the plain.

The same site of the encampment of Abram and Lot is close to Bethel, where Jacob dreamt his well-known dream,—Bethel is but a ruin now; and on the other hand, that is, eastward, of the same site, is “Et Tel,” *the heap*, which our surveyors had no hesitation in identifying as all that remains of Ai. Behind it is the valley where Joshua placed his ambush: the plain or ridge down which the men of Ai were drawn by the feigned retreat can still be seen; and opposite is the hill on which Joshua stood to give the signal to the men in ambush, who took the place “and made it an heap for ever, even a desolation unto this day.” Bethel and Ai being fixed, there was but little difficulty in finding Shiloh, its relative position being accurately described in the Book of Judges. A little way from Shiloh is a spring which indicates the position of the vineyards where the daughters of Shiloh were dancing when the young men of Benjamin ran upon them and carried them away for wives. It was at Shiloh that Joshua divided the land, and it was here that the ark rested. The site is marked by a ruin now; “and a curious excavation in the rock in the side of the hill . . . might have been the actual spot where the ark rested, for its custodians would naturally select a place sheltered from the bleak winds that prevail in these highlands.”

A little north of Shiloh the scene changes, the country becoming broken and rugged, with many and

steep ravines; but this is softened down at length, and the intersecting valleys wind or stretch out in remarkable beauty. One of these sweet little valleys, not more than 100 yards wide, is enclosed by two mountains, each of which rises 1200 feet above the vale. Their bases almost touch, although the summits recede; and in the sides of both are circular indents facing each other, and so forming an amphitheatre capable of containing an immense concourse of people. Here stood, six tribes on one side and six on the other, the children of Israel to hear the words of the law and the blessings and cursings, as Moses had before directed that they should do. The northern mount is Ebal, the southern Gerizim. The vale is the vale of Shechem, "unrivalled in Palestine for beauty and luxuriance." Shechem, the city of refuge, stood here. We are, of course, contemplating "the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph," and we know that close to it was a place

called Sychar, and that "Jacob's well was there." Jacob's well *is* there—the veritable well, undisputed in any age or by men of any religion, of which Jacob himself drank, and his children, and his cattle, and from which, in later days, Jacob's divine descendant asked a drink of water from the woman of Samaria.* It is close to the high-road from Jerusalem to Galilee. About half a mile from the well is Joseph's tomb.

More to the north, but still within the territory of Manasseh, a hill named Dotan was found, which the explorers identify with the Dothan where Joseph came to visit his brethren and was so cruelly treated by them. Cisterns hewn in the rock are very numerous there: they are all bottle-shaped, with narrow necks, so that it would be difficult for any one who had been put inside to get out. It has been suggested that one of these was the pit into which Joseph was lowered.

North of Dothan is a very rough

* "Some men," says Lieutenant Anderson, "were set to work to clear out the mouth of the well, which was being rapidly covered up. A chamber had been excavated to the depth of 10 feet, and in the floor of the chamber was the mouth of the well, like the mouth of a bottle, and just wide enough to admit a man's body. We lowered a candle down the well and found the air perfectly good, and after the usual amount of noise and talking among the workmen and idlers, I was lashed with a good rope round the waist and a loop for my feet, and lowered through the mouth of the well by some trusty Arabs, directed by my friend Mr Falcher, the Protestant missionary. The sensation was novel and disagreeable. The numerous knots in the rope continued to tighten and creak, and after having passed through the narrow mouth I found myself suspended in a cylindrical chamber, in shape and proportion not unlike that of the barrel of a gun. The twisting of the rope caused me to revolve as I was being lowered, which produced giddiness, and there was the additional unpleasantness of vibrating from side to side, and touching the sides of the well. I suddenly heard the people from the top shouting to tell me that I had reached the bottom, so when I began to move I found myself lying on my back at the bottom of the well; looking up at the mouth the opening seemed like a star. It was fortunate that I had been securely lashed to the rope, as I had fainted during the operation of lowering. The well is 75 feet deep, 7 feet 6 inches diameter, and is lined throughout with rough masonry, as it is dug in alluvial soil. The bottom of the well was perfectly dry at this time of the year (the month of May) and covered with loose stones. There was a little pitcher lying at the bottom unbroken, and this was an evidence of there being water in the well at some seasons, as the pitcher would have been broken had it fallen upon the stones. It is probable that the well was very much deeper in ancient times, for in ten years it had decreased ten feet in depth. Every one visiting the well throws stones down for the satisfaction of hearing them strike the bottom, and in this way, as well as from the *débris* of the ruined church built over the well during the fourth century, it has become filled up to probably more than a half of its original depth."

and barbarous country, indeed the country where the survey was slightly interrupted, as has been mentioned; but a little further yet to the north a clear survey was made of a region which, after the immediate vicinity of the Holy City, is the most interesting, as regards Old Testament history, of all in Palestine. We did not know until we studied this survey, and possibly some of our readers may only now learn, how nearly on the same ground occurred a great many of the events of different periods. From the names of places being different in different books of Scripture, and from the stories being unconnected, one is apt to imagine a wholly different scene for each incident of the narrative. But the map and the account at once rectify any such error as this, as is exemplified in the not very extensive area which we are about to notice—namely, that between Mounts Gilboa and Tabor. This area is the valley of Jezreel, which, westward, leads toward the plain of Esdraelon, a frequent battleground. The brook or river Kishon flows across this plain, and on the edge of it is the ancient city of Megiddo, now El-Lejjun. It was along the western border of the flat, under the hills from Megiddo to Taanach, that Sisera's army was extended. Barak with Zebulun and Naphtali occupied Mount Tabor, which lay north-east from, and in sight of, the Canaanitish army, fourteen miles across the plain. The battle, as we know, took place on the banks of the Kishon. Sisera's army after being beaten received no quarter; and Sisera himself, alighting from his chariot, fled away on his feet. The wretched man made off over the Nazareth hills, across the land of Zebulun, passing the whole length of the Sea of Galilee until he reached the plain of Zaanaim. We do not know how long he

was in getting there, but we now see that Jael's tent, which was at Kedesh, was forty miles from the battle-field, and over that distance at least of hill and dale he must have hurried to his miserable death. In the valley of Jezreel, too, was it that the Midianites and Amalekites were spreading terror when Gideon was commissioned to arrest their progress. Close behind Jezreel, and under Mount Gilboa, the explorers found a beautiful spring, which they do not doubt is the water where Gideon tested his forces by their modes of drinking and selected his three hundred, all of whom had lapped the water with their hands. Again, it was here that the ark of God, which had been brought to the camp from Shiloh, was taken by the Philistines and carried thence to the temple of Dagon. Here, too, it was, by Gideon's spring, that Saul, terrified by the Philistines, who were encamped at Shunem on the other side of the vale, took his resolution to consult the weird woman at Endor, which is between six and seven miles from his position. We read that he disguised himself, and for doing so he probably had another reason besides a wish not to be recognised by the woman. To get to her he had to skirt the enemy's camp, and he ran of course a great chance of being taken prisoner. There are inhabited caves at Endor to this day, and it was probably in one of these that the witch lived. The day after the visit Saul's army was beaten and he slain in the valley, the fugitive Israelites betaking themselves to the recesses of Mount Gilboa. Here, too, by Gideon's spring, must have been Naboth's vineyard, and close to it the scene of his murder. At Jezreel, close at hand, Jezebel paid the penalty of her misdeeds. There are crowds of starving dogs, it seems,

still in the villages ; "and we vividly realised," says Lieutenant Anderson, "how, when the men went out in the evening to bury Jezebel, they found no more than the skull, the feet, and the palms of the hands." A little eastward from hence is the ford over the Jordan at the mouth of the Jabbok, by which both Abram and Jacob crossed when they came from Haran.

A little to the north-west of Mount Tabor lies the town of Nazareth, completely surrounded by rugged and barren hills. It is a lovely little spot, the more so by contrast with the rough ground around. Having reached this point, it may be expected that we turn aside and notice what has been done in exploring the shores of the Sea of Galilee ; but that we propose to do further on, after we have reviewed the survey of Jerusalem. The *reconnaissance* which we are at present considering, kept to the line of watershed between Jordan and the Mediterranean as its main direction. As we pass north of Nazareth the points away from the river and lake become less interesting, although it would appear that there are many curious remains in this little-known region. Kedesah, the city of refuge, is recognisable, as is also Laish. The hills of Naphtali are still well covered with oaks, but these are being thinned by charcoal-burners, who find a market for their goods at Damascus. The main line of survey kept south of Libanus and Anti-Libanus, crossed the Upper Jordan, and had its northern terminus at Cæsarea Philippi, now the village of Banias. A point on the Jordan—i.e., the confluence with a united stream rising at the two points Banias and Tel-el-Kadi—was geographically established. The Jordan, just above this point, is 45 feet broad, is of a dirty-yellow colour, and flows between banks 25 feet below the general level

of the plain. Below the confluence the stream is 90 feet broad. For some way it flows through a deep gorge, but at last it issues suddenly on the plain at a very low level. "Its very waters seem to flow suspiciously, as if they were going on a fruitless journey, never to reach the sea." Below Lake Merom it flows once more in a narrow channel with precipitous banks ; but it is already as low as the sea-level, and, of course, by the time it has passed through the Sea of Galilee it is below the level of the Mediterranean. Then "the river rushes on boisterously ; but it is too late to accomplish the great object of all other rivers, for its waters are now 600 feet below the level of the ocean." Just below Jericho it falls into the Dead Sea. Before leaving this general survey we may quote the account of a little adventure of the surveying officers :—

"While we were encamped at Jezreel, the sheikh of the village complained that a tax-gatherer from the neighbouring town of Jenin had just paid them a visit, and had flogged our water-carrier because the latter would not wait upon him. The chief desired Captain Wilson to make a report to the governor at Jenin, and our dragoman was accordingly directed to write a letter in Arabic and submit it for signature. The dragoman's interpretation of his own letter was as follows : 'To the governor of Jenin. The chief of the village of Jezreel, what you send one policeman he come speak bad words and beat near to kill him one man what fetch de water for one English Colonel. I come for see you presently.' This was duly signed by Captain Wilson ; and as the chief insisted upon a seal being appended to the signature, an old monogram was cut off a sheet of note-paper and affixed to the letter. This was supposed to prove the genuineness of the document, as a man's seal cannot be forged."

It is now time to speak of the operations at Jerusalem, which were

the earliest, and which led to the other explorations of which mention has been made. Many will learn with surprise that up to the year 1864 no wholly reliable map or plan of the Holy City existed ; which does not mean that no attempt had been made to delineate it, because for many ages diagrams had been appearing ; but it means that the maps were partial, that each was made to illustrate some particular points only, and that one or two more recent surveys which aimed at being general and accurate were not equally trustworthy in all parts. Hence, when some eight years since the unhealthy condition of Jerusalem attracted to it observation and much sympathy, it was seen that an improved water-supply and improved drainage—which were clearly the principal requirements—could not be designed for want of a complete survey and levels. The brooks and springs of the city and neighbourhood are many, the rainfall is considerable, and no city could from its situation be more easy to drain ; but then we know that the place is under Turkish rule, and so do not marvel that the distresses of the inhabitants, uncared for by their own rulers, came to be adopted as a legitimate concern of theirs by the “Franks.” The means of paying for the necessary survey were provided by Miss Burdett Coutts ; and an officer (Captain Wilson) and five non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers were detached from the companies employed on the Ordnance Survey, and sent out to Jerusalem to execute the work. Their duty was completed in 1865. It was, however, hardly possible for a scientific officer employed on the survey of such a region to confine himself to superficial operations. Accordingly Captain Wilson made attempts to penetrate some of the secrets that lie hid beneath the masses of rubbish—the quantity of

which is hardly conceivable, as will be explained—which conceal the ancient forms of the hills and valleys, and the remains of nearly all the ancient works of men. But he was unprovided with the necessary stores and implements for subterranean exploration, and it was left to his brother officer, Captain Warren, to follow out his designs, and to furnish data for restoring the ancient, as he himself had delineated the modern, Jerusalem.

One perceives with regret, after having followed the energetic proceedings of these officers, which in themselves are highly interesting, that they have as yet been able to establish beyond controversy but very few of the sites which have been wrangled over for so many centuries. We cannot say positively where the Holy Sepulchre is, where Solomon's or the succeeding temples exactly stood, or where we can find Calvary. But enough has been done to show how with more labour great results may be obtained. The difficulties of searching underground are enormous, formidable in themselves, and added to by the wilful impediments placed in the way by Turkish officials. Yet we see now that all these may be overcome ; if little has been established, a great deal of error has been disestablished and altogether eliminated ; and we have at least a conception of the vastness of the work which some of the kings of old were able to execute.

The Temple, the great glory of old Jerusalem, stood, as we know, on Mount Moriah, the hill on which Abraham had bound Isaac preparatory to offering him for a sacrifice, and on ground which David in later days purchased from Araunah, whose threshing-floor it had been. The apex of the rock of that hill may still be seen—the sacred rock it is called—and around it is an artificial plateau in the form of a rectangle, whose length is 1500 feet north and

south, and its breadth 900 feet east and west. It is enclosed by walls, and is known as Haram ash Sharif, or the Noble Sanctuary. This is now the apparent top of the hill, which, beyond the southern wall of the sanctuary, slopes downward to the south, and is a tongue of ground running between two valleys which unite at its foot. The valley on the west of Moriah is the Tyropæan, that on the east is the valley of Kedron or of Hinnom. Across the Tyropæan and opposite the southern tongue of Moriah, is the upper city on another plateau; opposite and to the west of the Sanctuary is the summit known as Zion or Acra. The valleys and the sides of the hills are covered with rubbish, the depth of which is so great that the walls of the Sanctuary cannot be seen for more than a half, a third, or a fourth, of their height in most parts of the enclosure; and the ancient, or, as we may say, the real beds of the valleys have been entirely altered. We know by means of the explorations where the channel of the brook Kedron used to be: the stream has a very different course now from what it had when sorrowing David passed over it at the time of Absalom's rebellion. Of the remains of the Sanctuary (and probably the same may be said of the upper city and Zion) that which is above ground is but a very small part. Its walls rest throughout their lengths on the rock; the levels of the foundations vary, therefore, according to the outline of the rock, being at the Triple Gate in the south wall about a hundred feet higher than at the most depressed points. Seventy feet appears to be the least height, and a hundred and seventy feet the greatest. These high walls were at one time exposed to view, and could, with their magnificent superstructure, dazzle the senses by their grandeur. A building longer and higher

than York Minster stood, as Captain Wilson explains it, on a solid mass of masonry nearly as high as the tallest of our church spires.

Nearly everywhere there are about four feet of firm rich mould resting upon the rock. Above the mould are many layers of stone-chippings, cubical or hemispherical in form, and mixed with lumps of broken stone of various sizes. Here and there a stratum of fat earth from one to three feet thick may be found, but not frequently. Sometimes the shingle is more or less cemented together by mud, which has percolated through it; but outside of the city walls, and particularly on the east side of the Kedron valley, it is quite loose, without a particle of cohesive matter, so that once set in motion it runs like water. To get at the cartography (or an approximation to it) of the ancient city, the wells, cisterns, aqueducts, vaults, and passages which lie in and beneath these masses of rubbish, must be thoroughly examined. Captain Warren has already brought to light many and striking facts which up to his time were unknown or not established; and others, no doubt, following in his footsteps and imitating him on other ground, will accumulate evidence sufficient to decide many of the contested points. We will state the principal of Captain Warren's discoveries, and then give some account of the means by which he achieved them, and the adventures of himself and party during the execution of their works.

Let us first mention, then, that Captain Warren, by working through the rubbish and by exploring subterranean passages, has been enabled to find the rock of Mount Moriah and of its flanking valleys in so many places, that he could make a contoured plan of the whole area—and what, to the eye unaccustomed to drawings of ground, is more instructive, a model. A few feet of

red earth overlies the rock pretty equally; so, then, having the form of the rock, we have the form of the hill as it appeared to Solomon. And this work serves a far higher purpose than the gratification of curiosity or the excitement of wonder. If we can see the hill as Solomon and his architects saw it, we can recover pretty closely the considerations that no doubt moved them in determining the exact site of the first Temple. This will not give conclusive proof, but it will reveal a strong probability which, if supported by further discoveries, may at last amount to proof. Then, once we are morally certain about the site of Solomon's Temple, there will be less difficulty about Nehemiah's and Herod's. Now then, looking at the contoured plan or the model, it is at once evident that appearance, and economy of time and of labour, would require the Temple to be on the plateau of the summit, where there was just room for it to stand. If that was the site chosen, the Temple area must have been bounded on the south by a wall parallel to, and three hundred feet north of, the present south wall of the sanctuary; its north wall would have been six hundred feet north of its south wall, or nine hundred feet north of the present south wall; and its end walls would have been coincident with portions of the present west and east walls of the Sanctuary. This is an entirely new argument, which, without the form of the hill, recovered by Captain Warren's labours, could not have been used. The threshing-floor of Araunah, we may fairly assume, was on the summit, as was customary, in order that the winnowing might be conveniently effected; and as we know that the threshing-floor became the site of the Temple, some further strength is thus given to the supposition that the first Temple was placed as we

have described. But further proofs are forthcoming from the evidence of the buried walls. The level at which the stones in any part of the wall begin to be dressed and carefully-lined stones, as distinguished from the rougher foundation-stones which were not intended to be seen, is a guide to the age of that part of the wall. Where the dressed stones are traceable down to the neighbourhood of the rock, it may be concluded that the wall is of the age of Solomon or of the kings of Judah. Where there are many courses of rough foundation-stones above the rock, it is a fair inference that the wall was built after the rubbish had begun to accumulate. Some Phœnician characters have been found on the chiselled stones of those parts where the dressed stones most nearly approach the rock, and this is another proof of the antiquity of these parts. The position of the gates also—since they would surely be designed with some regard to symmetry—is another guide to the selection of the oldest parts of the work. Now, without going into details, we may say that the evidence of the walls is quite in harmony with the supposition which places the first Temple on the summit as above described. This also is quite new evidence, like that concerning the form of the rock. If the Turkish authorities had not expressly forbidden excavations within the Sanctuary, it would be advisable to try to find the foundations of the north and south walls of Solomon's Temple. If these should be discovered on the sites whereon they are supposed to have stood, little doubt could remain as to the plan of this building; but we must wait for more liberal times before this test can be applied. It has been ascertained, however, by examination of the ground outside the Sanctuary walls, and by some observations which it was possible to make with-

in them without disturbing the ground, that along the line which is thought to have been that of the north wall of the Temple, the side of a natural valley or an artificial ditch extended. Probably the two containing valleys of Mount Moriah turned inwards and nearly met there; and advantage was taken of this circumstance by connecting the two with a ditch. Some part of the rock on this ditch side is known to be scarped—that is, cut to nearly a vertical plane. All this favours the idea that the wall of Solomon's Temple stood here.

But there is a portion of the present south wall which is, there can be no doubt, as old as the walls which have been suggested as being the east and west walls of the Temple enclosure. If the south wall of the ancient Temple was 300 feet away from this wall, what can this wall have been? The answer is that it was probably the wall of Solomon's palace, which is of antiquity equal to that of the Temple. The former building may have been built a little below the brow of the hill although the latter might not—indeed, if we suppose the Temple on the plateau of the summit, there is no place near it for the palace without going a little down the hill. But if the palace occupied only a portion—to wit, the south-east angle—of what is now the Sanctuary, how comes it that the Sanctuary is now a rectangle with a continuous south wall running right across? Well, the supposition is that Herod built the western part of the south wall, and that the precincts of the Temple which he built extended over the sites of Solomon's Temple and Solomon's palace, as also over the space near those buildings in the south-west angle. Herod's Temple, in short, is thought to have had its

north wall on the same line as Solomon's, but to have been 900 feet square, instead of 900 by 600.

Somewhere near the present north wall of the Sanctuary was the Pool of Bethesda. There are pools in that vicinity now, fed, no doubt, by the same spring which fed the Bethesda of St John's Gospel; but at present it cannot be ascertained which of them, or whether any of them, is that pool. There is reason to believe that pools which once existed in that neighbourhood have disappeared, and that the water is now collected in newer reservoirs. The Pool of Siloam remains as of old just at the junction of the Tyropean and Kedron valleys. A fountain known now as "the Virgin's Fount" has been identified with En-Rogel, which was a point in the boundary-line between Judah and Benjamin, as recorded in the Book of Joshua; it is the same En-Rogel by which Ahimaaz and Jonathan* the son of Abiathar waited on David's behalf for tidings of the determination of the council of Absalom's rebellion; and it is that at which Adonijah† slew sheep and oxen when he laid claim to the kingdom. This is a very recent discovery, due to the survey which noted the rock Zoheleth, and so led to the identification of the fountain. The pools of Solomon were supplied from a fountain at Hebron, and they again supplied water to the city. Two aqueducts by which the water was conveyed have been traced. One is quite useless now, and the other of but little use. From the great number of channels and cisterns which have been discovered, it is clear that the Holy City was once very well supplied with water; but the aqueducts have been destroyed, or suffered to fall to decay, and the cisterns have been turned to the

* 2 Samuel, xvii. 17.

† 1 Kings, i. 9.

vilest uses. The very soil has been so poisoned by impurities, that a scratch or a cut on a workman's hand would not heal for a long time; and as for the water, it is in many places so contaminated by the neighbourhood of the drains as to be offensive to the taste.

The ancient articles brought to light by the exploration were but few. They were principally lamps and vases, weights, bronze figures, and sepulchral chests. The seal of Haggai the son of Shebniah was found in the rubbish of the Tyro-pæan valley, at a depth of 22 feet. But of the few articles found, it is remarkable that hardly any are Jewish. A great mass of details has been given, which, though as yet they have led up to nothing positive, may, after further inquiry, be found to contain the keys to many disputed questions; for the work of the survey is not likely to perish: what has been done is distinctly recorded on drawings with dimensions and levels, so that the work can at any time be farther prosecuted without having to repeat any of the operations already registered.

But while we are gratified at the clear and unquestionable results of these enterprises, we must not overlook the risk and toil by means of which they were successful. Captain Warren and his assistants would seem to have been daily in peril of their lives; the climate punished them, their work was dangerous, and the Turkish officials continually thwarted them. One of these enlightened persons explained to Captain Warren the whole structure of the noble Sanctuary—the very place that the Christian world is yearning to know even a little concerning—"winding up with the information that the sacred rock, the Sakhra, lies on the top leaves of a palm-tree, from the roots of which spring all the rivers

of the earth; and that the attempt of a Frank to pry into such matters could only be attended by some dire calamity befalling the country." From functionaries with minds thus cultivated, much sympathy or aid was not to be expected; and although our explorers were fortified by a vizierial letter from Constantinople, excuses were continually invented for interfering with and restricting the proceedings. The probability that they might disturb the graves of some of the faithful was continually put forward as a reason for interrupting the search. The orientals, it seems, can form no higher idea of our objects than that we are seeking for buried treasure, which, although they have not the energy to look for it themselves, they cordially grudge us. The vizierial letter unfortunately excepted the Noble Sanctuary from the places where digging was to be permitted; consequently Captain Warren commenced operations outside its walls; whereupon the Pacha forbade him to dig within 40 feet of the walls, lest he should bring them down—bring down, that is, some of the finest and most massive masonry in the world, which rested on the rock, by removing some of the rubbish which had accumulated beside it! Captain Warren was, however, even with the intelligent Pacha as far as examining the walls went, as we shall see directly. First let us explain that the method of examination which Captain Wilson, when he made the survey, was not provided with the means of following, and which Captain Warren did adopt in all his principal examinations—was the rough-and-ready style of mining made use of in sieges, the same being taught to all officers of Royal Engineers at the school of Military Engineering. A well or shaft, three or four feet square, is commenced, and as soon as it has been excavated

to a slight depth, wooden frames of a strength in inverse proportion to the self-supporting power of the earth, clay, gravel, or other soil, are introduced. Where the ground has any tenacity at all, the first three or four feet of shaft can be sunk before a frame is fixed, and then the frames can be built in one over another from the bottom upwards; but as the depth increases, this method becomes impossible, and a frame has to be fixed under those already in place as soon as there is space dug out for it. The cases or frames are in four parts, made with mortises and tenons, so that they may be easily put together; and if the soil be very loose indeed, it may be necessary to excavate one side only of the shaft, then to fix the half of the frame, and afterwards to excavate the other side and fix the rest of the frame. The series of cases or frames forms a strong wooden lining to the shaft. Any part of the lining liable to extra pressure may, of course, be strengthened by screwing on additional planks. Captain Warren appears to have carried these shafts to a greater depth than is usually necessary in military mining, for we find him sometimes sinking 90 feet below the surface of the ground. But the art of military mining includes something more than making wells and going up and down in them; it can from the bottom or from any stage of the shaft commence and produce a subterranean passage or gallery, either horizontal or inclining upwards or downwards, and so give means of moving about in the recesses of the earth. The galleries are supported by timbers and planking, much in the same way as the mines are lined. The breadth and depth of them are kept as short as possible, and there is usually no more than room for a man to crawl along in them. It was by means of his burrowing power that Captain Warren out-

witted the Pacha. He obeyed the direction to dig at least 40 feet away from the walls; but as soon as he was down to a convenient depth he burrowed back to the wall, and then along its face, so as to examine it, without the Pacha being, in the first instance, at all the wiser. Afterwards, the limit of 40 feet was encroached on, little by little; and the Pacha, when he came to know that the miners had had their will in spite of him, seems to have taken the frustration of his orders with the philosophy of a Turk, and not to have been extreme in marking the distance of the shafts from the wall. But he continued to be obstructive and disagreeable in a variety of ways; and first among the difficulties with which Captain Warren had to contend, and which he patiently grappled with, was the hostile spirit of the local government. Then came the morbid effects of the climate, and of the air of wells and tunnels in soil charged with all manner of impurities. The party sickened one after another; every one appears to have been attacked by fever; some of the non-commissioned officers had to be invalided and sent home; and one of them died. Thirdly, there were the natural difficulties of making the explorations, which were so great and numerous that the party may be said to have wrought constantly in peril of their lives. The shingle, or stone-chippings, was, as has been said, so loose that when once set in motion it flowed like water. It rushed into the shafts and galleries at times, completely flooding the passages, and threatening to overwhelm the explorers. Sometimes it ran away from outside their casings, or from beneath them in their shafts, or from before them in their galleries, leaving vast and dangerous chasms; and on one or two occasions compelling them to leave the place where they were, fill

up their excavations, and be cheated of their reward after days of labour. And the flowing of the shingle was dangerous, not only for what it could do itself: when it gave way, it allowed heavy stones that might have been resting on it to fall; and these thundering into a shaft or gallery were anything but pleasant or harmless intruders. Scarcely an excavation was undertaken without a *contretemps* that might have been a fatal accident—the persons most frequently in jeopardy being Captain Warren himself, and his most useful and adventurous chief assistant, Sergeant Birtles. The Sergeant, while they were examining some vaults near the west wall of the Sanctuary, “clambered up a piece of wall where the stones were sticking out like teeth. At about 8 feet from the ground one of these gave way, and he fell back with it in his arms. Luckily, it was so heavy that they turned in falling, and fell together sideways; it then rolled over on to him, and injured him severely, so that he could barely crawl out into the open air. He suffered from this injury for some months.” At another time the same adventurous explorer was, by a fall of rubbish behind him, blocked up without a light for two hours. The following adventure occurred in a vault under the convent of the Sisters of Sion:—

“I looked into this passage, and found it to open out to a width of 4 feet, and to be full of sewage 5 feet deep. I got some planks, and made a perilous voyage on the sewage for about 12 feet, and found myself in a magnificent passage cut in the rock 30 feet high, and covered by large stones laid across horizontally. Seeing how desirable it would be to trace out this passage, I obtained three old doors, and went down there to-day with Sergeant Birtles. We laid them down on the surface of the sewage, and advanced on by lifting up the hindmost and rowing it in front of us. . . . In

some places the sewage was exceedingly moist and very offensive, and it was difficult to keep our balance whilst getting up the doors after they had sunk in the muck.” The earth level suddenly changed and they had to descend. “Everything had become so slippery that we had to exercise great caution in lowering ourselves down, lest an unlucky false step might cause a header into the murky liquid.”

Another time Captain Warren descending from a private garden through a tank's mouth found part of the aperture to be so small that he could not succeed till he had stripped nearly to the skin. Then he found himself in a cistern having in it three feet of water; but on lighting up some magnesium wire, he saw such a series of arches as made him think at first that he must be in a church. So he signalled for Sergeant Birtles to come down too; but the Sergeant, after considerably injuring his shoulders in the attempt, was unable to pass the narrow opening, and had at last to go and get the owner's permission to pull down the upper mouth of the shaft. This accomplished, he speedily got down and joined his officer, who was waiting all this time in the cistern. The Captain, however, while directing Birtles' steps, fell himself over a large stone into the water flat on his face. The weather was frosty, and a bath in one's clothes, as he says, not pleasant under the circumstances. The building they were in was not a church, but an extensive underground area, surmounted by groined arches resting upon many piers. Its present use is as a tank, but it is not yet clear whether it was originally so or not. In following the course of an aqueduct which they traced for 250 feet in one direction and 200 feet in another, this was the sort of passage which they had in some places to make: “Sometimes we could crawl on hands and knees; then we had to creep sideways; again we lay on

our backs and wriggled along." But this was a mild aqueduct adventure compared with another which we quote :—

"Our difficulties now commenced. Sergeant Birtles, with a fellah, went ahead, measuring with tape, while I followed with compass and field-book. The bottom is a soft silt, with a calcareous crust at top, strong enough to bear the human weight, except in a few places where it lets one in with a *stop*. Our measurements of height were taken from the top of this crust, as it now forms the bottom of the aqueduct; the mud silt is from 15 inches to 18 inches deep. We were now crawling all fours, and thought we were getting on very pleasantly, the water being only 4 inches deep, and we were not wet higher than our hips. Presently bits of cabbage-stalks came floating by, and we suddenly awoke to the fact that the waters were rising. The Virgin's Fount is used as a sort of scullery to the Silwân village, the refuse thrown there being carried off down the passage each time the water rises. The rising of the waters had not been anticipated, as they had risen only two hours previous to our entrance. At 850 feet the height of the channel was reduced to 1 foot 10 inches, and here our troubles began. The water was running with great violence, 1 foot in height; and we, crawling full length, were up to our necks in it.

"I was particularly embarrassed: one hand necessarily wet and dirty, the other holding a pencil, compass, and field-book; the candle for the most part in my mouth. Another 50 feet brought us to a place where we had regularly to run the gauntlet of the waters. The passage being only 1 foot 4 inches high, we had just 4 inches breathing space, and had some difficulty in twisting our necks round properly. When observing, my mouth was under water. At 900 feet we came upon two false cuttings, one on each side of the aqueduct. They go in for about 2 feet each. I could not discover any appearance of their being passages: if they are, and are stopped up for any distance, it will be next to impossible to clear them out in such a place. Just here I involuntarily swallowed a portion of my lead pencil, nearly choking for a

minute or two. We were now going in a zigzag direction towards the north-west, and the height increased to 4 feet 6 inches, which gave us a little breathing space; but at 1050 feet we were reduced to 2 feet 6 inches, and at 1100 feet we were again crawling with a height of only 1 foot 10 inches. We should probably have suffered more from the cold than we did, had not our risible faculties been excited by the sight of our fellah in front plunging and puffing through the water like a young grampus."

One can hardly wonder that these poor men got fevers; the marvel rather is how they were able to persevere at all with such work to its completion. They certainly were strangely protected. Once on having worked their way to the bottom of a well, they saw a piece of loose masonry (which was afterwards found to weigh 8 cwt.) hanging 40 feet above their heads. One of the feebly-held stones starting would have sent the whole mass on them, and there they would have ended their labours, crushed and buried in a deep enough grave, had the least thing gone wrong; but with the greatest coolness and care they climbed up to the top, using many odd means of raising themselves, but doing all so cleverly as to emerge unhurt. Here is another of Captain Warren's escapes, quite as worthy to be called hair-breadth as many that make the excitement of fiction, which we cannot refrain from quoting :—

"About a mile south of the village of Lifta, on the crest of a hill, is a chasm in the rocks, about which there are many traditions, and which we failed to explore in the spring. We went there last Monday, provided with three ladders, reaching together 120 feet, and a dockyard rope 165 feet long. We had three men to assist in lowering us on the rope. The entrance from the top just allows of a man squeezing through; but as you descend the chasm opens out, until at 125 feet it is about 15 feet by 30 inches. At this point is a ledge, and we rested there

while we lowered the ladders another 30 feet, to enable us to descend to the bottom, which is at the great depth of 155 feet from the surface. The chasm is exactly perpendicular, and the bottom is horizontal. Water was dripping quickly from the rocks, but ran out of sight at once. On the floor was a rough stone pillar, and near it the skeleton of an infant; close to the pillar is a cleft in the rock, very narrow, into which water was running. I got down into this; but it is a crevice which gets narrower and narrower, and there being no hold, I slipped down until my head was about 4 feet below the surface. Here I stuck, every moment jamming me tighter down the cleft. Ten minutes of desperate struggling, and the help of a friendly grip, brought me to the surface again, minus a considerable portion of my skin and clothing. On ascending we had some little excitement: at one time the grass-rope-ladder caught fire; at another, the men suddenly let me down nearly 3 feet, the jerk nearly wrenching the rope out of their hands."

Now and then they had a comic adventure—as, for example, when Sergeant Birtles, down a shaft and working laterally through a wall, found himself in an underground smithy. The conscience of the smith told him that the intruder must be a *gin* come to torment him for his hard bargains, and he accordingly fell on his knees before the apparition. It is, however, comforting to know, that of all their moving accidents in

"Antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose
heads touch heaven,"

only one had at all a serious termination. They had been making a cut some 20 feet deep through a bank of earth that lay against a wall of the city, and the men (natives) were just getting into the excavation to set to work—only six of them were dangerously advanced—when the bank gave way, falling in upon the wall, and partially inhuming the six men. One of them was wholly buried; but before the second

slip occurred which took him from their sight, they saw for a second or two his ghastly face. They were all extricated—the other five with ease, but this man only after some digging; and when the latter was got out he had to be carried to his friends at Bethlehem. His pay was drawn for two weeks; but they could never see the man again, and were left to conjecture either that he had not been much hurt and had been drawing pay while able to work, or that he had died soon after the accident, and his brother had concealed the death that he might get the pay.

Of course the small staff sent out from England could do no more than direct the various operations and keep account of them. Native labour had to be largely used, and very troublesome and inefficient gangs they appear for the most part to have been, requiring all the skill and tact of the Engineers to get work out of them. It is a remarkable fact that Jews, as workmen, were found to be utterly useless. We might have added that they were useless in any capacity as regarded the explorations, had it not been that one Jew turned out a capital overseer, who administered the *corbatch* in first-rate style when the men were idling, showed no fear of the Arabs, and was in every way qualified for his office. The people who did the work were Arabs from Siloam and Lifta, villages near Jerusalem, and Nubians and men from the city. There was, of course, the usual higgling about wages; but when this was over, it was found that the true believers were constantly seized with an inclination to pray during working hours, although they were never seen to do so in their leisure times, so that it became necessary to make a deduction from the pay for every prayer, which had the effect of considerably moderating the religious

ardour. One good old fellow and old *fellah*, though, did submit to the deduction, and ask leave regularly on Fridays to go to the Mosque; and the directors cleverly proposed that he * should pray for all, and, in consideration of so doing, receive pay for the time of absence. This arrangement smoothed matters greatly. The wages fixed were rather high, but the officer was able to adhere to them, and the men did not at all relish being sent off the works. It was customary for the sergeant to keep always enough money about him to settle with a man and discharge him on the spot, if he wouldn't be obedient and work. When the offence was idleness, the culprit had the choice of being punished with the *corbatch*, or being discharged, and he generally chose the corporal punishment. The *fellahin* understand, Captain Warren says, the meaning of justice, but not the power of kindness. After a time they began to understand him, and he could always command labour at the known rates. In a strange village the higgling would have lasted a day or more, and, after all, the employer would have been imposed on. The arts of these people are very cunning. They practise upon Europeans, and act their parts so cleverly, that it requires much experience to escape being taken in. Though some of them are smart, strong men, they cannot manage barrow-work at all; wheeling seems in a very short time to exhaust them altogether. The patriarchal feeling is still so strong among them, that it was soon found that by treating the elders with a little consideration, a pretty stern disci-

pline could be maintained among the younger. Every man was searched when he came off the works, and as another precaution against dishonesty, people of different races were mixed together in the gangs. No thief could trust a man of another nation, who would be sure to inform against him. They work best in summer, not caring for the heat, which is so far unfortunate for the explorations that Englishmen in Palestine are not generally in their best working trim during the hot weather. In winter they become very miserable creatures, and cannot understand how working can keep them warm. Their idea, derived from some wiseacre among themselves, of the object of the explorations was,† that the Franks were dropping all round the walls of the Sanctuary small deposits of gunpowder, which in time would grow to be large ones, and that when these should have sufficiently expanded, say in twenty years or so, the explorers would return with some machine and blow the whole place up.

Here we must leave the exploration of the Holy City for the present, earnestly hoping that Captain Warren and Sergeant Birtles, or some Engineers of equal energy, may ere long be able to give us much more information. We had purposed to follow our notice of the work by some account of the survey of the Sea of Galilee; but we have found so much to say that we have outrun our space, and must await another opportunity to speak of that water so familiar in name to us, and of the undying region about its coasts.

* It seems that he was a descendant of the Prophet.

† In addition, we presume, to the search for treasure.

THE PARISIANS.—BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE next day at noon M. Louvier was closeted in his study with M. Gandrin.

"Yes," cried Louvier, "I have behaved very handsomely to the *beau Marquis*. No one can say to the contrary."

"True," answered Gandrin. "Besides the easy terms for the transfer of the mortgages, that free bonus of 1000 louis is a generous and noble act of munificence."

"Is it not! and my youngster has already begun to do with it as I meant and expected. He has taken a fine apartment; he has bought a *coupé* and horses; he has placed himself in the hands of the *Chevalier de Finisterre*; he is entered at the Jockey Club. *Parbleu*, the 1000 louis will be soon gone."

"And then?"

"And then!—why, he will have tasted the sweets of Parisian life. He will think with disgust of the *vieux manoir*. He can borrow no more. I must remain sole mortgagee, and I shall behave as handsomely in buying his estates as I have behaved in increasing his income."

Here a clerk entered and said "that a monsieur wished to see M. Louvier for a few minutes, in private, on urgent business."

"Tell him to send in his card."

"He has declined to do so, but states that he has already the honour of your acquaintance."

"A writer in the press, perhaps; or is he an artist?"

"I have not seen him before, monsieur, but he has the air *très comme il faut*."

"Well, you may admit him. I will not detain you longer, my dear

Gandrin. My homages to Madame. *Bon jour*."

Louvier bowed out M. Gandrin, and then rubbed his hands complacently. He was in high spirits. "Aha, my dear Marquis, thou art in my trap now. Would it were thy father instead," he muttered chucklingly, and then took his stand on his hearth, with his back to the fireless grate. There entered a gentleman, exceedingly well dressed—dressed according to the fashion, but still as became one of ripe middle age, not desiring to pass for younger than he was.

He was tall, with a kind of lofty ease in his air and his movements; not slight of frame, but spare enough to disguise the strength and endurance which belong to sinews and thews of steel, freed from all superfluous flesh, broad across the shoulders, thin in the flanks. His dark hair had in youth been luxuriant in thickness and curl; it was now clipped short, and had become bare at the temples, but it still retained the lustre of its colour and the crispness of its ringlets. He wore neither beard nor moustache, and the darkness of his hair was contrasted by a clear fairness of complexion, healthful, though somewhat pale, and eyes of that rare grey tint which has in it no shade of blue—peculiar eyes, which give a very distinct character to the face. The man must have been singularly handsome in youth; he was handsome still, though probably in his forty-seventh or forty-eighth year, doubtless a very different kind of comeliness. The form of the features and the contour of the face were those that suit the rounded beauty of the Greek outline, and such

beauty would naturally have been the attribute of the countenance in earlier days. But the cheeks were now thin, and with lines of care or sorrow between nostril and lip, so that the shape of the face seemed lengthened, and the features had become more salient.

Louvier gazed at his visitor with a vague idea that he had seen him before, and could not remember where or when; but, at all events, he recognised at the first glance a man of rank and of the great world.

"Pray be seated, monsieur!" he said, resuming his own easy-chair.

The visitor obeyed the invitation with a very graceful bend of his head, drew his chair near to the financier's, stretched his limbs with the ease of a man making himself at home, and fixing his calm bright eyes quietly on Louvier, said, with a bland smile—

"My dear old friend, do you not remember me? You are less altered than I am."

Louvier stared hard and long; his lip fell, his cheek paled, and at last he faltered out, '*Ciel!* is it possible! Victor—the Vicomte de Mauléon?"

"At your service, my dear Louvier."

There was a pause; the financier was evidently confused and embarrassed, and not less evidently the visit of the 'dear old friend' was unwelcome.

"Vicomte," he said at last, "this is indeed a surprise; I thought you had long since quitted Paris for good."

"*L'homme propose, &c.* I have returned, and mean to enjoy the rest of my days in the metropolis of the Graces and the Pleasures. What though we are not so young as we were, Louvier,—we have more vigour in us than the new generation; and though it may no longer befit us to renew the gay carousals of old, life

has still excitements as vivid for the social temperament and ambitious mind. Yes, the *roi des viveurs* returns to Paris for a more solid throne than he filled before."

"Are you serious?"

"As serious as the French gaiety will permit one to be."

"Alas, M. le Vicomte! Can you flatter yourself that you will regain the society you have quitted, and the name you have——"

Louvier stopped short; something in the Vicomte's eye daunted him.

"The name I have laid aside for convenience of travel. Princes travel incognito, and so may a simple *gentilhomme*. 'Regain my place in society,' say you? Yes; it is not that which troubles me."

"What does?"

"The consideration whether on a very modest income I can be sufficiently esteemed for myself to render that society more pleasant than ever. Ah, *mon cher!* why recoil? why so frightened? Do you think I am going to ask you for money? Have I ever done so since we parted? and did I ever do so before without repaying you? Bah! you *roturiers* are worse than the Bourbons. You never learn nor unlearn. '*Fors non mutat genus.*'"

The magnificent *millionnaire*, accustomed to the homage of grandees from the faubourg and *lions* from the Chaussée d'Antin, rose to his feet in superb wrath, less at the taunting words than at the haughtiness of mien with which they were uttered.

"Monsieur, I cannot permit you to address me in that tone. Do you mean to insult me?"

"Certainly not. Tranquillise your nerves, reseal yourself, and listen; —reseal yourself, I say."

Louvier dropped into his chair.

"No," resumed the Vicomte, politely, "I do not come here to in-

sult you, neither do I come to ask money; I assume that I am in my rights when I ask M. Louvier what has become of Louise Duval?"

"Louise Duval! I know nothing about her."

"Possibly not now; but you did know her well enough, when we two parted, to be a candidate for her hand. You did know her enough to solicit my good offices in promotion of your suit; and you did, at my advice, quit Paris to seek her at Aix-la-Chapelle."

"What! have you, M. de Mauléon, not heard news of her since that day?"

"I decline to accept your question as an answer to mine. You went to Aix-la-Chapelle; you saw Louise Duval; at my urgent request she condescended to accept your hand."

"No, M. de Mauléon, she did not accept my hand. I did not even see her. The day before I arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle she had left it—not alone—left it with her lover."

"Her lover! You do not mean the miserable Englishman who——"

"No Englishman," interrupted Louvier, fiercely. "Enough that the step she took placed an eternal barrier between her and myself. I have never even sought to hear of her since that day. Vicomte, that woman was the one love of my life. I loved her, as you must have known, to folly—to madness. And how was my love requited? Ah! you open a very deep wound, M. le Vicomte."

"Pardon me, Louvier; I did not give you credit for feelings so keen and so genuine, nor did I think myself thus easily affected by matters belonging to a past life so remote from the present. For whom did Louise forsake you?"

"It matters not—he is dead."

"I regret to hear that; I might have avenged you."

"I need no one to avenge my wrong. Let this pass."

"Not yet. Louise, you say, fled with a seducer? So proud as she was, I can scarcely believe it."

"Oh, it was not with a *roturier* she fled; her pride would not have allowed that."

"He must have deceived her somehow. Did she continue to live with him?"

"That question, at least, I can answer; for though I lost all trace of her life, his life was pretty well known to me till its end; and a very few months after she fled he was enchained to another. Let us talk of her no more."

"Ay, ay," muttered De Mauléon, "some disgraces are not to be deemed, and therefore not to be discussed. To me, though a relation, Louise Duval was but little known, and after what you tell me, I cannot dispute your right to say, 'talk of her no more.' You loved her, and she wronged you. My poor Louvier, pardon me if I made an old wound bleed afresh."

These words were said with a certain pathetic tenderness; they softened Louvier towards the speaker.

After a short pause the Vicomte swept his hand over his brow, as if to dismiss from his mind a painful and obtrusive thought; then, with a changed expression of countenance—an expression frank and winning—with voice and with manner in which no vestige remained of the irony or the haughtiness with which he had resented the frigidity of his reception, he drew his chair still nearer to Louvier's, and resumed: "Our situations, Paul Louvier, are much changed since we two became friends. I then could say, 'Open sesame' to whatever recesses, forbidden to vulgar footsteps, the adventurer whom I took by the hand might wish to explore. In those days my heart was warm; I liked you, Louvier—honestly liked you. I think our personal acquaintance

commenced in some gay gathering of young *viveurs*, whose behaviour to you offended my sense of good breeding?"

Louvier coloured, and muttered inaudibly.

De Mauléon continued: "I felt it due to you to rebuke their incivilities, the more so as you evinced on that occasion your own superiority in sense and temper, permit me to add, with no lack of becoming spirit."

Louvier bowed his head, evidently gratified.

"From that day we became familiar. If any obligation to me were incurred, you would not have been slow to return it. On more than one occasion when I was rapidly wasting money—and money was plentiful with you—you generously offered me your purse. On more than one occasion I accepted the offer; and you would never have asked repayment if I had not insisted on repaying. I was no less grateful for your aid."

Louvier made a movement as if to extend his hand, but he checked the impulse.

"There was another attraction which drew me towards you. I recognised in your character a certain power in sympathy with that power which I imagined lay dormant in myself, and not to be found among the *freluquets* and *lions* who were my more habitual associates. Do you not remember some hours of serious talk we have had together when we lounged in the Tuileries, or sipped our coffee in the garden of the Palais Royal?—hours when we forgot that those were the haunts of idlers, and thought of the stormy actions affecting the history of the world of which they had been the scene—hours when I confided to you, as I confided to no other man, the ambitious hopes for the future which my follies in the present,

alas! were hourly tending to frustrate?"

"Ay, I remember the starlit night; it was not in the gardens of the Tuileries nor in the Palais Royal,—it was on the Pont de la Concorde, on which we had paused, noting the starlight on the waters, that you said, pointing towards the walls of the *Corps Legislatif*, 'Paul, when I once get into the Chamber, how long will it take me to become First Minister of France?'"

"Did I say so?—possibly; but I was too young then for admission to the Chamber, and I fancied I had so many years yet to spare in idle loiterings at the Fountain of Youth. Pass over these circumstances. You became in love with Louise. I told you her troubled history; it did not diminish your love; and then I frankly favoured your suit. You set out for Aix-la-Chapelle a day or two afterwards—then fell the thunderbolt which shattered my existence—and we have never met again till this hour. You did not receive me kindly, Paul Louvier."

"But," said Louvier, falteringly—"but since you refer to that thunderbolt, you cannot but be aware that—that—"

"I was subjected to a calumny which I expect those who have known me as well as you did to assist me now to refute."

"If it be really a calumny."

"Heavens, man! could you ever doubt *that*?" cried De Mauléon, with heat; "ever doubt that I would rather have blown out my brains than allowed them even to conceive the idea of a crime so base!"

"Pardon me," answered Louvier, meekly, "but I did not return to Paris for months after you had disappeared. My mind was unsettled by the news that awaited me at Aix; I sought to distract it by

travel—visited Holland and England; and when I did return to Paris, all that I heard of your story was the darker side of it. I willingly listen to your own account. You never took, or at least never accepted, the Duchesse de ——'s jewels; and your friend M. de N. never sold them to one jeweller and obtained their substitutes in paste from another?"

The Vicomte made a perceptible effort to repress an impulse of rage; then reseating himself in his chair, and with that slight shrug of the shoulder by which a Frenchman implies to himself that rage would be out of place, replied calmly, "M. de N. did as you say, but, of course, not employed by me, nor with my knowledge. Listen; the truth is this—the time has come to tell it: Before you left Paris for Aix I found myself on the brink of ruin. I had glided towards it with my characteristic recklessness—with that scorn of money for itself—that sanguine confidence in the favour of fortune which are vices common to every *roi des viveurs*. Poor mock Alexanders that we spendthrifts are in youth! we divide all we have among others, and when asked by some prudent friend 'What have you left for your own share?' answer 'Hope.' I knew, of course, that my patrimony was rapidly vanishing; but then my horses were matchless. I had enough to last me for years on their chance of winning—of course they would win. But you may recollect when we parted that I was troubled,—creditors' bills before me; usurers' bills too,—and you, my dear Louvier, pressed on me your purse; were angry when I refused it. How could I accept? All my chance of repayment was in the speed of a horse. I believed in that chance for myself; but for a trustful friend, no. Ask your own heart now—nay, I will

not say heart—ask your own common-sense, whether a man who then put aside your purse—spendthrift, *vaurien* though he might be—was likely to steal or accept a woman's jewels—*Va, mon pauvre Louvier*, again I say, '*Fors non mutat genus*.'"

Despite the repetition of the displeasing patrician motto, such reminiscences of his visitor's motley character—irregular, turbulent, the reverse of severe, but, in its own loose way, grandly generous and grandly brave—struck both on the common-sense and the heart of the listener; and the Frenchman recognised the Frenchman. Louvier doubted De Mauléon's word no more, bowed his head, and said, "Victor de Mauléon, I have wronged you—go on."

"On the day after you left for Aix came that horse-race on which my all depended: it was lost. The loss absorbed the whole of my remaining fortune; it absorbed about 20,000 francs in excess, a debt of honour to De N., whom you called my friend: friend he was not; imitator, follower, flatterer, yes. Still I deemed him enough my friend to say to him, 'Give me a little time to pay the money; I must sell my stud, or write to my only living relation from whom I have expectations.' You remember that relation—Jacques de Mauléon, old and unmarried. By De N.'s advice I did write to my kinsman. No answer came; but what did come were fresh bills from creditors. I then calmly calculated my assets. The sale of my stud and effects *might* suffice to pay every *sou* that I owed, including my debt to De N.; but that was not quite certain—at all events, when the debts were paid I should be beggared. Well, you know, Louvier, what we Frenchmen are: how Nature has denied to us the quality of patience; how involuntarily suicide presents itself to us

when hope is lost—and suicide seemed to me here due to honour—viz., to the certain discharge of my liabilities—for the stud and effects of Victor de Mauléon, *roi des viveurs*, would command much higher prices if he died like Cato than if he ran away from his fate like Pompey. Doubtless De N. guessed my intention from my words or my manner; but on the very day in which I had made all preparations for quitting the world from which sunshine had vanished, I received in a blank envelope bank-notes amounting to 70,000 francs, and the post-mark on the envelope was that of the town of Fontainebleau, near to which lived my rich kinsman Jacques. I took it for granted that the sum came from him. Displeased as he might have been with my wild career, still I was his natural heir. The sum sufficed to pay my debt to De N., to all creditors, and leave a surplus. My sanguine spirits returned. I would sell my stud; I would retrench, reform, go to my kinsman as the penitent son. The fatted calf would be killed, and I should wear purple yet. You understand that, Louvier!"

"Yes, yes; so like you. Go on."

"Now, then, came the thunder-bolt! Ah! in those sunny days you used to envy me for being so spoilt by women. The Duchesse de ——— had conceived for me one of those romantic fancies which women without children, and with ample leisure for the waste of affection, do sometimes conceive for very ordinary men younger than themselves, but in whom they imagine they discover sinners to reform or heroes to exalt. I had been honoured by some notes from the Duchesse in which this sort of romance was owned. I had not replied to them encouragingly. In truth, my heart was then devoted to another,—the English girl whom

I had wooed as my wife—who, despite her parents' retraction of their consent to our union when they learned how dilapidated were my fortunes, pledged herself to remain faithful to me, and wait for better days." Again De Mauléon paused in suppressed emotion, and then went on hurriedly: "No, the Duchesse did not inspire me with guilty passion, but she did inspire me with an affectionate respect. I felt that she was by nature meant to be a great and noble creature, and was, nevertheless, at that moment wholly misled from her right place amongst women by an illusion of mere imagination about a man who happened then to be very much talked about, and perhaps resembled some Lothario in the novels which she was always reading. We lodged, as you may remember, in the same house."

"Yes, I remember. I remember how you once took me to a great ball given by the Duchesse; how handsome I thought her, though no longer young; and you say right—how I did envy you, that night!"

"From that night, however, the Duc, not unnaturally, became jealous. He reproved the Duchesse for her too amiable manner towards a *mauvais sujet* like myself, and forbade her in future to receive my visits. It was then that these notes became frequent and clandestine, brought to me by her maid, who took back my somewhat chilling replies."

"But to proceed. In the flush of my high spirits, and in the insolence of magnificent ease with which I paid De N. the trifle I owed him, something he said made my heart stand still. I told him that the money received had come from Jacques de Mauléon, and that I was going down to his house that day to thank him. He replied, 'Don't go; it did not come from him.' 'It must; see the post-mark of the

envelope—Fontainebleau.' 'I posted it at Fontainebleau.' 'You sent me the money, you!' 'Nay, that is beyond my means. Where it came from,' said this *miserable*, 'much more may yet come;' and then he narrated, with that cynicism so in vogue at Paris, how he had told the Duchesse (who knew him as my intimate associate) of my stress of circumstance, of his fear that I meditated something desperate; how she gave him the jewels to sell and to substitute; how, in order to baffle my suspicion and frustrate my scruples, he had gone to Fontainebleau and there posted the envelope containing the bank-notes, out of which he secured for himself the payment he deemed otherwise imperilled. De N. having made this confession, hurried down the stairs swiftly enough to save himself a descent by the window. 'Do you believe me still?'

"Yes; you were always so hot-blooded, and De N. so considerate of self, I believe you implicitly."

"Of course I did what any man would do—I wrote a hasty letter to the Duchesse, stating all my gratitude for an act of pure friendship so noble; urging also the reasons that rendered it impossible for a man of honour to profit by such an act. Unhappily, what had been sent was paid away ere I knew the facts; but I could not bear the thought of life till my debt to her was acquitted; in short, Louvier, conceive for yourself the sort of letter which I—which any honest man—would write, under circumstances so cruel."

"H'm!" grunted Louvier.

"Something, however, in my letter, conjoined with what De N. had told her as to my state of mind, alarmed this poor woman, who had deigned to take in me an interest so little deserved. Her reply, very agitated and incoherent, was brought

to me by her maid, who had taken my letter, and by whom, as I before said, our correspondence had been of late carried on. In her reply she implored me to decide, to reflect on nothing till I had seen her; stated how the rest of her day was pre-engaged; and since to visit her openly had been made impossible by the Duc's interdict, enclosed the key to the private entrance to her rooms, by which I could gain an interview with her at ten o'clock that night, an hour at which the Duc had informed her he should be out till late at his club. Now, however great the indiscretion which the Duchesse here committed, it is due to her memory to say, that I am convinced that her dominant idea was that I meditated self-destruction; that no time was to be lost to save me from it; and for the rest she trusted to the influence which a woman's tears and adjurations and reasonings have over even the strongest and hardest men. It is only one of those coxcombs in whom the world of fashion abounds who could have admitted a thought that would have done wrong to the impulsive, generous, imprudent eagerness of a woman to be in time to save from death by his own hand a fellow-being for whom she had conceived an interest. I so construed her note. At the hour she named I admitted myself into the rooms by the key she sent. You know the rest: I was discovered by the Duc and by the agents of police in the cabinet in which the Duchesse's jewels were kept. The key that admitted me into the cabinet was found in my possession."

De Mauléon's voice here faltered, and he covered his face with a convulsive hand. Almost in the same breath he recovered from visible sign of emotion, and went on with a half-laugh.

"Ah! you envied me, did you,

for being spoiled by the women? Envidable position indeed was mine that night. The Duc obeyed the first impulse of his wrath. He imagined that I had dishonoured him: he would dishonour me in return. Easier to his pride, too, a charge against the robber of jewels than against a favoured lover of his wife. But when I, obeying the first necessary obligation of honour, invented on the spur of the moment the story by which the Duchesse's reputation was cleared from suspicion, accused myself of a frantic passion and the trickery of a fabricated key, the Duc's true nature of *gentilhomme* came back. He retracted the charge which he could scarcely even at the first blush have felt to be well founded; and as the sole charge left was simply that which men *comme il faut* do not refer to criminal courts and police investigations, I was left to make my bow unmolested and retreat to my own rooms, awaiting there such communications as the Duc might deem it right to convey to me on the morrow.

"But on the morrow the Duc, with his wife and personal suite, quitted Paris *en route* for Spain; the bulk of his retinue, including the offending abigail, was discharged; and, whether through these servants or through the police, the story before evening was in the mouth of every gossip in club or *café*—exaggerated, distorted, to my ignominy and shame. My detection in the cabinet, the sale of the jewels, the substitution of paste by De N., who was known to be my servile imitator, and reputed to be my abject tool; all my losses on the turf, my debts,—all these scattered fibres of flax were twisted together in a rope that would have hanged a dog with a much better name than mine. If some disbelieved that I could be a thief, few of those who should

have known me best held me guiltless of a baseness almost equal to that of theft—the exaction of profit from the love of a foolish woman."

"But you could have told your own tale, shown the letters you had received from the Duchesse, and cleared away every stain on your honour."

"How?—shown her letters, ruined her character, even stated that she had caused her jewels to be sold for the uses of a young *roué*? Ah no, Louvier. I would rather have gone to the galleys!"

"H'm!" grunted Louvier again.

"The Duc generously gave me better means of righting myself. Three days after he quitted Paris I received a letter from him, very politely written, expressing his great regret that any words implying the suspicion too monstrous and absurd to need refutation should have escaped him in the surprise of the moment; but stating that since the offence I had owned was one that he could not overlook, he was under the necessity of asking the only reparation I could make. That if it 'deranged' me to quit Paris, he would return to it for the purpose required; but that if I would give him the additional satisfaction of suiting his convenience, he should prefer to await my arrival at Bayonne, where he was detained by the indisposition of the Duchesse."

"You have still that letter?" asked Louvier, quickly.

"Yes; with other more important documents constituting what I may call my *pièces justificatives*."

"I need not say that I replied stating the time at which I should arrive at Bayonne, and the hotel at which I should await the Duc's command. Accordingly I set out that same day, gained the hotel named, despatched to the Duc the announcement of my arrival, and was considering how I should

obtain a second in some officer quartered in the town—for my soreness and resentment at the marked coldness of my former acquaintances at Paris had forbidden me to seek a second among any of that faithless number—when the Duc himself entered my room. Judge of my amaze at seeing him in person; judge how much greater the amaze became when he advanced with a grave but cordial smile, offering me his hand!

“‘M. de Mauléon,’ said he, ‘since I wrote to you, facts have become known to me which would induce me rather to ask your friendship than call on you to defend your life. Madame la Duchesse has been seriously ill since we left Paris, and I refrained from all explanations likely to add to the hysterical excitement under which she was suffering. It is only this day that her mind became collected, and she herself then gave me her entire confidence. Monsieur, she insisted on my reading the letters that you addressed to her. Those letters, monsieur, suffice to prove your innocence of any design against my peace. The Duchesse has so candidly avowed her own indiscretion, has so clearly established the distinction between indiscretion and guilt, that I have granted her my pardon with a lightened heart and a firm belief that we shall be happier together than we have been yet.’

“The Duc continued his journey the next day, but he subsequently honoured me with two or three letters written as friend to friend, and in which you will find repeated the substance of what I have stated him to say by word of mouth.”

“But why not then have returned to Paris? Such letters, at least, you might have shown, and in braving your calumniators you would have soon lived them down.”

“You forget that I was a ruined man. When, by the sale of my horses, &c., my debts, including what was owed to the Duchesse, and which I remitted to the Duc, were discharged, the balance left to me would not have maintained me a week at Paris. Besides, I felt so sore, so indignant. Paris and the Parisians had become to me so hateful. And to crown all, that girl, that English girl whom I had so loved, on whose fidelity I had so counted—well, I received a letter from her, gently but coldly bidding me farewell for ever. I do not think she believed me guilty of theft, but doubtless the offence I had confessed, in order to save the honour of the Duchesse, could but seem to her all-sufficient! Broken in spirit, bleeding at heart to the very core, still self-destruction was no longer to be thought of. I would not die till I could once more lift up my head as Victor de Mauléon.”

“What then became of you, my poor Victor?”

“Ah! that is a tale too long for recital. I have played so many parts that I am puzzled to recognise my own identity with the Victor de Mauléon whose name I abandoned. I have been a soldier in Algeria, and won my cross on the field of battle—that cross and my colonel’s letter are among my *pièces justificatives*. I have been a gold-digger in California, a speculator in New York, of late in callings obscure and humble. But in all my adventures, under whatever name, I have earned testimonials of probity, could manifestations of so vulgar a virtue be held of account by the enlightened people of Paris. I come now to a close. The Vicomte de Mauléon is about to reappear in Paris, and the first to whom he announces that sublime avatar is Paul Louvier. When settled in some modest apartment, I shall place in your hands my

pièces justificatives. I shall ask you to summon my surviving relations or connections, among which are the Counts de Vandemar, Beauvilliers, De Passy, and the Marquis de Rochebriant, with any friends of your own who sway the opinions of the Great World. You will place my justification before them, expressing your own opinion that it suffices;—in a word, you will give me the sanction of your countenance. For the rest, I trust to myself to propitiate the kindly and to silence the calumnious. I have spoken; what say you?"

"You overrate my power in society. Why not appeal yourself to your high-born relations?"

"No, Louvier; I have too well considered the case to alter my decision. It is through you, and you alone, that I shall approach my relations. My vindicator must be a man of whom the vulgar cannot say, 'Oh, he is a relation—a fellow-noble: those aristocrats whitewash each other.' It must be an authority with the public at large—a *bourgeois*, a *millionnaire*, a *roi de la Bourse*. I choose you, and that ends the discussion."

Louvier could not help laughing good-humouredly at the *sang froid* of the Vicomte. He was once more under the domination of a man who had for a time dominated all with whom he lived.

De Mauléon continued: "Your task will be easy enough. Society changes rapidly at Paris. Few persons now exist who have more than a vague recollection of the circumstances which can be so easily explained to my complete vindication when the vindication comes from a man of your solid respectability and social influence. Besides, I have political objects in view. You are a Liberal; the Vandemars and Rochebriants are Legitimists. I prefer a godfather on the Liberal side.

Pardieu, mon ami, why such coquettish hesitation? Said and done. Your hand on it."

"There is my hand then. I will do all I can to help you."

"I know you will, old friend; and you do both kindly and wisely." Here De Mauléon cordially pressed the hand he held, and departed.

On gaining the street, the Vicomte glided into a neighbouring courtyard, in which he had left his *fiacre*, and bade the coachman drive towards the Boulevard Sebastopol. On the way, he took from a small bag that he had left in the carriage the flaxen wig and pale whiskers which distinguished M. Lebeau, and mantled his elegant habiliments in an immense cloak, which he had also left in the *fiacre*. Arrived at the Boulevard Sebastopol, he drew up the collar of the cloak so as to conceal much of his face, stopped the driver, paid him quickly, and, bag in hand, hurried on to another stand of *fiacres* at a little distance, entered one, drove to the Faubourg Montmartre, dismissed the vehicle at the mouth of a street not far from M. Lebeau's office, and gained on foot the private side door of the house, let himself in with his latch-key, entered the private room on the inner side of his office, locked the door, and proceeded leisurely to exchange the brilliant appearance which the Vicomte de Mauléon had borne on his visit to the *millionnaire*, for the sober raiment and *bourgeois* air of M. Lebeau, the letter-writer.

Then after locking up his former costume in a drawer of his *secrétaire*, he sat himself down and wrote the following lines:—

"DEAR M. GEORGES,—I advise you strongly, from information that has just reached me, to lose no time in pressing M. Savarin to repay the sum I recommended you to lend him, and for which you hold his bill due this day. The scandal of legal

measures against a writer so distinguished should be avoided if possible. He will avoid it and get the money somehow. But he must be

urgently pressed. If you neglect this warning, my responsibility is past.—*Agréez mes sentiments les plus sincères.*
J. L."

CHAPTER II.

The Marquis de Rochebriant is no longer domiciled in an attic in the gloomy faubourg. See him now in a charming *appartement de garçon au premier* in the Rue du Helder, close by the promenades and haunts of the *mode*. It had been furnished and inhabited by a brilliant young provincial from Bordeaux, who, coming into an inheritance of 100,000 francs, had rushed up to Paris to enjoy himself, and make his million at the Bourse. He had enjoyed himself thoroughly—he had been a darling of the *demi-monde*. He had been a successful and an inconstant gallant. Zélie had listened to his vows of eternal love, and his offers of unlimited *cachemires*. Desirée, succeeding Zélie, had assigned to him her whole heart, or all that was left of it, in gratitude for the ardour of his passion, and the diamonds and *coupé* which accompanied and attested the ardour. The superb Hortense, supplanting Desirée, received his visits in the charming apartment he furnished for her, and entertained him and his friends at the most delicate little suppers, for the moderate sum of 4000 francs a-month. Yes, he had enjoyed himself thoroughly, but he had not made a million at the Bourse. Before the year was out, the 100,000 francs were gone. Compelled to return to his province, and by his hard-hearted relations ordained, on penalty of starvation, to marry the daughter of an *avoué*, for the sake of her *dot* and a share in the hated drudgery of the *avoué's* business,—his apartment was to be had for a tenth part of the original cost of its

furniture. A certain Chevalier de Finisterre, to whom Louvier had introduced the Marquis as a useful fellow, who knew Paris, and would save him from being cheated, had secured this *bijou* of an apartment for Alain, and concluded the bargain for the *bagatelle* of £500. The Chevalier took the same advantageous occasion to purchase the English well-bred hack, and the neat *coupé* and horses which the Bordelais was also necessitated to dispose of. These purchases made, the Marquis had some 5000 francs (£200) left out of Louvier's premium of £1000. The Marquis, however, did not seem alarmed or dejected by the sudden diminution of capital so expeditiously effected. The easy life thus commenced seemed to him too natural to be fraught with danger; and easy though it was, it was a very simple and modest sort of life compared with that of many other men of his age to whom Enguerrand had introduced him, though most of them had an income less than his, and few, indeed, of them were his equals in dignity of birth. Could a Marquis de Rochebriant, if he lived at Paris at all, give less than 3000 francs a-year for his apartment, or mount a more humble establishment than that confined to a valet and a tiger, two horses for his *coupé* and one for the saddle? 'Impossible,' said the Chevalier de Finisterre, decidedly; and the Marquis bowed to so high an authority. He thought within himself, 'If I find in a few months that I am exceeding my means, I can but dispose of my rooms and my horses, and return to

Rochebriant a richer man by far than I left it.'

To say truth, the brilliant seductions of Paris had already produced their effect, not only on the habits, but on the character and cast of thought, which the young noble had brought with him from the feudal and melancholy Bretagne.

Warmed by the kindness with which, once introduced by his popular kinsmen, he was everywhere received, the reserve or shyness which is the compromise between the haughtiness of self-esteem and the painful doubt of appreciation by others, rapidly melted away. He caught insensibly the polished tone, at once so light and so cordial, of his new-made friends. With all the efforts of the democrats to establish equality and fraternity, it is among the aristocrats that equality and fraternity are most to be found. All *gentilshommes* in the best society are equals; and whether they embrace or fight each other, they embrace or fight as brothers of the same family. But with the tone of manners, Alain de Rochebriant imbibed still more insensibly the lore of that philosophy which young idlers in pursuit of pleasure teach to each other. Probably in all civilised and luxurious capitals that philosophy is very much the same among the same class of idlers at the same age; probably it flourishes in Pekin not less than at Paris. If Paris has the credit, or discredit, of it more than any other capital, it is because in Paris more than in any other capital it charms the eye by grace and amuses the ear by wit. A philosophy which takes the things of this life very easily—which has a smile and a shrug of the shoulders for any pretender to the Heroic—which subdivides the wealth of passion into the pocket-money of caprices—is always in or out of love, ankle-deep, never venturing a

plunge—which, light of heart as of tongue, turns 'the solemn plausibilities' of earth into subjects for epigrams and *bons mots*,—it jests at loyalty to kings, and turns up its nose at enthusiasm for commonwealths—it abjures all grave studies—it shuns all profound emotions. We have crowds of such philosophers in London; but there they are less noticed, because the agreeable attributes of the sect are there dimmed and obfuscated. It is not a philosophy that flowers richly in the reek of fogs, and in the teeth of east winds; it wants for full development the light atmosphere of Paris. Now this philosophy began rapidly to exercise its charms upon Alain de Rochebriant. Even in the society of professed Legitimists, he felt that faith had deserted the Legitimist creed, or taken refuge only as a companion of religion in the hearts of high-born women and a small minority of priests. His chivalrous loyalty still struggled to keep its ground, but its roots were very much loosened. He saw—for his natural intellect was keen—that the cause of the Bourbon was hopeless, at least for the present, because it had ceased; at least for the present, to be a cause. His political creed thus shaken, with it was shaken also that adherence to the past which had stifled his ambition of a future. That ambition began to breathe and to stir, though he owned it not to others—though, as yet, he scarce distinguished its whispers, much less directed its movements towards any definite object. Meanwhile, all that he knew of his ambition was the new-born desire for social success.

We see him, then, under the quick operation of this change in sentiments and habits reclined on the *fauteuil* before his fireside, and listening to his college friend, of whom we have so long lost sight,

Frederic Lemerrier. Frederic had breakfasted with Alain—a breakfast such as might have contented the author of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and provided from the *Café Anglais*. Frederic has just thrown aside his regalia.

"*Pardieu!* my dear Alain. If Louvier has no sinister object in the generosity of his dealings with you, he will have raised himself prodigiously in my estimation. I shall forsake, in his favour, my allegiance to Duplessis, though that clever fellow has just made a wondrous *coup* in the Egyptians, and I gain 40,000 francs by having followed his advice. But if Duplessis has a head as long as Louvier's, he certainly has not an equal greatness of soul. Still, my dear friend, will you pardon me if I speak frankly, and in the way of a warning homily?"

"Speak; you cannot oblige me more."

"Well, then, I know that you can no more live at Paris in the way you are doing, or mean to do, without some fresh addition to your income, than a lion could live in the Jardin des Plantes upon an allowance of two mice a-week."

"I don't see that. Deducting what I pay to my aunt—and I cannot get her to take more than 6000 francs a-year—I have 700 napoleons left, net and clear. My rooms and stables are equipped, and I have 2500 francs in hand. On 700 napoleons a-year, I calculate that I can very easily live as I do; and if I fail—well, I must return to Rochebriant. Seven hundred napoleons a-year will be a magnificent rental there."

Frederic shook his head.

"You do not know how one expense leads to another. Above all, you do not calculate the chief part of one's expenditure—the unforeseen. You will play at the Jockey

Club and lose half your income in a night."

"I shall never touch a card."

"So you say now, innocent as a lamb of the force of example. At all events, *beau seigneur*, I presume you are not going to resuscitate the part of the *Ermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*; and the fair *Parisiennes* are demons of extravagance."

"Demons whom I shall not court."

"Did I say you would? They will court you. Before another month has flown, you will be inundated with *billets-doux*."

"It is not a shower that will devastate my humble harvest. But, *mon cher*, we are falling upon very gloomy topics. *Laissez-moi tranquille* in my illusions, if illusions they be. Ah, you cannot conceive what a new life opens to the man who, like myself, has passed the dawn of his youth in privation and fear, when he suddenly acquires competence and hope. If it last only a year, it will be something to say 'Vixi.'"

"Alain," said Frederic, very earnestly, "believe me, I should not have assumed the ungracious and inappropriate task of Mentor, if it were only a year's experience at stake, or if you were in the position of men like myself—free from the encumbrance of a great name and heavily-mortgaged lands. Should you fail to pay regularly the interest due to Louvier, he has the power to put up at public auction, and there to buy in for himself your *château* and domain."

"I am aware that in strict law he would have such power, though I doubt if he would use it. Louvier is certainly a much better and more generous fellow than I could have expected; and if I believe De Finisterre, he has taken a sincere liking to me, on account of affection to my poor father. But why should

not the interest be paid regularly? The revenues from Rochebriant are not likely to decrease, and the charge on them is lightened by the contract with Louvier. And I will confide to you a hope I entertain of a very large addition to my rental."

"How?"

"A chief part of my rental is derived from forests, and De Finisterre has heard of a capitalist who is disposed to make a contract for their sale at the fall this year, and may probably extend it to future years, at a price far exceeding that which I have hitherto obtained."

"Pray be cautious. De Finisterre is not a man I should implicitly trust in such matters."

"Why? do you know anything against him? He is in the best society—perfect *gentilhomme*—and, as his name may tell you, a fellow-Breton. You yourself allow, and so does Enguerrand, that the purchases he made for me—in this apartment, my horses, &c.—are singularly advantageous."

"Quite true; the Chevalier is reputed sharp and clever, is said to be very amusing, and a first-rate *piquet*-player. I don't know him personally. I am not in his set. I have no valid reason to disparage his character, nor do I conjecture any motive he could have to injure or mislead you. Still, I say, be cautious how far you trust to his advice or recommendation."

"Again I ask why?"

"He is unlucky to his friends. He attaches himself much to men younger than himself; and somehow or other I have observed that most of them have come to grief. Besides, a person in whose sagacity I have great confidence warned me against making the Chevalier's acquaintance, and said to me, in his blunt way, 'De Finisterre came to Paris with nothing; he has succeeded to nothing; he belongs to no ostensible

profession by which anything can be made. But evidently now he has picked up a good deal; and in proportion as any young associate of his becomes poorer, De Finisterre seems mysteriously to become richer. Shun that sort of acquaintance.'"

"Who is your sagacious adviser?"

"Duplessis."

"Ah, I thought so. That bird of prey fancies every other bird looking out for pigeons. I fancy that Duplessis is, like all those money-getters, a seeker after fashion, and De Finisterre has not returned his bow."

"My dear Alain, I am to blame; nothing is so irritating as a dispute about the worth of the men we like. I began it, now let it be dropped; only make me one promise, that if you should be in arrear, or if need presses, you will come at once to me. It was very well to be absurdly proud in an attic, but that pride will be out of place in your *appartement au premier*."

"You are the best fellow in the world, Frederic, and I make you the promise you ask," said Alain, cheerfully, but yet with a secret emotion of tenderness and gratitude. "And now, *mon cher*, what day will you dine with me to meet Raoul, and Enguerrand, and some others whom you would like to know?"

"Thanks, and hearty ones, but we move now in different spheres, and I shall not trespass on yours. *Je suis trop bourgeois* to incur the ridicule of *le bourgeois gentilhomme*."

"Frederic, how dare you speak thus? My dear fellow, my friends shall honour you as I do."

"But that will be on your account, not mine. No; honestly, that kind of society neither tempts nor suits me. I am a sort of king in my own walk; and I prefer my Bohemian royalty to vassalage in higher regions. Say no more of it.

It will flatter my vanity enough if you will now and then descend to my coteries, and allow me to parade a Rochebriant as my familiar crony, slap him on the shoulder, and call him Alain."

"Fie! you who stopped me and the English aristocrat in the Champs Elysées, to humble us with your boast of having fascinated *une grande dame*—I think you said a *duchesse*."

"Oh," said Lemercier, conceitedly, and passing his hand through his scented locks, "women are different; love levels all ranks. I don't blame Ruy Blas for accepting the love of a queen, but I do blame him for passing himself off as a noble—a plagiarism, by the by, from an English play. I do not love the English enough to copy them. *A propos*, what has become of *ce beau* Grarm Varn? I have not seen him of late."

"Neither have I."

"Nor the *belle Italienne*?"

"Nor her," said Alain, slightly blushing.

At this moment Enguerrand lounged into the room. Alain stopped Lemercier to introduce him to his kinsman. "Enguerrand, I present to you M. Lemercier, my earliest and one of my dearest friends."

The young noble held out his hand with the bright and joyous grace which accompanied all his movements, and expressed in cordial words his delight to make M. Lemercier's acquaintance. Bold and assured as Frederic was in his own circles, he was more discomposed than set at ease by the gracious accost of a *lion*, whom he felt at once to be of a breed superior to his own. He muttered some confused phrases, in which *ravi* and *flatté* were alone audible, and vanished.

"I know M. Lemercier by sight very well," said Enguerrand, seating

himself. "One sees him very often in the Bois; and I have met him in the *Coulisses* and the *Bal Mabille*. I think, too, that he plays at the Bourse, and is *lié* with M. Duplessis, who bids fair to rival Louvier one of these days. Is Duplessis also one of your dearest friends?"

"No, indeed. I once met him, and was not prepossessed in his favour."

"Nevertheless, he is a man much to be admired and respected."

"Why so?"

"Because he understands so well the art of making what we all covet—money. I will introduce you to him."

"I have been already introduced."

"Then I will reintroduce you. He is much courted in a society which I have recently been permitted by my father to frequent—the society of the Imperial Court."

"You frequent that society, and the Count permits it?"

"Yes; better the Imperialists than the Republicans; and my father begins to own that truth, though he is too old or too indolent to act on it."

"And Raoul?"

"Oh, Raoul, the melancholy and philosophical Raoul, has no ambition of any kind, so long as—thanks somewhat to me—his purse is always replenished for the wants of his stately existence, among the foremost of which wants are the means to supply the wants of others. That is the true reason why he consents to our glove-shop. Raoul belongs, with some other young men of the faubourg, to a society enrolled under the name of Saint François de Sales, for the relief of the poor. He visits their houses, and is at home by their sickbeds as at their stunted boards. Nor does he confine his visitations to the limits of our faubourg; he extends his travels to Montmartre and Belleville. As

to our upper world, he does not concern himself much with its changes. He says that 'we have destroyed too much ever to rebuild solidly; and that whatever we do build could be upset any day by a Paris mob, which he declares to be the only institution we have left.' A wonderful fellow is Raoul; full of mind, though he does little with it; full of heart, which he devotes to suffering humanity, and to a poetic, knightly reverence (not to be confounded with earthly love, and not to be degraded into that sickly sentiment called Platonic affection) for the Comtesse di Rimini, who is six years older than himself, and who is very faithfully attached to her husband, Raoul's intimate friend, whose honour he would guard as his own. It is an episode in the drama of Parisian life, and one not so uncommon as the malignant may suppose. Di Rimini knows and approves of his veneration; my mother, the best of women, sanctions it, and deems truly that it preserves Raoul safe from all the temptations to which ignobler youth is exposed. I mention this lest you should imagine there was anything in Raoul's worship of his star less pure than it is. For the rest, Raoul, to the grief and amazement of that disciple of Voltaire, my respected father, is one of the very few men I know in our circles who is sincerely religious

—an orthodox Catholic—and the only man I know who practises the religion he professes; charitable, chaste, benevolent; and no bigot, no intolerant ascetic. His only weakness is his entire submission to the worldly common-sense of his good-for-nothing, covetous, ambitious brother Enguerrand. I cannot say how I love him for that. If he had not such a weakness, his excellence would gall me, and I believe I should hate him."

Alain bowed his head at this eulogium. Such had been the character that, a few months ago, he would have sought as example and model. He seemed to gaze upon a flattered portrait of himself as he had been.

"But," said Enguerrand, "I have not come here to indulge in the overflow of brotherly affection. I come to take you to your relation the Duchess of Tarascon. I have pledged myself to her to bring you, and she is at home on purpose to receive you."

"In that case I cannot be such a churl as to refuse. And, indeed, I no longer feel quite the same prejudices against her and the Imperialists as I brought from Bretagne. Shall I order my carriage?"

"No; mine is at the door. Yours can meet you where you will, later. *Allons.*"

CHAPTER III.

The Duchesse de Tarascon occupied a vast apartment in the Rue Royale, close to the Tuileries. She held a high post among the ladies who graced the brilliant Court of the Empress. She had survived her second husband the Duc, who left no issue, and the title died with him. Alain and Enguerrand were ushered up the grand staircase, lined

with tiers of costly exotics as if for a *fête*; but in that and in all kinds of female luxury, the Duchesse lived in a state of *fête perpétuelle*. The doors on the landing-place were screened by heavy *portières* of Genoa velvet, richly embroidered in gold with the ducal crown and cipher. The two *salons* through which the visitors passed to the private cabinet

or boudoir were decorated with Gobelin tapestries, fresh, with a mixture of roseate hues, and depicting incidents in the career of the first Emperor; while the effigies of the late Duc's father—the gallant founder of a short-lived race—figured modestly in the background. On a table of Russian malachite within the recess of the central window lay, preserved in glass cases, the baton and the sword, the epaulettes, and the decorations of the brave Marshal. On the *consoles* and the mantelpieces stood clocks and vases of Sèvres that could scarcely be eclipsed by those in the Imperial palaces. Entering the cabinet, they found the Duchesse seated at her writing-table, with a small Skye terrier, hideous in the beauty of the purest breed, nestled at her feet. This room was an exquisite combination of costliness and comfort—Luxury at home. The hangings were of geranium-coloured silk, with double curtains of white satin; near to the writing-table a conservatory, with a white marble fountain at play in the centre, and a trellised aviary at the back. The walls were covered with small pictures—chiefly portraits and miniatures of the members of the Imperial family, of the late Duc, of his father the Marshal and Madame la Maréchale, of the present Duchesse herself, and of some of the principal ladies of the Court.

The Duchesse was still in the prime of life. She had passed her fortieth year, but was so well 'conserved' that you might have guessed her to be ten years younger. She was tall; not large—but with rounded figure inclined to *en bon point*; with dark hair and eyes, but fair complexion, injured in effect rather than improved by pearl-powder, and that atrocious barbarism of a dark stain on the eyelids which has of late years been a baneful fashion;

dressed—I am a man, and cannot describe her dress—all I know is, that she had the acknowledged fame of the best-dressed *subject* of France. As she rose from her seat, there was in her look and air the unmistakable evidence of *grande dame*; a family likeness in feature to Alain himself, a stronger likeness to the picture of her first cousin—his mother—which was preserved at Rochebriant. Her descent was indeed from ancient and noble houses. But to the distinction of race she added that of fashion; crowning both with a tranquil consciousness of lofty position and unblemished reputation.

"Unnatural cousin," she said to Alain, offering her hand to him, with a gracious smile; "all this age in Paris, and I see you for the first time. But there is joy on earth as in heaven over sinners who truly repent. You repent truly—*n'est ce pas?*"

It is impossible to describe the caressing charm which the Duchesse threw into her words, voice, and look. Alain was fascinated and subdued.

"Ah, Madame la Duchesse," said he, bowing over the fair hand he lightly held, "it was not sin, unless modesty be a sin, which made a rustic hesitate long before he dared to offer his homage to the queen of the graces."

"Not badly said for a rustic," cried Enguerrand; "eh, Madame!"

"My cousin, you are pardoned," said the Duchesse. "Compliment is the perfume of *gentilhommerie*. And if you brought enough of that perfume from the flowers of Rochebriant to distribute among the ladies at Court, you will be terribly the *mode* there. Seducer!"—here she gave the Marquis a playful tap on the cheek, not in a coquettish but in a mother-like familiarity, and looking at him attentively, said: "Why you are even handsomer than your

father. I shall be proud to present to their Imperial Majesties so becoming a cousin. But seat yourselves here, Messieurs, close to my arm-chair, *causons*."

The Duchesse then took up the ball of the conversation. She talked without any apparent artifice, but with admirable tact; put just the questions about Rochebriant most calculated to please Alain, shunning all that might have pained him; asking him for descriptions of the surrounding scenery—the Breton legends; hoping that the old castle would never be spoiled by modernising restorations; inquiring tenderly after his aunt, whom she had in her childhood once seen, and still remembered with her sweet, grave face; paused little for replies; then turned to Enguerrand with sprightly small-talk on the topics of the day, and every now and then bringing Alain into the pale of the talk, leading on insensibly until she got Enguerrand himself to introduce the subject of the Emperor, and the political troubles which were darkening a reign heretofore so prosperous and splendid.

Her countenance then changed; it became serious, and even grave in its expression.

"It is true," she said, "that the times grow menacing—menacing not only to the throne, but to order and property and France. One by one they are removing all the breakwaters which the Empire had constructed between the executive and the most fickle and impulsive population that ever shouted 'long live' one day to the man whom they would send to the guillotine the next. They are denouncing what they call personal government—grant that it has its evils; but what would they substitute?—a constitutional monarchy like the English? That is impossible with universal suffrage and without an

hereditary chamber. The nearest approach to it was the monarchy of Louis Philippe—we know how sick they became of that. A republic? *mon Dieu!* composed of republicans terrified out of their wits at each other. The moderate men, mimics of the Girondins, with the Reds, and the Socialists, and the Communists, ready to tear them to pieces. And then—what then?—the commercialists, the agriculturists, the middle class combining to elect some dictator who will cannonade the mob, and become a mimic Napoléon, grafted on a mimic Necker or a mimic Danton. Oh, Messieurs, I am French to the core! You inheritors of such names must be as French as I am; and yet you men insist on remaining more useless to France in the midst of her need than I am,—I, a woman who can but talk and weep."

The Duchesse spoke with a warmth of emotion which startled and profoundly affected Alain. He remained silent, leaving it to Enguerrand to answer.

"Dear Madame," said the latter, "I do not see how either myself or our kinsman can merit your reproach. We are not legislators. I doubt if there is a single department in France that would elect us, if we offered ourselves. It is not our fault if the various floods of revolution leave men of our birth and opinions stranded wrecks of a perished world. The Emperor chooses his own advisers, and if they are bad ones, his Majesty certainly will not ask Alain and me to replace them."

"You do not answer—you evade me," said the Duchesse, with a mournful smile. "You are too skilled a man of the world, M. Enguerrand, not to know that it is not only legislators and ministers that are necessary to the support of a throne, and the safeguard of a

nation. Do you not see how great a help it is to both throne and nation, when that section of public opinion which is represented by names illustrious in history, identified with records of chivalrous deeds and loyal devotion, rallies round the order established? Let that section of public opinion stand aloof, soured and discontented, excluded from active life, lending no counterbalance to the perilous oscillations of democratic passion, and tell me if it is not an enemy to itself as well as a traitor to the principles it embodies?"

"The principles it embodies, Madame," said Alain, "are those of fidelity to a race of kings unjustly set aside, less for the vices than the virtues of ancestors. Louis XV. was the worst of the Bourbons,—he was the *bien aimé*,—he escapes; Louis XVI. was in moral attributes the best of the Bourbons,—he dies the death of a felon; Louis XVIII., against whom much may be said, restored to the throne by foreign bayonets, reigning as a disciple of Voltaire might reign, secretly scoffing alike at the royalty and the religion which were crowned in his person, dies peacefully in his bed; Charles X., redeeming the errors of his youth by a reign untarnished by a vice, by a religion earnest and sincere, is sent into exile for defending established order from the very inroads which you lament. He leaves an heir against whom calumny cannot invent a tale, and that heir remains an outlaw simply because he descends from Henry IV., and has a right to reign. Madame, you appeal to us as among the representatives of the chivalrous deeds and loyal devotion which characterised the old nobility of France. Should we deserve that character if we forsook the unfortunate, and gained wealth and honour in forsaking?"

"Your words endear you to me. I am proud to call you cousin," said the Duchesse. "But do you, or does any man in his senses believe that if you upset the Empire you could get back the Bourbons? that you would not be in imminent danger of a Government infinitely more opposed to the theories on which rests the creed of Legitimists than that of Louis Napoléon? After all, what is there in the loyalty of you Bourbonites that has in it the solid worth of an argument which can appeal to the comprehension of mankind, except it be the principle of a hereditary monarchy? Nobody nowadays can maintain the right divine of a single regal family to impose itself upon a nation. That dogma has ceased to be a living principle; it is only a dead reminiscence. But the institution of monarchy is a principle strong and vital, and appealing to the practical interests of vast sections of society. Would you sacrifice the principle which concerns the welfare of millions, because you cannot embody it in the person of an individual utterly insignificant in himself? In a word, if you prefer monarchy to the hazard of republicanism for such a country as France, accept the monarchy you find, since it is quite clear you cannot rebuild the monarchy you would prefer. Does it not embrace all the great objects for which you call yourself Legitimist? Under it religion is honoured, a national Church secured, in reality if not in name; under it you have united the votes of millions to the establishment of the throne; under it all the material interests of the country, commercial, agricultural, have advanced with an unequalled rapidity of progress; under it Paris has become the wonder of the world for riches, for splendour, for grace and beauty; under it the old traditional enemies of France have been

humbled and rendered impotent. The policy of Richelieu has been achieved in the abasement of Austria; the policy of Napoléon I. has been consummated in the salvation of Europe from the semi-barbarous ambition of Russia. England no longer casts her trident in the opposite scale of the balance of European power. Satisfied with the honour of our alliance, she has lost every other ally; and her forces neglected, her spirit enervated, her statesmen dreaming believers in the safety of their island, provided they withdraw from the affairs of Europe, may sometimes scold us, but will certainly not dare to fight. With France she is but an inferior satellite,—without France she is—nothing. Add to all this a Court more brilliant than that of Louis XIV., a sovereign not indeed without faults and errors, but singularly mild in his nature, warm-hearted to friends, forgiving to foes, whom personally no one could familiarly know and not be charmed with a *bonté* of character, lovable as that of Henri IV.,—and tell me what more than all this could you expect from the reign of a Bourbon?"

"With such results," said Alain, "from the monarchy you so eloquently praise, I fail to discover what the Emperor's throne could possibly gain by a few powerless converts from an unpopular, and you say, no doubt truly, from a hopeless cause."

"I say monarchy gains much by the loyal adhesion of any man of courage, ability, and honour. Every new monarchy gains much by conversions from the ranks by which

the older monarchies were strengthened and adorned. But I do not here invoke your aid merely to this monarchy, my cousin; I demand your devotion to the interests of France; I demand that you should not rest an outlaw from her service. Ah, you think that France is in no danger—that you may desert or oppose the Empire as you list, and that society will remain safe! You are mistaken. Ask Enguerrand."

"Madame," said Enguerrand, "you overrate my political knowledge in that appeal; but, honestly speaking, I subscribe to your reasonings. I agree with you that the Empire sorely needs the support of men of honour: it has one cause of rot which now undermines it—dishonest jobbery in its administrative departments; even in that of the army, which apparently is so heeded and cared for. I agree with you that France is in danger, and may need the swords of all her better sons, whether against the foreigner or against her worst enemies—the mobs of her great towns. I myself received a military education, and but for my reluctance to separate myself from my father and Raoul, I should be a candidate for employments more congenial to me than those of the Bourse and my trade in the glove-shop. But Alain is happily free from all family ties, and Alain knows that my advice to him is not hostile to your exhortations."

"I am glad to think he is under so salutary an influence," said the Duchesse; and seeing that Alain remained silent and thoughtful, she wisely changed the subject, and shortly afterwards the two friends took leave.

NEW BOOKS.

AMONG the many things which change from one age to another, there is scarcely any so subject to variation, strangely enough, as those opinions on religious subjects which are the most important our minds are capable of forming. Though the hottest controversies in the Church are generally raised for the rigid conservation of old forms and old conceptions of religious truth, it is nevertheless true that every century, and often every generation, has its own characteristic way of setting forth these truths; and that, not to go back too far nor to venture upon any discussion such as that which has risen round the Athanasian Creed, a pious and even highly orthodox Christian of the present day would hesitate at least, and possibly shudder, were he called upon to utter assertions or explanations which distilled like dew from the lips of his prototype in 1773, only a hundred years ago. And scepticism, or philosophy, or counter-theology, whatever name may be the best to use, changes with equal variety and persistency. From Voltaire to Mr W. R. Greg, what a difference! We do not know by what name to distinguish the later author. He disbelieves the greater part of—we may almost say all—that Christians believe. He seems on the whole to be of opinion—to us a new and strange one—that Christianity has rather retarded than helped forward the reign of purity and truth on the earth. He is cruelly and unjustly, and sometimes we think ignorantly, contemptuous of all religious teachers of every class, creed, and country. He is not without that intolerance and dogmatism which are so curiously char-

acteristic of the philosophic antagonists of spiritual oppression; but it would, we think, be impossible for any candid and open-hearted reader of the little volume* recently published, to think of him as a Sceptic. Scepticism is not a creed but a disposition—a form of mind—a peculiarity of nature—and this is not the mental character of Mr Greg. He believes—almost in spite of himself—having no means, he confesses, of proving the truth of what he believes in, and acknowledging a great many arguments against it. There is something amusing even in the humility with which he makes this avowal, or rather, something that would be amusing but for the perfect and dignified seriousness of the thinker, who, declining to receive Revelation as a possibility, and rejecting Christianity as a great blunder, cannot yet, he allows, divest himself of his faith in God and the Hereafter. We have used a word which we ought not to have used,—it is pathetic rather than amusing. Mr Greg puts himself voluntarily at the bar, and gives for his defence the humanest, the most unassailable, of all pleas. It is not at any bar of ours that he makes his defence. We are ready to give him full and frank absolution for believing in God because he cannot help it, because it is *plus forte qua lui*: but there is something infinitely curious in the spectacle of this man standing humbly uncovered before his peers, excusing himself for his faith. We can easily conceive that a great effort was necessary to enable him to confront such a tribunal with such a confession. The great leading

* *Enigmas of Life*: by W. R. Greg. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

principle of all the philosophical researches of our day, both physical and mental, is that faith is the one unallowable sentiment—the accursed thing. The very state of mind which makes such a feeling possible, fills science with disgust and opposition; yet here is a distinguished philosopher coming forward to confess to it, with a sense of his own weakness, yet with an absolute incapacity to separate himself from it, which is at once strange and whimsical and pathetic. What he avows is pure faith of the highest and most visionary kind, faith in things unprovable, without tangible foundation, without authority—yet in its naked force prevailing over all the methods and habits of doubt, and all the prejudices of the intellect. The following is Mr Greg's own explanation or excuse—the plea with which he presents himself at the bar of philosophical thought:—

“The religious views in which we have been brought up, inevitably colour to the last our tone of thought on all cognate matters, and largely affect the manner and direction of our approach to them, even where every dogma of our early creed has been, if not abandoned, yet deprived of its dogmatic form, as well as of its original logical or authoritative basis. Not only are doctrines often persistently retained, though the old foundations of them have been undermined or surrendered—but beliefs that have dwelt long in the mind leave indelible traces of their residence years after they have been discarded and dislodged. It would be more correct to say that they linger with a sort of loving obstinacy in their old abode, long after they have received formal notice to quit. Their chamber is never to the end of time quite swept and garnished. The mind is never altogether as if they had not been there. When a ‘yes’ or ‘no’ answer is demanded to a proposition, for and against which argument and evidence seem equally balanced, the decision is sure to be different in minds, one of which comes new to the question,

while the other has held a preconceived opinion, even though on grounds which he now recognises as erroneous or insufficient. It was my lot to inherit from Puritan forefathers the strongest impressions as to the great doctrines of religion, at a time when the mind is most plastic and most tenacious of such impressions—

‘Wax to receive and marble to retain.’

And though I recognise, as fully as any man of science, the hollowness of most of the foundations on which those impressions were based, and the entire invalidity of the tenure on which I then held them, yet I by no means feel compelled to throw up the possession merely because the old title-deeds were full of flaws. The existence of a wise and beneficent Creator, and of a renewed life hereafter, are still to me beliefs—especially the first—very nearly reaching the solidity of absolute convictions. The one is almost a Certainty, the other a solemn Hope. And it does not seem to me unphilosophic to allow my contemplation of life, or my speculations on the problems it presents, to run in the grooves worn in the mind by its antecedent history, so long as no dogmatism is allowed, and no disprovable datum is suffered for a moment to intrude.”

The feeling which dictates this plea is as little sceptical as that which makes the firmest believer cling to his creed—nay, it is almost, if we may be permitted to say so, a more pure and unmixed Faith than are those beliefs which are founded upon authority, either human or divine—on Revelation itself, the great final authority in which Christians trust. Mr Greg rejects the idea of Revelation as a folly; he smiles at authority in matters of the mind. He believes—because, as we have said, he cannot help it; because he had Puritan forefathers—because once when he was young he believed. In short, he does what the weakest of us do, what the most illogical do: he believes because he believes. Honour to the philosopher who dares to say so! Let those

scoff at him who will, he shall have no scorn from us. We may grieve that he can proceed no further—that he cannot go in at the doors open to us, or see what it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive; but for this vindication, even though uttered somewhat against his will, of pure Faith without foundation or reason, he is to be thanked, almost more deeply than is another man who feels himself able to speak with fuller certainty and a more definite hope. This confession is a triumph of that something above nature, above reason, above all that can be taught or learned: that something ineffable, incomprehensible in us, which makes us what we are—which cannot be altogether destroyed by brutality, nor altogether eliminated by intellect; and which makes us, on the whole, very indifferent to Mr Darwin's monkeys, even could we see them in actual process of development. Tails are one thing—but souls are quite another thing. The appendage might be got rid of; but the other is not to be got rid of nor accounted for. And here it stands, clear-shining, ineffable, poisoning on angels' wings over the big brain of this thinker, as over the smallest brain of any one of us. We trust and hope that there is a great deal more of this kind of faith present in the world at this doubting and doubtful period, than the Christian critics of the time have any idea of. It is a Faith which has little to say for itself, which sometimes may be somewhat ashamed of itself; but its very shame and its avowed want of absolute foundation are its most valuable qualities. It is like the testimony of an unwilling witness, of whom honour and truth demand that he should tell something which goes against the cause he favours.

Another curious peculiarity of the

philosophy of our day is the modesty with which it avows its absolute inability to answer any of the questions it raises. The very name of Mr Greg's volume shows his full acquiescence in this sentiment. To the deeper Enigmas of Life which he here proposes he offers no answer; he holds out no hope to us that any answer can ever be found by intellect or thought. It is true that to the less lofty—to those which concern the physical wellbeing and progress of man—he believes in the possibility of a limited and conditional answer, but that only by the interposition of a philosophical millennium—a time when all men will do justly and love mercy, when sanitary science shall vanquish disease, when Peace shall have a universal reign, when men shall learn in all things how much better and more comfortable it is for themselves to do well than to do ill, and vice and dyspepsia shall alike vanish from the face of the earth. We have no disposition to assail with harsh criticism this foolishness of wisdom. We remember that another philosopher, more celebrated still than Mr Greg, once proposed the same summary and delightful remedy for the woes, not of the world, but of that small part of it called Ireland: Let every man but do his duty; let all be good, sober, virtuous, honest, and peaceable, as it was right to be, and lo, at once, without beating about the bush, or search after elaborate political panaceas, the remedy was found! So said Bishop Berkeley a hundred years ago. An older philosopher still—Francis, of the town of Assisi, in Umbria—held similar yet still wider views. His cure for Turk and Infidel was, not to crusade against them with armies and chivalry, but—the simplest thing, which any poor monk was good for—to convert them! In such company Mr Greg

need not be ashamed to stand ; and if he, too, dreams of a time when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the sucking child lay its hand on the cockatrice' den, we will not attempt to smile down his hope as a devout imagination, as, we fear, did we venture to breathe a word of the millennium of the Apocalypse, he would do to us. No ; that obstinate hope in human nature, which is one of the highest symptoms of the possibilities in us, is not one which we can cast any scorn at ; but the philosopher's faith in it is yet another proof of the endless potency of that principle which he despises scientifically, but which in the blessed inconsistency of human nature hangs by him still.

In the paper called "Realisable Ideals," Mr Greg sets forth candidly enough the absolute want of foundation for any such hope. Though he makes much — more a great deal than we should be disposed to make — of those external signs of progress which everybody dins into our ears — the railway, the telegraph, gas, &c. — he acknowledges that man has reached no corresponding advancement ; that neither thinker nor poet has gone beyond the range of Plato and Homer ; and that the Athenians some two thousand years ago raised themselves "to the highest summit which any nation has yet reached—the culminating point of human intelligence." To be able to think is surely a greater gift, after all that can be said, than to be able to flash a possibly foolish message from one end of the world to the other in twelve minutes. Almost the only way in which we can consider this latter privilege as an unmingled boon, is either when it works in the service of the affections and relieves the anxious, or when it is used in the royal work of government, facilitating the action of a central authority or summon-

ing aid to a dependency in peril ; — yet we all know that in both these cases the telegraph has probably done as much harm as good, torturing the absent who cannot be of any service to a sufferer with all the fluctuations of his malady, and confusing and stultifying the unhappy State subordinate, who is now never out of reach of an ignorant chief, nor allowed to act as his superior local knowledge sees fit. We cannot see how this merely external agency, great as it is, could, even if it had no *défauts des ses qualités*, be either an intellectual or moral influence affecting the minds or wills of men. And certainly its existence is no balance whatever to the confessed non-existence of any marked and general elevation of intellect or wisdom in man. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr Greg still holds his ideal as realisable. Everything is possible. It is true he grants that we may still go on as we have done for past centuries ; that "passion may still be in the ascendant, speaking in a louder tone than either interest or duty." "It may be so," he says, and thus proceeds to explain what hope is in him of better things :—

"But there are three sets of considerations which point to a more hopeful issue : the inevitably vast change which cannot fail to ensue when all the countless influences which have hitherto been working perversely in a wrong direction shall turn their combined forces the other way ; the *reciprocally reacting* and *cumulative* operation of each step in the right course ; and the illimitable generations and ages which yet lie before humanity ere the goal be reached. Our present condition, no doubt, is discouraging enough ; we have been sailing for centuries on a wrong tack, but we are beginning, though only just beginning, to put about the helm. What may we not rationally hope for, when the condition of the masses shall receive that concentrated and urgent attention which has hitherto been directed permanently,

if not exclusively, to furthering the interests of more favoured ranks? What, when charity, which for centuries has been doing mischief, shall begin to do good? What, when the countless pulpits that, so far back as history can reach, have been preaching Catholicism, Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, Calvinism, Wesleyanism, shall set to work to preach Christianity at last? Do we ever even approach to a due estimate of the degree in which every stronghold of vice or folly overthrown exposes, weakens, and undermines every other;—of the extent to which every improvement, social, moral, or material, makes every other easier;—of the countless ways in which physical reforms react on intellectual and ethical progress?

“What a gradual transformation—transformation almost reaching to transfiguration—will not steal over the aspect of civilised communities, when, by a few generations during which Hygienic science and sense shall have been in the ascendant, the restored health of mankind shall have corrected the *morbid exaggeration* of our appetites; when the more questionable instincts and passions, less and less exercised and stimulated for centuries, shall have faded into comparative quiescence; when the disordered constitutions, whether diseased, criminal, or defective, which now spread and propagate so much moral mischief, shall have been eliminated; when sounder systems of education shall have prevented the too early awakening of natural desire; when more rational because higher and soberer notions of what is needful and desirable in social life, a lower standard of expenditure, wiser simplicity in living, shall have rendered the gratification of these desires more easy; when little in comparison shall be needed for a happy home, and that little shall have become generally attainable by frugality, sobriety, and toil? It surely is not too Utopian to fancy that our children, or our grandchildren at least, may see a civil state in which wise and effective legislation, backed by adequate administration, shall have made all violation of law—all habitual crime—obviously, inevitably, and instantly a losing game, and therefore an

extinct profession; when property shall be respected and not coveted, because possessed or attainable by all; when the distribution of wealth shall receive, both from the Statesman and the Economist, that sedulous attention which is now concentrated exclusively on its acquisition; and when, though relative poverty may still remain, actual and unmerited destitution shall everywhere be as completely eliminated as it has been already in one or two fortunate and limited communities. Few, probably, have at all realised how near the possibility at least of this consummation may be. An intellectual and moral change—both within moderate and attainable limits—and the adequate and feasible education of all classes, would bring it about in a single generation. If our working men were as hardy, enduring, and ambitious as the better specimens of the Scotch peasantry, and valued instruction as much, and if they were as frugal, managing, and saving as the French peasantry, the work would be very near completion. . . . It may sound romantic, at the end of a decade which has witnessed, perhaps, the two most fierce and sanguinary wars in the world's history, to hope that this wretched and clumsy mode of settling national quarrels will ere long be obsolete; but no one can doubt that the commencement of higher estimates of national interests and needs, the growing devastation and slaughter of modern wars, the increased range and power of implements of destruction, which, as they are employable by all combatants, *will grow too tremendous to be employed by any*, and the increasing horror with which a cultivated age cannot avoid regarding such scenes, are all clear, if feeble and inchoate, indications of a tendency towards this blessed consummation.”

Heaven forbid that we should sneer at any man for holding so hopeful a view. Yet of all unlikely things this philosophical Utopia seems to us the most unlikely—a thing absolutely without warrant from experience, and little justified, so far as we can see, by the only agencies which are avowedly at command—agencies wholly ma-

terial, affecting our comfort, but neither touching our minds nor our hearts.

We have not time to do more than indicate Mr Greg's curiously fine and searching argument on the question of prayer—a question so often and so disagreeably discussed of late days, with what seems to us equal ignorance and bad taste on the sceptical side of the question, and much feebleness on the Christian. Here once again the fine spiritual sense (if we may use such an expression) of which Mr Greg is incapable of divesting himself, comes in, lifting the argument out of the vulgar circle in which it has been bandied about from one hand to another, into a clearer and serener air. Mr Greg's eyes are too keen and too candid not to see that in this case, as in so many others, it is a mere question with all thinkers which set of difficulties they will choose to protect and patronise,—those which set forth the impossibility of disturbing the order of nature by the interposition of such an agent as prayer—or those which regard the still deeper impossibility of believing in a God and not appealing to Him. Mr Greg considers both sides of the question carefully. He declares prayer to be “an inevitable consequence and correlative of belief in God,” an “original and nearly irresistible instinct.” “We cannot picture to ourselves,” he says, with a force of expression which might well be consolatory to timid believers, “what our nature would be without it.” He considers both sides of the question—and he makes no answer to it. We especially recommend to the notice of the reader the few sentences in which he suggests the idea that any extraordinary or importunate search for human aid, such as those which love and wealth make continually, is as much an interference with the

rigid sequences of nature as any appeal for divine aid can be. “If,” he says, “as philosophers have maintained, we all and always live under the dominion of settled law; if the present in all points flows regularly and inexorably from the past; if all occurrences are linked together in one unfailling chain of cause and effect, and all are foreseen by Him whose foresight is unerring; if indeed they are mere portions of an order of events of which the motive power has been set in action from the beginning,—then is not aid rendered to us by our human friends *in consequence* of our entreaties—as an *effect* of that *cause*—as much a disturbance of the ordained law of sequence as if God Himself had directly aided us, in compliance with our prayers to Him?” This will show, though Mr Greg gives no conclusion, and evidently feels no certain conclusion possible in such a question, that he treats it in a different spirit, and with a different feeling of its gravity and profound interest, from that which has shown itself in many recent arguments—arguments such as discredit science without having anything really to do with her—and which disgust us by that irreverence for human nature which is even more revolting to the human spirit than profanity towards God.

The most striking passages in Mr Greg's volume will, however, be found in the last of its chapters—the singular and touching paper called “Elsewhere,” in which, by way of showing the mistakes of “divines” in setting forth the conventionally religious view of future rewards and punishments (drawn, we presume, from the vulgarest type of old-fashioned sermons, but probably supposed by Mr Greg to represent the preaching of his own day), he sets forth his own views on this profoundly interesting subject.

The idea of entirely spiritual retribution is not an original one, and commends itself more completely to the mind than any other conception of final punishment. But though the idea is not new, it has seldom been more powerfully expressed. The following picture might probably be equalled in the pages of some "divine" of higher range and older date than those Mr Greg condemns; but we do not know where else, except in Isaiah, to find a more terrible or a more powerful picture of a real and spiritual hell:—

"When the portals of this world have been passed, when time and sense have been left behind, and this 'body of death' has dropped away from the liberated soul, everything which clouded the perceptions, which dulled the vision, which drugged the conscience while on earth, will be cleared off like a morning mist. *We shall see all things as they really are*—ourselves and our sins among the number. No other punishment, whether retributive or purgatorial, will be needed. Naked truth, unfilmed eyes, will do all that the most righteous vengeance could desire. Every now and then we have a glimpse of such perceptions while on earth. Times come to us all when the passions, by some casual influence or some sobering shock, have been wholly lulled to rest, when all disordered emotions have drunk repose 'From the cool cisterns of the midnight air,' and when for a few brief and ineffectual instants the temptations which have led us astray, the pleasures for which we have bartered away the future, the desires to which we have sacrificed our peace, appear to us in all their wretched folly and miserable meanness. From our feelings *then* we may form a faint imagination of what our feelings will be hereafter, when this occasional and imperfect glimpse shall have become a perpetual flood of light, irradiating all the darkest places of our earthly pathway, piercing through all veils, scattering all delusions, burning up all sophistries; when the sensual man, *all desires and appetites now utterly extinct*, shall stand amazed and horror-

struck at the low promptings to which he once yielded himself up in such ignominious slavery, and shall shrink in loathing and shame from the reflected image of his own animal brutality; when the hard, grasping, sordid man, *come now into a world where wealth can purchase nothing, where gold has no splendour, and luxury no meaning*, shall be almost unable to comprehend how he could ever have so valued such unreal goods; when the malignant, the passionate, the cruel man, *everything which called forth his vices now swept away with the former existence*, shall appear to himself as he appeared to others upon earth, shall hate himself as others hated him on earth. We shall see, judge, feel about all things there, perfectly and constantly, as we saw, judged, and felt about them partially in our rare better and saner moments here. We shall think that we must have been mad, if we did not too well know that we had been wilful. Every urgent appetite, every boiling passion, every wild ambition, which obscured and confused our reason here below, will have been burnt away in the valley of the shadow of death; every subtle sophistry with which we blinded or excused ourselves on earth will have vanished before the clear glance of a disembodied spirit; nothing will intervene between us and the truth. Stripped of all the disguising drapery of honeyed words and false refractions, we shall see ourselves as we are; we shall judge ourselves as God has always judged us. Our lost or misused opportunities; our forfeited birthright; our glorious possibility—ineffable in its glory; our awful actuality—ineffable in its awfulness; the nature which God gave us—the nature we have made ourselves; the destiny for which He designed us—the destiny to which we have doomed ourselves; all these things will grow and fasten on our thoughts, till the contemplation must terminate in madness, were not madness a mercy belonging to the world of flesh alone. In the mere superior mental capacities, therefore, consequent upon spiritual life, we cannot fail to find all that is needed, or can be pictured, to make that life a penal and a purgatorial one. . . .

But there is yet another retributive pang in wait for the sinful soul, which belongs to the very nature of that future world; namely, the severance from all those we love, who on earth have trod the narrower and better path. The affections do not belong to the virtuous alone: they cling to the sinner through all the storms and labyrinths of sin; they are the last fragments of what is good in him that he silences or lays aside or tramples out: they belong, not to the flesh but to the spirit; and a spiritual existence, even if a suffering one, will but give them fresh energy and tenacity, by terminating all that has been antagonistic to them here below. Who shall describe the yearning love of a disencumbered soul! Who can adequately conceive the passionate tenderness with which it will cling round the objects of its affection in a world where every other sentiment or thought is one of pain! Yet what can be more certain, because what more in the essential nature of things, than that the great revelation of the Last Day (or that which must attend and be involved in the mere entrance into the spiritual state) will effect a severance of souls—an instantaneous gulf of demarcation between the pure and the impure, the just and the unjust, the merciful and the cruel—immeasurably more deep, essential, and impassable than any which time, or distance, or rank, or antipathy could effect on earth? *Here* we never see into each other's souls: characters the most opposite and incompatible dwell together upon earth, and may love each other much, unsuspecting of the utter want of fundamental harmony between them. The aspiring and the worldly may have so much in common, and may both instinctively conceal so much, that their inherent and elemental differences may go undiscovered to the grave. The soul that will be saved and the soul that will be lost may cling round each other here with wild affection, all unconscious of the infinite divergence of their future destiny. The mother will love her son with all the devotion of her nature, in spite or in ignorance of his unworthiness; that son may reciprocate his mother's love, and in this only be not

unworthy: the blindness which is kindly given us hides so much, and affection covers such a multitude of sins. The pure and holy wife and the frail and sinful husband can live together harmoniously, and can love fondly here below, because the vast moral gulf between them is mercifully veiled from either eye. But when the great curtain of ignorance and deception shall be withdrawn; 'when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known;' when the piercing light of the Spiritual World shall at once and for ever disperse those clouds which have hidden what we really are from those who have loved us, and almost from ourselves; when the trusting confidence of friendship shall discover what a serpent has been nourished in its bosom; when the yearning mother shall perceive on what a guilty wretch all her boundless and priceless tenderness has been lavished; when the wife shall at length see the husband whom she cherished through long years of self-denying and believing love, revealed in his true colours, a wholly alien creature;—what a sudden, convulsive, inevitable because natural, separation between the clean and the unclean will then take place! The gulf *which has always existed* is recognised and felt at last; corruption can no longer assort with incorruption; the lion cannot lie down with the lamb, nor the leopard with the kid. One flash of light has done it all. The merciful delusions which held friends together upon earth are dispersed, and the laws of the mind must take their course and divide the evil from the good. But though the link is severed, the affection is not thereby destroyed. The friend, the husband, the lover, the son, thus cut adrift by a just and natural though bitter retribution, *love still*; nay, they love all the more fervently, all the more yearningly, in that they now discern with unclouded vision all that bright beauty, all that rich nature of the objects of their tenderness, of which their dim eyesight could on earth perceive only a part. Then will begin a RETRIBUTION indeed, the appropriate anguish, the desolate abandonment of which, who can paint, and who will be able to bear! To see those we love, as we never loved till then,

turn from our grasp and our glance of clasping and supplicating fondness with that unconquerable loathing which virtue *must* feel towards guilt, and with which purity *must* shrink from stain : to see those eyes, never turned on us before save in gentleness and trust, now giving us one last glance of divine sadness and ineffable farewell ; to watch those forms, whose companionship cheered and illuminated all the dark places of our earthly pilgrimage, and once and again had almost redeemed us from the bondage and the mire of sin, receding, vanishing, melting in the bright distance, to join a circle *where they will need us not*, to tread a path to which ours bears no parallel and can make no approach ; and THEN to turn inward and downward, and realise our lot, and feel our desolation, and reflect that we have earned it ;—what has Poetry or Theology pictured that can compete with a Gehenna such as this !”

The spiritual heaven which Mr Greg offers to our view in contrast with this tremendous sketch of possibilities is less striking and less fine—as, we fear, a Paradiso must always be. We do not know whether, if Mr Greg should ever see these pages, he would be interested personally to know the effect produced by the reading of this article upon a simple soul with no great reason to render for the faith that is in her. This woman fell a-crying as she closed the book, and burst forth into a broken prayer (all his arguments notwithstanding) that a man so near the kingdom of heaven might have the Christ in whom she trusted yet revealed to him. Such a conclusion is not frequent with such a book.

To step back from Mr Greg for one or two centuries, to take up either of the two ladies, who, stiff in old-fashioned brocade and whalebone but nothing else, invite us to the Courts

of Louis XIV. or George III., is as strange a change of scene as it is possible to imagine. The first of these two female figures* is by far the sweetest, brightest, and most attractive. It has in perfection all that the philosopher most wants, the abundant and vivacious life, warm-breathing, susceptible to every touch, conscious of every influence, which of all good things in this world is the most attractive. Beauty, it is said, will fade ;—though real beauty, when anything more than skin-deep (and that which is but skin-deep can scarcely be called beauty), is also one of the immortal things and lives for ever : but the attraction of a genuine source of lively human observation, sympathy, and feeling—a true living creature—is inexhaustible. Madame de Sévigné had many charms : her letters are models of the easiest, delightfulest, most brilliant and spontaneous writing ; her character, in the midst of the splendid but dismal age where she inhabited, is a relief and pleasure to the weary eye and sickening soul ; and that picture of motherhood, so tender and all-enduring, so proud, so wistful and so pathetic, which she has unconsciously left to us, is to the world as precious a possession as the San Sisto Madonna, and to France the most perfect type of her best ideal. But short of this wonderful picture of human feeling, the quality which gives to Madame de Sévigné's letters their greatest charm is the sweet, ever-flowing, bright and various vitality—the spring of life which made everything interesting to her, which kept the scene about her lively and gay, even when her own heart was saddest, that gift of gifts by which she conquered dullness and loneliness and depression. Much that she tells us is no doubt

* Madame de Sévigné, her Correspondents and Contemporaries : by the Comtesse de Puliga. London : Tinsley Brothers. 1872.

frivolous enough—for life itself is frivolous; and the record of marriages and deaths, of Court quarrels and reconciliations, is anything but amusing in ordinary hands; but all this chatter and flutter is made alive to us by the livingness of the record, the soft flow of existence which runs through all, filling every scene with light and shade, with laughter and graceful ridicule, with eager interest and tears. The woman who thus writes was not an exceptionally happy woman to throw the light of her own personal brightness upon all that surrounded her. She had her feminine triumphs and delights, that consciousness of general admiration and praise which is always sweet, and many friends to accompany her on her checkered progress through life; but her troubles were many and her disappointments bitter. Almost all her life it was her fate to receive from those she loved much less than she gave them. It is, let us allow, no uncommon fate; sooner or later it is the lot of most women: but few have the fortitude to take it as Madame de Sévigné did, hiding the inevitable under the unfailing flowers and wreaths of her tenderness, and making her own love do duty by some tender sleight-of-hand which draws tears to our eyes, for the love which ought to have been given her.

But whether sad or glad, she is always living, *au bout des ongles*. Wherever she goes, even when the brightness of youth is over, and it is with aching limbs and knees stiff with rheumatism that she moves through hotel and palace, the whole scene rises into light around her: the stately apartments, *meublés divinement*, the fine ladies and fine gentlemen, so fine, so gallant, with fluttering plumes and ribbons, with glittering jewels and orders, with a hundred little bits of by-play, of which perhaps they were themselves uncon-

scious, but which live for ever on the lively page, for Madame de Grignan, in her stately *vie de province*, and for us in our homely houses. Sometimes her hand, rheumatic now—the fair soft hand that princes had bowed over, and many a splendid gallant knelt to kiss—trembled so that the first friendly caller had to take the pen and act as amanuensis. But the story never trembles. How that whole crowded world of society (and surely society never was so multitudinous) comes into sight round about her like a picture in sympathetic ink! Even sound seems to come back with a more subtle effect than sight; and we hear the brilliant interchange of that talk which France has never lost—and pass through a picture-gallery of Watteau groups, but far more alive and far more varied than Watteau could paint them—Love in his wig and sword, flitting from one adored object to another, and Friendship, magnificent in hoop and feathers, flattering even more consumedly than Love. The stage is thronged, but the actors preserve their identity, and we follow them without difficulty through a hundred groupings. When we remember that all this liveliest writing sprang from one of the most desperate struggles of the heart, the dismal and generally unsuccessful fight to keep a first place in the life which has been separated from us, and is filled with new and stronger affections,—the very lightness of the record gives it a deep, almost insupportable, tragic pathos. But we have not space to enter into this aspect of Madame de Sévigné's life. She, too, like Chesterfield, though by means infinitely purer, and with no counsels that were not good and virtuous, fought to the death for some hold upon her child's heart. Madame de Sévigné's failure was not so tremendous as that of the wicked old man

of the world with his evil advices and his great love; but we doubt whether a cold beautiful Madame de Grignan, answering one's letters with affectionate indifference, giving a feeble little alms of decorous observance in exchange for the passion of maternal love, was much more satisfactory than a loutish Philip Stanhope going to wreck and ruin, and keeping up at least a constant claim upon his father for sympathy and help.

Madame de Puliga has not, we fear, made any great addition to our knowledge of the age or the character of Madame de Sévigné; but her sketches of the correspondents and contemporaries of the heroine may be useful to the reader, who, unless he possesses either immense erudition or an admirable memory, is likely to get crushed altogether among the crowds, whose names he feels he ought to know, and whom most writers upon that brilliant age take it for granted he must be familiar with. He will find in these big volumes a number of brief sketches, which may facilitate his understanding of the gossip which is so much more lively than any gossip of our own day; and even of the history which is so crowded with modern appearances, abrupt as that of "This Turk," in the delightful ballad of Lord Lovel. How often have we longed to ask "Who was ——?" and dared not, feeling that to show ignorance where the pettiest historian, the lightest critic, assumed knowledge, would be too miserable an avowal. But here, dear reader, we can find out all about them in the fullest detail, and nobody need be any the wiser, or discover that before the Comtesse de Puliga generously appeared to enlighten us, we were in any bewilderment as to *Ménage*, or did not know who was Duchesse de Montausier, or who the

Marquis de Tonquedec. Besides this valuable information, there is something quaint—an old-world fragrance, as of a book that might have been written a hundred years ago, in some noble old house unaffected by the progress of time—in Madame de Puliga's work. It is of the kind of woman's work—much higher than tapestry, yet something of that gentle sort—which has become almost unknown among us nowadays, but which was well known a hundred years ago, and received with much praise and condescending admiration. For ourselves, we own we enjoy the old-fashioned novelty of such a production. It carries us back to a time when all class distinctions were in the fullest force; when nobles were nobles—different clay from other people; and when women made their little essays at composition with becoming humility, feeling a little genealogy and family history to be in their province, like the worsted-work, and writing as they embroidered, with a quiet refinement and high-bred humbleness.

We do not know where in England to find anything of this kind existing; but several such books have come to us lately from France, where one of the sweetest blossoms of humanity, the white and virginal woman-child, ideally trained under the very wing of her mother, still exists and flourishes, a creature much unlike this bustling century; the real type—sweetly conventional, yet tenderly natural—of that woman whom man likes best. The life of Madame de Miramion, lately noticed in these pages, and connecting itself in a far-off way with the history of Madame de Sévigné, through the disagreeable appearance in it of her cousin, the bold and witty Bussy, is an instance of the kind of book to which we refer; and so, though in a less degree, are the lives recently

published of the noble ladies Madame de la Fayette and Madame de Montagu—women of a more heroic strain, and forced into circumstances so desperate as to lift them altogether out of the region of tapestry. The Comtesse de Puliga's book is full of this fragrance of the old world. A certain sense that the vices of the age were a trapping of greatness, like the old-fashioned grandeur of their equipages—a thing which cannot be eluded, but simply rendered in the fewest words possible—is another characteristic of the spotless high-bred feminine work to which her book belongs; and the simplicity with which this is done helps us to understand how it is that many pure and high-minded women, brought up in the old habits of mingled submissiveness and superiority, could walk side by side, nay, sometimes almost hand in hand, with people of the most indifferent morals, and yet retain the most ideal purity in their own. We remember to have heard from an old Frenchman an amusing description of the manner in which the last generation of noble French ladies, before the Revolution—belonging to the old devout party of the French *noblesse*, which trained its daughters as the Duchesse d'Ayen trained hers—regarded the vocation which was imposed upon them when they were brought innocent and childish from their convents, to be married to some glittering *roué* or wild Mousquetaire gallant. The poor children were charged with no less a trust than the salvation of “*ces pauvres chers*,” for whose vices they had the pitying uncomprehending tolerance of beings belonging to another sphere. Men were made so; there was nothing to be said more—only to keep watch, and bring them, if a good moment occurred,

round to better thoughts, to confess at the proper season, to receive in all due order the last sacraments when that period arrived, and so be sent out of the world with a safe certificate, such as even a baby-wife of sixteen might secure for her grandfather-husband. There is nothing immediately of this description to be found in the book we refer to, but it is full of the atmosphere of that ancient world.

The “*Lady of the Last Century*”* was not such a woman as Madame de Sévigné, but she had the honour of knowing a great number of people worth knowing, and was a great lady and a personage possessing that individual importance in society which few possess in our day, and none perhaps in the degree which was possible to Mrs Montagu, or to the mistress of a French *salon* from the days of Louis XIV. to those of his unfortunate great-grandson. There are some curious things in the book, which, however, is a manufactured book, with no spontaneous *raison d'être*, and a great deal of making up. The education of Miss Elizabeth Robinson, afterwards Mrs Montagu, was of a more serious and solid kind than was then or is now common to young women; and at the present moment, when the education of girls is so much discussed, it is amusing to turn to a similar though less widely spread discussion raised just a hundred years ago by a Mrs Makin, who illustrated her doctrines by the establishment of a school. This lady began her work by the publication of an essay, in which she commented upon “the barbarous custom of breeding women low,” and upon the great failure of learning and virtue in both sexes. “Were a competent number of schools erected to educate ladies ingeniously,”

* *A Lady of the Last Century*: by Dr Doran. London: Bentley. 1872.

she adds, "methinks I see how ashamed men would be of their ignorance, and how industrious the next generation would be to wipe off the reproach."

The prospectus of the school she established, at which Mrs Montagu was educated, is very well worthy of quotation :—

"A School is lately erected for Gentlewomen, at Tottenham High Cross, within four miles of London, on the road to Ware, where Mrs Makin is Governess, who was formerly tutor-ess to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter to King Charles the First. Where, by the blessing of God, Gentlewomen may be instructed in the principles of religion, and in all manner of sober and virtuous Education : more particularly in all things ordinarily taught in other schools.

As Works of all sorts—	} Half the time to be spent in these things.
Dancing	
Music	
Singing	
Writing	
Keeping Accounts	

The other half to be employed in gaining the Latin and French tongues; and those that please may learn Greek and Hebrew, the Italian and Spanish : in all which this Gentlewoman hath a competent knowledge.

"Gentlewomen of eight or nine years old, that can read well, may be instructed in a year or two (according to their parts) in the Latin and French tongues ; by such plain and simple rules, accommodated to the grammar of the English tongue, that they may easily keep what they have learned, and recover what they shall lose ; as those that learn Musick by notes.

"Those that will bestow longer time may learn the other languages aforementioned, as they please.

"Repositories, also, for Visibles shall be prepared ; by which, from beholding the things, Gentlewomen may learn the Names, Natures, Values, and Use of Herbs, Shrubs, Trees, Mineral-pieces, Metals, and Stones.

"Those that please may learn Limning, Preserving, Pastry, and Cookery.

"Those that will allow longer time may attain some general knowledge in

Astronomy, Geography ; but especially in Arithmetic and History.

"Those that think one language enough for a Woman, may forbear the Languages, and learn only Experimental Philosophy, and more or fewer of the other things aforementioned, as they incline.

"The Rate certain shall be £20 per annum ; but if a competent improvement be made in the Tongues, and the other things aforementioned, as shall be agreed upon, then something more will be expected. But the parents shall judge what shall be deserved by the undertaker.

"Those that think these things improbable, or impracticable, may have further account every Tuesday, at Mr Mason's Coffee-House, in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange ; and Thursdays, at the "Bolt and Inn," in Fleet Street, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon, by some person whom Mrs Makin shall appoint."

This quaint setting forth of a novel system of education is much more amusing and original than the higher pretensions of the present movement, in which sweeping condemnations and generalisations seem to take the place of Mrs Makin's large yet modest provision for different tastes and faculties. There is something delightful in the mixture of the Greek and Hebrew tongues with Preserving, Pastry, and Cookery, a bold and sincere simplicity which is quite beyond the reach of our more sophisticated understandings. Mrs Montagu was one of the pupils of the gentlewoman who had "a competent knowledge" of all these tongues and sciences ; and she did credit to her training. We cannot say that the extracts Dr Doran gives from her youthful letters are particularly attractive: they are full of the flippant self-satisfaction which very many young writers so often mistake for easy grace ; but the style improves as the woman matures. She had reached middle age before she made her very gentle *début* as a writer, by

contributing one or two chapters to Lord Lyttelton's 'Dialogues of the Dead;' and a good many years later she wrote a defence of Shakespeare against the attacks of Voltaire. These, however, were her only attempts at literature. She had too many things to occupy her to admit of laborious literary composition, but she did her best to establish a literary coterie in London, and to make "conversation" popular in an age devoted to cards. There was never any Blue-stocking Club, Dr Doran assures us. It existed only in the fancy of those lively critics who find it so much easier to evolve out of their own consciousness than to pay attention to small matters of fact. The name took its origin from a certain Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet, who wore blue stockings, and was fond of the talking-parties patronised by Mrs Montagu. When such a lion as Johnson was present on these occasions, the "company began to collect around till they became not less than four if not five deep, those behind standing and listening over the heads of those who were sitting near him." Sometimes Garrick was of the party, and "electrified his audience by reciting scenes from *Macbeth* and *Lear*," of which recitations we are told an anecdote: how Madame de Noailles, the French Ambassadress, who was present, "was so profuse, as she descended the stairs, in thanks for the great intellectual enjoyment, that Mrs Montagu was afraid she would forget herself, and by a false step break her neck."

Apart from these literary assemblies—assemblies with which fashion and curiosity had more to do than literature—Mrs Montagu was a notable personage, rich and independent during at least the latter part of her life, managing her estates, her farms, and coal-mines, and carrying the literary feather in her cap as just that airy and elegant addition to

her substantial importance which is the only real social value of such a possession. When she visited Paris in 1776, Voltaire, Dr Doran informs us, sent "a furious paper against Shakespeare," to be read at a meeting of the Academy which she attended. "When the reading came to an end, Suard remarked to her, 'I think, Madame, you must be rather sorry at what you have just heard!' The English lady, Voltaire's old adversary, promptly replied, 'I, sir! not at all; I am not one of M. de Voltaire's friends!'"

We cannot refrain from one other brief quotation, a kind of counterpoise to the educational manifesto above quoted, which shows how a sagacious woman of the world, though a Blue-stocking and educated by Mrs Makin, had come to regard with the practical eyes of her century that question of female education, for which probably, had she lived nowadays, she would have been making every kind of demonstrative effort. The contrast is whimsical; and Mrs Montagu's estimate of what is necessary to a young lady in good society is amusingly distinct, and free from all intellectual nonsense. Clearly she felt that there was a time for everything, and that high mental training was unseasonable here.

"I am glad you intend to send my eldest niece to a boarding-school. What girls learn at these schools is trifling; but they unlearn what would be of great disservice—a provincial dialect—which is extremely ungenteel; and other tricks that they learn in the nursery. The carriage of the person, which is of great importance, is well attended to, and dancing is well taught. As for the French language, I do not think it is necessary, unless for persons in very high life. It is rarely much cultivated in schools. I believe all the boarding-schools are much on the same plan, so that you may place the young lady wherever there is good air and a good dancing-master. I daresay you

will find great improvement in her air and her speech by the time she has been there a year ; and these are points of great importance."

English novels have long enjoyed the privilege of being admitted everywhere on the Continent, where the works of the country are sternly tabooed ; an honour which, to tell the truth, our light literature has of late years been far from deserving, as probably, after the lapse of half a century—when the evil, let us hope, will have begun to remedy itself—our foreign readers will find out. A French novel, when it is without any flavour of wickedness, is generally either conventual or childish—rising to monastic perfection, or to the supernal heights of the Good-child development, and leaving human nature far behind. Mrs Craven's work,* '*Fleurange*,' is, however, a very pleasant exception to this rule. There is no conventual virtue in it, except in the person of the wise and gentle nun, who discourages and sends away the heroine from the dead peace of the cloister into active life—reading her a lesson on the subject which is of a very wholesome character. Mrs Craven's heroes and heroines are perhaps drawn upon more ideal lines than we venture to attempt in this country ; but there is nothing impossible in the devotion of *Fleurange*, which has just that lofty and unconscious egotism—unconscious to the author as well as to her heroine—which so often and so subtly runs through the most disinterested acts of life. *Fleurange* not only sacrifices herself for the man whom she loves, and who has neglected and given her up ; but she also, and that calmly, even indifferently, sacrifices to him the man who loves her, accepting a sacrifice really greater than that which she makes,

as unconsciously, and with as much gentle certainty of her own superior generosity and right, as if she had been a real woman. A girl's self-sacrifice for her lover is so common an incident in fiction, especially in these days when fiction is so much in the hands of women, that we are grateful to Mrs Craven for finding a new way of doing it—a way, too, which carries us right into the heart of a new and strange country. The interest of the story lies very much in its Russian scenes. The curious little glimpses of Imperial domesticity which she affords us are the appropriate climax of a picture vivid yet confused by the intense mist of excitement and highly-strained feeling, which gives to *Fleurange*, through whose eyes we see, a phantasmagoric perception, rather than a clear view of all that is passing around her, when she arrives at St Petersburg, with the purpose of devoting herself to her lover in his Siberian banishment. How this purpose was balked the reader will find in the book itself, into the story of which we need not enter. The character of the Princess Catherine—amiable, gentle, capricious, caressing, and tyrannical, the sweetest and most heartless of despots, used to treat those about her like her own goods, yet full of amiable impulses—is quite original, a new and interesting study ; and Mrs Craven has done full justice to this complex yet simple being, whose egotism is almost more than justified by that supreme sense of the superior importance of everything connected with herself and her own house, which is natural to so great a lady. We might say that the men of the book are women's men, the hero ideally perfect, the *contre-heros* ideally weak and per-

* *Fleurange* : by Madame Augustus Craven ; translated by Emily Bowles. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

fidious, were it not that we are quite uncertain how far the common reproach is true which attributes unreality to women's heroes alone. Your Pendennis, for example, the unideal young man of the world, who serves Thackeray in the capacity of *jeune premier*, may have some sort of reality about him. But we doubt whether the conventional first gentleman in any fiction can be much more than a lay figure. He is so in Scott, where the most enthusiastic reader can find little to excite him in the tame propriety of the Henry Mortons and Frank Osbaldistons; and even to go higher, what are the Claudios and Bertrams of Shakespeare himself but miserable young puppies, as unworthy the hand that took the trouble to put them on paper as any milksop of a *primo tenore*? Therefore we do not upbraid Mrs Craven with the unimpeachable goodness of her Clement Dornthal. If life and reality are not possible under the circumstances, lofty ideal virtue is better, on the whole, than tame respectability, which is no quality at all. Until the *primo tenore* ceases to be a necessity in fiction, we must, we fear, accept him as he is.

We must not pass over this work,

however, without a reference to the curious and interesting description of the journey of Fleurange into Russia; as exciting a voyage as we have met with for a long time in a book. To those who have rolled lightly as far as Moscow in luxurious railway carriages, it must appear like some terrible dream; but there is nothing in the story more evidently and vividly true. Altogether, in novelty and freshness, as well as in purity of thought and loftiness of aim, this French romance is much superior to most English ones. The fashion of it, let us add, is more English than French; but the knowledge of Continental life, which is so easily and gracefully displayed in 'Fleurange,' could only be possessed by one who has much experience of the world in all its aspects, and who, while retaining her nationality unimpaired, may be almost said to belong to two or three countries at once: to England by marriage; to Italy by love; to Russia by unusual facilities of information. A dull book could not come from such hands. The translation into English, though missing something of the grace of the original, is, on the whole, very well done.

IN LONDON.

THEATRES and Shop-windows!—My dear reader, I am almost sure you know a great deal better; but there is a satisfaction in hearing of the follies of one's neighbours; and if I frankly confess to you that these were our chief objects in running up to London, as we did the other day, with heaven knows how many schoolboys, out of the quiet of the country, after Christmas and all its associations had been safely got over, you will smile, I am sure, in your library or your drawing-room, with a not unkindly smile. Christmas, do I need to tell you, has various things in it which are not merry: not to speak of bills and the Athanasian Creed, both which pleasant things choose that moment of peace on earth for a special manifestation, there are more intimate recollections that tug at one's heart, and make the ordinary middle-aged British subject as glad to be well over the great national festival as ever child at school was to hail its coming. The children, bless them! don't know it: they laugh, and we echo their laughter; they dance, and we follow here and there that special figure, girl or boy, through the whirl, and are pleased and proud. But they are not all there that might have been there. We say nothing, but there is a *serrement du cœur*—most expressive of all descriptions—under our best gowns and waistcoats. And now it is over, heaven be praised! and here has arrived a year in which there will be spring and summer once again,—in which there will be foliage and flowers; through which, by-and-by, that muddy, turbid river, which goes rolling with a glooming swell over the sodden fields, catching cruelly

at the piers of the bridge, and penetrating black and cold to those poor houses, will flow soft and sweet, gliding back again within its green banks, and smiling up at the blue sky, and carrying the boats we love down many a tranquil reach. And I trust, my gentle reader, that your son will get that appointment, and your daughter be happily settled, as well as that a certain boy I wot of may be in the Select for the Newcastle. For it is a new year,—the birthpang of it is over—the bell-ringing and all the sharpened stings of recollection,—and now that we are fairly launched, and even have learned to write 1873 instead of 1872, the beginning of everything is always more pleasant and more hopeful than the end.

There is nobody in London, I am aware—but there are an immense number of people in Regent Street and Bond Street; and to us who are not used to it, the shop-windows are deeply charming. I know that this is a most humbling confession to make, and that any view of shop-windows which is not set forth by an alarmed and exasperated husband, terrified at the sight of every new bonnet, is unfamiliar to the British public. But after all, that is a limited view of the subject; and though I bow to the universal popular impression, existing, at least, in books, that wives are pretty beasts of prey, always ravenous for bonnets, yet this feminine hunger is not indispensably allied to the review of shop-windows which delights the rustic. How they glitter along the long line of streets, under the rare sunshine which, for once, condescends to bless us! Pretty furniture, pretty books, glittering silver and jewels,

rich shawls and dresses, wealth heaped upon wealth as far as the eye can reach—nay, to complete all this cycle of human wants, a marble cross, to mark somebody's last resting-place, standing out in the midst of all the luxuries by way of *memento mori*. Those streets to which we throng to gaze and to buy are not fine specimens of town architecture—there is nothing imposing in them—no noble façade to charm the eye, no prolonged or splendid line to convey even a sense of size and greatness. Bond Street is not much better than a lane, and not even the fondest Cockney can believe that there is any beauty or charm of art to recommend the haunts he loves. Without the shops, the streets are nothing. Probably it is this fact which adds its last and most dismal touch to the dismal aspect of a London Sunday or holiday. The closing of the shops restores the long and often mean line of houses to their natural meanness. I would have the shutters removed by Act of Parliament, guarded by tenfold bars if you will, with doors closed, and traffic interdicted, but the windows displayed, as usual, with all their glitter of metal and brightness of colour. It would make the Sunday streets much more comfortable, would re-furnish the void misery of the blank walls, and probably would be anything but a hindrance to Monday's business. And why should we go all the way to Bethnal Green to gaze upon objects of *virtu*, yet be ashamed to be found at a window in a street, looking at something which is probably quite as pretty and quite as entirely out of our reach as are Sir Richard Wallace's enamels and china?

As a mere sight, the shop windows are often more attractive, and certainly more amusing, than many of the museums which it is supposed to be for the benefit of our minds

to visit. Sometimes the objects exhibited are grouped together with so much real taste that the effect is as good as a picture; and even when the taste is defective, this massed and piled-up wealth—colour upon colour, the sheen of silver and gold coming in between the heavy folds of rich carpets and hangings—the gilding and glitter of glass—all following each other in rapid succession, afford an amount of pleasure to the eye which, if not, perhaps, of a very elevated kind, is at least a lively and homely and easily-procured gratification. Here and there is something which might catch the eye even of a connoisseur, and the panorama altogether is delightful in its variety and novelty to eyes accustomed for a long time to dank hedgerows. Nor are these all the attractions of the streets. The streets!—dismal word in many senses—where wretches perish in a misery so open and shelterless, and so dismally contrasted with the neighbourhood of crowds, that it has become our strongest description of a miserable death—where vice goes flaunting—where beggary stalks haggard; but yet where you will see the pleasantest groups, merry holiday parties, pretty girls and boys, fathers and mothers proud and anxious, a whole host of family stories, one after another, in their gayest chapter. How many groups we should like to know something of, to follow to their homes, and find out their secrets; to set at rest, for instance, the question so hotly discussed between us, whether that charming dignified young woman is daughter or wife to the man who walks so proudly beside her—daughter to a young father, wife to a somewhat old husband—which? They pass out of sight, and we may argue the question for ever. Then comes the prettiest young creature, of whom there can be no doubt that she is the daughter, with bro-

thers about her all proud and watchful, feeling her beauty the finest feather in the family cap. Will she ever be as fondly surrounded, as proudly contemplated again? Has she a lover whom she will probably prefer to them all—some careless young fellow more in love with himself than her? So the little dramas sweep past, each enclosed in its own mystery, carrying its own particular world, a sphere apart, like a special atmosphere around it. Tragedy even brushes shoulders with us, stalking by to death or crime, and we know it not. And thus the stream goes on. Will it flow for ever? Or is it possible that each individual figure will stop somewhere and drop and die, and be seen no more, till all are exhausted—and yet the streets continue as full, and the stream as constant? Nay, not possible—only true.

But time fails to tell of the wonders of the bright windows, or of the shops we venture into—Salviati's, for instance, which, when you go into it out of the half-lighted twilight streets, blazes upon you like a transformation scene in a pantomime—all dazzling with light and colour. The prettiest haunt! full of fairy vessels made to drink honey-dew out of, set over with fairy jewels; endless buffets, adorned with vases of red and blue and milky whiteness; the walls covered with mirrors surely made for Titania herself, set in glittering wreaths of flowers; the roof hung with branched and clustered candelabra, all flowery too, and dazzling, held together by silvery fairy chains. But we dare not carry you, gentle reader, from this glittering palace, to the sober chambers of the Arundel Society, whither we ourselves had the boldness to wander. Let us go to Wardour Street instead, with a forlorn hope of perhaps seeing some old bit of furniture, some scrap of china, which the knowing dealer will

not have been clever enough to discover the full value of. Wicked hope! and vain as wicked; for, alas! the dealer knows only too well, and has such a profusion of dates at his finger-ends, that our brain is confused beyond remedy. He knows who made his marquetry; he smiles supreme at your timid inquiry after anything. Has he one?—he has a hundred! On the whole, I do not know any haunt of learning from which one issues much more deeply humiliated than from those of the dealers in old furniture. And if the rage for old furniture goes on as it promises to do, and no new bride thinks her new house complete without one room at least in the style of Louis Quinze, Wardour Street will outgrow, we fear, even those heights of mortal superiority on which connoisseurs of all classes habitually dwell.

From old furniture to the Old Masters is but a step, so to speak; or is it better, though the step is a huge one, to get from Wardour Street to the Old Masters by that kind of intermediate stage between them—the famous collection at Bethnal Green? It is a very long step, it must be allowed; and one asks one's self, with a certain awe-stricken consciousness of that deadly sway of Theory which common-sense in vain opposes, what reason, human or divine, there could be for carrying these treasures to the end of the world? We could believe in some partial comprehension of them in Tahiti, where a primitive people crowns itself with flowers, and dwells in a perpetual jubilee of dazzling sea and sky and sunshine. But from all those dull and grimy streets, from all those closed-up houses, from all the sordid conditions of this sad and pitiful human life, shut out from beauty, freshness, and repose, does any man in his senses imagine that more than two or three individuals

could ever be likely to issue, capable of rising at a leap into those regions of art to which the Marquis of Hertford's great collection belongs? Those costly cabinets, caskets, vases, last quintessence of a civilisation dropping into luxury—those sweet sophisticated Greuzes, those dainty Wat-teaus—in what possible way is it expected that they should move the heart or the imagination of the dwellers in Bethnal Green? We say nothing of the greater painters, for it is sufficiently well known that, except in a few very rare cases, the entirely uneducated eye is slow to understand the older masters of painting. It is impossible, indeed, to imagine any kind of human creature, ignorant or otherwise, who could resist the delightful beauty of that Nelly O'Brien, who sits there looking at us with her sweet eyes from under her hat, like the kindest friendly visitor, smiling an immortal greeting across a century, as she will continue to do, let us hope, to our grandchildren. As a matter of fact, however, there is not a single soul within the building who might not have been there had the collection appeared in Burlington House or at the Kensington Museum; and the sole advantage visible is to the cabmen of the East End, who, no doubt, find many a fare they had never hoped for, and will bless theory if no one else does so.

It is too late to discuss the wonderful collection itself, or to do more than say that the only thing which could induce any man, and still more any woman, to forgive Sir Richard Wallace for being its sole possessor, would be the generosity with which he lends it to us. A dangerous revolutionary feeling might well be raised in the gentlest and indeed most conservative of human bosoms at such a spectacle. What—all to one man! the Reynoldses are enough by themselves to endow a prince; and how he

who possesses Nelly O'Brien should retain the power of wishing for anything more, is a mystery to us. Perhaps it is just as well for our virtue that our English great people hide away their treasures, and do not tempt us to envy and all uncharitableness. We object to Bethnal Green, but it is ungrateful to do so, for certainly no collection was ever seen to better advantage; more quietly, in a more leisurely home-like fashion. We holiday people scatter ourselves about, and recognise our friends, who have come as far as we have come, and know nothing of the locality. We linger among the Boningtons, which so few people have seen before, winding out and in of those richly-laden screens—the very place for a holiday party! No sooner have we seated ourselves quietly beside our friend Nelly, than there comes to our side a small boy with a well-thumbed catalogue marked by an unsteady pencil, to drag us to a certain Hobbima, which has gone to the very heart of the connoisseur of twelve. This catalogue, by the way, is worth preserving. It is marked by mysterious hieroglyphical figures, which we discover to represent orders of merit. Thus 8 represents Rembrandt, and 4 Greuze, according to the estimate of the little critic. It is not unmixed art, accordingly, which occupies the minds of the elders of the party, who are called upon to make a score of independent excursions about the place, to inspect and pronounce upon some newly-discovered delight of their small companion. "To go about with young people makes a great difference," says a middle-aged potentate, carefully getting himself out of the way. "It does indeed," answers with delicious gravity a young matron a year or two over twenty; the reflection of whose baby at

home in the nursery makes her more maternal than any great-grandmother. And so we go through the pleasant day.

But I wonder what foolish hand it was that by way of loyalty, we may presume, and desire to give here, as everywhere else, the place of honour to the Queen, hung an indifferent youthful portrait of her Majesty, highly objectionable in colour, and with no special claim to consideration, except from its subject, between the two noble Vandykes of Philippe le Roy and his wife, splendid personages whom every picture-lover has met before in the best society, and whose magnificence would throw any modern portrait into the shade. This is perhaps an ill-natured remark to make; but unless there is a distinct intention to point out the defects of the modern school, it is foolish to call the public notice to them so unmistakably. Alas! we fear the age of portraits is over, notwithstanding the acres of them which encumber every exhibition—the Masters of Hounds—the Chairmen of Associations—the Lord Provosts; and even the armies of pretty women in elaborate dresses. Where shall we find one real personage like that same Philippe le Roy? one child with eyes that laugh and glow like the little Reynolds called “Miss Bowles”? one sweet true human creature like Nelly O’Brien? Bless her! how friendly her eyes look as she sits there bending forward!—listening, is she? with arch half-smile, slightly amused at the long stories we are telling her, but all in the most genial neighbourly way. By-and-by surely a mellow Irish laugh will melt into the silence. Who was she, this sweet Nelly? We do not know, nor what became of her, nor whom she made happy with those smiles of hers; but it is worth her while to have lived, even if she did nothing more than leave

us this one look, which neither age nor death can fade.

We doubt whether any virtuous study of art is possible in holiday-time, though there is something in the very name of South Kensington which makes all virtue possible. Should the gentle reader be inclined that way, he will have unusual facilities here for noting what may be called the ornamental school of art, in distinction from the higher primitive school, which belongs, if we may say so, to Nature, and is the medium by which a great mind develops and expresses itself to its fellows, as Poetry is, or Philosophy. The great works of Italian art could never become mere properties, accessories to a great general effect. The place where they are, wherever that may happen to be, becomes at once a shrine for them, elevated and sanctified by their presence. But Greuze and Watteau are decorative painters, as indeed most modern painters are. The fundamental use of them is to enrich a wall, to make a house princely, and splendid, and magnificent. They are more disinterested than Raphael and Leonardo; they work not for themselves, but for their masters, to embellish and brighten, and make more lovely the walls of palaces. Those fascinating, languishing heads—those sweet, warm, rich, artificial, yet delightful music-parties and woodland groups—are ornaments of the most superlative kind; but still they are ornaments—higher in degree, but not much higher in kind, than the caskets and cabinets. They mark the point at which Art ceases to appeal to humanity in general, and begins to appeal to a class—where it tapers off from one of the highest kinds of creation into the most delightful refinement of luxury. The Sèvres, the Boule, the enamels, and the snuff-boxes, belong to the Greuzes, and Bouchers, and Watteaus, as the lower species of

a race belong to the higher. But neither have a very strong relation to the Raphaels. Even the Murillo in the distant corner, though it is not a great picture—even the pale Sasso-Ferrato—separates itself as something of another world; but all those pretty ladies with their guitars, all those fine swains (it is the appropriate word) who whisper, and kiss, and sing, are meant—you can see it—to be tied up upon a stately wall with knots of ribbon, amid the gilding and the carving, or even the stucco of elaborate ornamentation. This decorative school could scarcely be studied to better advantage than at Bethnal Green.

Just one word about the exhibition of Old Masters, which, luckily for us, is becoming an institution at this season, by means of which we are likely to see by degrees the great art-treasures which are hidden from the world in private picture-galleries, and where once more we meet with another wave of the inexhaustible sweet flood of Reynoldses which so nobly illustrate the age in which he lived. It is enough to warm the art of portrait-painting into life to go from the roomful of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Romney, not to forget the charming Raeburn, in which we take a national pride, to the noble Cornaro group, which occupies the central place in the great room, and the splendid Holbein opposite. This latter picture is splendid indeed, but not attractive, with a squat Dutchness and want of grace in the figures, for which, perhaps, Nature was to blame, but which does the painter less credit than many less pretentious pictures—the noble far-seeing head of Erasmus, for instance, or many other portraits which will occur to every one's mind. We need not speak of the two lovely Claudes, which are so full of light that one can imagine them to

have been placed like candelabra on either side of the great Titian, to help to bring out the glowing darkness of those wonderful boys' heads; nor of the Rubens lent by the Duke of Hamilton, the "Daniel in the Lions' Den," which, so far as our personal liking goes, we would barter eagerly for a much smaller specimen of the same master, the portrait of his little son, which occupies a much less prominent place. And the great Botticelli, with its wonderful circles, the lovely little Francia in its tender simplicity and dignity, the curious Van Eyck—these are not subjects for holiday comment. We leave them reverentially for graver discussion. This year's collection, however, is more rich in English masters, not very old, than in the ancient painters to whom we generally give that name; but whether in the old or less old departments, is full of interest and beauty—a great and absolute gain to the public. Would that we could hope to say as much of the fresher and more highly coloured show which will succeed them in these same rooms when January gives place to May!

Even in this dismal winter the days have not been all gloomy. Now and then a pleasant gleam of sunshine has lent light to the pictures and life to the streets. But when the evening comes, the holiday group becomes all agog with excitement.

"What entertainment have we for this evening?
What masque? What music? How shall we beguile
The lingering hours, if not with some delight!"

Does some one timidly suggest a pantomime? But it is known in the party that the head of it has sworn a solemn vow against that doleful entertainment. Heaven be praised there are indications that it is dying out. The French *féerie* is poor enough in everything but spec-

tacle ; but it has been reserved for us to keep up a fashion of merrymaking which demands a certain kind of wit in the performer long after that special development of wit has evaporated. The clever contortions of the Vokes family may be very well in their way, but they pall very soon upon even a youthful spectator ; and when one considers the question, now that clowns have ceased to be funny, the horseplay of the pantomime proper, the stealing of legs of mutton and bonneting of policemen have lost any *raison d'être* they ever possessed. As for the transformation scenes, which have attained to such perfection as spectacles, they are very dazzling and very pretty ; but we do not believe that even a child would prefer them by deliberate choice to the humblest piece of genuine acting. In all these matters, however, the English public is very hard to understand. The rubbish it puts up with, the folly it laughs at, are stupendous, and almost beyond belief ; yet, when chance offers it a real and refined dramatic representation, it receives the boon with an enthusiasm which shows it capable of better things. Nothing could more completely illustrate this twofold phase than two performances which have lately taken place in London : one, the temporary reappearance of Charles Mathews in Sheridan's well-known comedy "The Critic ;" and the other, the acting of a young lady, unknown until very recently, in a new play by a young author almost equally recent in reputation. It is unnecessary here to discuss the abilities of Mr Charles Mathews, and it is almost equally unnecessary to say that his performance of the difficult part of Sir Fretful Plagiary was about as perfect a piece of acting as could be seen even on the other side of the Channel. But with this polished and careful representation all merit ended in the performance. The house was very full, the audience

very demonstrative. They had warmed up to their old favourite during his performance of his famous part in his own adaptation of the French *Homme Blasé*, the (extremely absurd) comedy entitled "Used Up." Sir Fretful Plagiary stayed them slightly in their rapture. They were aware, with a slight chill of respect and awe, that it was very fine acting, and applauded because it was their duty. But with the second act of "The Critic," the representation of Mr Puff's tragedy, the fun began. For this it was evident everybody had been waiting. The reader knows that Sheridan's object was to represent the humours of a rehearsal—the comical mistakes made by a *troupe* of half-trained actors, and the ludicrous contrast between the heroics of a solemn drama and the familiar interruptions of prompter and players. In the comedy as he wrote it, all this coarser play is left in the background with admirable taste ; and the fine fun of the critic's remarks and questions, the audacious humour of Mr Puff's explanations, and the easy indifference of the actors, make up one of the most amusing and skilful representations of genteel comedy. This refined and delicate piece of fun Mr Mathews' *troupe* made into screaming farce. The acting version of the play in its most modest form takes great liberties with Sheridan's text. But these were as nothing to the buffoonery carried on by the actors. Whiskerandos swallowed half of his moustache, and the audience screamed with laughter. Tilburnina addressed her confidant as "my gentle Snora," and the plaudits swelled to a perfect storm. The riot on the stage grew so loud that the most eager ear could not with an effort have caught the real wit of the performance ; and Sheridan's refined play grew into an almost brutal burlesque—vulgar, meaningless, and loud as any Cockney farce.

The audience meanwhile, except the very few who had come to see Sheridan and Mathews, were unable to contain themselves with laughter and applause. They were as riotous as the actors. They laughed till tears came to their eyes. They applauded till the theatre rang again. They responded to every vulgar joke, to every interpolated buffoonery, with choruses and shouts of approbation. Surely there never was seen a more humiliating sight. "Write to the 'Times'" whispered to each other the horror-stricken group, pale as the shade of Sheridan himself, who looked on with dismay at this dismal folly; but even the 'Times,' omnipotent organ, could have done nothing in such a case—the audience preferred it; and poor Mr Mathews, whose admirable acting was swamped completely, was, I suppose, as helpless in the matter as the few indignant listeners who sat and frowned and listened to the laughter. The British public liked it, and had its way. The reader will understand that in describing this scene we are very far from wishing to throw the slightest aspersion upon the well-earned fame of an excellent actor. We have not the slightest doubt that Mr Mathews' Puff was as good as his Sir Fretful—if any one could have heard a word he said in the latter rôle. But this the senseless horseplay of the subordinate performers made it quite impossible to do.

So far, no words are too strong to express one's opinion of the British public; but let us turn to the other side of the picture. In another theatre not far off, there has been going on for some hundreds of nights the remarkable little drama of "Pygmalion and Galatea;" and there crowded houses have been held spellbound night after night by the most charming and refined acting. I, for one, have seen for years.

I know nothing in its way which surpasses Mrs Kendal's representation of the Galatea of the story—the statue suddenly brought to life by the passionate prayer of the sculptor. The part is one which I presume has been written expressly for her, and which has been skilfully adapted at once to the style of her beauty and the resources of her mind. The author will pardon us if, in admiration of the character he has created, and the wonderfully successful representative he has found for it, he should for the moment be thrust into the background; but indeed it would be unjust to do so for more than the first moment, when the intoxication of the performance overwhelms all other considerations. The drama, which we can scarcely call a comedy, is charmingly written, with a fine dramatic sense of construction and situation, and much creative power. It is quite original, and, for an English piece, it is curiously regular and perfect. It is the kind of work which ought to be *couronné* by some Academy or other; yet the dialogue is full of animation, and there is not a scene that flags. Nothing has been sacrificed to the unities, yet they are preserved without ostentation; and so skilfully has this been done, that the spectator thinks the construction of the play the most natural possible, and requires neither change of scene nor enlargement of space. The story is not that of the simple classic episode which is recalled to us by the name. The chief incident, the life conferred upon the statue, is indeed the central point in the modern story, as well as in the ancient; but in Mr Gilbert's play, Pygmalion has already a wife, and the whole action of the piece runs upon the disturbance of his domestic life caused by the sudden intrusion of the stone-maiden, and the revenge taken by his wife for his

supposed unfaithfulness. That he has never really been unfaithful, even in thought, the poor Galatea herself is made the instrument of discovering, after the jealousy of Cynisca, the wife, has stricken her husband with blindness; and when she has thus reconciled the pair, the statue goes back mournfully to her pedestal and dies into stone again, in one of the most affecting scenes we have seen upon the modern English stage. Nothing can be more difficult than the rendering of such a character; but the mixture of perfectingenuousness, innocence, and ignorance, with intense yet simple feeling—the wonder and delight of the opening scene—the amusing mistakes of Galatea's inexperience—and finally, the high and sustained passion of the sacrifice,—are all set forth by Mrs Kendal with a perfection rarely met with in modern acting. The part and the actress are alike far above any recent dramatic success; for it is a purely dramatic success—there is neither spectacle to enhance the effect, nor claptrap to bring down the gallery; the diction sounds like elegant English—such English as poets may use; and though the scene is supposed to be laid in Athens, there is no archæological attempt to confuse the story by so-called local colour; and the author has had the good sense and courage to trust to the originality of his own composition, and to appeal direct to the hearts of his audience—an appeal which, when made with power and simplicity, rarely fails of a response. The one detail which all the principal actors in the piece, and especially the Galatea, have carefully studied, is that of attitude. All Mrs Kendal's poses and movements are purely statuesque and classic; and Pygmalion and Cynisca, if wanting in the larger grace and nobility of her action, are still carefully correct in their attitudes, and thus keep up, in one im-

portant particular, the character of the piece.

The power of the drama itself, however, lies in the true realm of poetry, in the awakening of sympathetic emotion, and in the development of a touching and novel study of character. Nothing can be prettier than the ingenuous wonder and admiration of the new creature upon whom life has descended so strangely. Her *naiiveté* may go perhaps a hair's-breadth too far, as in her scene with the connoisseur Chrysos (Mr Buckstone); but we presume the author's purpose here was to show that coquetry too, and a few feminine qualities of less than the highest order, lay dormant in the bosom of the beautiful and strange being just warmed out of stone. But as the action proceeds, and the clash of conflicting passion comes in, the spectator is swept away clean out of the easy paths of comedy by an unexpected flood of tragic power, and he who has laughed a moment before, steals a finger to the corner of his eye as the statue-maiden slowly awakens to the bitter sense of pain, to desertion, and the murderous fact that she has never been loved—and all at once, ere she returns to her stone, develops into a great and perfect woman. The truth comes slowly upon her, enlightening the simple mind, which is still scarcely able for the strain, by degrees. Her being grows and expands under the spectator's eye. And when at last, able to bear the sacrifice of love and happiness, but not able to support the last sting of injurious speech which the man she loves throws at her, she returns back again to marble, it is with a positive pang of sympathy that the looker-on recognises the truth of the picture. When the curtain is drawn again, and nothing but the statue is seen in Galatea's place, he feels the shock of that sudden void with a reality which is almost painful—

which is, indeed, as much painful as consists with one of the highest of intellectual pleasures. And we repeat, that to see the crowded audiences of the Haymarket hanging breathless upon this fine representation, to feel the hush and thrill of feeling that goes through them, and the interest with which every change is followed and every point caught, is enough to put us in charity again with the British public. It is not often that this good public is treated to anything so high in conception, so delicate, yet so powerful in execution: and that it is still capable of appreciating this rare excellence, the enthusiasm which greets *Galatea* is an encouraging and cheering sign.

I may add that the young critics who were eager to have the 'Times' written to in respect to the coarse "gag" and vulgar interpolations of "The Critic," were equally eager to make some personal demonstration of their enthusiasm to *Galatea*; and that, failing this, their eager exertions secured at the sword's point, as it were, and at the last moment, when all more sober possibilities had failed, places for the new fairy piece with which Mr Gilbert has followed his *Pygmalion*, and in which Mrs Kendal has again the most important rôle. The "*Wicked World*" was produced for the first time on the 2d January, and consequently was in all the freshness of its first novelty. It is a *féerie*, and it is a poem. The personages are almost all drawn from that intermediate state of being between heaven and earth which imagination has always lingered upon fondly, and which has furnished so many fanciful and beautiful figures to the primitive lore of every nation under the sun. Mr Gilbert's treatment of the fairy world, however, is so far original that it is the effect of the introduction of human passions among themselves, rather than the effect

produced upon some mortal by contact with them—the favourite and ordinary treatment—which he represents. He introduces us to an Elysian scene "on the back of a cloud," where a crowd of fair figures, diversified by the appearance of one or two handsome and stalwart male fairies, whose manly forms are very imposing under their satin robes, discuss with much innocent wonder and horror the earth and its monstrous wickedness, which is visible from their fairy realm. The virtuous disgust of the ladies at the idea of suffering even a single mortal, soiled with the stains of earth, to enter among them, wanes somewhat when two of their brothers, *Ethias* and *Phyllon*, are sent by the fairy king upon some mission to earth. It then occurs ingenuously to the mind of one of the attendants of the queen *Selene* that the fairy world has been sadly indifferent and inattentive to the noble mission of reforming that earth; and that if they condescended to ascertain what were indeed the wants and temptations of men, they might be able to influence them more satisfactorily—an idea which leads to the further suggestion of summoning to fairyland the mortal counterparts of *Ethias* and *Phyllon*. For it is the peculiar attribute of Mr Gilbert's fairies that each of them possesses a mortal counterpart, bearing the same name and absolutely the same aspect as the fairy. *Ethias* and *Phyllon* in flesh and blood are accordingly summoned in haste and excitement. Before, however, this expedient for the amusement of their leisure has been resorted to, *Selene*, the fairy princess (Mrs Kendal), has delivered a very beautiful description of the fashion of love known among men, but unknown to the passionless immortals among the clouds—a description full of wondering and longing, which naturally sets the fairy imagination to work. When the two knights

stumble upward, dazzled, out of the midst of a brawl in which they have been fighting, the result which was to be expected ensues. The immaculate group fall abjectly in love with the handsome heroes. Selene clothes her subjection in all the poetic grace of a wildly sudden imaginative passion; but the effect upon the others is not so dignified, and brings out all the evil passions, which have never hitherto displayed themselves among them, as by a magician's wand. Envy, jealousy, hatred, and spite against each other spring up with true fairy rapidity, and the artless loftiness of the first scene gives way to the spiteful backbiting of a conventional group of ill-natured human gossips in much too summary a way. However, a great allowance must be made for the inevitable rapidity of dramatic movement, and the sharpness of effect necessary to counterbalance the impossibility of gradual development. Mr Gilbert, as in his *Pygmalion*, keeps all his strength for his central figure. Selene's absolute self-abandonment, the transport of love which takes possession of her, is perhaps less natural and less beautiful than the similar soft self-bestowal of Galatea; or, perhaps, the situation palls upon us from repetition; but the issue of this sudden dream of passion is quite original. When she discovers that the mortal's acceptance of her love and response to all her endearments mean nothing more than mere levity on his part, the dis-crowned and forsaken queen rises into a high outburst of tragic passion. This is the climax of the play. So far as the spectator can make out, this speech sounds like real poetry; but whether it would read so, if deprived of the swell and glow of impassioned emotion with which it is delivered, it is difficult to tell. The fairy queen swells into tragic

womanhood, her poetic paleness flushes with the inspiration of indignant shame and pain; her whole form is transfigured. For a moment the slight story, the modern atmosphere, the comedy at which we have been laughing, floats away altogether from our consciousness, and what we see is a passion which might be Shakesperian, a capacity to which it is difficult to place a limit. The situation altogether, the cowed and alarmed mortal who had no notion of the storm which was about to fall on his head, the attendant fairies shrinking in a panic of wonder, the whole commonplace group marvelling at her, and the passion of the outraged woman rising into a momentary sublimity of pain, is to us something perfectly novel and unexpected. We had no right to look for it, and it moves us all the more from the absence of any expectation that we were to be thus moved.

But though this one effect is perhaps more original and striking than anything in *Pygmalion*, and quite different from it, we are obliged to say that "*The Wicked World*" is, as a whole, much less successful than its predecessor. For instance, this scene, the climax of the play, occurs in the middle, and nothing comes after to justify the higher interest called forth by a note so lofty. And though we fully recognise the temptation to the author of reproducing something of the situation in which his Galatea made so powerful an effect, yet repetition is always dangerous, and in the vigour and freshness of the work which he has already done, there seems no reason for timidity, but rather the highest encouragement to proceed to "fresh fields and pastures new." It is seldom, too, that both dramatist and actor show talent so varied—from the brightest vivacious comedy to really powerful tragic conception is a very wide range—and such a con-

junction demands something higher than "The Wicked World." It is a question, too, whether Mr Gilbert may not find the unities, which he respects so carefully, a bondage upon him. Few stories of high interest will allow themselves to be enacted within so brief a space; and the incorrectness which Shakespeare shares is better than the iron limitation which drives a writer to the reproduction of used situations. It may be that the genius of this particular writer is sufficient to triumph over the difficulty. But we trust he will have courage enough to break the bond of correctness rather than sacrifice the freedom of imagination, which is a much higher necessity of Art.

Shall I describe, dear reader, after this poetic play, the miseries of the spectator who cranes his neck out of a side-box, with a mingling of comic despair in the real pleasure of the feast set before him? or the transport of the schoolboys, who come to us from their places below with circles of excitement round their eyes, after Selene's great speech, with no power left in them of calling the performance "jolly," but a tendency to recruit nature—not unusual to schoolboys—after this great expenditure of emotion? No; I will not enter into the impertinence of any private details. Mr Buckstone's representation of Lutin, the comic sprite, with his comic counterpart, who relieves the deeper feeling of the play, is very comical, as is his Chrysos in *Pygmalion*, though here, again, we cannot but feel something of an echo in the situations. We suppose it is almost inevitable to the pre-eminence of a female actor that the male parts should be thankless and disagreeable. But we really feel that the gentleman condemned to make himself out so very commonplace a Lothario in "The Wicked World," and to be denounced and punished by the shrewish Cynisca in

Pygmalion, besides being compelled to behave in so very shabby a manner to his beautiful Galatea, has on the whole a hard time of it, and merits our deepest condolences.

I could say more, dear reader. I could tell you how a *troupe* of very good but ordinary actors play "Money," and how droll it is to see a respectable young man ranting about a stage and delivering high-flown sentiments which read extremely well in a book, but want a great deal of skill and arrangement to sound well in a shooting-coat and a modern drawing-room; how this representation was not bad, nor good, but simply indifferent, it being impossible altogether to destroy an excellent piece of writing and construction, and probably equally impossible for any actor without genius to invest such a part as that of Evelyn with naturalness, grace, or interest. Sentiment demands costume—it requires to be thrust back out of the flat foreground of modern life; and though one of the youthful members of our party betrayed nature by a furtive clap of unwary hands, after one of the very finest bits of despairing love in the performance, I fear the uneasy sense of ridicule which attends all Englishmen in their exhibitions of feeling mingles at once in the actor's conscience, and in the half-amused, half-shamefaced attention of the audience. "My heart, how shall I support this!" cries Hastings, in a drawing-room representation of "She Stoops to Conquer," with despair painted upon his countenance; and immediately a titter runs through the audience. What can be done with such a universal inclination to laugh at the most touching scenes? In this play, however, the buttoned-up respectability of Mr Graves is excellent; several others of the subordinate characters are very well done indeed; and all but the chief scenes, and the impassioned dia-

logues—upon which, however, the weight of the interest hangs—are good.

Alas! is it possible, while we write—before the ink is dry which penned these words—that this play which we have lightly criticised, and which has been bringing large audiences together for weeks, independent of novelty, independent even of the acting, in sheer admiration of its literary and dramatic power, has acquired a deeper interest still, and our trifling comments sound to our own ears somehow profane, as is the light mention of a beloved name, when he who bore it is gone! This is no place to speak of the loss which Society, which England, has suffered. Yet it is interesting at the moment to remember that this play—an early production of his genius, and one of the best and most striking of genuine English comedies—was as fresh and full of interest a week ago, before Lord Lytton died full of years and honours, as when it was first produced.

Here we will stop—for we have no desire to wound any one's feelings in the holidays; and theatres, like pictures, are apt to afford more occasion for adverse than for favourable criticism. In all art it would seem that coarse effects are more easy than fine ones, and that extravagant colours and contortions are found successful by the mass of artists, and accepted by the mass of spectators. How seldom do any dare to keep by the simplicity of nature; and how difficult is the effort to get that which requires no effort, which it seems to us a little true feeling and good taste would reach easily, if no obstructing traditions, no jar-

gon of the greenroom or the studio, came in the way! But let us not undervalue the difficulties of a profession which we are not acquainted with. To ourselves it appears as if the production of *Pygmalion*, and the revelation of Mrs Kendal's powers, might indicate a new and important opening in dramatic art; but prophecy is dangerous in such cases; and it will be no opening, but one of those false starts which are unfortunately too common, unless both author and actors see the necessity of rousing themselves to more varied work, and eschew the fatal tendency to repetition which brings ruin on the heels of success.

And now, my boys, my friends, to work again—the holidays are over. Is it another year? Are not these rainy dreary days the same as those we had in December, on the other side of Christmas? The river rolls turbid as ever over the sodden banks, the cottages are only just clear of it, painfully emerging out of mud into colds and rheumatism, and many a pang which poverty knows, though the newspapers bid us be glad of the mild winter which brings no flood into the London streets. But, all the same, crocuses are stealing up noiselessly out of the earth; the rash leaves are peeping from their husks; the day lingers out into a longer twilight, and the sky lightens faintly in the east, when school-bells call the lingerers out of bed. It will be summer some time this year, which we could not say a month ago. And with this greeting let us go back to our work, gentle reader. Heaven send us all a good deliverance from the lingering, heavy New Year parties, and heavier Christmas bills!

OUR STATE AND PROSPECTS.

MORE instructive than a thousand homilies is the recantation of Mr Roebuck, to whom it now seems good that the House of Lords should live and not die. We are not much given to scepticism; but, now that our unbelief is justified, we don't mind admitting that all our life long we have dissented from Mr Roebuck on this article of condemning the Upper House, and lo! we have lived to hear from his own learned lips that the article is heretical. It is fortunate for Mr Roebuck's peace of mind in his latter days that he could not commit the sin which he imagined in his hot youth. The mischief would have been past mending now. And we at once draw the moral, that precipitate subversion of the institutions of a nation is to be avoided. The whole history of the learned gentleman is a caution to wild reformers; for, fortunately, he is a candid man, with magnanimity enough to confess his errors when he becomes conscious of them. If in the earlier part of his life he was given to devising and abetting dangerous innovations, he has been conspicuous in the latter part of it by condemning those violent changes; and his testimony is most valuable as showing how experience regards the visions of enthusiasm. The manly sincerity which forces him to lay bare his opinions, whatever they may be, is highly to his honour; for doubtless there are many who have discovered, like him, the fallacy of radicalism, without being frank enough to own it. It is not to be imagined that the learned gentleman's repentance will in the least influence the thoughts or actions of innovators of the present day. Their conceit is too strong, their

zeal too great, to be affected by the remorse of an awakened theorist. But there is a large class of men, liberal, well intentioned, and apt to be carried away by plausible arguments urged with fanatic vehemence; and to these possibly the Roebuck confessions may furnish a salutary caution. The same persons who are at this moment inciting them to cut down, raze, and confiscate, may discover at some future date that their teaching has been erroneous. It would seem, therefore, that the public weal is best consulted by pausing long and reflecting deeply before consenting to startling changes at variance with the traditions and temperament of our race. Postponement will not prevent ultimate change, if, after due consideration, change be proved to be salutary; and it may, as in Mr Roebuck, avert the remorse which would have followed headlong action: but hasty, passionate moves cannot be recalled, however much they may be deplored.

Never was a caution more required than at the present time, when to invent changes so as to produce sensation throughout the country is the great endeavour of the Administration, and their sovereign spell for retaining office. Confiscation of the property held by corporate bodies, spoliation of the Church, withholding of all religious teaching from the children of the people in elementary schools, increased burdens on landowners,—these are some of the provocatives by which it is expected that Ministers will endeavour to stimulate the appetite for change. Should there be no sensation provided, it is possible that Parliament, when it shall come together in a few days, may be intent on surveying our present con-

dition, a course which cannot but be damaging to the Government. It is greatly to be desired, however, that Parliament, at its meeting, may be more disposed to review the condition to which already we have been brought by reckless innovation, than to lend itself for the furtherance of fresh experiments upon the Constitution, and complete loosening of the bonds by which society is held together. Ay, and if we look at what has of late been going on about us, we shall see that it should hardly be a matter of choice how Parliament will occupy itself, but that a remedy for the disjointed condition to which the country has been brought is imperatively called for.

The word which best expresses our whole malady is *relaxation*. There is not an active or acute disease manifested in any particular part; but there is evidence that the whole machinery of government, the whole constitution of society, is debilitated, out of joint, and unable to bear the least strain. Such a condition is far more alarming than the plain appearance of specific disease; because the physician's skill can be directed to the latter—while the former, permitting the performance, after a feeble sort, of the functions of life, conceals beneath the surface a general incapacity; whenever one limb or organ may be subject to pressure, it can derive no support from the strength of others—for all being weak alike, the first strain is not likely to rally the powers, but rather will produce a general collapse. This relaxation—this dying out of discipline, this contempt for authority, this inability of those in authority to inspire respect—is what the nation, if it is wise, will call upon Parliament to deal with in preference to any other subject whatever. It is needless to bring proof of the existence of the evil. Every day's news contains some

fresh symptom of it. The mobs in the Park on Sundays, outraging decency in every way, outraging law under the eyes of the police, who do not interfere; the police force mutinying at the moment of being ordered on duty; the stokers of the gas-works conspiring to deprive the metropolis of light, so that every crime that walks in darkness might have opportunity, and every honest work of man might be interrupted,—these are some of the morbid symptoms. Granted there has been no violent subversion of order—nay, that so far order, if it cannot be said to have triumphed, has at any rate righted itself, as a good ship in the beginning of a fatal tempest recovers after each assault of the elements. But this is not because law or order has been vindicated; it is only because discipline has been so maintained in times past, that the mere habit of the people prevents them from proceeding at once to great excesses, even after they have conceived a contempt for those whose duty it is to execute the laws; they wait and educate themselves in disorder. If it be true that no individual ever became of a sudden most depraved, equally true is it that no people which was once trained in habits of decency and order, will rush at once to the extremes of anarchy, even when they know that there is none to check them. A short education—it is but a short one—is necessary to the full enjoyment of licence. Nevertheless there can be no doubt about the ultimate effects of licence. We have not reached, and we trust we are not near, the ultimate effects; and yet we cannot doubt that a mutinous spirit exists which, if not controlled, may end most calamitously. The police on a recent occasion seem to have been terrified by their own daring; being ordered on duty, they said, like the man in

the parable, they would not; but afterwards they repented and went. Before the idea of such insubordination could have been entertained, and *à fortiori*, before such an idea could have been acted upon, the reins of discipline must have been suffered to get very loose in the force. The untoward affair was patched up: the greater part of the mutineers are still doing the duty of constables; there was no vigorous action; could we expect vigour from such a Government? As was remarked at the time, if the men were justified in their mutiny they ought never to have been punished in any way; if they were not justified they ought to have been removed from the force, not only for example's sake, but that rebellious and plotting spirits might no longer fill positions which enable them to disseminate their discontents and plans. There, however, they remain; the sore has skinned over, and the appearance of order is restored. The capital escaped a great danger, but the escape was very narrow; and what might our condition have been if things had taken the opposite turn!

Everywhere it is apparent that the lower classes of society have been meditating a great overthrow. Increased emolument, and power to dictate to their employers or to those in authority, are the objects of their schemes. Property is to be held, capital is to be employed in such manner, and subject to such restraints, as may suit the views of the rank and file of every profession. At least the early programme is no fiercer than this; but, by-and-by, when the educated and rich classes shall have been taken down

a peg or two lower, short cuts to the possession of most of the nation's goods may be discovered by the successful movement. The existence of such a movement on such a scale is explained by a glance at the Government of the day. They have attained to power, and they exist, by being the opponents of privilege, station, and property. If they have not in so many words proclaimed themselves such, their alliances, their tone, their acts, the tenor of their rule, have unmistakably said so for them. To them it is due that this upheaving of the lower strata of society now threatens us. They have come into office as ring-leaders of this terrific movement. We have heard ere now of popular risings against property, but Catilines and Cades have been opponents of government.* Here we have the Government themselves not even denouncing or discouraging the attempts and doctrines which cause us so much alarm, but allowing themselves to be looked upon as favouring the uprising, and accepting temporary political strength from what is of such evil omen to the country. The 'Times' newspaper,† often zealous to turn attention from the real question at issue, bade us not look too pointedly at the danger which is so sternly threatening us, but to consider how much we, with our mild code of laws and large enjoyment of freedom, are more favoured than our forefathers, who perhaps were not liable to this particular fear, seeing that they had governments on which they could rely for the preservation of order. We grant all this, but reply that the argument is altogether beside the question at issue.

* It has always puzzled us that such a poor creature as Richard II. should have been credited with a tact that could calm down Wat Tyler's followers. Richard's tongue would have availed little without Walworth's mace. It was the decision and vigorous action of the Lord Mayor that saved the capital.

† Vide the 'Times' of 23d November, in an article sneering at Mr Carlyle.

The contention is, not that laws should be severe and punishments sanguinary, but that law, whether mild or stern, should be put in force for the protection of society, and that the executive body should unmistakably ally themselves with the friends of order.

Of all the professions by which a politician may attain to place and power, none is so dangerous to himself and to the state as the proclamation of his being a friend, admirer, and advocate of the less educated classes, as opposed to the better informed and the owners of property. The intention of the man weak enough to angle with such professions may not be very criminal. He may make his glozing speeches simply to earn a little applause, or to gain an immediate end, and with no serious design to invert the established order of things. But whatever his intention, or the strict meaning of his words, those who accept his overtures have no doubt about their interpretation; they quite understand that he bids to uphold their interests, irrespectively of right and of the general weal; in their eyes there is a bargain from which they have not the least intention of allowing the other party to withdraw. They give their shouts and their support; but they expect that legislation and the administration of the law will be entirely according to their views. Any attempt at equal dealing where they are concerned will be promptly and severely resented. The ambitious politician finds that instead of a pliant servant whom he can cajole and manage, he has got a taskmaster who will have every tittle of his bond. The mandates of the unwashed are no doubt embarrassing and unpalatable; but they are peremptory, as were Mr Guedalla's

last year, when Mr Gladstone presumed to keep his room for a day or two by reason of illness, and was politely informed by message that Mr Guedalla would stand no nonsense. So then there is nothing for it but to govern according to the dictation of demagogues, or to retire from the post that has been won at such a sacrifice. The danger is that the office-bearers may yield to one demand after another, straining violently perhaps at each concession, but flattering themselves that each will be the last, and after that they will reach "rest and be thankful." But those who have read history to any purpose know that there is no resting-place: the downward pace is faster and faster; the unlucky statesmen become so far committed that it is no longer possible to affect moderation or to attempt to stop the avalanche by resigning, for should they wade no more,

"Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

These conditions do however end, though not at all in the way which the fond rulers expected them to take. The French Convention asking the young artillery officer whether he would undertake to restore order in Paris, suggests the method by which at last the fatal government of the multitude may be arrested: and the scenes which were enacted before the young officer was called in, give an idea of what may have to be endured if the career of demagogue ministers be not checked before it is too late. More than once in the course of last year* we called upon all who have anything to lose, to take action at once against the helpless Government, making common cause against ruin, under whatever political banner they may have hitherto been ranged; self-preservation requiring to be attended to before

* *Vide* Blackwood's Magazine for February and August 1872.

political crotchets. Judging from all that is to be seen, the position of property is more hazardous *now* than it was at any time last year. No landed proprietor and no capitalist can possibly be without alarm. No indifferent person who considers the situation, can doubt that the alarm is just. There may be differences of opinion touching the exact quarter from which, or the exact form in which, the peril may come; but there can be none as to the imminency of it. There is no nostrum capable of at once eradicating an evil that has gone so far: complete cure must be the work of continued good government. But there is one course indispensable as the preparation for sounder rule, and that is, to oppose persistently the present mischievous Ministry, the prime cause of all the disorder. The spirit of revolution will never be laid in the country so long as Mr Gladstone's Government may remain in power. The change for the worse during the recess is very striking, and shows that the appeals made by us before were not uncalled for. Once more we counsel all men of means who may have been so deluded as to suppose that the present Administration can steer the State through our many dangers, to be wise while their action may yet be in time.

We perceive that some of the newspapers which formerly supported the Administration are now getting alarmed, and calling attention to the prevailing disorder. Others which, perhaps, never had any particular admiration for Mr Gladstone's Government, content themselves with sneering at its helplessness. Both kinds see that the cure is not easy, and that it may be impossible now to gather up again the reins that have been relaxed. *Obsta principia* is the maxim which we would gladly have seen followed when we were

first threatened with a revolutionary Ministry; but the mischief is done now. And what we say to those writers who are only beginning to be frightened, and to those who content themselves with laughing and curling the lip, is, that this is no time for lukewarm measures. If the fears or the sarcasms are the expression of real feeling, as we believe them to be, they do not meet the requirements of the case. It is criminal to palter with such inability as is the subject of their comment. The danger of it is so great, that they who lead opinion are bound to show it in the most impressive terms, and to urge the nation to save itself if it be not already too late. The first imperative step to be taken, if we would stay the progress of confusion, is to displace the present Government; and that teacher who, seeing this necessity, neglects to urge it upon the people in the most serious manner which he can adopt, does not fulfil his duty.

We should observe that the agents of political change insist loudly on the necessity of making the people contented, and profess that all their measures are directed to making them so. Now it need hardly be said that for a long time past discontent was never so prevalent either in England or Ireland as at present. The newspapers are filled from end to end with accounts of combinations, uprisings, complaints, rivalries, intimidations, and malicious feelings, and malicious acts of employed against employers. If contentment, peace, and good-will were to be the achievement of the Gladstone Administration, we have only to look around us and be convinced not only that that Administration has come short of its purpose, but that it has produced and aggravated the very evils which it professed itself able to avert or cure. All the dangerous passions of the un-

educated classes have been called into activity by the most mistaken words and actions of ministers; and no man can see how the flame which they have lighted is to be extinguished. Four years of a *soi-disant* Liberal Government have obliterated every trace of kindly feeling between good masters and good men. Henceforth there is only antagonism between those who have a common interest and should join in a common endeavour. Workmen withdrawing from their employment do so in such manner and at such times as may cause the greatest amount of damage to the employers: can we wonder if, so provoked, employers no longer are ready with the sympathising heart and the open hand?

This country, while acknowledging a great material prosperity, while boasting of the influx of its wealth, the extension of its commerce, of its rest from foreign wars, of its comforts and luxuries, of its wonderful appliances for communication, of its unrestricted liberty,—is afflicted in a manner which forbids the enjoyment of these advantages. The land is oppressed with continual fears; it cannot rest by reason of the alarms which are every day recurring. Like the miser whose gold takes from him ease by day and sleep by night, we possess our gains in bitterness of soul, trembling for the possible effects of the envy and desire which those gains engender in those whose share of them is but small. We, with a blind infatuation, leave ourselves open to the attack of foreign enemies; and there is no vigour in our Government to suppress disorder at home. Everywhere crop out symptoms of a general rottenness. And, as if our political evils were not a sufficient affliction, nature seems, too, to have declared against us: our cattle die; the necessaries of life become daily more difficult to

obtain; and we have been visited with a plague of waters such as none now living have ever seen before. It is in great gloom that 1873 has begun: may our circumstances improve before the year is much older!

If we turn from our unsettled and alarming condition at home to our foreign relations, we find no comfort. The past year has been a year of humiliation and loss, and there is only too much reason to fear that the mismanagement which makes it dark in our calendar has not yet borne half of its bitter fruit. The country has had several months to think over the blundering and unfortunate negotiations with America, and we may safely affirm that the more we have looked at them the less we have liked them. There is literally no point of view from which the treaty or the arbitrations look in the least satisfactory. It is impossible to forget that at the time when these negotiations began, England's reputation was already damaged, and she could not afford to refer a quarrel to arbitration, except on the most equal and honourable terms. Our submission to Russian dictation, our abandonment of our colonies, and the trash that was written and spoken about the people refusing to man our armies and ships—above all, the known principles of the Government which we had thought proper to place in power, particularly the principles of Mr Bright and the convictions for the time being of the Prime Minister, had so brought our national courage into question that a course on which we might safely have ventured after the wars with the first Napoleon, or even immediately after the Crimean struggle, had now become dishonouring. As we had allowed ourselves to be so blown upon, a readiness greater than ordinary to stand up and show our mettle was needed; at the very least, we were bound to avoid even

the appearance of being inordinately desirous to escape fighting. We did not avoid that appearance; we did not shun the fact of being disproportionately anxious to bring the dispute to a bloodless issue at any expense to ourselves of means, of territory, or of character. All through the business, from the first despatch of the wretched commission up to the deplorable results at Geneva and Berlin, our unbecoming solicitude to get the matter patched up, whether fairly or unfairly, whether by a decision for or against ourselves, was but too notorious, and was but too clearly perceived by foreigners. England has been spoken of with a contempt to which English ears are not yet inured, and which is rendered none the more pleasant because she has been at some pains to make it justifiable. We have said before, and we say again, that we wish well to the practice of arbitration, and would be glad to see it supersede wars and feuds; but in order that it may have this effect, the parties must both be desirous of resorting to it; the laws by which it is to be determined must be those which were in force when the differences arose; and each side must *bonâ fide* endeavour to prove that it has been in the right—that is, it must endeavour to win the cause. Now, as none of these conditions were fulfilled in the case by which we so recently suffered, we feel quite at liberty to condemn most cordially a proceeding, which was indeed no arbitration at all but simply a cloak for giving money to America in the hope of appeasing her ill will.

We believe too that the whole conduct of the negotiation is still undigested by the people, and that it will be the subject at length of debates in Parliament, which has never hitherto discussed this matter, nearly as it touches us. It is too late to avert any of our disgrace;

but that is no reason why Lords and Commons should refrain from expressing opinions concerning the incapable authors and actors of this damning business. The blundering work of the treaty has to be expiated; the excuses about the “understanding” with the American commissioner (the assertions concerning which, as made by our commissioners, are ever more and more flatly contradicted by the other side), must be shown to be correct; the framing of new rules for the express purpose of defrauding this nation of its rights; the abandonment of all counterclaim on account of the Fenian raids on Canada, while the grievance of Canada was acknowledged and hushed by our guaranteeing a loan for her; the restriction imposed upon the arbiter in the San Juan case, which forbade him to take the boundary along the middle channel, so as to have relieved us from the indignity of having British territory under the guns of a foreign power;—these and many other derelictions of duty are exasperating the minds of the people, who will not be contented until an opinion on the case has been given by the legislature.

The Americans, who in the earlier days of the dispute were so hot about their claims, grew vastly cool as soon as they perceived the British Government to be fidgetting about a settlement; and towards the end of the chafferings, they had hardly patience to listen. They saw exactly how the business was working, and they felt or feigned an indifference inversely proportioned to the ardour of the British Cabinet. Like a lover who can obtain no concession by wild protestations and entreaties, they at the right time tried the apathetic game, as if they had been cured of their passion, with remarkable effect.

“How it chanced I ne’er could tell,
She grew sick as he grew well.”

And now the tables were completely turned ; the anxiety of the English ministers to pay up would have been diverting if it had not touched us so nearly, and no doubt was diverting to lookers on ; while the coy suitors, beautifully careless of gain or victory, dallied with the passion which burned to crown their hopes,—

“I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.”

But while thus irresponsible to the gushing advances of the other side, they could not fail to perceive the poltroonery to which all this effusion was due. They will settle the Alabama claims by pocketing the tribute ; but it will be easy to get up another row, if it were only for the fun of the thing. As a barrel-organ man who has been extravagantly fee'd to cease from troubling, sends his brother with a hurdy-gurdy to supply his place, so will the Alabama claims, which have brought such handsome profits, be replaced by kindred claims of aggravated annoyance. The only chance of arbitration putting an end to contention is, when the opponents separate with mutual respect ; but notoriously that has not been the case of England and America. The only attainment which could have compensated for so much dishonour and so much outlay has been missed. America has not been propitiated, but stands with her tongue in her cheek, ready to clutch our offering, and then recommence the game of brag. That we have succeeded in no more than scotching the snake has been regretfully acknowledged by the Radical press : and Mr Gladstone's exhibition at Mr Cyrus Field's banquet was redolent of a sense of having failed. Mr Gladstone—and we commend him for it—was not minded to lose the fruit of such dire abasement for lack of a few unctuous words, of which he has such a

ready vocabulary. Such as the prize is for which we have descended so much, let us at least have it. Mr Gladstone, blessed with a commercial education, is not going to imitate the folly of Judas, who, having damned himself irretrievably, surrendered the thirty pieces of silver for desire of which he had thus fallen. No, no ; if we have befouled ourselves, let us at least enjoy those smiles for which we have crawled on our bellies through the mire. Accordingly Mr Gladstone sits at meat with Mr Cyrus Field, and is moved to talk much of brotherly love, as happy in his fancied hoodwinking of mankind as an ostrich with his head in a hole.

Our material loss, however, and our temporary humiliation, are not the greatest evils which have resulted from the foreign policy which is in fashion. To shield the Ministry from the indignation of a betrayed people, endeavours are made by the Liberal press to bring down the national mind to a level with the Government. It is curious, if not refreshing, to read the things which are written by Englishmen concerning the honour of England. In the ‘Times’ of 25th September, in an article commenting on the proceedings at Geneva, are these words :—

“Our counsel, however, could only speak as directly representing our Government, and in that capacity it was, perhaps, justly felt incompatible with our dignity to discuss direct attacks upon our honour.”

So then our honour was directly attacked ; but it has become but a light thing that England should be injuriously spoken of and held up to the reprobation of the world. Time was when such imputations as were uttered at Geneva would have made every British sword leap from its scabbard ; but of all things it is necessary to the success of a Government like Mr Gladstone's that pride

of race and patriotic feeling should be trodden out, and hence the 'Times' teaches the insignificance of national honour, and the folly of caring about a little insult and slander. It gives a good illustration, too, of the amicable character of the contention, that the original American case, and the words of the counsel sent by the United States' Government to Geneva to argue their case, are full of dishonouring accusations and provoking expressions. These we are told not to mind. They mean nothing but respect and love. It is a way the Americans have, and it is our duty to be the more anxious to propitiate and caress them. Never mind about reputation, never mind about reviling; hard words break no bones: submit to be plundered, stigmatised—anything, so long as you are not called upon to fight. Our people may be profitably asked whether peace maintained upon such terms be not more demoralising, and, in all respects, more damaging, than war.

The 'Times' has yet so much idea remaining of self respect, that it would not have had direct attacks upon our honour discussed; but did it occur to the 'Times' that reparation might have been demanded for such attacks? did it occur to the 'Times' that if our counsel might not stoop to reply to or discuss such attacks, our Ministers could not, with decency, continue to maintain amicable relations with the people whose representative had dared to make such attacks, until the offensive language should have been withdrawn? True, to have stood up for our national honour might have balked our Government from making the compromise on which it had set its heart; but what of that? are we to give up everything, honour included, to avert the exposure of a set of blunderers? The 'Times' has told us that our honour has been attacked, but it has not told us that

the stain, so deliberately and with so much animosity put upon us, ought to be removed, and that it is not good for a people to allow itself to be reviled and to sit silent under the insult. Its teaching is not wholesome. If our Ministers like to be despised, we know of no reason why they should not be gratified even to satiety; but let not the English people be familiarised with the endurance of contempt and reproach.

It is gratifying to know that the judgment of the English people and of Europe, in this case of the dispute with America, cannot be set down as ignorant or passionate, seeing that in all its main points it has been endorsed by the gravest legal opinion that this country can produce. The Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, in his reasons for dissenting from the majority of the arbitrators at Geneva, takes occasion to examine exhaustively the merits and effects of the Treaty of Washington; and the impartial and dispassionate views of this great lawyer prove that to the accomplished jurist, reading by the light of law and experience alone, the incapacity of our Government shows no less clearly than it does to laymen who cannot, in looking at our situation, forget to feel as indignant Britons. Measured as are the words of Sir Alexander Cockburn's protest, they convey the very severest censure on the terms of the treaty, the humble and culpable position in which England has been placed by it, the gross misrepresentations made on the part of America, and the unfairness of the decision of the Geneva tribunal, even when it is tested by the newly invented international rules. It is a study for any who desire to know how much—rather how little—ability or common sense is to be found in the Gladstone Cabinet; and those who have not read and inwardly digested it will do well to become acquainted with it. It is far too long a docu-

ment for us to go over at length ; but we may state the parts of it which seem specially to demand attention.

Sir A. Cockburn, as a judge, condemns the course pursued of trying, by rules made after the events, acts which could only be culpable or innocent according to the laws in force at the time of their commission. He thinks that either it should have been left to the arbitrators to apply as they might think right the principles of international law, without attempting to define in the treaty what those principles should be ; or else that they who made the treaty should also have shown how its provisions should be carried out. It is shown by him that the defects on which he thus comments were not originally intended by the English Ministry, but that they were weak concessions made to American pertinacity. Add to this that the language of the treaty seems to the Chief Justice too vague to be readily tangible. What, for instance, is the precise value of the expression "due diligence"? There is then a masterly exposition of the position of a neutral nation, and of the degree in which its Government can, and in which it cannot, be reasonably expected to restrain its inhabitants from doing acts calculated to aid or hurt belligerents. It is proved to us that there are certain breaches of neutrality, such as taking service, or inducing others to take service, on either side in the war, or surreptitious or clandestine interferences, which no Government can possibly prevent, however sincerely it may desire to do so. A distinction is drawn between acts done simply with desire of affecting the results of the war, and acts which are done only in the way of commerce or business, without regard to their consequences, although these consequences may be serious to belligerents. And, as regards such acts, the Chief Justice

brings down, amongst other dicta, a very heavy and peremptory dogma, at reading which one can hardly suppress a smile, seeing that it is American doctrine, and proceeded from Mr Jefferson, Secretary of State. We quote a passage or two from the wisdom of Mr Jefferson :—

"Our citizens have been always free to make, vend, and export arms. It is the constant occupation and livelihood of some of them. To suppress their callings, the only means perhaps of their subsistence, because a war exists in foreign and distant countries in which we have no concern, would scarcely be expected. It would be hard in principle and impossible in practice. The law of nations, therefore, respecting the rights of those at peace, does not require from them such an internal derangement in their occupations. It is satisfied with the external penalty pronounced in the President's proclamation, that of confiscation of such portion of these arms as shall fall into the hands of any of the belligerent powers on their way to the ports of their enemies."

The Chief Justice then shows by further citations, that from the days of Jefferson to those of Seward these views concerning the obligations of neutrals had undergone no diminution, but had rather been confirmed by time. In 1862 Mr Seward delivered himself as follows :—

"If Mexico shall prescribe to us what merchandise we shall not sell to French subjects, because it may be employed in military operations against Mexico, France must equally be allowed to dictate to us what merchandise we shall allow to be shipped to Mexico, because it might be belligerently used against France. Every other nation which is at war would have a similar right, and every other commercial nation would be bound to respect it as much as the United States. Commerce, in that case, instead of being free or independent, would exist only at the caprice of war."

Consistently and persistently America maintained these views, and did not fail to practise to the fullest extent what she preached, up

to the time of her own civil war, when suddenly all was changed, and the acts which were innocent, reasonable, and not to be prevented, when committed in multitude by the United States, were found to be, when very mildly imitated by Great Britain, flagrant breaches of neutrality for which full compensation was due. Can one imagine a nation of any spirit submitting to be so dealt with?

The treaty having hampered the arbitrators with the task of determining in what "due diligence" consists, Sir A. Cockburn is at much pains in investigating this matter; and, having shown the kind and degree of diligence which can reasonably be expected from any state, he goes on to repel the accusations made against us. These accusations, besides charging us with a hostile *animus*, and a wilful negligence as opposed to "due diligence," declare that the laws of Great Britain were absolutely insufficient to preserve proper neutrality, while the law and the practice of the United States have been so just and equitable as to be models for foreign nations. The defence of our law was easily made; "The English Act of 1819 was framed on the model of the American Act of 1818; . . . it is, in the main, identical in language, and is, in one, and that an important, particular, more stringent than its predecessor." But the practice of the United States!—well, one smiles at the impudence which could allow it to be even mentioned when a question of this kind was under judgment. The utter recklessness of the United States in interference, raids, partizanship, is notorious, and England, as well as other nations, has good reason to remember it. The following remarks of the Chief Justice will therefore be read without surprise:—

"It cannot be fair or just, that a country in whose ports privateering

against the commerce of friendly nations has been openly carried on upon so large a scale, and from whose shores armed expeditions and raids have in so many instances gone forth, should seek to enlist the favour of this tribunal, in order to swell the damages against Great Britain, by holding itself up as a model of neutral perfection. It is not so much for this purpose, however, that I advert to the history of the past, as it is for that of showing that there is no foundation for the assumed superiority of American laws or institutions in respect of the fulfilment of neutral obligations. The use of a review of American history in this respect will be seen presently."

Accordingly an absolutely crushing roll of enormities is detailed, from the complaints in 1817 and 1818 of Spain and Portugal, that "pirates" were being sent out from the United States' ports, on through the indefensible aiding of Canadian insurgents in 1838, Lopez's expeditions against Cuba in 1850 and 1851, Walker's attacks on Mexico and Central America in 1853, '55, '57, '58, the Fenian raids in Canada in 1866 and '70, and the aids to insurgents in Cuba in 1869 and '70—a damning catalogue, not ineptly followed by the remark, "After these details, it can admit of no doubt that the history of the United States has been marked, not only by systematic privateering against nations with whom the United States were at peace, but also by a series of hostile expeditions carried out in the most determined manner by American citizens against the territories of neighbouring and friendly nations." Truly America did not come into court with clean hands; and if anything were wanted to show that her whole demand for reparation was simply an impudent piece of bullying, and that the apology of England, and her consent to make new rules to render herself guilty, were acts of obsequious cowardice, the arguments of the Chief Justice would supply the defects. America's

heavy and notorious offences against neutrality did not excuse any offences of ours which could be fairly brought home to us; but they did constitute the best possible argument against our being made amenable to any but the law by which we professed to be bound at the time of the imputed transgressions. It is clear too that the learned writer is apprehensive that all our self-abasement has been thrown away; and that our meekness, instead of softening America, has but induced her to break into undisguised reviling.* On this very important head we must quote the judge again.

"Assuredly, neither the British Government nor the British people were prepared to expect that, after Great Britain had not only expressed, openly and before the world, her 'regret' that vessels should have left her shores which afterwards did damage to American commerce, but had voluntarily consented to make good that damage, if it could be shown that any want of sufficient care on the part of the British authorities had rendered the equipment and evasion of those vessels possible—on an occasion when, in peaceful and amicable settlement of any claim the United States might have against Great Britain, the remembrance of past grievances or past resentments was to be for ever buried, and the many ties which should bind these two great nations together, drawn closer together for the time to come—advantage should be taken to revive with acrimonious bitterness every angry recollection of the past, and, as it would seem, to pour forth the pent-up venom of national and personal hate. Deplored the course which has thus been taken, as one calculated to mar the work of peace on which we are engaged, I comfort myself with the conviction that a great nation, like the people of the United States, seeing in

the present attitude of Great Britain a cordial and sincere desire of reconciliation and enduring friendship, animated itself by a kindred spirit, will not approve of the hostile and insulting tone thus offensively and unnecessarily adopted towards Great Britain, her statesmen, and her institutions, throughout the whole course of the case and argument presented on behalf of the United States."

After making these extracts from the protest, it is almost unnecessary for us to add that had the law of nations been left as it was up to the time of the late treaty with America, the Lord Chief Justice would have held that England, all through the contest, had done nothing in contravention of that law, consequently that she did not owe compensation in any form. But the new rules which, at the instance of America, were framed for the express purpose of putting England in the wrong, constrained him to admit our liability, to some small extent, as is well known. Yet, even under these new rules, he does not consider the award in the main to be fair, and he accordingly protests against the greater part of it. But the award appears to have been settled before the arbitrators agreed what it was to be. We remember that, before the arguments of counsel were concluded, we read in an extract from an American paper that England would be mulcted in a sum of three and a half million pounds or thereabouts. Consciously or unconsciously, the Court of Arbitration adopted the amount of damages which the United States' Government, either by arrangement with the British Ministry, or else of their own will, determined that we should pay. It is

* On the 14th Jan. 1873, the 'Times,' writing of course on another subject—the strike in South Wales—has the following remarkable passage:—"The essence of Arbitration is that it should be a friendly agreement, and it is a necessary condition of such an agreement that no wanton injury should be inflicted by one party on the other." Now, as we have shown, the 'Times' elsewhere admitted that the honour of England was directly attacked by the other party at Geneva; therefore, by the 'Times' own showing, the essence of arbitration was there wanting.

not necessary, in order to understand this result, to impute to the arbitrators any wilful partiality to America. The attitude of the parties alone must have created an impression on strangers that England was to blame, although our own Lord Chief Justice could not be deceived thereby. America, bold, uncompromising, bitter, defiant, exacting; England submissive, apologetic, spiritless, self-condemned. It was known to the arbitrators how America had insisted that England's conduct in the past should be judged according to the new rules; how England had conceded this point, and how England had bribed her own colony to silence in respect of the gross outrages which America had suffered to be committed on Canada, in order to avoid putting in a counter-claim. They saw for themselves how meekly England had borne abuse and insult in the American case, and how the abuse and insult were repeated before them without creating the least resentment. Can we wonder that these foreign statesmen, being themselves men of honour, and being accustomed to see nations respect themselves, were insensibly biassed against the self-abased power, and condemned her in their souls irrespectively of the merits of the case, as exhibited by documents and counsel?

We must not omit to notice, before leaving the Lord Chief Justice's protest, a curious phase of the dispute; to which some of the law lords had before called attention, and which Sir A. Cockburn evidently thinks worthy of repetition. The acts for which England has been condemned to pay were not the acts of Englishmen, but of Americans; and these Americans had been citizens of the United States before the commission of the acts, and have been received back into the enjoyment of citizenship since the commission of the acts.

So that we have been giving compensation to a nation for what its own citizens have done to it, and the very doers of the acts participate in the benefit of the fine which we have to pay!

Mr Lowe has told us that the Geneva Arbitration has settled no point of International Law; and in so saying, the right honourable gentleman has made confession of a thing which, though we strongly suspected it, we did not expect to hear from Ministerial lips—namely, that, beyond patching up the dispute, and for the moment pacifying the United States, nothing was expected from the treaty; it has no prospective virtue. Any one who remembers the tremors, agitations, hairbreadth 'scapes, changes of purpose, and desperate devices which form the history of the negotiation, may feel quite sure that the exigency of each passing moment absorbed the whole attention of the Cabinet, and that anything like a far-seeing policy was incompatible with the conditions. Partisans, however, as is often the case, decry merits which the authors never dreamt of. Mr Vernon Harcourt, under this chaos of shifts and blunders, detects a profound design. The trifle which we pay to America, what is it in comparison of the immense advantage which is to accrue to us in all future time? We have cunningly fixed America with an obligation to abide hereafter by the same rules which were invented to make our innocent acts criminal, and to render us liable to fine. No Alabama or Sumter can ever put to sea from American ports, because of the new law of nations; and isn't that value enough received for the three and a half millions of pounds, for the island of San Juan, for selling the rights of Canada? By our marvellous astuteness in making the new law retrospective to our own confusion, we inveigle

America into submission to the same law whenever she, as a neutral, may be tempted to turn a few dollars by honest privateering. Therein lies the priceless beauty of the treaty and the arbitrations. And if Mr Harcourt is right, therein lies an explanation of what has never before been fathomed—the merit of the most sagacious the Marquis of Ripon! But, ingenious as Mr Harcourt undoubtedly is, though he can discern spiritual grandeur in that which, to the general eye, is but the incongruous dodging of hard-pressed cowardice—we fear that he will not bring conviction to the minds of many—will not give a grace to our affliction, nor reconcile Englishmen to their lot. With all deference to Mr Harcourt's logical power, we would ask whether the subversion of an existing and an old law to suit a particular purpose gives much assurance of the stability of a new law which may be invented in its place. To our homely apprehension the very contrary effect is produced; and while we see that a law, which was fenced by age, continued operation, and general acceptance, could be suddenly and almost wantonly set aside to meet the schemes of wild politicians, we can place no reliance on a makeshift law which the same politicians have decreed. The orator who would have us put our faith in a jury-mast, should not be at pains to show us how little strength there was in the mast which it has superseded. The new law is, by its very newness, more insecure than the old; and we have now a precedent for setting aside the existing law, and judging *ex post facto* by a new one. Any State which may come under the operation of that new law will naturally do so with a hope that the law may be altered and twisted for its benefit before trial. So that it seems to us that the policy of our

Government, instead of establishing a law of nations, has made all international law unstable. In this, as in everything else that Mr Gladstone's Cabinet has done, the tendency has been to unsettle and relax.

As to the treatment which Canada has received, it is hard to find language by which to characterise it. Great Britain, her natural protector, declines to ask satisfaction for the wrongs to which she has been subjected, and silences her complaint with a sugar-plum. That is the case as it appears at present; but Great Britain has not as yet accepted the responsibility for this scandalous behaviour. The British Ministry, of their own accord, thought fit to take the action in question; but it remains to be seen how the nation will deal with the Ministry.

Another point which Parliament must not forget is that the treaty, independently of its design, was most inefficiently negotiated. Eight months—a whole session of Parliament—were consumed in settling whether or not we might, under its provisions, be sued for hundreds of millions,—in a state of doubt—an agony of doubt our Ministers seemed to be in—whether the whole document would not become worse than waste-paper—that is to say, whether what was fondly intended to be the bond of peace might not be the immediate cause of a rancorous war, and the germ of enmities in generations to come. If the evils which might have been produced by this bad workmanship have not ensued, that by no means excuses the workmen. They must be brought to account for their dangerous blundering, and if convicted of incapacity, removed from positions where they can do fatal mischief.

The other day our 'Times,' waking up as if it had been asleep since the death of Lord Palmerston,

asked suddenly what our Minister at Constantinople could be about, for the Sultan was changing his Grand Vizier and his Ministers every quarter, and never asking our permission to do so; while the Russian Ambassador, as the 'Times' suspected, was pulling the strings by which these transformations were effected. Any one might have known that such a question was unnecessary. Turkey was once glad to have our moral and material support against Russia, and to listen to our advice. But we threw her over when we found out the great virtue of our silver streak; and if she is doing the best she can to be friendly with Russia, it is about the only move which our management left open to her. Eighteen years ago we thought it worth our while to fight and bleed for Turkey, but we have changed all that now. We fight for nobody, not even for ourselves; and Turkey may take care of herself as she can. Small wonder is it then if our Minister is of no account at Constantinople, and if the Government of the Sultan is courting that of the Czar! Russia is getting disagreeably near to us in the East; and before long we may be in a position where a diversion made by Turkey might aid us much. But, after having deserved a good turn from Turkey by our Crimean war, we cancelled the obligation by deserting Turkey in 1870. "With or without allies," blustered our envoy, "England will maintain the treaty of Paris:" and thereupon England succumbed, and allowed Russia to have her will. All this is not seeking peace, but seeking shame and dishonour, and inviting insult.

But, to cheer us again as to Asia, comes a weekly contemporary,* full of confidence as regards the possessions and interests of England, and anxious only lest Russia, misunder-

standing some recent events, should get herself into trouble. Russia must learn, says our contemporary, that there *is* a point at which the wrath and resistance of Great Britain can be aroused; and when that point is reached, it will be an evil day for Russia. Russia must not flatter herself that we will fight her on Asiatic soil. Now nothing, we fancy, can be further from the idea of Russia than that we shall do anything of the sort. Our contemporary, however, would seem hardly to hint at the probability that we shall not fight at all; but rather seems to promise that we should fight Russia on some other continent than Asia. Of course it would have vastly helped the argument if we had been told where the fight would be, because the theatre of war does not suggest itself at once. We cannot trouble Russia much by way of the Baltic, so most likely another Crimean war is hinted at. This, of course, supposes an alliance with Turkey. But how if Turkey, disgusted by our desertion of her, declines such alliance? How if the 'Times' apprehensions about Russian influence at Constantinople be verified, and we find Turkey on the enemy's side, and the Black Sea closed? The consequences of our silly conduct are incalculable. We have not succeeded in averting complications; but we have succeeded in making ourselves friendless. Happy England!

Feeling probably that an unpleasant ordeal may be before the Ministry, one of their friends, by way of showing that attacks when they come must be simply the outbreak of bitter personal animosity, discusses the question why Mr Gladstone is hated. There is a little delicate compliment too in this, because a man, to earn hatred, must have something determined and lofty in

* *Vide* the 'Observer' of 12th January.

his character. People do not waste hatred on amiable, peaceful, fickle whining beings, who claim kindred with plebeians, and prate about universal good-will. To our knowledge, Mr Gladstone has never attained to the dignity of being hated, except by the Whigs. For ourselves, we do not think a bit more severely of the Prime Minister than we have thought for years past. We said that he would prove a failure, and that he would be proclaimed as such from the house-tops; and if the Radical press is to be trusted, the prediction is accomplished. Not a journal or review but has a stone to throw; the shortcomings imputed, if they should be put together in one indictment, would rival the American "case;" but after all, the upshot is that this brilliant minister is regarded with universal dissatisfaction, and thought, by Radicals as well as by Conservatives, incapable of governing the country. As to hatred, it is a weak device of some backer of his, to make people suppose that there is something positive in his character. Nobody wants to injure Mr Gladstone, although every one desires that he may not injure the nation—feeling much as the Irishman did after firing into a covey of partridges—"No miss at all; the devil a miss; what would I be killin' the poor cratur for? I made them get out of *that*, though, and that's what I wanted." Let Mr Gladstone but get out of *that*, and although he will be censured to the end of his days for the mischief that he has done, he may con his Homer or his Bradlaugh in the assurance that no vengeance will follow him to his retreat. We little thought that it would ever be our part to step in between the Premier and the fangs of his own hounds; but odd things happen now and then, and we at any rate are not rancorous.

But if it be wholly untrue, as we hope and believe it to be, that Mr Gladstone is hated, it is but too true that there is in some quarters a remarkable change of opinion regarding him. It was a fashion to insist upon Mr Gladstone's conscientiousness and singleness of purpose; and to hold that whatever errors there might be in his acts were amply redeemed by the directness and sincerity of his aims. We stood almost alone in blindness to these virtues; and now, alas! writers of all parties are become dull of sight too, and are thinking as we have thought for years past. They are saying that Mr Gladstone has really no policy at all; that he will be guided by the set of opinion and the chapter of accidents in deciding how he will deal with questions of the day; and that the interests of party will be considered before the interests of the State. So at last we are all pretty well agreed as to Mr Gladstone's rules of action; and possibly these may afford an explanation of the past as well as give a caution for the future. Once perceive that the Premier has a keen regard to his own interests, and his tergiversations are intelligible: every one of them brought him advancement. And very cleverly he masked them, too, behind the idea of "convictions" which, somehow or other, people fancied to be something very different from the plain English name which would at once have moved their indignation. The phrase is losing its charm now, becoming a byword, and as odious as the word "occupy," which, as Mistress Tear-sheet says, "was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted."

Those who wish to admire Mr Gladstone are troubled also by his ambiguous and verbose utterances where plain "yea" or "nay" would suffice. Suspicion of guile forces itself upon the hearer of this circumlocution; and although in many instances no possible motive for de-

ceit is apparent, one knows that there are natures to which, even in ordinary matters, circumlocution is congenial. Ignorance of mankind, though it may make the craft very transparent, by no means prevents its manifestation, as is proved by the little devices we see daily in the nursery. There is such frequent use of words to conceal Mr Gladstone's thoughts and intentions, and to distort facts,* that it is no wonder if he is distrusted. To come upon habitual mystification in scanning a virtuous, ingenuous character, is to encounter a great stumbling-block.

We need not dwell upon the evasions of the law last year, in the Collier and Ewelme cases, but we mention them as items in the account of the Premier with the country, which unfortunately swell his debit. And then we have the reckless indifference as to the use of patronage shown in the promotions of Beales, M.A., and of the Marquis of Ripon. The place and dignity should not have been bestowed except to reward merit; but they were shamelessly given, the one to a person who had been mainly instrumental in exciting a riot, and the destruction of public property; the other to the president of a commission, whose work was notoriously ill done.

So that there are reasons in plenty, all arising out of his public conduct, to account for Mr Gladstone's loss of popularity, without imagining a personal hatred. He is simply in a place for which he is not fitted, and he has now been long enough in office for the evils of his incapacity to begin to show themselves; so that those who note the signs of the times are naturally puzzled to see so much evil result from so much virtue and ability as

they believed Mr Gladstone to possess. — It is remarkable that some Liberals who deprecate a change of Ministry, recommend a considerable shuffling of the cards of which the Ministry is composed, which is one way of acknowledging that the work of the State is not being well done. Mr Lowe and Mr Ayrton, as well as Earl Spencer, appear to be out of favour; and there is a proposal to bring Mr Childers and Mr Chichester Fortescue more to the front. To some of the party it appears that Mr Cardwell, with all his inoffensive prudence, is not a profitable servant, and they would have him shift his berth. Mr Bruce, too, of course, comes in for his share of blame. It is clear, however, that such an extensive re-distribution would tend but little to smoothe the path of Government, and, instead of advocating a recast of the Administration, we would say with Hamlet, "Oh, reform it altogether." It is marvellous how noblemen and men of property can at all countenance the destructive schemes which are openly talked about as being under consideration; least of all can one understand how a nobleman like Earl Granville is found consenting to and aiding in the execution of such a policy as that of the present Government. His Lordship used to be looked upon as very English, and of the Palmerston type; but the late doings at the Foreign Office have proved that, however his opinions and wishes may resemble Lord Palmerston's, he has not the firmness which the latter nobleman would have shown in act, but has been led out of the right path by sinister influences. We cannot imagine Lord Granville, in a private dispute, making protestations and apologies, and holding out his hand

* Take, for instance, Mr Gladstone's endeavour to make it appear that the swaggering about "with or without allies" was the expression of Count Bismark, and not of our envoy.

to an adversary who all the while treated his advances with indifference, and poured forth most insulting attacks upon his honour. He would, in such a case, make a very different use, we are certain, of his right hand; how then can we understand his having been the agent in the late controversy with America?

Very many are the catalogues of strong measures to be proposed in the coming session; but they who read these bills of fare should bear in mind that Ministers themselves have been very reticent. If they know themselves how they will bait their trap, they have not let the public into the secret, and yet we are discussing this and that measure as if it were actually before Parliament. The Irish Education Question, the alteration of the English Education Act, a new licensing bill, a new local taxation bill, abolition or alteration of many laws affecting landed property—these and other schemes are being hotly canvassed. Of most of them we should say that they will be best considered whenever we may know how they are to be dealt with. There is, however, an exception to this. Proposals to alter the laws relating to property in land should not be made while the country remains in its present unsettled condition. These laws may or may not require some amendment: we do not now pronounce on that question, but we say that the occasion is inopportune for introducing so exciting a subject. It may possibly bring back a little revolutionary strength to the Ministry, but it will undoubtedly tend still farther to engender class antagonism and social disorder. Parliament, therefore, may, with propriety, refuse leave to introduce any bill directed against the laws by which landed property is secured to the possessors and their heirs. There is ample warrant for such a

course in the circumstances of the time, and there is precedent for postponement. Mr Pitt, who had announced himself a reformer, rescinded his intention of bringing forward a reform bill, because the contagion of the French revolution had so inflamed the country that it was considered dangerous then to introduce such a distracting subject. Pitt, a patriot, readily gave up his own project for the sake of keeping Britons united at a time when union was of the utmost importance. We cannot expect such self-denial from a Government which exists by agitation; but we may reasonably expect from the wisdom of Parliament to defer to a more convenient season legislation which is certain to increase most disastrously the prevailing discord.

The subject of Education seems likely to perplex the Ministry, if they escape censure for past shortcomings. Nonconformists have found out that Education is a secondary matter compared with depressing the Established Church, and thwarting her teaching. The Church has been so much more active than any other religious body in building schools, and providing for the instruction of the people, that her scholars are more numerous than those of any other denomination; and as long as schools in which religion is taught can meet the requirements of the law, it is probable that the bulk of the children of the working-classes will attend the schools of the Church of England and receive religious instruction according to her doctrines; for it is not expected, nay, there is little chance, that parents will be so hostile to Church teaching as to withdraw their children from a good school because of it. There is not a chance of Dissenting schools obtaining, by fair competition, anything like an equal influence with the schools of the Establishment; neither do Dissenters seem at all disposed to vie

with the Church in an honourable rivalry from which the people at large would benefit. No : they cannot rise to the level of the Church, but they may pull down the Church to their level, depriving the people's children of religious teaching altogether, rather than let it be the teaching of the Church; depriving, that is, many districts of excellent elementary schools, and compelling them to provide other schools where "efficient ones already exist. This they would effect by banishing religious teaching from all schools worked under the Education Act. Of course the Church will not cease to teach religion; so if the Dissenters can succeed in banishing religion by law, the Church schools can no longer satisfy the requirements of the Act, and other schools must be provided. Now it is understood that the Government will be vehemently pressed, even to the peril of its existence, to alter the Act as the Nonconformists wish. Last year Government refused to meddle with it; but now that the maintenance of the existing law may alienate many of their supporters, of course their convictions will be very much influenced. On the one hand they are threatened with loss of the Dissenters' support, not on this question only but generally; on the other, they cannot feel quite sure that the country will endure the condemnation by Act of Parliament of religious teaching in national schools. To a Ministry guided by any sort of principles there could be no room for hesitation; for nothing can be more a matter of conscience than the giving or withholding the religious instruction of the young. But, with men whose convictions curiously coincide with the opinions by which they are most likely to retain office, the resolutions of last year will have no force in the present session. Yet, trim their boat as they may, there is a formid-

able line of breakers to be passed before they can get out of this educational difficulty into smooth water.

The Irish Education problem does not seem much more easy of solution. As things were a little while ago, the same members who were loudest about religious equality on this side the Channel, favoured the ascendancy of the Roman Catholic Church on the other side; so that Ministers were able to get Irish votes by giving supremacy to the most intolerant and arrogant religious body in the world, while they caught British suffrages by depressing the English Church. But, strange to say, it is beginning to be felt by some of our Radicals that there is a little inconsistency in allowing the Roman Catholic Church to be dominant in one island, while in the other island, the name of a church can hardly be endured by a certain class of their supporters. Possibly the Galway election caused this little rising up of conscience; whatever was the cause, it seems certain now that the English Dissenters will no more endure the Papist body to domineer in Ireland, than the Protestant Episcopalian Church in England. They have objected to the lion's sway, and are not going to tolerate that of the wolf. But if an education law is to be made for Ireland, the Roman Catholic bishops and priests will insist that instruction shall be given according to their prescription, and that religion shall be taught in all elementary schools. Indeed they will be much more peremptory in this respect than ever the Established Church was likely to be. Thus the unhappy Ministry seems certain to offend a large section of supporters. The Nonconformist body will certainly desert if Rome shall be permitted to control State education; and if education should be made wholly secular, or if denominational

instruction in religion should be prescribed, then the enlightened electors who are marched to the poll under banners inscribed with "Galway and God," or similar mottoes, and are threatened with eternal death if they vote contrary to ecclesiastical dictation, will turn upon the Government. The game of cajoling two religious bodies which are utterly antagonistic in doctrine, so as to derive support from both, was bold enough, if not very creditable. It reminds one of a similar game that was once attempted by a gay knight, and it promises to end as unhappily. "I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page, and thou this to Mistress Ford; we will thrive, lads, we will thrive."* But the business does not seem to thrive at present.

The complaints against the Income Tax are very loud, and there are some symptoms which foreshadow a determined resistance to it; this, to a Ministry which has already been very unsuccessful in its imposition of taxes, is not cheering. We must remember, too, that the American tribute, and the loan raised for militia barracks, have really increased our expenses by seven millions in a year. The estimates alone, independently of these charges, equalled those of the Ministry which was denounced for excessive military expenditure, and we were saddled with seven millions in addition, which, although they do not appear in any estimate, are nevertheless so much deducted from the means of the country. Surely so large an excess of expenditure incurred by a Government which made its way to office by promises of efficiency with economy, will not escape comment. Instead of anything being

saved, our expenditure is increased; and as for military efficiency, if we may rely upon the figures which exhibit the amount of desertion and other crimes, we have not gained in that direction.

It is a very bad balance-sheet, and if, as there is now reason to fear, the prevailing disturbances in trade and manufactures continue, the unthrift will be acutely felt. Already it is dawning upon the admirers of our gifted rulers, that experiments of theoretical schemes are expensive; and this truth is likely to come home to them with power before the end of the year. But fancy articles are sure in some way or other to extract fancy prices. The country was tired of progressing quietly on the old paths with which we were familiar, and determined to achieve perfection in government at one adventurous leap. All caution was scattered to the winds, all remonstrance clamoured down. We staked heavily on a wild speculation, and must not be surprised if the results are not altogether satisfactory. It is in the nature of men to be greedy of novelty, says the Latin proverb; but then men of any experience, and nations of any experience, have generally learned to keep this ruinous desire within bounds. Imprudent outbreaks do, however, occur; then there is a mad run after change, disbelief in any but the most gratifying consequences, a contempt of everything that has been approved in times past, and great glorying in the enlightenment which can appreciate the modern philosophy. But at last comes the little bill, and it is disgusting to find what a fearful void is made in the treasury by adding to the reasonable and necessary cost of living the price of luxuries. Now Mr Gladstone's Government is a luxury.

* "Merry Wives of Windsor:" Act 1, Scene 3.

THE DEATH OF LORD LYTTON.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Lord Lytton, died at Torquay on the 18th of January ; and by his death his country has been deprived of her foremost man of letters. We ourselves have to mourn the loss of a much-loved friend and an invaluable contributor, with whom our relations have subsisted for more than thirty years ; nor do we think that the correspondence between us was ever more active than it has been during the last six months. So completely did his letters, manuscripts, and *proofs*, indicate a man in the full ardour and strength of his intellect, that when we received, on what proved to be the day of his death, a melancholy note written by him two days previously from Torquay, describing the illness with which he had been seized, we grieved indeed for his pain, but never dreamed that his great and busy mind was almost at that moment laid at rest for ever. The following is the note referred to—the last, we suppose, that any one received from him :—

TORQUAY, Jan. 16, 1873.

“I am suffering terrible agony from a species of Tic, and am utterly unable to look at any proofs or do any business to-day, or for some days ; the pain I have been suffering is very trying.”

In the evening of the day on which we received this note, we had a telegram from his son, Mr Robert Lytton, telling us that his father had passed away that day about two o'clock. We learn from another source at Torquay that Lord Lytton's illness began on Wednesday the 15th, when he wrote to our friend, putting off an engagement for the following day, and saying that he was then “suffering more pain in the ear and head than he had ever endured in his life.” From this agony he obtained some relief ; but about five o'clock on the Friday morning he complained again of severe suffering in the head, and from that time there was little hope : the end at last, which occurred on the following day, was peaceful and painless. Lord Lytton when he died was in his sixty-seventh year.

It is a heavy blow when death thus strikes in amidst the busy interchange of friendly or affectionate communications ; but to such afflictions we have lived to become accustomed, and can only bow to them with submission when they come upon us. While under the influence of such

a feeling, it is not our intention to attempt an estimate of Lord Lytton's genius, or to give a list of the works that have come from his pen. Such a list would be like the catalogue of a library—and of a library, too, of a very high order. On some future day we shall take occasion to express deliberately what we think of the man who for forty-five years has held a foremost place in the literature of his country, and who has gone down at last undeniably the first man for varied genius and literary power that his country possessed.

To ourselves, as to others of our own standing, Bulwer was a great name when we were children, from the attraction possessed by a series of books written when he was himself little more than a boy; and, reading those books now in more mature years, no one can refuse to say that his fame was well deserved.

His reputation abroad, and particularly in Germany, was always great; and we remember, when first going into that country in early life, being constantly asked whether we knew the "Berühmte Bulwar." The hold he thus early got on the mind of Germany was never lost, and his own love and appreciation of the best German literature revealed a community of feeling that well explained this sympathy.

We shall venture at this time to say a few words with regard to Lord Lytton's connection with the Magazine. As far as we can remember, a few short pieces of poetry had been sent from him before 1842. But in September of that year he began his translations of Schiller's Ballads, which we thought then, as we think them now, the best rendering of the great German's glorious lyrics. They read like English ballads, which, with all our admiration for the best translations of Goethe, the pieces of the elder poet never do. The translation of Schiller was accompanied by a notice of his life, written in a genial, affectionate, and sympathetic tone, well deserving of the subject. In the spring of 1848, we remember with what delight we received and read the first MS. volume of 'The Caxtons.' The public did not know who was the writer; and, considering the novelty of its character, and its unlikeness to his previous books, this was not surprising. But the tale very soon made its way; and it is unnecessary to recall to our readers' minds the names of its successors, 'My Novel,' and 'What will he do with it?'

The 'Caxtoniana' were the next contributions made by him to 'Blackwood;' and it will be very difficult to find a series of Essays containing more wit and wisdom, more knowledge of mankind, and greater dignity and rectitude of sentiment.

Long after this time he published in our pages his translations from

Horace, with the singularly able essay on that classic which introduced them. The amount of labour which he bestowed upon this work, both on its first appearance in the Magazine and on its subsequent publication as a book, was almost unexampled ; and no one knew better than he that for such labour on his part there could be no pecuniary return equal to what might have been obtained in other fields of exertion still more easily within his power. But he worked with a heroic energy when his heart was in his subject, and he never worked negligently. We have seen him at his own house, when he seemed to be doing nothing, turn out in a morning a mass of elaborate letters and MS. that the most active man of business could not have accomplished. Those who were associated with him in the Colonial Office will, we think, fully bear us out in what we say of the power and precision of his work. In matters of business he was most satisfactory. He understood at once what was meant, and there never was any of the irritation that so often arises from misconception. It was astonishing to see him during the composition of some great work descend from the height to which his imagination had borne him, and deal at once with complicated transactions, as easily as if he had been bred and lived as a man of business only.

In counsel he was singularly wise, and about the best man to advise with that we ever encountered. There are many persons, and, among others, some of our leading statesmen, who, we are sure, will confirm this opinion. It is needless to say of one in his high position that he was beset with applications for advice and assistance. Many of our most eminent men of letters have been distinguished for the generosity with which they would give on such occasions sympathy and aid ; but it is impossible that the warm and honest feeling which inspires the wish to give true help to less gifted or less fortunate brethren can ever have glowed more unfailingly in any heart than in Lord Lytton's. The readers of these words who know how true this is must be very numerous.

Apart from his novels, essays, and poetry, Lord Lytton had the great merit of having written the only dramas which, during the last thirty years, have fairly kept the stage. If we put together all his different attributes as an author, we can scarcely fail to consider him as a giant in literature, in whose productions it is difficult to say whether we should most admire the excellence or the versatility. Let us add to this character the observation how rare it is to find these qualities combined with the political sagacity, the oratorical power, and the practical good sense which distinguished him as a statesman.

In the early part of this notice we said that our correspondence with

Lord Lytton had during the last six months been even more than usually busy; and the cause may at once be explained. It is, that the tale now appearing in our pages, 'The Parisians,' is from his pen; and consequently our readers will know that to the same fertile and powerful hand we owe another tale, published by our house, 'The Coming Race,' which has achieved a high reputation, and passed through seven editions. Why he insisted on keeping this a secret we never could thoroughly understand. But any cause that existed for secrecy is now, alas! removed.

It was only a fortnight before his death that he sent us the concluding volume of 'Kenelm Chillingly,' another novel now on the eve of publication; and early in the week of his death, the bulk of the fourth and last volume of 'The Parisians' reached us. He had been long engaged on these two works. It is more than three years since we read a large portion of 'Kenelm Chillingly,' the MS. being obviously then of no recent date; and 'The Parisians' had, we know, occupied his mind for a still longer time. From his letters to us, apparently the few remaining pages of the latter book are written out in the rough. It has often been an interesting study to us to look at and compare the alterations he made in his MS., as he never quite obliterated the old text; and strangely and sadly we shall look now at the last handiwork of this great leader in literature, who has maintained his powers and his pre-eminence to the end.

It will, we are sure, be a pleasing thought to every one to know that his son and successor, whose duties as Secretary of Legation at Vienna had latterly kept him almost constantly abroad, but who, on occasion of his recent promotion to the same position at Paris, was able for a time to visit this country, was thus allowed, along with his family, to be with Lord Lytton during the last two months of his life; and the father breathed his last, resting peacefully in his son's arms.

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THE PARISIANS.

BOOK FIFTH—*continued*.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE days elapsed before Graham again saw M. Lebeau. The letter-writer did not show himself at the *café*, and was not to be found at his office, the ordinary business of which was transacted by his clerk, saying that his master was much engaged on important matters that took him from home.

Graham naturally thought that these matters concerned the discovery of Louise Duval, and was reconciled to suspense. At the *café*, awaiting Lebeau, he had alid into some acquaintance with the *ouvrier* Armand Monnier, whose face and talk had before excited his interest. Indeed, the acquaintance had been commenced by the *ouvrier*, who seated himself at a table near to Graham's, and, after looking at him earnestly for some minutes, said, "You are waiting for your antagonist at dominoes, M. Lebeau—a very remarkable man."

"So he seems. I know, however,
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but little of him. You, perhaps, have known him longer?"

"Several months. Many of your countrymen frequent this *café*, but you do not seem to care to associate with the *blouses*."

"It is not that; but we islanders are shy, and don't make acquaintance with each other readily. By the way, since you so courteously accost me, I may take the liberty of saying that I overheard you defend the other night, against one of my countrymen, who seemed to me to talk great nonsense, the existence of *le Bon Dieu*. You had much the best of it. I rather gathered from your argument that you went somewhat farther, and were not too enlightened to admit of Christianity."

Armand Monnier looked pleased—he liked praise; and he liked to hear himself talk, and he plunged at once into a very complicated sort of Christianity—partly Arian,

partly St Simonian, with a little of Rousseau and a great deal of Armand Monnier. Into this we need not follow him; but, in sum, it was a sort of Christianity, the main heads of which consisted in the removal of your neighbour's landmarks—in the right of the poor to appropriate the property of the rich—in the right of love to dispense with marriage, and the duty of the State to provide for any children that might result from such union, the parents being incapacitated to do so, as whatever they might leave was due to the treasury in common. Graham listened to these doctrines with melancholy not unmingled with contempt. "Are these opinions of yours," he asked, "derived from reading or your own reflection?"

"Well, from both, but from circumstances in life that induced me to read and reflect. I am one of the many victims of the tyrannical law of marriage. When very young I married a woman who made me miserable, and then forsook me. Morally, she has ceased to be my wife—legally, she is. I then met with another woman who suits me, who loves me. She lives with me; I cannot marry her; she has to submit to humiliations, to be called contemptuously an *ouvrier's* mistress. Then, though before I was only a Republican, I felt there was something wrong in society which needed a greater change than that of a merely political government; and then, too, when I was all troubled and sore, I chanced to read one of Madame de Grantmesnil's books. A glorious genius that woman's!"

"She has genius, certainly," said Graham, with a keen pang at his heart; Madame de Grantmesnil, the dearest friend of Isaura! "But," he added, "though I believe that eloquent author has indirectly assailed certain social institutions, including that of marriage, I am perfectly

persuaded that she never designed to effect such complete overthrow of the system which all civilised communities have hitherto held in reverence, as your doctrines would attempt; and after all, she but expresses her ideas through the medium of fabulous incidents and characters. And men of your sense should not look for a creed in the fictions of poets and romance-writers."

"Ah," said Monnier, "I daresay neither Madame de Grantmesnil nor even Rousseau ever even guessed the ideas they awoke in their readers; but one idea leads on to another. And genuine poetry and romance touch the heart so much more than dry treatises. In a word, Madame de Grantmesnil's book set me thinking; and then I read other books, and talked with clever men, and educated myself. And so I became the man I am." Here, with a self-satisfied air, Monnier bowed to the Englishman, and joined a group at the other end of the room.

The next evening, just before dusk, Graham Vane was seated musingly in his own apartment in the Faubourg Montmartre, when there came a slight knock at his door. He was so wrapt in thought that he did not hear the sound, though twice repeated. The door opened gently, and M. Lebeau appeared on the threshold. The room was lighted only by the gas-lamp from the street without.

Lebeau advanced through the gloom, and quietly seated himself in the corner of the fireplace opposite to Graham before he spoke. "A thousand pardons for disturbing your slumbers, M. Lamb."

Startled then by the voice so near him, Graham raised his head, looked round, and beheld very indistinctly the person seated so near him.

"M. Lebeau?"

"At your service. I promised to give an answer to your question:

accept my apologies that it has been deferred so long. I shall not this evening go to our *café*; I took the liberty of calling——”

“M. Lebeau, you are a brick.”

“A what, Monsieur!—a *brique*? “I forgot—you are not up to our fashionable London idioms. A brick means a jolly fellow, and it is very kind in you to call. What is your decision?”

“Monsieur, I can give you some information, but it is so slight that I offer it gratis, and forego all thought of undertaking farther inquiries. They could only be prosecuted in another country, and it would not be worth my while to leave Paris on the chance of gaining so trifling a reward as you propose. Judge for yourself. In the year 1849, and in the month of July, Louise Duval left Paris for Aix-la-Chapelle. There she remained some weeks, and then left it. I can learn no farther traces of her movements.”

“Aix-la-Chapelle!—what could she do there?”

“It is a Spa in great request; crowded during the summer season with visitors from all countries. She might have gone there for health or for pleasure.”

“Do you think that one could learn more at the Spa itself if one went there?”

“Possibly. But it is so long—twenty years ago.”

“She might have revisited the place.”

“Certainly; but I know no more.”

“Was she there under the same name—Duval?”

“I am sure of that.”

“Do you think she left it alone or with others? You tell me she was awfully *belle*—she might have attracted admirers.”

“If,” answered Lebeau, reluctantly, “I could believe the report of my informant, Louise Duval left Aix not alone, but with some gallant—not an Englishman. They are

said to have parted soon, and the man is now dead. But, speaking frankly, I do not think Mademoiselle Duval would have thus compromised her honour and sacrificed her future. I believe she would have scorned all proposals that were not those of marriage. But all I can say for certainty is, that nothing is known to me of her fate since she quitted Aix-la-Chapelle.”

“In 1849—she had then a child living?”

“A child? I never heard that she had any child; and I do not believe she could have had any child in 1849.”

Graham mused. Somewhat less than five years after 1849 Louise Duval had been seen at Aix-la-Chapelle. Possibly she found some attraction at that place, and might yet be discovered there. “Monsieur Lebeau,” said Graham, “you know this lady by sight; you would recognise her in spite of the lapse of years. Will you go to Aix and find out there what you can? Of course, expenses will be paid, and the reward will be given if you succeed.”

“I cannot oblige you. My interest in this poor lady is not very strong, though I should be willing to serve her, and glad to know she were alive. I have now business on hand which interests me much more, and which will take me from Paris, but not in the direction of Aix.”

“If I wrote to my employer, and got him to raise the reward to some higher amount that might make it worth your while?”

“I should still answer that my affairs will not permit such a journey. But if there be any chance of tracing Louise Duval at Aix—and there may be—you would succeed quite as well as I should. You must judge for yourself if it be worth your trouble to attempt such a task; and if you do attempt it, and do succeed, pray let me know. A line

to my office will reach me for some little time, even if I am absent from Paris. Adieu, M. Lamb."

Here M. Lebeau rose and departed.

Graham relapsed into thought; but a train of thought much more active, much more concentrated than before. "No,"—thus ran his meditations; "no, it would not be safe to employ that man further. The reasons that forbid me to offer any very high reward for the discovery of this woman operate still more strongly against tendering to her own relation a sum that might indeed secure his aid, but would unquestionably arouse his suspicions, and perhaps drag into light all that must be concealed. Oh this cruel mission! I am, indeed, an impostor to myself till it be fulfilled. I will go to Aix, and take Renard with me. I am impatient till I set out, but I cannot quit Paris without once more seeing Isaura. She consents to relinquish the stage; surely I could wean her too from intimate friendship with a woman whose genius has so fatal an effect upon enthu-

siastic minds. And then—and then?"

He fell into a delightful reverie; and contemplating Isaura as his future wife, he surrounded her sweet image with all those attributes of dignity and respect with which an Englishman is accustomed to invest the destined bearer of his name, the gentle sovereign of his household, the sacred mother of his children. In this picture the more brilliant qualities of Isaura found, perhaps, but faint presentation. Her glow of sentiment, her play of fancy, her artistic yearnings for truths remote, for the invisible fairyland of beautiful romance, receded into the background of the picture. It was all these, no doubt, that had so strengthened and enriched the love at first sight, which had shaken the equilibrium of his positive existence; and yet he now viewed all these as subordinate to the one image of mild decorous matronage into which wedlock was to transform the child of genius, longing for angel wings and unlimited space.

CHAPTER V.

On quitting the sorry apartment of the false M. Lamb, Lebeau walked on with slow steps and bended head, like a man absorbed in thought. He threaded a labyrinth of obscure streets, no longer in the Faubourg Montmartre, and dived at last into one of the few courts which preserve the *cachet* of the *moyen âge* untouched by the ruthless spirit of improvement which, during the Second Empire, has so altered the face of Paris. At the bottom of the court stood a large house, much dilapidated, but bearing the trace of former grandeur in pilasters and fretwork in the style of the *Renaissance*, and a defaced coat of arms, surmounted with

a ducal coronet, over the doorway. The house had the aspect of desertion: many of the windows were broken; others were jealously closed with mouldering shutters. The door stood ajar; Lebeau pushed it open, and the action set in movement a ball within a porter's lodge. The house, then, was not uninhabited; it retained the dignity of a *concierge*. A man with a large grizzled beard cut square, and holding a journal in his hand, emerged from the lodge, and moved his cap with a certain bluff and surly reverence on recognising Lebeau.

"What! so early, citizen?"

"Is it too early?" said Lebeau, glancing at his watch. "So it is. I

was not aware of the time; but I am tired with waiting. Let me into the *salon*. I will wait for the rest; I shall not be sorry for a little repose."

"*Bon*," said the porter, sententially; "while man reposes *men* advance."

"A profound truth, citizen Le Roux; though, if they advance on a reposing foe, they have blundering leaders unless they march through unguarded by-paths and with noiseless tread."

Following the porter up a dingy broad staircase, Lebeau was admitted into a large room, void of all other furniture than a table, two benches at its sides, and a *fauteuil* at its head. On the mantelpiece there was a huge clock, and some iron sconces were fixed on the panelled walls.

Lebeau flung himself, with a wearied air into the *fauteuil*. The porter looked at him with a kindly expression. He had a liking to Lebeau, whom he had served in his proper profession of messenger or *commissionnaire* before being placed by that courteous employer in the easy post he now held. Lebeau, indeed, had the art, when he pleased, of charming inferiors; his knowledge of mankind allowed him to distinguish peculiarities in each individual, and flatter the *amour propre* by deference to such eccentricities. Marc le Roux, the roughest of "red caps," had a wife of whom he was very proud. He would have called the Empress *Citoyenne Eugénie*, but he always spoke of his wife as Madame. Lebeau won his heart by always asking after Madame.

"You look tired, citizen," said the porter; "let me bring you a glass of wine."

"Thank you, *mon ami*, no. Perhaps later, if I have time, after we break up, to pay my respects to Madame."

The porter smiled, bowed, and retired, muttering, "*Nom d'un petit bonhomme—il n'y a rien de tel que les belles manières.*"

Left alone, Lebeau leaned his elbow on the table, resting his chin on his hand, and gazing into the dim space—for it was now, indeed, night, and little light came through the grimy panes of the one window left unclosed by shutters. He was musing deeply. This man was, in much, an enigma to himself. Was he seeking to unriddle it? A strange compound of contradictory elements. In his stormy youth there had been lightning-like flashes of good instincts, of irregular honour, of inconsistent generosity—a puissant wild nature—with strong passions of love and of hate, without fear, but not without shame. In other forms of society that love of applause which had made him seek and exult in the notoriety which he mistook for fame, might have settled down into some solid and useful ambition. He might have become great in the world's eye, for at the service of his desires there were no ordinary talents. Though too true a Parisian to be a severe student, still, on the whole, he had acquired much general information, partly from books, partly from varied commerce with mankind. He had the gift, both by tongue and by pen, of expressing himself with force and warmth—time and necessity had improved that gift. Coveting, during his brief career of fashion, the distinctions which necessitate lavish expenditure, he had been the most reckless of spendthrifts, but the neediness which follows waste had never destroyed his original sense of personal honour. Certainly Victor de Mauléon was not, at the date of his fall, a man to whom the thought of accepting, much less of stealing, the jewels of a woman who loved him, could have occurred as a possible question of casuistry be-

cigar-case." And so saying, he who professed to be no smoker, handed his next neighbour, who was the Pole, a large cigar-case amply furnished; and the Pole, helping himself to two cigars, handed the case to the man next him—two only declining the luxury, the Italian and the Belgian. But the Pole was the only man who took two cigars.

Steps were now heard on the stairs, the door opened, and citizen Le Roux ushered in, one after the other, two men, this time unmistakably French—to an experienced eye unmistakably Parisians: the one a young beardless man, who seemed almost boyish, with a beautiful face, and a stunted, meagre frame; the other, a stalwart man of about eight-and-twenty, dressed partly as an *ouvrier*, not in his Sunday clothes, rather affecting the *blouse*,—not that he wore that antique garment, but that he was in rough costume unbrushed and stained, with thick shoes and coarse stockings, and a workman's cap. But of all who gathered round the table at which M. Lebeau presided, he had the most distinguished exterior. A virile honest exterior, a massive open forehead, intelligent eyes, a handsome clear-cut incisive profile, and solid jaw. The expression of the face was stern, but not mean—an expression which might have become an ancient baron as well as a modern workman—in it plenty of haughtiness and of will, and still more of self-esteem.

"*Confrères*," said Lebeau, rising, and every eye turned to him, "our number for the present *séance* is complete. To business. Since we last met, our cause has advanced with rapid and not with noiseless stride. I need not tell you that Louis Bonaparte has virtually abnegated *Les idées Napoléoniennes*—a fatal mistake for him, a glorious advance for us. The liberty of the

press must very shortly be achieved, and with it personal government must end. When the autocrat once is compelled to go by the advice of his Ministers, look for sudden changes. His Ministers will be but weathercocks, turned hither and thither according as the wind chops at Paris; and Paris is the temple of the winds. The new revolution is almost at hand." (Murmurs of applause.) "It would move the laughter of the Tuileries and its Ministers, of the Bourse and of its gamblers, of every dainty *salon* of this silken city of would-be philosophers and wits, if they were told that here within this mouldering *baraque*, eight men, so little blest by fortune, so little known to fame as ourselves, met to concert the fall of an empire. The Government would not deem us important enough to notice our existence."

"I know not that," interrupted the Pole.

"Ah, pardon," resumed the orator; "I should have confined my remark to the *five* of us who are French. I did injustice to the illustrious antecedents of our foreign allies. I know that you, Thaddeus Loubisky—that you, Leonardo Rasselii—have been too eminent for hands hostile to tyrants not to be marked with a black cross in the books of the police. I know that you, Jan Vanderstegen, if hitherto unscarred by those wounds in defence of freedom which despots and cowards would fain miscall the brands of the felon, still owe it to your special fraternity to keep your movements rigidly concealed. The tyrant would suppress the International Society, and forbids it the liberty of congress. To you three is granted the secret entrance to our council-hall. But we Frenchmen are as yet safe in our supposed insignificance. *Confrères*, permit me to impress on you the causes why,

insignificant as we seem, we are really formidable. In the first place, we are few: the great mistake in most secret associations has been, to admit many councillors; and disunion enters wherever many tongues can wrangle. In the next place, though so few in council, we are legion when the time comes for action; because we are representative men, each of his own section, and each section is capable of an indefinite expansion.

"You, valiant Pole—you, politic Italian—enjoy the confidence of thousands now latent in unwatched homes and harmless callings, but who, when you lift a finger, will, like the buried dragon's teeth, spring up into armed men. You, Jan Vanderstegen, the trusted delegate from Verviers, that swarming camp of wronged labour in its revolt from the iniquities of capital—you, when the hour arrives, can touch the wire that flashes the telegram 'Arise' through all the lands in which workmen combine against their oppressors.

"Of us five Frenchmen, let me speak more modestly. You—sage and scholar—Felix Ruvigny, honoured alike for the profundity of your science and the probity of your manners, induced to join us by your abhorrence of priestcraft and superstition—you have a wide connection among all the enlightened reasoners who would emancipate the mind of man from the trammels of Church-born fable—and when the hour arrives in which it is safe to say, '*Delenda est Roma*,' you know where to find the pens that are more victorious than swords against a Church and a Creed. You" (turning to the surgeon)—"you, Gaspard le Noy, whom a vile calumny has robbed of the throne in your profession, so justly due to your skill—you, nobly scorning the rich and great, have devoted yourself to tend and heal

the humble and the penniless, so that you have won the popular title of the '*Médecin des Pauvres*,'—when the time comes wherein soldiers shall fly before the *sans-culottes*, and the mob shall begin the work which they who move mobs will complete, the clients of Gaspard le Noy will be the avengers of his wrongs.

"You, Armand Monnier, simple *ouvrier*, but of illustrious parentage, for your grandsire was the beloved friend of the virtuous Robespierre, your father perished a hero and a martyr in the massacre of the *coup d'état*; you, cultured in the eloquence of Robespierre himself, and in the persuasive philosophy of Robespierre's teacher, Rousseau—you, the idolised orator of the Red Republicans—you will be indeed a chief of dauntless bands when the trumpet sounds for battle. Young publicist and poet, Gustave Rameau—I care not which you are at present, I know what you will be soon—you need nothing for the development of your powers over the many but an organ for their manifestation. Of that anon. I now descend into the bathos of egotism. I am compelled lastly to speak of myself. It was at Marseilles and Lyons, as you already know, that I first conceived the plan of this representative association. For years before I had been in familiar intercourse with the friends of freedom—that is, with the foes of the Empire. They are not all poor. Some few are rich and generous. I do not say these rich and few concur in the ultimate objects of the poor and many. But they concur in the first object, the demolition of that which exists—the Empire. In the course of my special calling of negotiator or agent in the towns of the *Midi*, I formed friendships with some of these prosperous malcontents. And out of these friendships I conceived the

idea which is embodied in this council.

"According to that conception, while the council may communicate as it will with all societies, secret or open, having revolution for their object, the council refuses to merge itself in any other confederation: it stands aloof and independent; it declines to admit into its code any special articles of faith in a future beyond the bounds to which it limits its design and its force. That design unites us; to go beyond would divide. We all agree to destroy the Napoleonic dynasty; none of us might agree as to what we should place in its stead. All of us here present might say, 'A republic.' Ay, but of what kind? Vanderstegen would have it socialistic; Monnier goes further, and would have it communistic, on the principles of Fourier; Le Noy adheres to the policy of Danton, and would commence the republic by a reign of terror; our Italian ally abhors the notion of general massacre, and advocates individual assassination. Ruvinny would annihilate the worship of a Deity; Monnier holds, with Voltaire and Robespierre, that 'if there were no Deity, it would be necessary to Man to create one.' *Bref*, we could not agree upon any plan for the new edifice, and therefore we refuse to discuss one till the ploughshare has gone over the ruins of the old. But I have another and more practical reason for keeping our council distinct from all societies with professed objects beyond that of demolition. We need a certain command of money. It is I who bring to you that, and—how? Not from my own resources; they but suffice to support myself. Not by contributions from *ouvriers*, who, as you well know, will subscribe only for their own ends in the victory of workmen over masters. I bring money to you

from the coffers of the rich malcontents. Their politics are not those of most present; their politics are what they term moderate. Some are indeed for a republic, but for a republic strong in defence of order, in support of property; others—and they are the more numerous and the more rich—for a constitutional monarchy, and, if possible, for the abridgment of universal suffrage, which, in their eyes, tends only to anarchy in the towns and arbitrary rule under priestly influence in the rural districts. They would not subscribe a *sou* if they thought it went to further the designs whether of Ruvinny the atheist, or of Monnier, who would enlist the Deity of Rousseau on the side of the *drapeau rouge*—not a *sou* if they knew I had the honour to boast such *confrères* as I see around me. They subscribe, as we concert, for the fall of Bonaparte. The policy I adopt I borrow from the policy of the English Liberals. In England, potent *millionnaires*, high-born dukes, devoted Churchmen, belonging to the Liberal party, accept the services of men who look forward to measures which would ruin capital, eradicate aristocracy, and destroy the Church, provided these men combine with them in some immediate step onward against the Tories. They have a proverb which I thus adapt to French localities: If a train passes Fontainebleau on its way to Marseilles, why should I not take it to Fontainebleau because other passengers are going on to Marseilles?

"*Confrères*, it seems to me the moment has come when we may venture some of the fund placed at my disposal to other purposes than those to which it has been hitherto devoted. I propose, therefore, to set up a journal under the auspices of Gustave Rameau as editor-in-chief—a journal which, if he listen

to my advice, will create no small sensation. It will begin with a tone of impartiality: it will refrain from all violence of invective; it will have wit, it will have sentiment, and eloquence; it will win its way into the *salons* and *cafés* of educated men; and then, and then, when it does change from polished satire into fiercedenunciation and sides with the *blouses*, its effect will be startling and terrific. Of this I will say more to Citizen Rameau in private. To you I need not enlarge upon the fact that, at Paris, a combination of men, though immeasurably superior to us in status or influence, without a journal at command, is nowhere; with such a journal, written not to alarm but to seduce fluctuating opinions, a combination of men immeasurably inferior to us may be anywhere.

"*Confrères*, this affair settled, I proceed to distribute amongst you sums of which each who receives will render me an account, except our valued *confrère* the Pole. All that we can subscribe to the cause of humanity, a representative of Poland requires for himself." (A suppressed laugh among all but the Pole, who looked round with a grave, imposing air, as much as to say, 'What is there to laugh at?—a simple truth.')

M. Lebeau then presented to each of his *confrères* a sealed envelope, containing no doubt a bank-note, and perhaps also private instructions as to its disposal. It was one of his rules to make the amount of any sum granted to an individual member of the society from the fund at his disposal a confidential secret between himself and the recipient.

Thus jealousy was avoided if the sums were unequal; and unequal they generally were. In the present instance the two largest sums were given to the *Médecin des Pauvres* and to the delegate from Verviers. Both were no doubt to be distributed among 'the poor,' at the discretion of the trustee appointed.

Whatever rules with regard to the distribution of money M. Lebeau laid down were acquiesced in without demur, for the money was found exclusively by himself, and furnished without the pale of the Secret Council, of which he had made himself founder and dictator. Some other business was then discussed, sealed reports from each member were handed to the president, who placed them unopened in his pocket, and resumed—

"*Confrères*, our *séance* is now concluded. The period for our next meeting must remain indefinite, for I myself shall leave Paris as soon as I have set on foot the journal, on the details of which I will confer with Citizen Rameau. I am not satisfied with the progress made by the two travelling missionaries who complete our Council of Ten; and though I do not question their zeal, I think my experience may guide it if I take a journey to the towns of Bordeaux and Marseilles, where they now are. But should circumstances demanding concert or action arise, you may be sure that I will either summon a meeting or transmit instructions to such of our members as may be most usefully employed. For the present, *confrères*, you are relieved. Remain only you, dear young author."

CHAPTER VII.

Left alone with Gustave Rameau, the President of the Secret Council remained silently musing for some

moments; but his countenance was no longer moody and overcast—his nostrils were dilated, as in triumph

—there was a half-smile of pride on his lips. Rameau watched him curiously and admiringly. The young man had the impressionable, excitable temperament common to Parisian genius—especially when it nourishes itself on absinthe. He enjoyed the romance of belonging to a secret society; he was acute enough to recognise the sagacity by which this small conclave was kept out of those crazed combinations for impracticable theories more likely to lead adventurers to the Tarpeian Rock than to the Capitol; while yet those crazed combinations might, in some critical moment, become strong instruments in the hands of practical ambition. Lebeau fascinated him, and took colossal proportions in his intoxicated vision—vision indeed intoxicated at this moment, for before it floated the realised image of his aspirations,—a journal of which he was to be the editor-in-chief—in which his poetry, his prose, should occupy space as large as he pleased—through which his name, hitherto scarce known beyond a literary clique, would resound in *salon* and club and *café*, and become a familiar music on the lips of fashion. And he owed this to the man seated there—a prodigious man!

"*Cher poëte*," said Lebeau, breaking silence, "it gives me no mean pleasure to think I am opening a career to one whose talents fit him for those goals on which they who reach write names that posterity shall read. Struck with certain articles of yours in the journal made celebrated by the wit and gaiety of Savarin, I took pains privately to inquire into your birth, your history, connections, antecedents. All confirmed my first impression, that you were exactly the writer I wish to secure to our cause. I therefore sought you in your rooms, unIntroduced and a stranger, in order to express my

admiration of your compositions. *Bref*, we soon became friends; and after comparing minds, I admitted you, at your request, into this Secret Council. Now, in proposing to you the conduct of the journal I would establish, for which I am prepared to find all necessary funds, I am compelled to make imperative conditions. Nominally you will be editor-in-chief: that station, if the journal succeeds, will secure you position and fortune; if it fail, you fail with it. But we will not speak of failure; I must have it succeed. Our interest, then, is the same. Before that interest all puerile vanities fade away. Nominally, I say, you are editor-in-chief; but all the real work of editing will, at first, be done by others."

"Ah!" exclaimed Rameau, aghast and stunned. Lebeau resumed—

"To establish the journal I propose needs more than the genius of youth; it needs the tact and experience of mature years."

Rameau sank back on his chair with a sullen sneer on his pale lips. Decidedly Lebeau was not so great a man as he had thought.

"A certain portion of the journal," continued Lebeau, "will be exclusively appropriated to your pen."

Rameau's lip lost the sneer.

"But your pen must be therein restricted to compositions of pure fancy, disporting in a world that does not exist; or, if on graver themes connected with the beings of the world that does exist, the subjects will be dictated to you and revised. Yet even in the higher departments of a journal intended to make way at its first start, we need the aid, not indeed of men who write better than you, but of men whose fame is established—whose writings, good or bad, the public run to read, and will find good even if they are bad. You must consign

one column to the playful comments and witticisms of Savarin."

"Savarin? But he has a journal of his own. He will not, as an author, condescend to write in one just set up by me. And as a politician, he as certainly will not aid in an ultra-democratic revolution. If he care for politics at all, he is a constitutionalist, an Orleanist."

"*Enfant!* as an author Savarin will condescend to contribute to your journal, 1stly, because it in no way attempts to interfere with his own; 2dly—I can tell you a secret—Savarin's journal no longer suffices for his existence; he has sold more than two-thirds of its property; he is in debt, and his creditor is urgent; and to-morrow you will offer Savarin 30,000 francs for one column from his pen, and signed by his name, for two months from the day the journal starts. He will accept, partly because the sum will clear off the debt that hampers him, partly because he will take care that the amount becomes known; and that will help him to command higher terms for the sale of the remaining shares in the journal he now edits, for the new book which you told me he intended to write, and for the new journal which he will be sure to set up as soon as he has disposed of the old one. You say that, as a politician, Savarin, an Orleanist, will not aid in an ultra-democratic revolution. Who asks him to do so? Did I not imply at the meeting that we commence our journal with politics the mildest? Though revolutions are not made with rose-water, it is rose-water that nourishes their roots. The polite cynicism of authors, read by those who float on the surface of society, prepares the way for the social ferment in its depths. Had there been no Voltaire there would have been no Camille Desmoulins. Had there

been no Diderot, there would have been no Marat. We start as polite cynics. Of all cynics Savarin is the politest. But when I bid high for him, it is his clique that I bid for. Without his clique he is but a wit; with his clique, a power. Partly out of that clique, partly out of a circle beyond it, which Savarin can more or less influence, I select ten. Here is the list of them; study it. *Entre nous*, I esteem their writings as little as I do artificial flies; but they are the artificial flies at which, in this particular season of the year, the public rise. You must procure at least five of the ten; and I leave you *carte blanche* as to the terms. Savarin gained, the best of them will be proud of being his associates. Observe, none of these *messieurs* of brilliant imagination are to write political articles; those will be furnished to you anonymously, and inserted without erasure or omission. When you have secured Savarin, and five at least of the *collaborateurs* in the list, write to me at my office. I give you four days to do this; and the day the journal starts you enter into the income of 15,000 francs a-year, with a rise in salary proportioned to profits. Are you contented with the terms?"

"Of course I am; but supposing I do not gain the aid of Savarin, or five at least of the list you give, which I see at a glance contains names the most *à la mode* in this kind of writing, more than one of them of high social rank, whom it is difficult for me even to approach—if, I say, I fail?"

"What! with a *carte blanche* of terms? fie! Are you a Parisian? Well, to answer you frankly, if you fail in so easy a task, you are not the man to edit our journal, and I shall find another. *Allez, courage!* Take my advice; see Savarin the first thing to-morrow morning. Of course, my name and calling you will

keep a profound secret from him as from all. Say as mysteriously as you can that parties you are forbidden to name instruct you to treat with M. Savarin, and offer him the terms I have specified, the 30,000 francs paid to him in advance the moment he signs the simple memor-

andum of agreement. The more mysterious you are, the more you will impose — that is, wherever you offer money and don't ask for it."

Here Lebeau took up his hat, and, with a courteous nod of adieu, lightly descended the gloomy stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

At night, after this final interview with Lebeau, Graham took leave for good of his lodgings in Montmartre, and returned to his apartment in the Rue d'Anjou. He spent several hours of the next morning in answering numerous letters, accumulated during his absence. Late in the afternoon he had an interview with M. Renard, who, as at that season of the year he was not overbusied with other affairs, engaged to obtain leave to place his services at Graham's command during the time requisite for inquiries at Aix, and to be in readiness to start the next day. Graham then went forth to pay one or two farewell visits; and these over, bent his way through the Champs Elysées towards Isaura's villa, when he suddenly encountered Rochebriant on horseback. The Marquis courteously dismounted, committing his horse to the care of the groom, and, linking his arm in Graham's, expressed his pleasure at seeing him again; then, with some visible hesitation and embarrassment, he turned the conversation towards the political aspects of France.

"There was," he said, "much in certain words of yours, when we last walked together in this very path, that sank deeply into my mind at the time, and over which I have of late still more earnestly reflected. You spoke of the duties a Frenchman owed to France, and the 'impolicy' of remaining aloof from all

public employment on the part of those attached to the Legitimist cause."

"True, it cannot be the policy of any party to forget that between the irrevocable past and the uncertain future there intervenes the action of the present time."

"Should you, as an impartial bystander, consider it dishonourable in me if I entered the military service under the ruling sovereign?"

"Certainly not, if your country needed you."

"And it may, may it not? I hear vague rumours of coming war in almost every *salon* I frequent. There has been gunpowder in the atmosphere we breathe ever since the battle of Sadowa. What think you of German arrogance and ambition? Will they suffer the swords of France to rust in their scabbards?"

"My dear Marquis, I should incline to put the question otherwise. Will the jealous *amour propre* of France permit the swords of Germany to remain sheathed? But in either case, no politician can see without grave apprehension two nations so warlike, close to each other, divided by a border-land that one covets and the other will not yield, each armed to the teeth; the one resolved to brook no rival, the other equally determined to resist all aggression. And therefore, as you say, war is in the atmosphere; and we may also hear, in the clouds that give no sign of dispersion, the growl

of the gathering thunder. War may come any day; and if France be not at once the victor——”

“France not at once the victor!” interrupted Alain, passionately; “and against a Prussian! Permit me to say no Frenchman can believe that.”

“Let no man despise a foe,” said Graham, smiling half sadly. “However, I must not incur the danger of wounding your national susceptibilities. To return to the point you raise. If France needed the aid of her best and bravest, a true descendant of Henri Quatre ought to blush for his ancient *noblesse* were a Rochebriant to say, ‘But I don’t like the colour of the flag.’”

“Thank you,” said Alain, simply; “that is enough.” There was a pause, the young men walking on slowly, arm in arm. And then there flashed across Graham’s mind the recollection of talk on another subject in that very path. Here he had spoken to Alain in deprecation of any possible alliance with Isaura Cicogna, the destined actress and public singer. His cheek flushed; his heart smote him. What! had he spoken slightly of her—of *her*? What—if she became his own wife? What! had he himself failed in the respect which he would demand as her right from the loftiest of his high-born kindred? What, too, would this man, of fairer youth than himself, think of that disparaging counsel, when he heard that the monitor had won the prize from which he had warned another? Would it not seem that he had but spoken in the mean cunning dictated by the fear of a worthier rival? Stung by these thoughts, he arrested his steps, and, looking the Marquis full in the face, said, “You remind me of one subject in our talk many weeks since, it is my duty to remind you of another. At that time you, and, speaking frankly, I myself,

acknowledged the charm in the face of a young Italian lady. I told you then that, on learning she was intended for the stage, the charm for me had vanished. I said, bluntly, that it should vanish perhaps still more utterly for a noble of your illustrious name; you remember?”

“Yes,” answered Alain, hesitatingly, and with a look of surprise.

“I wish now to retract all I said thereon. Mademoiselle Cicogna is not bent on the profession for which she was educated. She would willingly renounce all idea of entering it. The only counter-weight which, viewed whether by my reason or my prejudices, could be placed in the opposite scale to that of the excellences which might make any man proud to win her, is withdrawn. I have become acquainted with her since the date of our conversation. Hers is a mind which harmonises with the loveliness of her face. In one word, Marquis, I should deem myself honoured, as well as blest, by such a bride. It was due to her that I should say this; it was due also to you, in case you retain the impression I sought in ignorance to efface. And I am bound, as a gentleman, to obey this twofold duty, even though in so doing I bring upon myself the affliction of a candidate for the hand to which I would fain myself aspire—a candidate with pretensions in every way far superior to my own.”

An older or a more cynical man than Alain de Rochebriant might well have found something suspicious in a confession thus singularly volunteered; but the Marquis was himself so loyal that he had no doubt of the loyalty of Graham.

“I reply to you,” he said, “with a frankness which finds an example in your own. The first fair face which attracted my fancy since my arrival at Paris was that of the Italian *demoiselle* of whom you

speak in terms of such respect. I do think if I had then been thrown into her society, and found her to be such as you no doubt truthfully describe, that fancy might have become a very grave emotion. I was then so poor, so friendless, so despondent. Your words of warning impressed me at the time, but less durably than you might suppose; for that very night as I sat in my solitary attic I said to myself, 'Why should I shrink, with an obsolete old-world prejudice, from what my forefathers would have termed a *mésalliance*? What is the value of my birthright now? None—worse than none. It excludes me from all careers; my name is but a load that weighs me down. Why should I make that name a curse as well as a burden? Nothing is left to me but that which is permitted to all men—wedded and holy love. Could I win to my heart the smile of a woman who brings me that dower, the home of my fathers would lose its gloom.' And therefore, if at that time I had become familiarly acquainted with her who had thus attracted my eye and engaged my thoughts, she might have become my destiny; but now!"

"But now!"

"Things have changed. I am no longer poor, friendless, solitary. I have entered the world of my equals as a Rochebriant; I have made myself responsible for the dignity of my name. I could not give that name to one, however peerless in herself, of whom the world would say, 'But for her marriage she would have been a singer on the stage!' I will own more: the fancy I conceived for the first fair face, other fair faces have dispelled. At this moment, however, I have no thought of marriage; and having known the anguish of struggle, the privations of poverty, I would ask no woman to share the hazard of my return to them. You might present me, then, safely to this beautiful Italian—certain, indeed, that I should be her admirer; equally certain that I could not become your rival."

There was something in this speech that jarred upon Graham's sensitive pride. But, on the whole, he felt relieved, both in honour and in heart. After a few more words, the two young men shook hands and parted. Alain remounted his horse. The day was now declining. Graham hailed a vacant *fiacre*, and directed the driver to Isaura's villa.

CHAPTER IX.—ISAURA.

The sun was sinking slowly as Isaura sat at her window, gazing dreamily on the rose-hued clouds that made the western border-land between earth and heaven. On the table before her lay a few sheets of MS. hastily written, not yet reperused. That restless mind of hers had left its trace on the MS.

It is characteristic perhaps of the different genius of the sexes, that woman takes to written composition more impulsively, more intuitively, than man—letter-writing, to him a

task-work, is to her a recreation. Between the age of sixteen and the date of marriage, six well-educated clever girls out of ten keep a journal; not one well-educated man in ten thousand does. So, without serious and settled intention of becoming an author, how naturally a girl of ardent feeling and vivid fancy seeks in poetry or romance a confessional—an outpouring of thought and sentiment, which are mysteries to herself till she has given them words—and which,

frankly revealed on the page, she would not, perhaps could not, utter orally to a living ear.

During the last few days, the desire to create in the realm of fable beings constructed by her own breath, spiritualised by her own soul, had grown irresistibly upon this fair child of song. In fact, when Graham's words had decided the renunciation of her destined career, her instinctive yearnings for the utterance of those sentiments or thoughts which can only find expression in some form of art, denied the one vent, irresistibly impelled her to the other. And in this impulse she was confirmed by the thought that here at least there was nothing which her English friend could disapprove—none of the perils that beset the actress. Here it seemed as if, could she but succeed, her fame would be grateful to the pride of all who loved her. Here was a career ennobled by many a woman, and side by side in rivalry with renowned men. To her it seemed that, could she in this achieve an honoured name, that name took its place at once amid the higher ranks of the social world, and in itself brought a priceless dowry and a starry crown. It was, however, not till after the visit to Enghien that this ambition took practical life and form.

One evening after her return to Paris, by an effort so involuntary that it seemed to her *no* effort, she had commenced a tale—without plan—without method—without knowing in one page what would fill the next. Her slight fingers hurried on as if, like the pretended spirit manifestations, impelled by an invisible agency without the pale of the world. She was intoxicated by the mere joy of inventing ideal images. In her own special art an elaborate artist, here she had no thought of art; if art was in her work, it sprang un-

consciously from the harmony between herself and her subject—as it is, perhaps, with the early soarings of the genuine lyric poets, in contrast to the dramatic. For the true lyric poet is intensely personal, intensely subjective. It is himself that he expresses—that he represents—and he almost ceases to be lyrical when he seeks to go out of his own existence into that of others with whom he has no sympathy, no *rapproch*. This tale was vivid with genius as yet untutored—genius in its morning freshness, full of beauties, full of faults. Isaura distinguished not the faults from the beauties. She felt only a vague persuasion that there was a something higher and brighter—a something more true to her own idiosyncrasy—than could be achieved by the art that 'sings other people's words to other people's music.' From the work thus commenced she had now paused. And it seemed to her fancies that between her inner self and the scene without, whether in the skies and air and sunset, or in the abodes of men stretching far and near, till lost amid the roofs and domes of the great city, she had fixed and riveted the link of a sympathy hitherto fluctuating, unsubstantial, evanescent, undefined. Absorbed in her reverie, she did not notice the deepening of the short twilight, till the servant entering drew the curtains between her and the world without, and placed the lamp on the table beside her. Then she turned away with a restless sigh, her eyes fell on the MS., but the charm of it was gone. A sentiment of distrust in its worth had crept into her thoughts, unconsciously to herself, and the page open before her at an uncompleted sentence seemed unwelcome and wearisome as a copy-book is to a child condemned to relinquish a fairy tale half told, and apply himself to a task half done. She fell

again into a reverie, when, starting as from a dream, she heard herself addressed by name, and turning round saw Savarin and Gustave Rameau in the room.

"We are come, Signorina," said Savarin, "to announce to you a piece of news, and to hazard a petition. The news is this: my young friend here has found a Mæcenas who has the good taste so to admire his lucubrations under the *nom de plume* of Alphonse de Valcour as to volunteer the expenses for starting a new journal, of which Gustave Rameau is to be editor-in-chief; and I have promised to assist him as contributor for the first two months. I have given him notes of introduction to certain other *feuilletonistes* and critics whom he has on his list. But all put together would not serve to float the journal like a short *roman* from Madame de Grantmesnil. Knowing your intimacy with that eminent artist, I venture to back Rameau's supplication that you would exert your influence on his behalf. As to the *honoraires*, she has but to name them."

"*Carte blanche*," cried Rameau, eagerly.

"You know Eulalie too well, M. Savarin," answered Isaura, with a smile half reproachful, "to suppose that she is a mercenary in letters, and sells her services to the best bidder."

"Bah, *belle enfant*!" said Savarin, with his gay light laugh. "Business is business, and books as well as razors are made to sell. But, of course, a proper prospectus of the journal must accompany your request to write in it. Meanwhile, Rameau will explain to you, as he has done to me, that the journal in question is designed for circulation among readers of *haute classe*: it is to be pleasant and airy, full of *bons mots* and anecdote; witty, but not ill-natured. Politics to be liberal,

of course, but of elegant admixture—champagne and seltzer-water. In fact, however, I suspect that the politics will be a very inconsiderable feature in this organ of fine arts and manners; some amateur scribbler in the '*beau monde*' will supply them. For the rest, if my introductory letters are successful, Madame de Grantmesnil will not be in bad company."

"You will write to Madame de Grantmesnil?" asked Rameau, pleadingly.

"Certainly I will, as soon——"

"As soon as you have the prospectus, and the names of the *col-laborateurs*," interrupted Rameau. "I hope to send you these in a very few days."

While Rameau was thus speaking, Savarin had seated himself by the table, and his eye mechanically resting on the open MS. lighted by chance upon a sentence—an aphorism—embodying a very delicate sentiment in very felicitous diction. One of those choice condensations of thought, suggesting so much more than is said, which are never found in mediocre writers, and, rare even in the best, come upon us like truths seized by surprise.

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed Savarin, in the impulse of genuine admiration, "but this is beautiful; what is more, it is original,"—and he read the words aloud. Blushing with shame and resentment, Isaura turned and hastily placed her hand on the MS.

"Pardon," said Savarin, humbly; "I confess my sin, but it was so unpremeditated that it does not merit a severe penance. Do not look at me so reproachfully. We all know that young ladies keep commonplace-books in which they enter passages that strike them in the works they read. And you have but shown an exquisite taste in selecting this gem. Do tell me where

you found it. Is it somewhere in Lamartine?"

"No," answered Isaura, half inaudibly, and with an effort to withdraw the paper. Savarin gently detained her hand, and looking earnestly into her tall-tale face, divined her secret.

"It is your own, Signorina! Accept the congratulations of a very practised and somewhat fastidious critic. If the rest of what you write resembles this sentence, contribute to Rameau's journal, and I answer for its success."

Rameau approached half incredulous, half envious.

"My dear child," resumed Savarin, drawing away the MS. from Isaura's coy, reluctant clasp, "do permit me to cast a glance over these papers. For what I yet know, there may be here more promise of fame than even you could gain as a singer."

The electric chord in Isaura's heart was touched. Who cannot conceive what the young writer feels, especially the young woman-writer, when hearing the first cheery note of praise from the lips of a writer of established fame?

"Nay, this cannot be worth your reading," said Isaura, falteringly; "I have never written anything of the kind before, and this is a riddle to me. I know not," she added, with a sweet low laugh, "why I began, nor how I should end it."

"So much the better," said Savarin; and he took the MS., withdrew to a recess by the further window, and seated himself there, reading silently and quickly, but now and then with a brief pause of reflection.

Rameau placed himself beside Isaura on the divan, and began talking with her earnestly—earnestly, for it was about himself and his aspiring hopes. Isaura, on the other

hand, more woman-like than author-like, ashamed even to seem absorbed in herself and *her* hopes, and with her back turned, in the instinct of that shame, against the reader of her MS.,—Isaura listened and sought to interest herself solely in the young fellow-author. Seeking to do so, she succeeded genuinely, for ready sympathy was a prevalent characteristic of her nature.

"Oh," said Rameau, "I am at the turning-point of my life. Ever since boyhood I have been haunted with the words of André Chénier on the morning he was led to the scaffold: 'And yet there was something here,' striking his forehead. Yes, I, poor, low-born, launching myself headlong in the chase of a name; I, underrated, uncomprehended, indebted even for a hearing to the patronage of an amiable trifler like Savarin, ranked by petty rivals in a grade below themselves,—I now see before me, suddenly, abruptly presented, the expanding gates into fame and fortune. Assist me, you!"

"But how?" said Isaura, already forgetting her MS.; and certainly Rameau did not refer to that.

"How!" echoed Rameau. "How! But do you not see—or, at least, do you not conjecture—this journal of which Savarin speaks contains my present and my future? Present independence, opening to fortune and renown. Ay,—and who shall say? renown beyond that of the mere writer. Behind the gaudy scaffolding of this rickety Empire, a new social edifice unperceived arises; and in that edifice the halls of State shall be given to the men who help obscurely to build it—to men like me." Here, drawing her hand into his own, fixing on her the most imploring gaze of his dark persuasive eyes, and utterly unconscious of bathos in his adjuration, he added—"Plead for me with your

whole mind and heart; use your uttermost influence with the illustrious writer, whose pen can assure the fates of my journal."

Here the door suddenly opened, and following the servant, who announced unintelligibly his name, there entered Graham Vane.

CHAPTER X.

The Englishman halted at the threshold. His eye, passing rapidly over the figure of Savarin reading in the window-niche, rested upon Rameau and Isaura seated on the same divan, he with her hand clasped in both his own, and bending his face towards hers so closely that a loose tress of her hair seemed to touch his forehead.

The Englishman halted, and no revolution which changes the habits and forms of States was ever so sudden as that, which passed without a word in the depths of his unconjectured heart. The heart has no history which philosophers can recognise. An ordinary political observer, contemplating the condition of a nation, may very safely tell us what effects must follow the causes patent to his eyes. But the wisest and most far-seeing sage, looking at a man at one o'clock, cannot tell us what revulsions of his whole being may be made ere the clock strike two.

As Isaura rose to greet her visitor, Savarin came from the window-niche, the MS. in his hand.

"Son of perfidious Albion," said Savarin, gaily, "we feared you had deserted the French alliance. Welcome back to Paris, and the *entente cordiale*."

"Would I could stay to enjoy such welcome. But I must again quit Paris."

"Soon to return, *n'est ce pas?* Paris is an irresistible magnet to *les beaux esprits*. A propos of *beaux esprits*, be sure to leave orders with your bookseller, if you have one, to enter your name as subscriber to a new journal."

"Certainly, if M. Savarin recommends it."

"He recommends it as a matter of course; he writes in it," said Rameau.

"A sufficient guarantee for its excellence. What is the name of the journal?"

"Not yet thought of," answered Savarin. "Babes must be born before they are christened; but it will be instruction enough to your bookseller to order the new journal to be edited by Gustave Rameau."

Bowing ceremoniously to the editor in prospect, Graham said, half ironically, "May I hope that in the department of criticism you will not be too hard upon poor Tasso?"

"Never fear; the Signorina, who adores Tasso, will take him under her special protection," said Savarin, interrupting Rameau's sullen and embarrassed reply.

Graham's brow slightly contracted. "Mademoiselle," he said, "is then to be united in the conduct of this journal with M. Gustave Rameau?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Isaura, somewhat frightened at the idea.

"But I hope," said Savarin, "that the Signorina may become a contributor too important for an editor to offend by insulting her favourites, Tasso included. Rameau and I came hither to entreat her influence with her intimate and illustrious friend, Madame de Grantmesnil, to insure the success of our undertaking by sanctioning the announcement of her name as a contributor."

"Upon social questions—such as the laws of marriage?" said Graham,

with a sarcastic smile, which concealed the quiver of his lip and the pain in his voice.

"Nay," answered Savarin, "our journal will be too sportive, I hope, for matters so profound. We would rather have Madame de Grantmesnil's aid in some short *roman*, which will charm the fancy of all and offend the opinions of none. But since I came into the room, I care less for the Signorina's influence with the great authoress," and he glanced significantly at the MS.

"How so?" asked Graham, his eye following the glance.

"If the writer of this MS. will conclude what she has begun, we shall be independent of Madame de Grantmesnil."

"Fie!" cried Isaura, impulsively, her face and neck bathed in blushes—"fie! such words are a mockery."

Graham gazed at her intently, and then turned his eyes on Savarin. He guessed aright the truth. "Mademoiselle then is an author?—In the style of her friend Madame de Grantmesnil?"

"Bah!" said Savarin, "I should indeed be guilty of mockery if I paid the Signorina so false a compliment as to say that in a first effort she attained to the style of one of the most finished sovereigns of language that has ever swayed the literature of France. When I say, 'Give us this tale completed, and I shall be consoled if the journal does not gain the aid of Madame de Grantmesnil,' I mean that in these pages there is that nameless charm of freshness and novelty which compensates for many faults never committed by a practised pen like Madame de Grantmesnil's. My dear young lady, go on with this story—finish it. When finished, do not disdain any suggestions I may offer in the way of correction. And I will venture to predict to you so brilliant a

career as author, that you will not regret should you resign for that career the bravos you could command as actress and singer." The Englishman pressed his hand convulsively to his heart, as if smitten by a sudden spasm. But as his eyes rested on Isaura's face, which had become radiant with the enthusiastic delight of genius when the path it would select opens before it as if by a flash from heaven, whatever of jealous irritation, whatever of selfish pain he might before have felt, was gone, merged in a sentiment of unutterable sadness and compassion. Practical man as he was, he knew so well all the dangers, all the snares, all the sorrows, all the scandals menacing name and fame, that in the world of Paris must beset the fatherless girl who, not less in authorship than on the stage, leaves the safeguard of private life for ever behind her,—who becomes a prey to the tongues of the public. At Paris, how slender is the line that divides the authoress from the *Bohémienne*! He sank into his chair silently, and passed his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out a vision of the future.

Isaura in her excitement did not notice the effect on her English visitor. She could not have divined such an effect as possible. On the contrary, even subordinate to her joy at the thought that she had not mistaken the instincts which led her to a nobler vocation than that of the singer, that the cage-bar was opened, and space bathed in sunshine was inviting the new-felt wings,—subordinate even to that joy was a joy more wholly, more simply, woman's. "If," thought she in this joy, "if this be true, my proud ambition is realised; all disparities of worth and fortune are annulled between me and him to whom I would bring no shame of *mésalliance*!" Poor dreamer, poor child!

"You will let me see what you have written," said Rameau, somewhat imperiously, in the sharp voice habitual to him, and which pierced Graham's ear like a splinter of glass.

"No—not now; when finished."

"You *will* finish it?"

"Oh yes; how can I help it after such encouragement?" She held out her hand to Savarin, who kissed it gallantly; then her eyes intuitively sought Graham's. By that time he had recovered his self-possession: he met her look tranquilly and with a smile; but the smile chilled her—she knew not why.

The conversation then passed upon books and authors of the day, and was chiefly supported by the satirical pleasantries of Savarin, who was in high good spirits.

Graham, who, as we know, had come with the hope of seeing Isaura alone, and with the intention of uttering words which, however guarded, might yet in absence serve as links of union, now no longer coveted that interview, no longer meditated those words. He soon rose to depart.

"Will you dine with me to-morrow?" asked Savarin. "Perhaps I may induce the Signorina and Rameau to offer you the temptation of meeting them."

"By to-morrow I shall be leagues away."

Isaura's heart sank. This time the MS. was fairly forgotten.

"You never said you were going

so soon," cried Savarin. "When do you come back, vile deserter?"

"I cannot even guess. Monsieur Rameau, count me among your subscribers. Mademoiselle, my best regards to Signora Venosta. When I see you again, no doubt you will have become famous."

Isaura here could not control herself. She rose impulsively, and approached him, holding out her hand, and attempting a smile.

"But not famous in the way that you warned me from," she said, in whispered tones. "You are friends with me still?" It was like the piteous wail of a child seeking to make it up with one who wants to quarrel, the child knows not why.

Graham was moved, but what could he say? Could he have the right to warn her from this profession also; forbid all desires, all roads of fame to this brilliant aspirant? Even a declared and accepted lover might well have deemed that that would be to ask too much. He replied, "Yes, always a friend, if you could ever need one." Her hand slid from his, and she turned away, wounded to the quick.

"Have you your *coupé* at the door?" asked Savarin.

"Simply a *fiacre*."

"And are going back at once to Paris?"

"Yes."

"Will you kindly drop me in the Rue de Rivoli?"

"Charmed to be of use."

CHAPTER XI.

As the *fiacre* bore to Paris Savarin and Graham, the former said, "I cannot conceive what rich simpleton could entertain so high an opinion of Gustave Rameau as to select a man so young, and of reputation, though promising, so undecided for

an enterprise which requires such a degree of tact and judgment as the conduct of a new journal; and a journal, too, which is to address itself to the *beau monde*. However, it is not for me to criticise a selection which brings a god-send to myself."

"To yourself? You jest; you have a journal of your own. It can only be through an excess of good-nature that you lend your name and pen to the service of M. Gustave Rameau."

"My good-nature does not go to that extent. It is Rameau who confers a service upon me. *Peste! mon cher*, we French authors have not the rents of you rich English milords. And though I am the most economical of our tribe, yet that journal of mine has failed me of late; and this morning I did not exactly see how I was to repay a sum I had been obliged to borrow of a money-lender—for I am too proud to borrow of friends, and too sagacious to borrow of publishers—when in walks *cé cher petit* Gustave with an offer for a few trifles toward starting this new-born journal, which makes a new man of me. Now I am in the undertaking, my *amour propre* and my reputation are concerned in its success; and I shall take care that *col-laborateurs* of whose company I am not ashamed are in the same boat. But that charming girl, Isaura! What an enigma the gift of the pen is! No one can ever guess who has it until tried."

"The young lady's MS., then, really merits the praise you bestowed on it?"

"Much more praise, though a great deal of blame, which I did not bestow. For in a first work faults insure success as much as beauties. Anything better than tame correctness. Yes, her first work, to judge by what is written, must make a hit—a great hit. And that will decide her career—a singer, an actress, may retire, often does when she marries an author. But once an author always an author."

"Ah! is it so? If you had a beloved daughter, Savarin, would you encourage her to be an author?"

"Frankly, no—principally be-

cause in that case the chances are that she would marry an author; and French authors, at least in the imaginative school, make very uncomfortable husbands."

"Ah, you think the Signorina will marry one of those uncomfortable husbands—M. Rameau, perhaps?"

"Rameau! *Hein!* nothing more likely. That beautiful face of his has its fascination. And to tell you the truth, my wife, who is a striking illustration of the truth that what woman wills heaven wills, is bent upon that improvement in Gustave's moral life which she thinks a union with Mademoiselle Cicogna would achieve. At all events, the fair Italian would have in Rameau a husband who would not suffer her to bury her talents under a bushel. If she succeeds as a writer (by succeeding I mean making money), he will see that her ink-bottle is never empty; and if she don't succeed as a writer, he will take care that the world shall gain an actress or a singer. For Gustave Rameau has a great taste for luxury and show; and whatever his wife can make, I will venture to say that he will manage to spend."

"I thought you had an esteem and regard for Mademoiselle Cicogna. It is Madame your wife, I suppose, who has a grudge against her?"

"On the contrary, my wife idolises her."

"Savages sacrifice to their idols the things they deem of value. Civilised Parisians sacrifice their idols themselves,—and to a thing that is worthless."

"Rameau is not worthless; he has beauty, and youth, and talent. My wife thinks more highly of him than I do; but I must respect a man who has found admirers so sincere as to set him up in a journal, and give him *carte blanche* for terms to con-

tributors. I know of no man in Paris more valuable to me. His worth to me this morning is 30,000 francs. I own I do not think him likely to be a very safe husband; but then French female authors and artists seldom take any husbands except upon short leases. There are no vulgar connubial prejudices in the pure atmosphere of art. Women of genius, like Madame de Grantmesnil, and perhaps like our charming young friend, resemble canary-birds—to sing their best you must separate them from their mates."

The Englishman suppressed a groan, and turned the conversation.

When he had set down his lively companion, Vane dismissed his *fiacre*, and walked to his lodgings musingly.

"No," he said inly; "I must wrench myself from the very memory of that haunting face,—the friend and pupil of Madame de Grantmesnil, the associate of Gustave Rameau, the rival of Julie Caumartin, the aspirant to that pure atmosphere of art in which there are no vulgar connubial prejudices! Could I—whether I be rich or poor

—see in *her* the ideal of an English wife? As it is—as it is—with this mystery which oppresses me, which, till solved, leaves my own career insoluble,—as it is, how fortunate that I did not find her alone—did not utter the words that would fain have leapt from my heart—did not say, 'I may not be the rich man I seem, but in that case I shall be yet more ambitious, because struggle and labour are the sinews of ambition! Should I be rich, will you adorn my station? should I be poor, will you enrich poverty with your smile? And can you, in either case, forego—really, painlessly forego, as you led me to hope—the pride in your own art?' My ambition were killed did I marry an actress, a singer. Better that than the hungerer after excitements which are never allayed, the struggler in a career which admits of no retirement—the woman to whom marriage is no goal—who remains to the last the property of the public, and glories to dwell in a house of glass into which every bystander has a right to peer. Is this the ideal of an Englishman's wife and home? No—no!—woe is me, no!"

EXPLORATIONS.—PART II.

THE pleasure which we promised ourselves when recently concluding a paper on the Surveys of the Holy Land, we now realise, as there is an opportunity afforded of giving some account of the examination of the Sea of Galilee by the Engineer expedition. On the shores of this sea our Lord was "in His own country," for Nazareth is only about twenty miles from the part of the water nearest to it: the sea washes the district in which His youth and the greatest part of His manhood were passed; for He was only an occasional visitor to Jerusalem. A large proportion of the scenes depicted in the Gospels occurred on this lake or on its shores, or in the immediate neighbourhood of them. If the hills and valleys, and towns, and strands, and waters, and fields, and rocks of this favoured region could give their testimony, they would furnish tales on which millions of minds would hang with rapture; and the "many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written," would be made manifest for our edification. That wisdom of which we inherit but a few pages was being poured forth daily for years in the parts of Zabulon and Naphtali; those parables of which we know but a selection were narrated plentifully around the famous lake; that beneficence of which we long for further instances had here its chief exercise,—for it was in this region principally that our Lord "went about doing good." There cannot be a mile of ground here which is not a field of interest—not a village nor a highway but what we can believe to have received the

impress of His feet, or have echoed to His voice. The construction, therefore, of an accurate map of the country, will be hailed universally with satisfaction, and the researches of the map-makers will, we are sure, be ardently followed.

The Sea of Galilee, or Sea of Tiberias, or Lake of Gennesareth, is a sheet of water formed by the expansion of the bed of the Jordan. It is about twelve and a quarter miles long from north to south, and at its broadest part six and three quarter miles wide from east to west. But its width is by no means regular, its shape being that of a pear or a leg of mutton, the broadest part toward the north, and the more projecting side toward the west, the eastern shore being by comparison straight, except near the lower end. It is full of fish. Its waters, thick and muddy at the extreme north, become clear and bright as they approach its narrow end; for Jordan, which flows into it a foul stream, leaves the lake a pure and sweet river. The surface is from 600 to 700 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The climate is genial in winter, and not excessively hot in summer. With shores that rise but gently, in most parts, from the basin, and whose colour is uniformly brown where seen above the foliage at their bases, the scenery would be tame were it not for the fine hills, including the snowy tops of Hermon, which can be seen all round through the transparent ether, and for the innumerable effects of light and shade. Shrubs and blossoms add to the beauty of the coasts, which vary continually, being sometimes backed by broad plains, showing at others the openings of long gorges, and elsewhere,

especially to the north, being broken into many and charming bays. Volcanic action appears to be energetic: there are hot springs in the basin of the lake, and very serious earthquakes occur. Wild boar are to be found on a plain to the north-east.

Those who have formed a mental picture of this sea, so often recurring in sacred story—as who in childhood has not?—have, no doubt, imagined a water covered with ships and boats, resounding with the cries of sailors and fishermen, and flanked by many proud cities rich in merchandise and glorious to the sight. Alas for such visions! the cities and the men and the traffic *were* there, but they have disappeared so completely that the waters of the lake may be said to sleep amid a solitude. As for the famous cities, of most of them it cannot be said with certainty where they were, and this survey now first begins to give us some reliable data for identifying their ruins: one or two remain, but not as cities; small, dirty, Arab villages alone represent those busy towns, wherein were done “mighty works,” such as would have overcome the sinful obduracy of Tyre and Sidon. Tiberias is there, on the west coast, rather below the centre of the lake. Its sea-wall, broken columns, towers, aqueducts, attest the glory of its ancient estate; but the modern Tiberias is but a poor collection of houses, chiefly inhabited by Jews who have returned to Palestine. Its filth and vermin have become a proverb.* About four miles north of this, a heap of ruins, now named Mejdel, marks the site of that Magdala where Mary Magdalene had her home. North of this, again, is the plain of Gennesareth, an area of great beauty and fertility, along

which, sad to say, are several heaps of rubbish, denoting, probably, the places of old towns and villages wherein our Lord taught. But there are other names more famous than those which we have mentioned; one is impatient to hear of the proud Capernaum, of Chorazin, of Bethsaida. What report is there of these? Well, there is so little positively to be said of them—rather there *was* so little positively to be said, for the surveyors have done much toward bringing them to life again—that where they stood is a question. Bold travellers and learned sages have essayed to establish the identity of this or that heap of rubbish with one or other of the cities; each has been jealous for his own heap. There have been differences and controversies, and there would have been, for many a day, controversies destined to end in nothing, had not the surveyors, by subjecting each ruin and all its surroundings to rigid measurement, so that they may all be seen and judged of on the map at a glance, brought the different speculations to a test. We will not say what the many speculations have been, but state what seems most likely to be the truth after the unsentimental process of applying the chain and compass. A heap known as Tel Hum, nearly as extensive as the ruins of old Tiberias, is, in Captain Wilson’s opinion, what remains of Capernaum. It is learned from Josephus that near to Capernaum was a celebrated fountain; and a fountain apparently answering to his description has been found at Et Tabigah, a mile and a half from Tel Hum, and shown on the map. Moreover, it has been ascertained that Tel Hum is a larger ruin than any other on the sea-coast in that

* That the king of the fleas holds his court at Tiberias, is, Captain Wilson tells us, an Arab proverb. Fleas must be rather plentiful where they are noticed by Arabs.

neighbourhood ; and it is a common opinion that Capernaum was of more importance than either of the other two cities, Bethsaida and Chorazin. A very old traveller has left it on record that Capernaum had no wall ; and Tel Hum must have been a long straggling city without a wall. It seems, too, that the name Tel Hum may be derived from Capernaum or Capharnaum. It is to be remarked, also, that there was a synagogue at Capernaum ; for we are told (John, vi. 59) that our Lord taught therein : and the remains of a synagogue, which the explorers well knew how to distinguish from any other building, have been found at Tel Hum. Captain Wilson thinks that by turning over the ruins and examining beneath them, evidence might be found sufficient to set the question at rest. Speaking of our Lord's discourse in this synagogue, he says : "It was not without a certain strange feeling that on turning over a large block we found the pot of manna engraved on its face, and remembered the words 'I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.'" There remains something yet to be said about this synagogue. It was told of the centurion whose servant was healed, "he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue" (Luke, vii. 5). Now, if Tel Hum be Capernaum, as it probably is, the surveying party stood within the ruined walls of this very synagogue, many of the stones of which have been burned for lime, or taken away to be used in modern buildings.

About two and a half miles to the north of Tel Hum, and nearly the same distance up a valley from the shore of the lake, is a ruin named Kerazeh. The name always suggested Chorazin ; but travellers were unable to identify it with that city, because to their view the area of the

ruins was very small. Here, however, the hard facts of the survey come to the aid of inquiring minds : the ruins look small, because at a hundred yards' distance the masonry here can hardly be distinguished from the surrounding rocks ; but when carefully examined and tried by the chain, they are found to be by no means insignificant, but to indicate that the area of the city was nearly, if not quite, equal to that of Capernaum, if Capernaum is Tel Hum. At Kerazeh, also, the ruins of a synagogue have been found. Many of the dwelling-houses here are in a tolerably perfect state ; and Captain Wilson, very reasonably supposing that these give a good idea of the kind of house in which our Saviour dwelt, writes a description of them which we quote :—

"They are generally square, of different sizes—the largest measure was nearly 30 feet—and have one or two columns down the centre to support the roof, which appears to have been flat, as in the modern Arab houses. The walls are about two feet thick, built of masonry or of loose blocks of basalt. There is a low doorway in the centre of one of the walls, and each house has windows twelve inches high and six and a half inches wide. In one or two cases the houses were divided into four chambers."

Traces of the main road which led out of the city towards Damascus have been discovered. The city would have been in sight from the water at the same time as that at Tel Hum. So, the fact of its magnitude having been brought to light, there is no reason why we should object to Kerazeh as the modern form of Chorazin. Indeed, Captain Wilson has no doubt about their being the same ; but he would be glad to have his conviction tried by the results of subterranean examinations.

Here we take occasion to state, that for the light thrown on these

important points—to wit, the sites of Capernaum and Chorazin—we are indebted to the survey, which, by fixing the fountain in the one place, and ascertaining the true site of the ruins in the other, cleared up the prospect. And we ought to add that Captain Wilson more than once notices the assistance which he received from the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS., and the Tauchnitz edition of the New Testament, which, by a slight difference with the authorised version, make the passages of our Lord and His disciples over the water, and some circumstances of time and place, harmonise completely with the sites which he ascribes to the cities, while in the same accounts our version would perplex a little.

The information given concerning Bethsaida is not very precise; neither does Captain Wilson himself appear to be firmly convinced, although, on the whole, he inclines to place the city at Khan Minyeh, a ruin on a cliff overhanging the lake, two and a half miles south of Tel Hum. But it is still matter of dispute whether there were two Bethsaidas or only one. Many, looking at the descriptions of Josephus and at the requirements of Scripture, decide that there must have been two—viz., Bethsaida in Galilee, and Bethsaida Julias, on the eastward of the Jordan, near where the river enters the lake. Bethsaida Julias was promoted from being a village to being a city by Philip the Tetrarch, who gave it its second name after the Emperor's daughter, and who there prepared himself a tomb in which he was buried. But the notices of Bethsaida in the Scripture would seem to require a place of that name on the west shore of the lake also. Very likely the wording of the Gospels would bear an interpretation which would dispense with a second Bethsaida,

and in that case no further search in Galilee would be necessary. If there were a second, it no doubt stood on, or not far withdrawn from, the coast-line (five miles long) from Khan Minyeh to the flowing in of the Jordan.

On a bend of the river a little way above the lake is Et Tel, a ruin which has traditionally been identified with Bethsaida Julias; but our surveyors, after examining this "heap" with their usual care, are of opinion that the remains are those of a place not sufficiently magnificent to answer to the city of Philip. One-third of the way down the east coast of the sea, and nearly opposite to Magdala, is a ruin enclosed by a wall three feet thick, and named Khersa. This Captain Wilson, agreeing with some former travellers, decides to be Gergesa, the place where our Lord delivered the two demoniacs, and where He permitted the devils whom He had cast out to go into the herd of swine. Close to Gergesa the coast becomes suddenly steep; and this, no doubt, is the place where the swine ran down into the sea. A view of the maps, too, helps to smooth away an apparent discrepancy in the Gospels. Two of the evangelists say that the miracle was wrought in the country of the Gadarenes; but Captain Wilson shows that if the miracle had been wrought at Gadara, the swine would have had a gallop of two miles after rushing down the steep before they got to the sea; and he suggests, either that Gergesa was subject to Gadara, and might therefore properly be said to be in the country of the Gadarenes, or else that "Gadarenes" has been written in MSS. of Mark and Luke for "Gergesenes," which latter is the name given in Matthew. That the scene of the story was on the eastern side of the lake there can be no doubt;

because our Lord, when the inhabitants besought Him to depart out of their coasts, entered into a ship, and passed over and came into His own city, which was on the west. From three to four miles south of Khersa, on the plateau of a hill, and a mile or more from the coast, are the walls of Gamala, once a fortified city, the inhabitants of which were all massacred when the Romans took it. The city of Gadara lies about five miles south-east of the most southern point of the lake. The remains here appear to be more numerous and better preserved than those of any other city on these coasts. Its theatres—one of them very perfect—are yet to be seen; and its cemetery, containing rock-hewn tombs and sarcophagi, is a remarkable place. The tombs are now Arab dwelling-places. Close to where the Jordan flows out of the lake is Kerak, the remains of the city Tarichæa.

Four miles due west of a point on the coast midway between Magdala and Tiberias, is the village of Hattin, and near it a curious two-peaked mountain, known as the "Horns of Hattin." This was the field of a battle very fatal to the Crusaders in 1187. They lost the cross, and suffered most severely; and the King of Jerusalem was taken prisoner by Saladin. This was a little before Cœur de Lion appeared on the scene. But the Horns of Hattin have a claim to our regard higher than a fight between Crusaders and Moslems can give. This hill is traditionally known as the "Mount of Beatitudes," where the great precepts of Christianity were first propounded in a gentle discourse to a multitude, not as the Jewish law had been given in clouds and thunder from Sinai. We cannot hope to be ever positively certain as to where the Sermon on the Mount was preached, but our surveyors say

that the Horns of Hattin affords a situation admirably fitted for its delivery.

There has been much controversy concerning the place where the miraculous feeding of the five thousand took place. Tradition puts it on the west coast; and this has been the chief cause of the supposition that there was a second Bethsaida in Galilee, because St Luke says that it was in a desert place belonging to Bethsaida; while St Mark states that after the miracle the disciples went on before to Bethsaida. Either, therefore, there must have been two Bethsaiidas, or an error has somewhere crept into the accounts. Now it is interesting to learn from Captain Wilson that in the Sinaitic version of St Luke, the words "belonging to Bethsaida" do not occur. So, if this version be accepted as the right one, the miracle may have been performed on the west coast, in the neighbourhood of the cities from which the multitude came out; and the return voyage of the disciples may have been directed on Bethsaida, although one Gospel says that they came to Gennesaret, and another that they went towards Capernaum: for these last may be reconciled. The disciples may have embarked to go to Bethsaida, and yet have been obliged to land at an intermediate point, if they encountered difficulties. Now we know that a memorable storm overtook them on this voyage; and this may have obliged them to land at Capernaum, which, if it be Tel Hum, is in the land of Gennesaret. We should add, too, that the Sinaitic version, as quoted by Captain Wilson, by a verbally small difference from the other versions, makes the place of the miracle to be near Tiberias, which would accord with the tradition above mentioned. We do not by any means regard this reasoning as con-

clusive; but, supposing it to be accepted, then a fountain known as the "cold spring," on the coast between Tiberias and Magdala, or else a hillside a little to the west of this spring, and towards Hattin, is the spot.

The tempests on that sea are sudden, terrible, and short-lived. They would appear to have been very dangerous to such boats as were in use in the days of the apostles; for we find the followers of our Lord, fishermen as they were, greatly alarmed on these occasions. When their Master was asleep on board, and when they saw the figure walking on the water, they thought their lives in danger. Captain Wilson witnessed one of these treacherous tempests, and has given a description of it, which perhaps we do well to quote:—

"Sudden storms, such as those mentioned in the New Testament, are by no means uncommon; and I had a good opportunity of watching one of them from the ruins of Gamala, on the eastern hills. The morning was delightful; a gentle easterly breeze, and not a cloud in the sky to give warning of what was coming. Suddenly, about mid-day, there was a sound of distant thunder, and a small cloud, 'no bigger than a man's hand,' was seen rising over the heights of Lubieh to the west. In a few moments the cloud appeared to spread, and heavy black masses came rolling down the hills towards the lake, completely obscuring Tabor and Hattin. At this moment the breeze died away, there were a few minutes of perfect calm, during which the sun shone out with intense power, and the surface of the lake was smooth and even as a mirror. Tiberias, Mejd-el, and other buildings stood out in sharp relief from the gloom behind; but they were soon lost sight of as the thunder-gust swept past them, and rapidly advancing across the lake, lifted the placid water into a bright sheet of foam: in another moment it reached

the ruins, driving myself and companion to take refuge in a cistern, where, for nearly an hour, we were confined, listening to the rattling peals of thunder, and torrents of rain. The effect of half the lake in perfect rest, whilst the other half was in wild confusion, was extremely grand. It would have fared badly with any light craft caught in mid-lake by the storm; and we could not help thinking of that memorable occasion on which the storm is so graphically described as 'coming down' upon the lake."

The new map gives great assistance to all who would clearly comprehend the events, and their order, in the New Testament, and it should be in the hands of every Bible student. It, like the other maps of Palestine by the same hands, was not made without much toil, exposure, and risk; notwithstanding which, we trust that other maps in continuation may appear before long. The officers of this expedition, while examining the coasts of the Sea of Galilee, kept a boat,* having blankets and a tent on board, moving about with orders to meet them at night at certain fixed points; and in this way, notwithstanding the little help afforded them by the Turkish authorities, they managed to get pleasantly over their work. The Arab dwellers in tents they found for the most part friendly and hospitable; yet some of them appear to have been greatly startled at seeing two Franks in their midst without warning. Lieutenant Anderson, however, once experienced treatment of a rather hostile character. It was on the occasion of the storm, a description of which we quoted above. He had for a time left Captain Wilson, and was engaged at a village on the heights, where, when the storm broke, he was fain to seek shelter among the *fellahin*. These treated

* There are now, it seems, but three boats on the lake.

him well enough while he remained; but on his departure they followed him, and attempted to throw him down and rob him. Lieutenant Anderson managed to free himself for an instant, and to draw his revolver, the sight of which staggered his assailants; and he used the opportunity of their brief astonishment to get over the crest of a height, and so gain a start of them, which he maintained till he reached the sea. There were plenty of adventures, both on horseback and on foot; but the officers seem to have completely effected their object, evidently with satisfaction to themselves, and certainly with benefit to us. We are not aware that it was any part of their duty to give us their impressions concerning controverted points, to make clear the narrative of the Gospels, or to attempt to reconcile conflicting passages. We are, however, glad that they thought proper to perform these services: their discussions are always shrewd and unbiassed; they show that the subject had been well studied in books as well as on the ground; and their tone is such as every devout reader must approve.

We take our leave now of the Holy Land, to follow the track of another resolute and intelligent explorer, to whom the world is largely indebted. After thirty years of indifference to the subject, Europe is again waking up to the importance of forming a highway into British India by the Euphrates valley and the shore of the Persian Gulf. An iron road traversing the dominions which once belonged to Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar is, notwithstanding the inroads which science has been making on India and Egypt, and other lands which were famous when the world was young, still a startling idea. Till very lately, it might have been said of Babylonia

and Mesopotamia and Assyria, that they had lost every link that could connect their present with their past. Egypt and India, obscure though their histories were and are in many places, yet had, and have, they must have rejoiced in a grand noble monuments to witness that past; but of the countries through which the Tigris and Euphrates flow, it seemed as if the few notices which occur in sacred and profane accounts were the only vouchers that existed, or ever would exist, of the shadowy greatness of these realms. So completely had barbarism been re-established there by the Arabs—so shockingly desolate is the whole region—that we might have gone to measure it for its iron bands in profound ignorance of what manner of men they were who had aggrandised and adorned it, who had peopled it like bees, and who were a terror to their neighbours, having carried away captive men in nations. *Might*, we say; for it was ordained that, in the thirty years' interval between the former examination of the Euphrates valley and the practical design which seems now to be ripening towards fulfilment, the nineteenth century should become a little better acquainted with Semiramis and Sennacherib, and Esar-haddon and Sardanapalus, and the people over whom they ruled, than preceding ages had been. A ransacking of heaps and mounds has brought to light unhoped-for treasures—undoubted remains of the cities thought for many ages to be entirely obliterated, and the sites of which no man could with certainty point out. We had some idea of where Babylon had stood; but as for Nineveh, it was a name, and nothing more. Opposite to, and below, the Turkish town of Mosul, the banks of the Tigris were studded with huge mounds, supposed to be formed of only earth and rubbish; and

some of these were believed to occupy the site of Asshur's capital. But this was only a vague idea—an idea, too, which to all appearance it was too late to examine with a view to strengthening or extinguishing it; and so the world resigned itself to an inevitable ignorance. But fortunately there were one or two inquiring minds that refused to accept this ignorance as irremediable until some effort should have been made to dispel it. Half a century since, a gentleman named Rich, who was travelling for his health, having visited Kurdistan, made the journey from Mosul to Baghdad. His suspicion that the numerous heaps would repay the expense and labour of examination was strengthened by an account received from the Arabs of a sculpture representing men and animals which had been dug out of one of them. Like good Mussulmans and utter barbarians, they had completely destroyed these figures, which their doctors decided to be idols of the infidels; but the tale encouraged Mr Rich to examine some of the largest mounds. He found remains of buildings in places where the soil had been washed away by the rains, and he got out of the rubbish fragments of pottery, and some bricks bearing cuneiform characters. The little that he collected was placed in the British Museum; but so small was it, that a case three feet square enclosed all that we could boast of as the remains of Nineveh and Babylon; and it does not seem that other museums in Europe were richer, either in relics or information, than our own. Of Assyrian arts we knew literally nothing; of Assyrian history we had but a few scraps, telling of events to which, in some instances, we could not assign dates more precisely than within the limits of a thousand years or so, and concerning which, in other instances,

we had no certainty that they had ever happened at all.

Twenty years after Mr Rich's rather unproductive explorations, Mr Austen Layard, another Englishman, happened to travel, or, as he calls it, to wander, in company with a friend, through Asia Minor and Syria. He could not resist an impulse which prompted him to cross into the desolate and dangerous region beyond the Euphrates, and to enter the shadow which hangs over Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldaea. He journeyed eastward from Aleppo by Bir and Orfa, skirted the Kurdish hills on the route to Nisibin, and from Nisibin made his way to the Turkish town of Mosul on the Tigris. The place last named was thought to be the descendant of ancient Nineveh. On the bank of the river opposite to it were great mounds known as Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, said to be the ruins of the mighty city; and up and down the river, at Khorsabad, Nimroud, and Kalah Shergat, were similar mounds. Buried in their own rubbish, and covered by the mould of ages, the different ruins slept a sleep which gave no promise of a waking. The plough cut the soil above them; burying-grounds of the true believers were established in the superincumbent earth; Arab villages straggled over the ruins, no soul of their inhabitants knowing or heeding of the famous people who had trod the courts below, and whose only records were enclosed in the mounds. The conviction was strong in the mind of the traveller that these long-neglected heaps had secrets of inestimable value to disclose to that adventurous soul who should be worthy to penetrate their mysteries. Desire to essay the task at a more convenient season grew apace as in the clear air of the solitude his eye ranged through a vast expanse from

mound to mound ; and his respect for the sealed-up ruins, if it could not be increased, at least was quickened by the immediate recognition of Nimroud with its pyramidal mound, as that Larissa which Xenophon had described, and near to which the ten thousand Greeks had encamped twenty-two centuries before. It was even then an ancient city ; and in what undisturbed obscurity must it have lain to make it possible for the Englishman of the nineteenth century to identify it at sight with that which was seen and written of by the old Greek ! “These huge mounds of Assyria,” says Mr Layard, “made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thoughts and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec and the theatres of Ionia.” His mind was fixed to examine thoroughly, whenever it might be in his power, these interesting remains.

The secret of Mr Layard’s future success lay in that word “thoroughly,” which was evidently not a mere figure of speech with him. He might have rambled about and scratched at the mounds as others had done before him, without adding much to our knowledge or our collections ; but what he undertook to do he would do thoroughly—*nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum* ; and the scientific world has reason to rejoice that he was a man of this mettle. He was unable for a year or two to carry out his cherished design, but he endeavoured to impress upon others the importance of making the explorations, and the good hope there was of their being rewarded ; and when he heard that M. Botta, who had been appointed by the French Government Consul at Mosul, was excavating in the mounds of Kouyunjik, he wrote to that gentleman encouraging him to persevere. M. Botta’s enterprise does not, how-

ever, appear to have been quite sufficient for such a task. He worked at the heaps of Kouyunjik, but he failed to broach the casket which contained so much hid treasure ; and but for an accident, his operations would probably have been fruitless to himself, and have discouraged others. He was not, however, destined to labour in vain. A peasant from Khorsabad happening to visit the excavations, told him that such things as he appeared to be seeking were frequently turned up in digging foundations or other trenches in the village to which he belonged. After being for a while unconvinced of the profitableness of seeking another field, M. Botta at length conceived better hope of the project, and commenced digging at Khorsabad. The peasant’s advice proved fortunate. A shaft sunk in the mound soon reached a wall ; the wall proved to be lined with sculptured slabs of gypsum ; it formed the side of a chamber which led into many other chambers, all being set about with sculptured slabs representing battles, sieges, and similar events. “His wonder may be easily imagined. A new history had been suddenly opened to him ; the records of an unknown people were before him. . . . The style of art of the sculptures, the dresses of the figures, the mythic forms on the walls, were all new to him, and afforded no clue to the epoch of the erection of the edifice, or to the people who were its founders. Numerous inscriptions, accompanying the bas-reliefs, evidently contained the explanation of the events thus recorded in sculpture ; and being in the cuneiform or arrow-headed character, proved that the building belonged to an age preceding the conquests of Alexander. . . . M. Botta had discovered an Assyrian edifice, the first, probably, which had been exposed to the view

of man since the fall of the Assyrian empire."*

The prize was not, however, what it first appeared. The building which M. Botta discovered had been destroyed by fire, and the calcined slabs, on being exposed to the air, began immediately to fall to pieces. There was time to copy the inscriptions and figures before the gypsum was disintegrated, but that was all. The venerable monument had been uncovered only to be dissolved. Like the lamp in Rosicrucius' sepulchre,† it would have endured for an indefinite time concealed and unprofitable; but as soon as it seemed likely to serve a useful purpose, or to gratify curiosity, it was shivered in pieces! Yet though this was the fate of the monument—though it perished for ever as soon as seen—it nevertheless, as Mr Layard reminds us, answered to a great extent the purpose of its builder. It was preserved underground until men had learned the art of rapidly transferring, and of repeating at will, its forms and its legends. An educated mind caught and stored up its import while it was in the article of dissolution; its story was rescued by art from the limbo of secret things; its material has become powder, but the ideas of its builder belong to us and to our children for ever! That builder was over-sanguine in fancying that his work would endure for all time, but his mind must have come far short of conceiving the dissemination which his thoughts are like to have in spite of the destruction of the marble in which he put his trust.

Encouraged by this success, M. Botta applied for and obtained from his Government the means of pursuing his investigations; but he

did not examine other mounds beside those of Khorsabad, all the walls of which had unfortunately, like those first discovered, been destroyed by fire. He did, however, secure some specimens of Assyrian sculpture, and copies of very many inscriptions, and returned home the most successful explorer that had yet busied himself with excavations on the banks of the Tigris.

The first-fruits had thus been snatched from Mr Layard, through no fault of his. Many a man seeing the wind thus taken out of his sails, would have resigned himself to having missed his destiny, and looked for a fresh field for his endeavours. Not so Mr Layard. He rejoiced and triumphed in M. Botta's good fortune with the soul of a true follower of science; he saw in what had been achieved the justification of his belief, and the earnest of a fuller harvest; his appetite for a "thorough" exploration was only whetted. In the autumn of the same year‡ which had witnessed the termination of M. Botta's labours, he was able to carry out his cherished wish. Sir Stratford Canning, {then our Minister at Constantinople, interested himself in the pursuit, and agreed to share with Mr Layard the expense of a venture. The ardent explorer left Constantinople in the middle of October, and such diligence did he use that he reached Mosul in twelve days.

The suspicions and expected opposition of the Turkish officials were obviated by Mr Layard's prudence, and by the use of the credentials with which he was provided. In his previous excursions he had learned how to manage the Arabs, and to make them labour for him. He conciliated

* Layard's 'Nineveh and its Remains' (abridgment), p. 8.

† *Vide* No. 379 of the 'Spectator.'

‡ 1845.

a Sheikh, procured through his means a small gang of workmen, and, before the Pasha was aware of his design, had made such discoveries in the mounds of Nimroud as convinced him that his further labour would be well rewarded. So he now took the Pasha into his confidence, asked to have an agent of Government appointed to secure any treasure that might be found (the idea that hidden riches were the object of the search being fixed in the Turkish mind), and received a tacit sanction to his proceedings. The work advanced, and in a very little while sculptured slabs were uncovered, in many respects resembling those found by M. Botta at Khorsabad—a pair of gigantic winged bulls, a crouching lion rudely carved, two smaller winged lions, and a bas-relief nine feet high. Again the slabs had been exposed to fire, but the sculptures were copied. Each slab contained two bas-reliefs divided by an inscription in the cuneiform character. The scenes represented were: 1st, A battle or pursuit, in which two chariots containing warriors were being driven past or over enemies, some resisting, others prostrate. 2d, A siege of a castle or walled city. 3d, Two warriors—one on horseback, the other in a chariot. 4th, The towers and battlements of a castle, with a stream and a man fishing. These were clearly historical pieces. The dresses and arms of the figures were very distinct, according to the side on which they were fighting, and showed that the war was between nations of diverse fashions. It was assumed that those who were getting the better of the contests were in every case Assyrians, and these were represented in coats of mail, wearing helmets with lappets to protect the neck, like the early Normans. They carry bows and arrows, or swords and shields, and their

horses are richly caparisoned, and their chariots much ornamented. The enemies are dressed in short tunics descending to the knees, their heads bare, and the hair confined by a simple fillet. In the siege are portrayed all the ancient methods of attack and defence: flights of missiles, escalade, demolition of walls, destruction by fire, dropping of heavy weights and precipitation of assailants from the walls, attempts to burn the assailants' engines, and so on; while the appearance within the walls of a female figure with dishevelled hair, and in an attitude of supplication, raises a sentiment, and indicates how the victory is inclining. The large bas-relief represented a human figure raising the right hand, and carrying a flower in the left. The lion was of black basalt. The heads and wings of the bulls had been destroyed; but on the backs of the slabs out of which they had been wrought were inscriptions. The small winged lions are described as being only remains! The knowledge of form, of grouping, and of composition exhibited in the bas-reliefs, showed them to have been produced in a nation much advanced in art. There were disproportions in the objects; arbitrary methods of representing the beards and hair of men, and the wings and coverings of animals, were used; and there was the presentation of all the figures in profile, as in the Egyptian bas-reliefs; notwithstanding which, a considerable power could be traced, and a knowledge of the requirements of art which as yet the sculptors' hands could not satisfy.

It took but a short examination to convince the quick perception of Mr Layard that the slabs had not originally stood in the place where he found them. The edges had been cut away, to the injury of both figures and inscriptions; and

one slab was reversed. Thus far there was nothing to indicate the character of the building of which these relics had been the ornaments.

Here Mr Layard was compelled to pause, as the Turks were seized with an obstructive fit; but he was so far satisfied with the results of his labours that he wrote to Sir Stratford Canning to procure for him a definite authority to proceed with them. One excuse made by the Pasha for interrupting the work was, that some graves of the faithful had been disturbed by the excavations. A little while after, it was confessed by a subordinate officer that he had been ordered to *make* graves which the diggers might appear to have disturbed; also that in making the sham graves he had disturbed several real ones, although the excavators had not. The ignorant suspicions, duplicity, and lying of the Turkish authorities were enough to break the spirit of an ordinary man, and yet these were not all the difficulties that Mr Layard had to contend with. He was in the desert, surrounded by Arab tribes who were at war with each other, continually executing raids, and who might at any time come down upon his party and make short work of himself and his discoveries. To guard against this he had to make alliances from time to time with different tribes, so as to secure protection; and this he appears to have done with a skill which formed no inconsiderable part of his qualification for the task which he had undertaken. He studied and learned the peculiarities of the Arab nature; could adapt himself to the wild simple habits of the children of the desert; dared to rely on their nobler qualities; bore with and turned to good account their infirmities; and was immensely popular with all the tribes among

whom he sojourned. Many a traveller has managed to lose his property or his life before penetrating a tenth of Mr Layard's incursion into the wastes of Mesopotamia and Assyria, or achieving anything worthy of record; while he, venturing everywhere, shrinking from no attempt which promised to gratify his thirst for information, traversed the wilderness, tore out its secrets, and returned to Europe unharmed. He had, however, sometimes to shift his berth rather suddenly; and a flitting of this kind took place during the first examination of the mounds of Nimroud, which we have just described. On account of the many depredations of numerous and powerful tribes in the neighbourhood of Naïsa, a village near to Nimroud, he removed to Selamiyeh, higher up the river, where he took up his quarters in the house of the chief of the village, living in a degree of comfort of which the following extract will give some idea:—

"The premises, which were speedily completed, consisted of four hovels, surrounded by a mud wall, and roofed with reeds and boughs of trees. I occupied half of the larger habitation, the other half being appropriated for beasts of the plough and various domestic animals. We were separated by a wall, in which, however, numerous apertures served as a means of communication. These I studiously endeavoured for some time to block up. A second hut was devoted to the wives, children, and poultry of my host; a third served as kitchen and servants' hall; the fourth was converted into a stall for my horses. In the enclosure formed by the buildings and outer wall, the few sheep and goats which had escaped the rapacity of the Pasha congregated during the night, and kept up a continual bleating and coughing until they were milked and turned out to pasture at daybreak.

"The roofs not having been constructed to exclude the winter rains now setting in, it required some exer-

cise of ingenuity to escape the torrent which descended into my apartment. I usually passed the night on these occasions crouched up in a corner, or under a rude table which I had constructed. The latter, having been surrounded by trenches to carry off the accumulating waters, generally afforded the best shelter."

Though the interruptions of his work were continual, and some of them of long duration, Mr Layard did not desist from it until he had ascertained what were the treasures of the principal mounds, secured and transmitted to England a great many of the most valuable of those treasures, traced out the forms of the buildings in which they were found, and deduced from his discoveries much information, to modern nations quite new, concerning the history and customs of the Assyrians of old. The sculptures, found in great quantity from time to time, were most of them of the same character as those already described, but they presented varieties of the same subjects, and the execution of some far surpassed in merit that of others. The differences soon suggested that the ruins were of different periods; and a clue was found to the dates, the names of the builders, and the style of the architecture. But perhaps it may be well, before saying how they serve to reconstruct history, or to make intelligible some hitherto obscure allusions in ancient writings, to state what the subjects of the bas-reliefs and other figures were.

A very large portion of the sculptures is intended to magnify and record the exploits of the king, who is in most cases the principal figure. He is on his throne, receiving ambassadors who prostrate themselves before him, and offer presents; or he is performing religious services in company with some of his gods; he is hunting, destroying lions generally; or he is in his war-chariot, on the march, or in action, or directing the

works of a siege, or the passage of a marsh, or giving orders concerning the disposal of the captives. In other places he is superintending civil works. There is an elaborate representation of the transport to its place in a building of a gigantic image of a human-headed bull. Here and there was found what was thought to be the portrait of a monarch, on a very large scale, wearing his robes and head-dress, and carrying royal symbols in his hand; about his neck is a string of sacred emblems; the tassels, fringes, and ornaments of his dress, and the ornaments of his person, his thrones, and his chariots, are elaborately displayed. Where the king is not personally present, it is evident that most of the tableaux relate to his majesty's service, and principally to his wars and conquests. We have his warriors in chariots, on horseback, and on foot; spearmen, archers, men armed with the sword and with the mace. We have his troops embarked in galleys, or on rafts supported by inflated skins. The characters of the different countries which are the theatres of war, are indicated by trees, mountains, streams, marshes, by the physiognomy and costumes of the enemy, by the kind of booty, and by the images of their gods, which are being carried away in triumph. There is no Homeric ascription of great qualities to the foe, although, as we shall see, we have much reason to believe that Ionia and Greece generally derived much of their art and elegance from Assyria. On the contrary, the Assyrians seem to have had a charter for "whipping creation;" they pursue, they kill, they over-ride, they crack a castle or a fenced city like a nut, they carry away captive whole nations, they load themselves with spoil. And this is not the worst; we see them putting to death and torturing their prisoners, and in one slab flaying them alive. Scribes

take account of the enemies' heads that are brought in; some of the enemy are seen writhing impaled upon the field; birds of prey fly through the air carrying in their beaks the entrails of the slain; but no Assyrian is ever seen dead, or wounded, or prisoner. In other compartments, troops of women and children, and bands of musicians, are going out to meet the returning conquerors. Apes, camels, rhinoceroses, elephants, antelopes, buffaloes, come on the scene either as spoil or as tribute.

The king is in some places represented with the symbol of the supreme being above his head. This figure is like that of a man wearing a horned cap, such as is seen on the human-headed figures of animals, and shooting an arrow; it is surrounded by a circle with wings. Occasionally the figure has three heads. There is a god with the head of a bird, and another compounded of the figures of a man and a fish. No doubt, among these are Baal and Rimmon, and Nisroch and Nebo. Again, the hunting pieces prove that the pursuit in which Nimrod excelled maintained its reputation as long as Assyria was an empire. The noblest chase of all was that of the lion, and it is the subject of very many bas-reliefs. The king, generally attended, is shown to us despatching the other king (of the beasts, to wit) by quite a Homeric variety of deaths. There is the hand-to-hand encounter, where the monarch seizes the wild beast by his beard and stabs him through the heart, making us think of another king,

"Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand."

The lion is transfixed with javelins or arrows, and some of the most

spirited sculptures are those which exhibit the animal as wounded and making desperate efforts of pain and rage; one fine specimen is the figure of a maddened lion seizing a chariot-wheel with his claws and teeth.* The king on one slab is pouring libations over dead lions. But there is other hunting too; we find leashes of fine dogs held in readiness for the sport, and afterwards are made to understand, by lifelike tableaux, how they pulled down the wild ass. Gazelles in many well-drawn attitudes flee before the hunters, or are transfixed by spears or arrows; and, by a scene which represents the capture of a wild ass, we learn that the lasso was in use. Deer were destroyed in quantities. Preparations for the chase furnish the subjects of a series of bas-reliefs. Huntsmen and other servants are seen bringing out the hounds,[†] and bearing themselves, or driving mules which bear, ropes, gins, and nets, for the sport. Only one lady of rank has yet been seen on the sculptures, and she is probably a queen, from the attendance and state which appertain to her. She is feasting with a king, who reclines in Eastern fashion under a shade of vine-branches. The piece is highly finished, and admirably preserved.

One remarkable series of bas-reliefs represents the process of moving to its place in a building one of the colossal human-headed bulls, weighing forty or fifty tons each, of which Mr Layard found a great number. The laborious work is done by innumerable captives, directed in all its parts by taskmasters and overseers, and superintended by the king in person, attended by his guards, and sitting in a chariot with an umbrella held over his head. The implements for this service were

* We have no reason to think that Assyrian achievement went beyond gallantly destroying the lion. The Egyptians tamed and utilised the beast, making him run down game for them.

brought up in carts, or on men's shoulders. Crow-bars and other levers, wedges, and rollers, seem to have been the only mechanical powers used. There were plenty of strong cables to pull with. The huge figure was supported in a frame, and placed on a sledge, which was hauled by main force up the mound on which stood the building to which it was to be appropriated. Men steadied it while on its rough passage by ropes and poles, and a great lever, worked by many men behind the sledge, served to guide the mass or to help it over obstacles. Some of the overseers use speaking-trumpets to give their orders. It is a very animated scene. Mr Layard tells us that, before he found these bas-reliefs, he had arranged and superintended the moving of one of these colossal bulls from the place where he found it to the Tigris for conveyance to England, and that the means which he had used were the very same which the Assyrians are shown in the sculptures to be using, except that he carried his figure on a cart instead of a sledge. Some of these bulls are twenty feet high; the human-headed lions also are very large; on some of these figures there are long inscriptions.

Some beautiful border-work of honeysuckles, and of other flowers interspersed among figures of animals, was discovered; also an emblematic tree of peculiar trace, thought to be the tree of life. A number of bells and of bronze weights in the forms of lions were found; and there were altars and inscribed cylinders, parts of daggers, swords and shields, vases, cups, and dishes. Two entire glass bowls and fragments of others were also turned up, and some ivory objects, one of which was thought to be a royal sceptre; but a more interesting discovery was that of the king's throne itself. There it stood, still recognisable as the chair

of state delineated in the sculptures, although twenty or more centuries must have elapsed since it had been seen by human eyes. "With the exception of the legs, which appear to have been partly of ivory, it was of wood, cased or overlaid with bronze. The metal was elaborately engraved and embossed with symbolical figures and ornaments, like those embroidered on the robes of the early Nimroud king, such as winged deities struggling with griffins, mythic animals, the sacred tree, and the winged lion and bull. In front of the throne was the footstool, also of wood overlaid with embossed metal, and adorned with the heads of bulls. The feet ended in lions' paws and pine-cones, like those of the throne." Of iron implements, were found pick-heads, a double-handled saw, supposed heads of sledge-hammers, and an instrument used for undermining walls in sieges.

Having thus given a short account of what was found in the mounds on the Tigris, let us go on to say what are the deductions which science has made from these relics. In the first place, the basements of the buildings in which the sculptures stood have been, with great labour and patience, satisfactorily traced, so that we know the ground-plans of some of them. Their walls were chiefly of brick, either sundried or burnt, and the bricks were generally inscribed or stamped, and we read of some of them being painted and even gilded. The sculptured slabs of gypsum made facings to the brickwork, and skirted the chambers to a greater or less height. The winged lions and bulls were found to stand generally flanking doorways or main entrances. It has been pretty clearly made out that the whole of these discovered buildings were either royal palaces or temples, or public buildings of

some kind ; perhaps each of them served more than one purpose. In the mound of Nimroud there were no less than four of these palaces, distinguished as the South-East, the South-West, the Centre, and the North-West. At Khorsabad but one palace was discovered, and two at Kouyunjik, although the records tell that there were more there. The mound at Kalah Shergat appears never to have been thoroughly explored : the perils of that neighbourhood were great ; the Arabs were hostile and powerful, and the tribes that were friendly to the explorers, and gave them protection, did not fancy a long sojourn near such formidable bands. One or two figures, and the remains of many walls, were found in this large mound, as also a great number of tombs, showing Kalah Shergat to have been extensively used as a burying-place, but at a period subsequent to the destruction of the Assyrian empire. Mr Layard does not, however, think that it ever contained a palace such as those in the other mounds.

Now it fortunately happens that on the backs of the sculptured slabs of gypsum the name of a king is frequently inscribed ; and this offered a guide to discovering the builder in each case, provided the inscription could be understood. And supposing the difficulties of the writing and language to be to any extent mastered, there were means of getting at a good deal of the history of the empire, because there were inscriptions on the faces of some of the slabs. As has been said, some of the large figures also were inscribed : between the pairs of colossal figures guarding the entrances, there were generally large slabs with records on them ; and obelisks and cylinders covered with historical inscriptions were also found. Now it is true

that to this day learned men are not quite agreed as to the reading of the cuneiform writing, nor as to the meaning of the words. There is, however, sufficient accord among them to warrant a belief that we have got at the meaning of much of this Assyrian writing, and that we can tell who built some of the palaces.

The north-west palace at Nimroud is the largest there, and the oldest palace that has been found. Its builder had a jaw-breaking name, which is now very well known, and quite recognisable in the Assyrian characters, but for the letters of it our greatest authorities do not all find exactly the same English equivalents. It is thought to be just such a name as the Greeks would have smoothed down into *Σαρδαναπαλος* ; and accordingly, he has been distinguished as Sardanapalus. He was a great warrior and builder, and flourished 900 years B.C. Since we have become acquainted with Assyrian remains and records, it is known that there were several kings whose names would be probably written "Sardanapalus" by the Greeks. Possibly these have been confounded, and the acts of two or more of them ascribed to one. Clearly, he of whom we are now speaking cannot be the Sardanapalus with whom we are best acquainted—namely, the one who lost the empire.

Shalmaneser, son of the above, built the centre palace at Nimroud. He also was a great conqueror, and greatly strengthened his empire. He had tributaries in Chaldaea, Babylonia, and probably in Persia, Syria, Phœnicia, and Northern Mesopotamia. Armenia and Media also paid him tribute ; and in one tablet * the Jewish king Jehu is said to have acknowledged his power in

* Now in the British Museum.

this way. This fixes Shalmaneser's period to somewhere about 840 years B.C.

Shalmaneser's grandson—whose name is given as Iva-lush, with variations according to the different methods of reading, and does not appear to be the same with any historical name—built some upper chambers on the mound of Nimroud, between the north-west and the south-west palaces. He also was a conqueror, and he had a wife with a name so suspiciously like Semiramis that some students believe her, though a personage of no pretension, to be the figure about which fables and glories have been wrapped and hung until she expanded into the classical Semiramis. The world has need to look to its heroes and heroines—William Tell is demolished, and here is Semiramis in a precarious condition.

The south-eastern palace at Nimroud was built by Tiglath-Pileser, the third monarch of that name. He it was who carried away captive some of the Jewish tribes. This was only one of many exploits. It is hoped that there are materials for ascertaining the chronicles of his reign with some distinctness, as it occurred at a period which is within the reach of history—viz., 744 to 726 B.C.

The palace at Khorsabad, the remains of which were discovered by M. Botta, was the work of Sargon (named in Isaiah, xx. 1), who seems to have been an Eastern Napoleon. He not only subdued the countries near about him, but also Syria, Egypt, and Ethiopia, and carried his arms into Asia Minor, and even to the island of Cyprus.

The name of the next builder is more familiar to us. Sennacherib, the son of Sargon, erected the grand palace at Kouyunjik, and he and his descendants filled it with inscribed records of his reign, so that

a full Assyrian history of that period (704 to 680 B.C.) may be forthcoming.

We know already from Scripture that Sennacherib was succeeded by his son Esar-haddon; and the Assyrian chronicles agree with this account, giving the successor's name as Asshur-akh-idin. This Esar-haddon built the south-west palace at Nimroud with materials taken from the older palaces. He it was who carried Manasseh, King of Judah, away captive to Babylon, about 677 B.C.

His son, a second Sardanapalus, built the second or northern palace at Kouyunjik. He greatly embellished the palace of Sennacherib, filling it with sculptures exhibiting that monarch's exploits, and he left ample materials for collecting the history of his own reign. He contributes something, no doubt, to the Greek Sardanapalus—indeed he is believed to be the builder of Tarsus and Anchiale, and the author of the celebrated sensual motto about eating and drinking and being jolly—but his son was the sovereign who lost the empire, and perished in the burning palace to which he had himself set fire. The Assyrian name of this son does not look like Sardanapalus at all, and at present we do not know why the Greeks attributed the act of self-immolation to a Sardanapalus.

We have picked out these notices of the builders of the palaces to give some idea of the value of Mr Layard's work. It must be stated, however, that the outline of a continuous history of the great Assyrian monarchy has already been traced from the disinterred records, and that the accounts of some of the reigns are likely to be filled in with considerable minuteness whenever the deciphering of the inscriptions shall have been accomplished; and very satisfactory accounts they are likely

to be, for the sculptures illustrate the history all along, and we learn the manner of doing things as well as the things that were done.

As the mystery of the cuneiform writing is what stands between us and an extensive and accurate knowledge of many periods in the history of Persia, Babylonia, and Assyria, some account of this writing and its difficulties, as well as of the means by which the difficulties were to some extent overcome, may be interesting. The element or unit in this kind of writing is a figure in the shape of a wedge or arrow-head. Every separate symbol, such as a letter or numeral, is either a single wedge placed in a certain attitude, or a cluster of wedges grouped in a particular manner. A single wedge may of course be written vertically with the thin or the broad end uppermost, it may be written horizontally with the broad end to the right or to the left, and it may be written inclined to the vertical or to the horizontal, and its point turned either way—representing in every one of these attitudes a different sound. If this variety can be achieved with a single wedge, the great number of sounds that may be represented by different combinations of two or of more wedges may be imagined. To find the different shapes that can be made out of a limited number is an exercise in permutation; but if the number of wedges be unlimited, the combinations are infinite. When in modern times the remains of this kind of writing began to attract attention, there was not the slightest clue to interpretation. The meaning had utterly perished. If only a word, or even a letter, had been certainly understood, the ingenious brains of scholars would speedily by its means have learned something more, and then from that something advanced a further stage, from the small seed

obtaining at last a tree with many branches. But the ignorance was absolute; and yet, as we shall see, it was not hopeless, neither did it deter students from essaying the solution of this hard enigma. After a time, the faintest possible ray of light began to appear. There was reason to believe, from the length and the number of the words in three different sentences on the same stone, that one and the same meaning had been expressed in three different languages, or that each of these periods was a translation of the other two. This discovery did not seem to promise much, for all three tongues were written in cuneiform characters, and all three were entirely unknown. If, as in the case of the Rosetta stone, one or more of the inscriptions had been legible and intelligible, the unknown part or parts would at once have been to a certain extent clear. But where all three languages and modes of writing were equally obscure, how should any one of them serve to interpret the others? And yet these trilingual inscriptions were the means of bringing light upon all three languages and modes of writing. A learned and most ingenious German scholar (Grotefend) observed that a great many of these inscriptions were nearly the same as to length and characters, the difference being in two or three words introduced at a particular part of the inscription. He thought it likely that the inscriptions might repeat some set form, glorifying the king, or announcing some act of his, as the erection of a building, and that the words which were not always the same were the names of the different kings and of their fathers, like Jeroboam the son of Nebat, according to Eastern custom. This idea was strengthened by the discovery that the word which seemed to represent the king on one stone would

represent the king's father on a later stone, and from a still later stone entirely disappear, while a new name was introduced. The learned decipherer at last became satisfied that these variable words denoted a succession of kings. He made a guess at the names on some tablets known to relate to Persia—assuming that the characters on the oldest stone meant Darius the son of Hystaspes, and that when one of these names vanished while the other remained, although in a different position, and a new name was introduced, the changed characters meant Xerxes the son of Darius.* Fortunately he had hit the mark, and, having assured himself that he knew the names intended, he was able to ascertain the sounds of some of the letters; these letters, with a little clever guessing, led to the discovery of others, and so a breach was made in the wall of thick darkness which had shrouded the cuneiform writing. It need hardly be stated that when one of the tongues on the trilingual tablets came to be known, a key more or less effectual would be found for the others. In this way much progress has been made with the interpretation, which has in many cases been proved to be sound by its disclosure of facts unknown before, but which subsequent discoveries have verified. Several times in the course of his narratives Mr Layard points to this verification, saying of some historical fact which his researches had brought to light, or which had been worked out of inscriptions in some other tongue, that it had been previously announced by Sir H. Rawlinson, or Mr Hincks, or M. Oppert, who had learned it from the cuneiform tablets or cylinders. Thus it was proved that they had

read the cuneiform writing aright in many instances. There remain, notwithstanding, numerous difficulties. Translators do not agree as to all the details, and in some of the tongues symbols have been used for whole words, like hieroglyphics; so that one may know the alphabet, and yet be ignorant of what these symbols mean. One of the cylinders found in Nineveh was a sort of hornbook showing what many of these signs meant, and thus little by little the darkness is being dispelled.

As examples of the kind of information which has been furnished, let the following be taken. There is a detailed Assyrian account of the wars between Sennacherib and Hezekiah, King of Judah, the agreement of which with the Scriptural account is most remarkable.† The taking of the city of Lachish is not only recorded in writing, but a series of bas-reliefs exhibits all the particulars of it. Sennacherib commanded in person at the siege, and after the town was taken sat on his throne to give decrees concerning it, and to receive the submission of the conquered and dispose of the prisoners. If any man doubts the severity of the punishment which fell upon the wretched Jews for their idolatry, he will do well to study Mr Layard's accounts and drawings. Sennacherib's account of the little *douceur*—his direct claims—which Hezekiah paid him to avert his vengeance, are consistent with those of the writer of the Second Book of Kings. The thirty talents of gold are expressly mentioned as the principal part of the booty. The builder of the palace at Kouyunjik is thus identified with the Sennacherib of Scripture. It is Sennacherib's throne that was found as

* Of course he was aware of the extreme improbability of the names being spelt in Persian the same as in Greek; but he assumed that there would be an approach to identity of spelling.

† Vide 18th chapter of Second Book of Kings.

above stated; that is very plain from the sculptures. "The metal fragments sent to England have been skilfully put together, so that the Assyrian king's throne upon which Sennacherib himself sat, and the footstool which he used, may now be seen at the British Museum. A rod with loose rings, to which was once hung an embroidered curtain, appears to have belonged to the back of the chair, or to a framework raised above or behind it."

Again, the account of the arms of King Sargon having been carried as far as Cyprus, and of his having received tribute from kings in that island, was known to us only through interpretations of cuneiform records found in the mounds. If the interpretation was incorrect, or if the statement should be unsupported, the account might be mere fiction. But since the announcement of the fact on the authority of the Assyrian record, a slate has been discovered at Idalium, in Cyprus,* with the effigy of Sargon, and an inscription containing his name and titles, thus furnishing a remarkable proof of the faithfulness of the chronicle, and of the soundness of the translation.

Among the curiosities turned out by Mr Layard was a piece of clay bearing impressions of the seals of state of Egypt and of Assyria, the respective kings of those countries being at the period Sabaco the Second and Shalmaneser. In the clay is a hole, as if for a string to run through, and the finder has no doubt that this clay was attached, as we attach seals in wax, to an agreement or treaty. Now, we know from Scripture (2 Kings, xvii. 4) that Hoshea, King of Israel, by conspiring with So (believed to be Sabaco), King of Egypt, called down upon his

nation the wrath of Shalmaneser; and there can be little doubt that the parchment or papyrus to which the clay was once attached exhibited the settlement on account of this conspiracy between Shalmaneser and So. The document must have long since perished, but the clay enables us to guess at the subject-matter of it.

The words of Scripture receive curious illustration from scenes in the bas-reliefs. On one slab a castle is portrayed with the shields of the defenders hung round the walls; and in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel, verse 11, are the words "they hanged their shields upon thy walls round about." It would seem, from the context in Ezekiel, that the object of this was to set off the beauty of the citadel; and we see from the sculptures that such a practice, whatever may have been its object, prevailed among Assyrian warriors. It is recorded in the Second Book of Kings that the heads of the seventy sons of Ahab were brought to Jezreel in baskets and laid in two heaps at the gate. The sculptures abundantly show that acts of this kind were not uncommon; for we see not only the act of decapitation, or the carrying away the head of an enemy as a trophy, but also the official reception of the heaps of heads—soldiers bringing them in, and officers taking account of them. The prophet Zechariah mentions "the bells of the horses," and the sculptures explain the allusion, as in them the horses of the cavalry and of the chariots are continually represented with bells round their necks. Shushan, the palace, is mentioned in the inscriptions the same as in Scripture. Instances of the Scriptural records and the Assyrian remains illustrating one another repeatedly occur; but perhaps in

* We should draw attention to the fact that the Government of the United States has lately interested itself in explorations in the Isle of Cyprus; and that it is proposed—or perhaps already determined—to establish a National Museum in the Union, to which the Cyprus explorations will furnish the first antiquities.

nothing is this so remarkable as in the mutual light reflected from the written description of Solomon's temple and palaces, of their workmanship and ornaments, and from the remains, representations, and accounts of the Assyrian palaces. We have not space to follow these illustrations, but they will amply repay the labour of any one who may study them.* There is every reason to believe that the wood in the magnificent Assyrian palaces was cedar of Lebanon; and some of it, quite sound, remains to this day in the mounds. Mr Layard, smelling one day in the excavations the fragrance of cedar, inquired the meaning of it, and found that the Arabs, wanting a fire, were burning a beam from the ruins; it had retained its scent for probably three thousand years. The bronzes which were found cannot have been all made of native, or even of Asiatic metal; the tin was procured immediately from Phœnicia, which was tributary to Assyria. But we know that the Phœnicians came to Britain for their tin; so that the relics which an Englishman digs out of the mounds of Nineveh in the present age, and which belonged to Sennacherib and his ancestors, contain Cornish tin taken from the mines three or four thousand years ago.

It is remarkable that no private house has been traced in Nineveh, so that the domestic life of the Assyrians is still unknown to us. The people, no doubt, dwelt in tents, or in very frail huts, which were easily destroyed when the city

was taken. There is reason to think that all or many of the mounds were parts of one immense city which was spread out between them. Some of the mounds were fortified, and the ramparts and ditches can still be traced; but it is doubtful whether there were walls surrounding the whole vast city. When the empire fell with the grandson of Esar-haddon, it is clear that the palaces and temples were destroyed by fire, the work either of the Assyrians themselves, who may have been as heroic as the citizens of Moscow were in a later day, or of the victorious enemy after everything which could conveniently be carried away had been removed. That the enemy had a spite against the proud sculptures, and wished to blot out the deeds which they commemorate, is evident, for he had begun the work of defacing the slabs. Probably finding this a tedious task, he addressed himself to obliterating with a chisel the features of the king wherever he was portrayed; and poor Sennacherib's head has been punched in this way over and over again. Perhaps, when there was found to be not time even for the punching, fire was resorted to; we may be thankful that some of the slabs and images escaped both the chisel and the fire. It is still a question how the Assyrians disposed of their dead, because, although hundreds of graves have been found, not one can be absolutely pronounced to belong to that nation, but may be of the Persian, or Macedonian, or

* Since this paper was written, a most interesting decipherment, by Mr Smith of the British Museum, of certain tablets found in the palace of Sardanapalus, has been made public. The inscriptions, which date from the 7th century B.C., are but copies of inscriptions 1000, or more, years older. These tablets contain a profane account of the Deluge; and Mr Smith's communication, made in the second week of December 1872, will greatly delight those who take an interest in these subjects. As in other cases, some of the interpretations are disputed, especially the readings of proper names. Mr Smith has, however, Sir H. Rawlinson with him. Whatever may have been his success as to details, it is not disputed that he has unravelled the substance of the accounts.

Arabian period. This absence of tombs, where so much of other remains has been found, suggests that the dead may have been burned; and the discovery of a few vases which may be sepulchral urns gives some colour to this supposition.

So considerable a knowledge has been acquired, through Mr Layard's means, of the architecture of Assyria, that Mr Fergusson, in a very interesting work,* has suggested a restoration of the palaces; and Mr Fergusson's views appear to be good in the eyes of Mr Layard. We cannot, however, further refer to the restorations, our subject having been the explorations effected by Mr Layard. We are obliged on the present occasion to pass over also the many most interesting excursions which Mr Layard made into Kurdistan, Babylonia, and Armenia. His accounts of the modern Arabs, Nestorians, and Yezidis or Devil-worshippers, are as copious and instructive as those of his explorations. His adventures, and the traits of Arab and Turkish character, are most amusing. He did not make the whole of his examinations at one visit, but returned to Europe after the first trial, which had been undertaken at the joint expense of Sir Stratford Canning and himself, and then again went out to the Tigris and resumed his work in communication with the British Museum, and aided by a grant of British money. He had troubles innumerable to encounter—frequent sickness, constant danger, want of mechanical means, the hard-headedness of the Arabs, the ignorance and obstructive cunning of the Turks; but in spite of all he triumphed, and did

his work thoroughly. To his efforts we owe the return to its place in history of a country over which the waters of oblivion had been rolling for thousands of years. He has presented us with his own invaluable discoveries, and he has set hundreds of brains working to extract the full knowledge derivable therefrom. He has not only been himself a potent friend to science, but he is the cause that others make their learning productive. We can admire him in three capacities, in any one of which a great reputation might have been earned. A thoughtful and sound diviner, he, on solid grounds, and after a personal inspection, determined that the mounds of the Tigris must be something more than heaps of earth and rubbish; and so firm was his conviction of their concealed treasure, that the comparative failure of attempts less earnest than his did not shake it. An earnest and thorough worker under great difficulties, he did service far beyond the common as a digger and searcher. A collector and appraiser of the prizes, he was able on the spot to assign their relative values to the objects found, to understand their general meaning, to secure the information derivable from such as could not be removed, and to foresee the scientific results which must undoubtedly proceed from his labours. Those who have studied his works will not fail to do him full justice; but there are very many of the present generation, probably, who do not know what we owe him, nor how suddenly and completely he resuscitated the records of an empire, and opened a new field for our instruction and entertainment.

* *The Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored.*

A TRUE REFORMER.—PART XIII.

CHAPTER LVIII.—FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF THE NEW COMPANY.

As soon as the composition of the Great United Administration had been finally declared, Parliament was adjourned for a few days, while Ministers sought re-election. A simple matter in every case, constituencies being too much in earnest to allow even a show of opposition to the chosen of the country in these critical times; and especially simple in the case of the member of Leatherby, the electors of which snug little borough appeared to regard the whole affair as a providential interposition for providing a Cabinet Minister as their representative. At any rate even a visit to Leatherby was not necessary, and indeed few of the newly-appointed Ministers went down to see their constituents. Business could be pleaded as detaining them in town, and, in truth, minutes just now were worth the hours of ordinary times.

This popularity extended to all who were connected with the new Government; and my esteemed colleague, Mr Sheepshanks, taking the opportunity of this crisis to surrender his seat on the score of age and health, Strickland (now a lieutenant-colonel, and back again of course at his old secretariat pursuits) presented himself as a candidate for the vacancy, and was returned with enthusiasm. "Mr Drew was invited, by some of the right-minded in politics, to come forward again," wrote Miss Ferguson from Leatherby to her friend Mary Drew, now our guest; "but he declared that nothing should induce him to be so foolish a second time, and, indeed, it would have been quite useless trying; for when Colonel Strickland put forward as one of the claims to the suffrages of the

good folks here, 'that he had already served an apprenticeship to public business under that distinguished statesman and true reformer, Mr West,' this left no chance for anybody else,—so papa says. Leatherby is generally pretty unanimous in politics, but never has seen such unanimity before; and the Stampton Court interest is now quite re-established here, thanks to the magic influence of Mr West's name. Doesn't Eva feel very proud about it?"

The election and the adjournment came to an end together, and Ministers were able to take their seats on the first afternoon when the House reassembled. I was not in time myself to see the earlier proceedings, which I afterwards heard were of an interesting sort. There was a little natural awkwardness about the first start, especially as the House was very full, and every one eagerly watching the proceedings. Mr Sinnick, indeed, who was the first Minister to come in, took his seat on the Treasury bench without embarrassment, smiling to himself as if occupied with droll thoughts; but when Mr Braham entered the House on the left of the chair, and made as if for his accustomed place, there was a momentary hush in the murmur of conversation, followed by a titter, which in turn was succeeded by a gratifying cheer, as the new Foreign Secretary, discovering his mistake, crossed over to the other side and sat down, bareheaded and with folded arms, a couple of feet below Mr Sinnick. There were still louder cheers when Mr Merrifield came in, and passed quickly to the Treasury bench, nodding to his friends, as they made way for him

to pass between their legs and the table. The bench was now pretty full, only one or two gaps appearing here and there, and the leader of the House looked at them for a moment as if doubtful which to occupy; but the hesitation was only momentary, and amid still louder cheers he plumped down between Mr Braham and Mr Sinnick, a sort of practical inauguration of the Great United Administration. Great indeed; never had the Treasury bench been so full before, especially as very few of us could be called thin men; two or three of the under-secretaries had no seats at all, but stood at the end, almost hid from observation by the Speaker's chair.

And the Treasury bench was as nothing to the right of the House. There was literally no room for the supporters of the Government, whose crowded state was rendered more striking from contrast with the other side, especially the empty condition of the front Opposition bench. No Opposition at all, in fact, to speak of; for Mr Perkyman and others, although not joining our party, promise a general support during European crisis—a magnanimous resolution typified by appearance of Perkyman and others on the fourth row of Opposition benches.

No Opposition, therefore, to speak of; momentary abolition of party government, in truth, and Opposition and Treasury lions and lambs all lying down together, a truly edifying spectacle, and one never witnessed in Parliament before or since. "Ah, the Opposition will soon grow," whispered a sagacious politician; "some worthy persons who ought to have been provided for are left out in the cold—a very pretty nucleus for opposition to collect around." But indeed room could not be found for everybody, even in a Great United Administration. Four Crown lawyers, for example, can by no

possible squeezing be fitted into two places. My old friend, Bracton, too, I grieved to see left out, although not perhaps generally mourned. He bore the disappointment, indeed, to outward appearance, with equal, not to say cynical mind. "There's a dashed sight" [not quite *sic in orig.*], he observed to me that afternoon in the lobby—"there's a dashed sight too many of you chaps to row in one boat for any time together. Old Merrifield may put on a spurt for a bit, but some of the crew will be catching crabs before long, or I'm a Dutchman; I'm precious glad I am out of the thing, I can tell you." Nevertheless, methought his open face looked a shade less jovial than usual among the crowd below the gangway, and a prophetic instinct whispered that perchance it might be seen before long on the other side.

But nothing could be more triumphant than our *début*. No man so quick as our leader to catch the tone of national feeling, no man so able to give it clear expression; and as Mr Merrifield, describing the formation of the Government, touched delicately, but with feeling, on the sacrifice made by our noble Premier in surrendering the elevating pursuits for which a life of leisure were all too short, and which should bring the undying fame not to be gained by any political success [this an allusion to the great work unfinished—The Calculus of the Unthinkable], had come forward at the call of duty to furnish the connecting link which should bind the two parties in one firm bond; as the orator, too, pictured in animated language the attitude of the country, opposing a united front to oppression and craft abroad, however and whenever manifested, and the determination of all Englishmen in this crisis to stand unanimous by each other;

and as he went on to state how the members of the new Government had been foremost in setting an example to their fellow-citizens, almost in fact doing violence to their feelings by accepting office ;—then we occupants of the Treasury bench began to feel what true patriots we were, while the House by its acclamations gave a foretaste of the enthusiasm to be exhibited by the world out of doors. But the most telling point in our leader's speech occurred, quite accidentally, in his statement that the best guarantee for England exhibiting a dignified and honourable policy was afforded by the fact that the management of her foreign affairs would be guided by the ripe judgment of the right honourable gentleman—“I mean,” said Mr Merrifield, correcting himself, “my right honourable friend,” turning as he spoke and looking down upon the head of Mr Braham, who was next to him on the bench ; whereat the statesman referred to, who was sitting sphinx-like and motionless, with his arms folded and head slightly bent down, responded by a slight bow, and at this graceful exchange of courtesies the cheers were taken up and repeated on all sides.

Slight signs of opposition indeed were not wanting, for as soon as Mr Merrifield sat down Mr Rigby Sebright—fast rising to be a minor power in the House—got up, and in a long set speech denounced us as an unrighteous coalition ; an insinuation, however, which Mr Braham was considered to dispose of effectually in his famous reply. Not a coalition in any sense, said Mr Braham, rather a Constitutional Coalescence—a famous term, much bandied about afterwards, and since handed down to history. Mr Braham went on to justify our course by appropriate historical illustrations. Did not the Romans, patricians and plebeians, sink their smaller political

differences in face of the invading Gauls? Did not the Greek republics, notwithstanding their normal hostility to each other, combine with success against the Great King? The barons, again, gave up their customary state of quarrelling to combine against King John. Lastly, where could be found a more appropriate illustration than in the Crusades, where all the leaders of chivalry, abandoning their usual diversion of knocking each other on the head (here the speaker could not resist a glance downwards at the head of his new colleague), combined with more or less harmony against the newly-discovered foe? How much more, then, was it in accordance with principles of modern politics to combine against the dangers which now threatened the State? He denied, then, that this was a case of a coalition Government, rightly so called ; it was rather what he had termed it, a Constitutional Coalescence.

Thus the Great United Administration is now fairly started. But the season waxes late, for all these lately-described recriminations and negotiations and combinations and re-elections have not been effected without expense in time, and members ask ruefully if the jaded nation's representatives shall have no holiday this year? Truly a national crisis, they say, if Parliament sits through August, and moor-rent is to be paid for nothing. And yet a holiday is by no means to be thought of. Current business even has not been got through—votes, and appropriations, and estimates, and so forth ; and there still remains the European crisis to be dealt with afterwards. These, then, are no times for holidays, and no true patriot should ask for them ; still it is thought members may shoot their grouse, and even early partridge, without detriment to public weal. But pheasants shall have

their holiday this year; Parliament, in fact, is to break up in mid-August, and meet again before October. The

Administration will then have got its measures ready, and will take the nation into its confidence.

CHAPTER LIX.—ARRANGEMENTS, MINISTERIAL AND DOMESTIC.

For Ministers themselves, of course, neither grouse nor salmon are to be thought of, save for dinner; nor even visits to the country. Jaded ministerial frames may be refreshed at most by suburban air in proximity to convenient morning and evening trains: for every public office needs the constant presence of its head; despatch-boxes are in course of perpetual delivery, like baker's bread in the morning; and Cabinet Councils are held every day. The Duke of Ulster accordingly took a country house for the autumn weeks at Barnet, and Mr Merrifield one on Wimbledon Common; while Mr Braham, who declared that the air of Piccadilly in September was unsurpassed for freshness at any time of the year, remained in his town house in Plantagenet Square.

For the War Secretary, on whom the greatest pressure came, even a suburban residence was not to be thought of, although I confess to casting a wistful look at my uncle's old house at Twickenham, which happened to be vacant just now. But as the little establishment by Queen's Gate seemed hardly suitable to our altered circumstances, the recess offered fitting opportunity for a move. The difficulty was how to make it. Changing your house involves choosing a new one, with the accompaniments of furnishing, selecting servants, and other time-engrossing details hardly within the compass of a newly-appointed Minister during a European crisis; yet at the prospect called up by the preliminary discussion Eva appeared so distraught, that it became evident there was one piece of very precious household

furniture at any rate which would require moving with particular care, nor was it plain how to effect the transfer compatibly with other engagements. But in this predicament our young guest came to the rescue. The difficulties which appalled Eva, and by reflection bewildered her husband, were made nothing of by Mary, who seemed to possess a natural genius for domestic administration; and Mr Crouch, the junior partner of my old friend and agent Mr Paterson, having secured for us a furnished house in Tudor Gardens, which as every one knows are contiguous to Plantagenet Square, the operation of moving became greatly simplified. This eligible town mansion, as the agent styled it, belonged to a gentleman engaged in financial operations which it was understood the European crisis had temporarily deranged, involving retirement to Brighton for a season, and break-up of London establishment. "Furnished houses are not economical," said Mr Paterson, "but it may be convenient in your case,"—meaning, no doubt, that it might be convenient to have the means of retreating from the more expensive style of living now in contemplation in the event of sudden political downfall; but my shrewd old friend possibly guessed that other reasons rendered a minimum of trouble desirable.

The new house had been furnished with the splendour befitting a man who made money easily, and might have to part from it with the same facility, being almost too magnificent for a simple Secretary of State with a moderate independence; and I felt

painfully conscious that our surroundings would be quite in keeping with the character of a political upstart, if people should so dub me, and that anybody judging of the mistress by the house might set down my gentle guileless Eva for a *nouvelle riche*. But in truth the economy of the arrangement was its attraction, for the house was a bargain, and while containing handsome reception-rooms of the conventional size, was otherwise small enough to need only a small establishment. This was important, for in fact money matters were not very prosperous. If a man, blessed with a charming but unpractical wife, is too busy or preoccupied to look after his household expenditure, but lets things take their course, and is above everything anxious to be regarded as a liberal member by his constituents, making up by liberal subscriptions for his absence; if, further, he contents himself with paying the bills that are sent in, but omits to make any provision for those which are not sent in, he will probably find that the latter are apt to accumulate in a rather embarrassing degree. This had happened in our instance, or rather in mine, for Eva was happily unconscious of the state of the case; and the result was, that the examination into my affairs which the late interval of leisure rendered possible, showed that notwithstanding the addition to my private means of an official income which I had enjoyed for a good many months, I was considerably worse off than when we first settled in London. This knowledge, and the pressure of unsettled bills—that for the famous picture of Eva, by Deedes, R.A., which attracted so much attention at the last Academy Exhibition, was among the largest—did not conduce, by the way, to my peace of mind during that enforced vacation, and would have explained to Eva, had she known the cause, the irrita-

bility which I fear I sometimes exhibited at that season of inaction.

"At any rate, my dear sir," said Mr Paterson, when we talked the matter over, "don't touch your capital, whatever you do. Keep your seventy thousands intact; once trench on that and you will never make it good again. We can raise the money for a short term under the arrangement I propose for paying off these liabilities at once, for in your new position it would be hardly becoming to have any tradesmen's debts outstanding; but meanwhile, until the debt is liquidated, you will be poorer by some hundreds a-year. And the worst is yet to come. If you have found it difficult to live on your income hitherto, it will be much worse now that you have become a big man. Everybody says that the salary of a Secretary of State does not cover his expenses."

"It is usual to say so, I know; but I can't see why it should be so. The only extra expense involved seems to be a certain amount of entertaining and so forth. But you may give a good many dinners for five thousand a-year. We have made a bad beginning, I admit, but I will be more careful for the future. I don't want to save on my salary, but I must make it do."

Thus the house at Tudor Gardens, albeit somewhat too spick and span, not to say gaudy for our tastes, was otherwise suitable enough; and on the arrangement being concluded, Mary Drew proceeded to engage a fresh staff of domestics, including a housekeeper of intensely respectable appearance and high testimonials, whose accession to our household gave promise of domestic comfort hitherto unknown to it. Let me add here that the expectation was fully realised. This good lady, who occupied some dungeon-like apartment on the basement, never within my observation emerged therefrom,

save when once a-month she presented herself in the library to deliver her account and receive her cheque. Nevertheless her influence seemed to permeate the whole household, and under her plutonian rule a cycle of peace and good order was entered on, inexpressibly comfortable to its master during the coming busy days, when to be sure of a punctual meal was an object of moment.

In making these arrangements Mary professed to be merely helping Eva, excusing herself for taking part in them on the score of her wish to save the latter from fatigue; but it was easy to infer from the conversation at dinner about the proceedings of each day that Eva's share had been mainly confined to looking on, while Mary did the work. The general result was that in a few days all our arrangements were completed, and when the time came for Mary's return home, there remained nothing for Eva to do but to allow herself to be conveyed to Tudor Gardens on the day appointed for the change, about a fortnight later, where the housekeeper and her new establishment would be waiting to receive us.

Eva was very wishful that her friend should stay a little longer, if only, as she put it, to help her in facing the new housekeeper, protesting that without such countenance it would be impossible ever to summon up courage to give her any orders. But Mary was obliged to bring her visit to a close; for the Squire—the poor-rates having taken a turn downwards lately—had invited some friends for the autumn shooting, and wanted his daughter to help to entertain them. And indeed, but for recollecting that the Squire had managed to get along very well by himself for the last ten years, we should hardly have felt justified in pressing her to extend her visit even till September; but

the value to us of her presence gave a tinge of selfishness to our hospitality.

"You will put it down to the right motive, I know, Mary," I said on the morning of her departure, "if I don't offer to see you off at the station?"

"See me off? I should be miserable all the way down to Leatherby if you were to do such a thing. Fancy a Minister, with all the affairs of the nation on his hands, escorting young ladies to railway stations!"

"Ministers are not really more busy than other people who have their time fully occupied, and a man must be a bad manager who can't find an hour to spare, be he who he may. But it isn't that. I happen to have an appointment for that particular time. But you won't think it priggish of me to say so; other people might. It is selfish, no doubt," I added, "but I wish the Squire could have spared you till we had settled into our new house. Eva will be a little lost in it at first, and very lonely without you."

"Yes, I am afraid it will be lonely; and you too will be away from home now more than ever, I suppose?"

"I shall try and do as much work at home as possible. Now that I am to have a decent *sanctum* upstairs, instead of that dingy back dining-room, Strickland and I shall be able to get through a good deal comfortably at home." For Tom Strickland, although now an M.P., was to continue in his office of private secretary.

"Is it usual," asked Mary, looking down, and speaking apparently with some hesitation—"is it usual for private secretaries to work in this way at the Minister's house? I thought they were usually appointed from the clerks of the office, and did all their business there."

"Yes, I believe such is the usual

plan, and I have two such secretaries at the office; but Colonel Strickland is an extra man, and besides, I think we have improved on the conventional system. It seems to me that most men in office don't half utilise their secretaries."

"Well," said Mary, "if I were you I should stick to the usual plan." She said this with an air of conviction, as if she had been thinking over the matter.

"Why, Mary, you are becoming a critic indeed; you will soon be as great an administrator as Sir Mordaunt Burley. What should make you think of such a thing?" I said this, perhaps, in a tone of pique; for much as I appreciated her capacity for business and her sympathy with my pursuits, this seemed going a little too far. But I regretted it immediately, and turned the conversation on observing that she was blushing, and looked confused, and even pained; and as I walked down to Pall Mall after her departure, my thoughts returned to the conversation, and I wondered what

might be the cause for this exhibition of feeling. Could Strickland have annoyed her? or was it prompted by a different sentiment? Certainly he seemed to pay her somewhat formal attention, and during the earlier part of her visit a good deal of lively banter used to pass between them whenever he came to the house; but of late she had appeared to exhibit a certain amount of reserve in his presence, relieved occasionally by sallies in which there came out a tone as of scorn or displeasure. In fact, now I thought over the matter, it had been noticeable even to my superficial observation that she appeared somewhat constrained in his company, and I could not help speculating whether this might not be a manifestation of maiden coyness, and thinking that Strickland was just the man to appreciate a clever wife, and that the Squire's land, which bordered the Stampton Court estates on one side, would make a very handsome addition to them.

CHAPTER LX.—PRIVATE REHEARSAL BY THE NEW COMPANY.

It was not without a certain feeling of bashfulness that I re-entered the establishment in Pall Mall in my new capacity, an event which occurred about three weeks before the departure of our young guest recorded in the last chapter. The reception accorded by the messengers, indeed, was reassuring, for these good fellows received me with an easy respect, born of habit. A change of heads was too common a phenomenon in the office to excite any surprise, and with them one Secretary of State was pretty much the same as another, any differences in the official performances of these personages being too insignificant a matter to come under their notice.

These worthy officials had the handling of too many papers to feel any curiosity about their contents, being in this respect like the grocer's apprentice who is allowed a surfeit of sweets on admission to the craft; and state secrets of highest import could be carried about from room to room, with almost certainty that the bearers would not be at the trouble of looking into them. I think if my friends had any preference it would be for a peer, especially a high one, an earl or a marquiss being considered to confer a certain amount of prestige on the office, whereas the office conferred it upon a commoner; but this is merely an inference. Nothing of the sort

could be guessed from the easy respect with which I was conducted to my new apartment, the roomy chamber hitherto associated with my assaults upon Lord Stowe's leisure, and the stormy discussions held round the long table at the end.

Happily the embarrassment of taking over charge from that statesman personally was avoided, as he had gone off to Italy the moment my appointment was made known, in view to spending the winter in Rome with Lady Sophia and the rest of his daughters. Sir Frederic Baton, the chief of the Staff, was also absent, nursing his gout at Buxton, which was also convenient in one sense, for there is no doubt a certain awkwardness in a meeting of this sort, as I felt indeed in the first interview with Burley and the rest of my old friends. One must be careful to avoid anything like the semblance of triumph; and yet the effort to be simple and unaffected may appear artificial, where previous relations had been such as ours. Thus I was conscious of being a little nervous when stepping into Burley's room, which I did a few minutes after entering the office.

I found that official surrounded as usual by a hecatomb of boxes and baskets of papers, while bundles of letters and minutes and piles of blue-books littered his table; and glancing round, I thought I could detect the celebrated bread and beef chart, rolled up and enjoying an honourable repose on a sofa in the corner.

"How do you do, Sir Mordaunt Burley?" said I, advancing behind the messenger into the room.

"Bless me!" said Burley, jumping up and taking off his spectacles to give them a wipe, "how do you do, Mr West; I was just going to wait upon you, sir," he added with a bow; "I did not know you had arrived." Then we both sat down.

"Busy as ever, Sir Mordaunt, I see"—at which remark Burley glanced round at his boxes and baskets with a modest smile. "Well, business is not likely to decrease just now; we have plenty of work cut out for all of us."

"You have a great task before you, indeed, Mr West—a great task," he replied.

I did not know at first whether Burley meant this as implying that he washed his hands of me and my measures, or as a modest deprecation of any assumption of authority on his part. I therefore went on.

"A great work before all of us. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that we shall be supported out of doors in everything we do; the times have cleared the ground for us. And any diffidence I might feel in undertaking my share of the task is a good deal diminished by what I know of the power of this office for work, and the loyal co-operation it always gives to the person who may happen to be at the head of it."

"That you may depend on having, Mr West; that you may depend on having. It is a great task this, and for my part I may say that I freely recognise your claim to the first place in carrying it out. And you will have great help in the office—great help; there is great knowledge here, and great experience; and for my part, I believe our views are all very much agreed. I was certainly very greatly impressed with those you put forward. It was very unfortunate you left us when you did, so much time has been lost. However, we can all set to work now."

I was pleased with old Burley's hearty offer of co-operation, although not very sure about the assumed accord of ideas; however, it was a great point to have thus re-established on an amicable footing my relations

with the leading man. The ice once broken, matters soon settled down, and before a week had passed the sense of strangeness had passed away too, and as far as feeling went, one might have been at the head of the office for a decade.

Nor, indeed, was this a time to approach the business coyly. Every moment was of consequence, and every hour given to preliminaries so much time wasted. Nothing for it but to plunge into the matter, and set about giving immediate practical effect to the measures already advocated. To delay while over-refining might ruin the country, while never could an aspirant for serving it as effective administrator wish for better opportunity. Practical *carte blanche* given as to details; but various questions of general policy must first be brought before the whole Government, the largest being whether or not compulsory military service should be established; a grave question to be discussed in Cabinet Council held on first day of Ministry being finally made up.

I must confess that the nervousness of which I was conscious upon the morning in question, on re-entering the establishment in Pall Mall, was slight compared with what I felt that afternoon, on walking for the first time up the dingy staircase of the old house in Downing Street. And yet, if the sensations came to be analysed, it would be difficult to account for them. Nothing could be more plain, not to say mean, than the surroundings of the meeting, while many of the *dramatis personæ* were the same as one was accustomed to perform with daily at Westminster; and I record these impressions merely because first impressions soon wear off and are difficult to recall. I remember feeling very nervous when first spoken to in the street by Mr Merrifield two years be-

fore. And although the same sensation was again uppermost on this occasion, it also soon wore off.

The air of the place was indeed of a sort to dissipate such a feeling. The Ministers who had already arrived were standing about the room talking in little groups, joined by the others as they came in one by one.

"Are we all here?" said the Duke of Ulster at last, when the apartment resembled the anteroom at a public dinner, except that no one looked hungry.

"Everybody, I think," replied Lord Tewkesbury, "except Tardy, and he, of course, is late." Whereupon everybody laughed at Lord Tardy, although the only point of the joke seemed to lie in its being made behind his back.

"Well, perhaps we had better not wait for him," said the Duke, taking his seat at the table; "suppose we go to business,"—and we all followed his example.

The members of the Great United Administration who had seats in the Cabinet being unusually numerous, there was hardly sitting-room round the table, and it struck me as taking off from our natural sense of dignity that we should be, so to speak, arranged in checkered fashion, some close to the table, and others further off, and all sitting a little sideways in order to find room. Nevertheless, when—after a certain amount of miscellaneous talking, and after Mr Braham had read out a deeply interesting telegram just received from the special envoy in the north—the Duke, turning to me, asked me to state the points I had to bring before the Council, I confess to having again felt a considerable nervousness, plainly expressed, I am sure, in my voice; the more so as I was sitting some way from the Premier, and the room was a very bad one for sound; still more, perhaps, from feeling that probably some

of the noble lords present were disposed to regard my appointment rather unfavourably, as that of a political youngster promoted out of his turn. European crisis, these gentlemen might think, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. And to a certain extent I could sympathise with them, for I felt that I had not won my spurs yet, and that they might fairly say my appointment was one of Mr Merrifield's eccentric selections.

But the sensation created by these misgivings soon wore off as, after I had finished my brief statement, a hubbub arose of general conversation. My first proposal was to reconstitute the appointment of Commander-in-Chief, detaching his office and establishment entirely from that of the War Minister. Surely a step backwards, said some; circumlocution, divided responsibility, and all the rest of it reintroduced; Mr Thorowcome's labours all thrown away. Not at all, it was argued in reply. What you want is that everybody should be responsible for his own duties, not that one man should be responsible for the duties of everybody else. It is not the business of the War Minister to command the troops: he ought simply to supervise the administration of the army. This piling up of all functions, executive and ministerial, upon one man, is simply to introduce confusion under the guise of simplicity. You relieve others of responsibility, while the Minister, from the nature of the case, can only be responsible in name. This pursuit which has been going on after so-called unity of administration arises from a complete confusion of ideas. The old state of things was faulty in this way, that the Commander-in-Chief was kept at a distance, while all the other departments of the army were brought into the War Office, so that the former was liable to

be criticised and overruled at every point by the perfectly irresponsible understrappers who surrounded the War Minister and acted in his name. The result was not only that the branches of army administration thus personally represented at the War Office got to have undue influence; but that they were allowed to interfere inordinately, under the pretence of exerting financial control, with the executive business of the army, with which properly they had nothing whatever to do. There was hardly a conceivable question submitted by the Commander-in-Chief upon which Sir Mordaunt Burley or his predecessors did not manage to have their say, so that the power and responsibility of the former as executive head of the army were being continually encroached upon and absorbed in the office in Pall Mall. But the true remedy for that state of things was not to absorb the Commander-in-Chief too. The proper course is to place all the departments on the same footing; put them all outside the War Department as separate establishments, define the duties of each, and make the head of it distinctly responsible for their performance. The War Minister then becomes what his name imports, a ministerial officer instead of an executive one; nor will you ever have the army properly governed till this relation is established. But, above all, you can't govern an army without a responsible Commander-in-Chief—responsible not only for the discipline of the troops, but whose opinion should be recorded on every matter relating to the army, as that of the person presumably most competent to give it. Equipment, armament, fortifications, everything; the recommendations of the chief military adviser should be officially recorded on every proposal, while it rests with the Secretary of State to

take his advice or not, as he thinks fit. In this way only will you have a real partition of responsibility. Then the authority of the Government and Parliament, as represented by the Minister, will come in at the proper point. And whenever Parliament calls for information in regard to any branch of army business, there will thus be forthcoming a complete record of the case, and responsibility for their respective shares in the transaction can be fixed on each party concerned. Let the Minister judge and decide, but let the expert propose first and execute afterwards. Establish real responsibility.

This was the gist of what was said, but not in quite such categorical form. These views were unfolded as it were by snatches amid the general conversation, and very much in the form of question and answer. But it seemed that the idea was generally acceptable, although not altogether understood. One old lord especially, who had been a Cabinet Minister off and on for the last forty years, and was now one of several who had a seat without a portfolio, and who was very deaf, went off at a tangent. "I object altogether to over-centralising in this way," he bawled across the table. "I object——"

"But," interrupted Mr Carstairs, who sat next to him, "this is not a proposal of the——"

"Yes," he went on in the same tone, not being aware probably how plainly we all heard him, "I think this over-centralising very dangerous. I object altogether to abolishing the office of Commander-in-Chief. I remember when the Duke of Wellington——"

"But," persisted Mr Carstairs in a very loud voice, "this is a proposal for reappointing a Commander-in-Chief, not for abolishing him."

"Oh!" said the old peer, "ah, I understand—very good;" and nod-

ding his head several times, as if scoring off the point in his mind, he relapsed into silence.

"And what do you propose as the new tactical unit?" asked the Duke of Scarborough across the table, also a Minister without a portfolio, and who, as a colonel of volunteers, was a great military authority.

"That is a point for the head of the army to determine, as soon as one is appointed. My business, as I conceive, is to find him the troops, and his to drill them."

"I don't know about that," said the duke, doubtfully. "Everything in war depends nowadays on having the right tactical unit. See what Von Ordnung says about it in his last work. I am all for double company columns in echelon of half-battalions, with skirmishers rallying on each flank, myself. I certainly think it ought to be made a Cabinet question. Think where we should be if we went to war with a wrong tactical unit!"

The question of forced or free service afforded still more discussion. Every one was agreed that we must have the means of raising a large army, and that at once; but opinions were divided whether to establish forced service, or to continue trusting to voluntary enlistment,—a ticklish question no doubt, and one about which a good deal had to be said. I proposed to retain the voluntary system, at any rate to give it a further trial with the new inducement of increased pay in the reserve, and various other attractions which I had not the opportunity of mentioning in detail; but others thought that this would be a half-measure. And to my surprise Mr Merrifield seemed keener than anybody on this side, urging with much vivacity and point that it was quite as paramount a duty for the citizens of a free state to share in its defence as to contribute to the

taxes, and that it would be folly, indeed almost a crime, to lose the opportunity afforded by the present state of national enthusiasm and indignation, for enforcing so sound a political maxim. No definite decision, however, was arrived at; and after a good deal more of miscellaneous talk, the council broke up.

"You really ought to see what Von Ordnung says about proper tactical units," said the Duke of Scarborough to me as we went downstairs together. "I must send you my copy of his last pamphlet on the subject, the '*Ueber die fortschreitende Entwicklung der neuen Schwärmcolonnen mit besonderer Berücksichtigung*,' and so forth. I will send you Captain Colledge's translation, '*On the moral influence of the employment of the new swarm columns considered with particular regard to the development of national unification and also of flank attacks*.' It is quite a short thing, so I hope you will find time to look into it. He is a great authority on these points, is Von Ordnung; I am sure you will be struck with some of his ideas."

"A very satisfactory beginning," said Mr Braham, in whose company I was walking home after the meeting, for our roads lay the same way. "A satisfactory beginning. You will now be able to set about your great measures with confidence."

"Satisfactory enough, certainly," I replied, "so far that there was little or no opposition, and every one seems to be impressed with the need for action; but otherwise we have come away no wiser than we went. I confess to being quite in the dark as to what conclusions we have arrived at, or indeed whether we are supposed to have arrived at any. It seemed to me to have been all talk, and no business. A parish vestry could not have been less methodical."

And I looked in my companion's face as searching for an answer.

Mr Braham smiled mysteriously. "Did you expect it to be otherwise?" he replied. "All Cabinets talk; ours will be distinguished in that way from force of numbers—an inherent condition, surely, when a lot of men meet who never come together except on these occasions. Besides, you must make allowance for Seenecks and the rest, who have no governmental functions, and no opportunity of showing they belong to the Government, except by talking at these meetings. Surely no one would wish to baulk them of so harmless a diversion." Mr Braham himself, I should mention, had not made a single observation during the whole time.

"Very proper, no doubt; only I should like to know what it is the Government collectively decides upon doing."

"The Government collectively," said Mr Braham, sententiously, "never decides upon doing anything. These councils are useful for keeping everybody informed of what is going on; and individuals may, no doubt, inhale a certain spirit of wisdom which pervades, as by inspiration, the collective body; but at the most you can only find out, on these occasions, what can *not* be done."

"Still, I presume a Minister is not quite supreme and uncontrolled in his department? The existence of a collective Government is surely not a mere political fiction?"

"That depends on the nature of the particular question involved. If Carstairs wants to abolish the game laws, for example, he will have to make quite sure of his colleagues before introducing his measure. But when Palmerston was at the Foreign Office he was quite uncontrolled—'*l'Angleterre c'était lui*,' so far as kings and kaisers were concerned.

Our insular nation is always satisfied to leave its foreign policy to the Minister, when it has confidence in him, and he has confidence in himself." And Mr Braham smiled solemnly, as if he thought that happy state of mutual confidence was realised at the present time.

"Yes, I can understand that," I answered; "but still the difficulty may often arise in knowing where to draw the line. And you will readily understand," I added, after a pause, "that, being so young a Minister, I feel a hesitation in appearing to take more on myself than is justifiable. Besides, it seems to me that army reform comes under the same category as the game laws. Nothing excites so much general interest, because nothing touches so much the public of all classes. Army reforms always involve personal questions, and personal questions arouse the feelings more than any others."

"True; but, nevertheless, you must not take up every little question to the Cabinet, or if you do you must not expect to have it answered. When I first came into office as Home Secretary, and comparatively a young man, I began by making just this mistake. No; your plan is clear. You must consult the Duke of Ulster, of course, and freely, and get his concurrence to all measures of importance. Then war and foreign affairs go together a good deal just now, and it is just as well that what is done may be, so far as practicable, in accordance with the general feelings of what used to be the Opposition party. Perhaps," continued Mr Braham, smiling again, "I should be able to give you as useful hints as anybody on this head; at any rate I shall be happy to confer with you at all times. Then, as Merrifield has to find the money for your

plans, it would be well to carry him with you. In fact, you would not be able to do much with Merrifield in opposition, whether in the Cabinet or out of it. Happily you have got a warm backer in him."

"Yes, he has always given me a most generous support; but although I saw he was gradually coming round to new views on the subject, I was certainly astonished to find him this afternoon so much more thoroughgoing than anybody else. Fancy Merrifield, of all men, advocating a conscription."

"Yes; but there ought to be nothing surprising about it to those who have watched his career. Merrifield is always for running into extremes. No two men, of course, are so unlike as the same man at different times; but Merrifield has undergone this metamorphosis more than once, and I don't despair of seeing 'our John' settling down finally into a steady-going old Tory."

This, of course, was mere exaggeration, pardonable, perhaps, as coming from Mr Braham. As we parted at the end of the Park to pursue our different roads home, I could not help again recollecting that only a few months had passed since my first conversation with the great Minister now so lightly spoken of, and my nervousness on the occasion. It seemed like a dream that in so brief a space we should be fellow-ministers, with "Brammy" for a colleague. Verily truth is stranger than fiction. And reflecting how largely my sudden rise was due to his unaffected kindness and patronage, I felt guilty of something like treachery at having discussed his character so lightly, and that with a comparative stranger like Mr Braham. But the tendency manifested in all cultivated society of people to talk about their friends behind their backs extends even to these exalted circles. Cabinet Ministers, I found, seemed always to

have an irresistible inclination to discuss the merits of their colleagues. I observed, too, that the criticism mostly took a depreciatory form, the

verdict being generally to the effect that So-and-so was decidedly going off, and not at all the same man that he used to be in Opposition.

CHAPTER LXI.—OPENS A SECRET DRAWER WITHIN THE CABINET.

The Duke of Ulster represented a family long time distinguished in Irish history, but which first became famous in the person of Patrick O'Neale, Earl of Ulster, one of the staunchest supporters of the Stuarts, and whose stubborn resistance to Cromwell is matter of history familiar to every school-boy. O'Neale finally vanquished, his head was of course cut off; but his son returning from exile at the Restoration, was made a marquis and lieutenant of Ulster, when he naturally took the opportunity afforded by his position to get the heads cut off of such of his neighbours as had been on bad terms with the family. So loyal a nobleman, it needs hardly be said, took sides with King James the Second against the Dutch usurper, and was among the most gallant of the losing commanders at the battle of the Boyne. After the Jacobite cause was finally overthrown in Ireland, he followed his royal master into exile, and died at Versailles. On the accession of Queen Anne the sentence of attainder on the son was annulled, and the estates restored to the family. With these reverses the house of O'Neale seemed to have learned prudence; for although the third marquis was suspected of being in communication with the Pretender, and to have arranged a rising in the north of Ireland during the '45, a certain amount of caution had mingled with his naturally hot Irish blood, and the head of it holding back to see the upshot of the Highlanders' march into England before finally committing

himself, the great house of O'Neale escaped another political downfall.

The fourth marquis, who succeeded to the title in 1750, carried his great fortunes to London, and becoming a staunch Hanoverian was very instrumental in his old age in carrying the Union—service rewarded by Pitt with the garter, a dukedom, and an English peerage, although he still continued to be known as 'The O'Neale' by his Celtic tenantry. It was the first duke who built the gloomy palace known as Ulster House, the picture-gallery of which is adorned with Gainsborough's famous picture of the beautiful duchess. (She was a MacMurrough.) The present head of the family had come to the title unexpectedly on the death of his uncle, the fourth duke, and had been brought up in seclusion, studying metaphysics and science at a German university, until called home just as he came of age to the family honours and estates. But those who expected that this plan of education, so unusual for the heir to a dukedom, would unfit him for sustaining the political position of the family, were agreeably disappointed. Science and philosophy were still the young duke's favourite pursuits; but he soon displayed a readiness of speech and a power of argument in the House of Lords which, joined with his mastery of all Irish subjects, secured him at once a leading position there. As a matter of course the Duke of Ulster became a Cabinet Minister, but it was understood that the office allotted to him

should always be one of the easy posts, and that he would take the work of it easily. But although devoting his attention mainly to congenial pursuits, no man could be more certainly depended on when occasion arose for the service of his party; and his reputation for oratory was rapidly built on the slashing speeches delivered on political emergencies with true Hibernian fire and spirit—Hibernian fire which perhaps sometimes carried the orator even beyond the necessities of the case. All agreed that the great Irish dukedom was never more worthily filled, and a general regret was felt that the family would probably end with himself. The Duke had married early, and being left a childless widower, showed no intention of marrying again. Sad to think that so great a line should become extinct, said his friends and the public. Better so, said the Men of Science; the Duke woos Science; Science the most charming but exacting of brides. But even so fair a lady must be jilted when the country in throes of European crisis calls out for a statesman to guide it; and the Duke, not it was thought without a longing look backward, came forward at the call of duty to furnish the only practicable solution of the political difficulty. Gratifying testimony to our merits, said the Men of Science; but alas, great work on *The Calculus of The Unthinkable* will now never be completed!

Whatever might be the loss to science, an ardent departmental Minister could not have wished for a chief better fitted to help him in his great administrative project, the Premier giving hearty support without showing any wish to interfere in details; and accordingly the final arrangements were soon decided on for carrying out the gene-

ral scheme of army reorganisation which I had in view, and were finally approved at a consultation held a few days after the Cabinet Council already mentioned, and in which Mr Merrifield and Mr Braham took part.

This scheme provided for the constitution of the different army departments as separate establishments in the manner already explained, viz.:

The Commander-in-Chief and Army Headquarters.

Pay and Audit Department under Accountant-General.

Store Department, under Inspector-General, a general officer of artillery; divided into a manufacturing branch, and the supply branch or magazines. These magazines to be in charge of artillery officers, and to contain all military stores, as well as ordnance and ammunition.

Commissariat Department, under Commissary-General, for food and forage, and having the Army Transport Corps attached to it in peace time.

Works Branch, under Inspector-General of Fortifications.

Medical Department.

The War Department proper to consist of the Secretary and two Parliamentary Under-Secretaries of State (one in each House), a permanent Under-Secretary, and the needful staff of clerks for corresponding with these different departments.

"The arrangements seem simple enough," observed Mr Merrifield; "but I miss the professional element in the War Office. How are these Parliamentary officials to work the machine if you remove all the experts?"

"The professional adviser will be the Commander-in-Chief. He will be responsible for the advice he offers; the Minister will be responsible for acting on it, or not acting on it. In this way you have a complete distribution (not division) of responsibility."

"And how as to the conflict of departments about which one hears so much?" said the Duke. "Will not this be intensified if they are all working apart from each other?"

"There should be no such conflict where all are subject to one central authority. It arises now, because no one can say whose advice is given, or whose is taken; and the parties who should be responsible are liable to be overridden by those who are wholly irresponsible. Take the late manœuvres for example. No sooner was it determined to have manœuvres of some sort, than everybody connected with the War Office thought it necessary, as the phrase goes, 'to shove his oar in;' and there were proposals, and counter-proposals, and minutes, and memorandums, and consultations, and Lord Stowe was pulled this way and that, and there was as much fuss and bother as might have sufficed to despatch a hundred thousand men abroad. Now what would happen under my plan would be this. The Minister would tell the Commander-in-Chief what sum was provided, and the latter would thereon draw out his scheme for the application of the sum. The Minister's share in the matter would then be limited to satisfying himself that the vote would not be exceeded, and thereon sanctioning the scheme. It would also be, of course, his business to obtain the needful Parliamentary power for occupation of land and so forth."

"Still, in order to satisfy himself on the point of expense, the Secretary of State would need to refer the Commander-in-Chief's proposals to the different heads of departments—Accountant-General, Commissary-General, and so forth; so that you have circumlocution in another form?"

"The Commander-in-Chief, if he is a sensible man, would, of course, get the help of these officers before-

hand, when framing his plans. In all this I am merely adapting the very efficient Indian system to the conditions we find here. And the case is merely an illustration of the principles I contend for—that the only practicable way of combining efficient army administration with Parliamentary government, is not for the political officer to take all business into his own hands; let him keep to general supervision, all the executive officials being permanent—experts in short—and specifically responsible to him, and through him to Parliament."

"Still," said Mr Merrifield, "as I understand your scheme, you have left the Secretary of State without a single expert in the office, for the permanent Under-Secretary may be a civilian. Is not that rather over-doing the decentralisation?"

"I had provided in my mind for the deficiency by giving the Secretary of State a private secretary, not a mere clerk promoted on £300 a year, but a military officer of standing, just as the First Lord of the Admiralty has the aid of an experienced naval officer. The appointment should be well paid, to secure a really good man, and it might very properly carry the rank of general."

"This will draw down the cry of jobbery for a certainty," observed the Duke.

"If distrust of public men is to be the basis of parliamentary discussion, then we can never reform the army or anything else; but Parliament, I should hope, will prove reasonable when they see that one means to be honest."

"But this resuscitation of the Horse-Guards," objected the Premier, "I am afraid it will be unpalatable. I don't know much about these things myself, but I have a sort of impression that the institution was not very popular with Parliament. Hey, Merrifield?"

Is it not moreover rather a complex and cumbrous affair?"

"The Horse-Guards itself," I observed, "wants simplifying, no doubt. The post of military secretary, for example, as now constituted is an anachronism. The officer commanding the forces must of course have a secretary, and you may call him a military secretary if you like, but he should be merely what the private secretary is to a minister, employed on semi-official correspondence and matters of patronage. The military secretary's office has come to be a much greater affair than this, usurping functions properly fulfilled by the adjutant-general. In my view there should be one principal staff-officer for all staff business, and he should properly be called Chief of the Staff. Further the Quartermaster-General's Department should certainly be abolished. Have staff-officers for surveying, and for getting intelligence, and so forth, and plenty of them; there should always be plenty of brains at work, gaining information and working out projects for attack and defence,—there is no real economy in cutting down your staff too much; but the business of moving troops—which is all the Quartermaster-General's Department has to do in peace time—is not sufficient to warrant our keeping up a separate establishment of equal status with the Adjutant-General's Department."

"By the way," said Mr Merrifield, "would it not be a good thing to get rid of some of these cumbersome titles? So far as I understand the matter, the man you call an assistant-adjutant-general is not assisting the adjutant-general, nor is the deputy-assistant-quartermaster-general deputed to do anything in particular. Could not you alter these long-winded names? They seem to stand forth now as emblems of a good deal that is antiquated in our military system."

"Very true, and now is the time to sweep away these cobwebs. I propose a much simpler arrangement for the future, a homogeneous staff with short simple names. But now to pass on from details to principles. There are certain things to be done at once, as to which I believe we are all agreed; the coast defences to be completed; a great reserve magazine to be established in the midland counties—we *must* insure ourselves against the ruin that would follow the loss of Woolwich. Then there are the defensive works round London; these may be regarded as a *sine qua non* in the present state of public feeling, so I hope you will approve of my having set them in hand already; Mr Merrifield concurs, and a million will do about what is needed."

"Oh, of course," replied the Premier, "the country would not keep us in office a week if we did not do that much. But all these are surely matters of detail too. What about the army itself? for that is what I am told we stand most in need of."

"Well, as to that, my scheme is as follows, subject of course to the criticism of the Commander-in-Chief, who will want a day or two to get into his seat. I do not propose to increase the embodied army beyond a small addition to the cavalry, notwithstanding the critical state of things. Our insular position will always give us a little time; what we have to do, I conceive, is to organise reserves on a much larger scale than anything we have had hitherto, and in a form immediately available. And, as I said before, it seems to me that for this purpose, under the circumstances of a rich country like England, with a passion for liberty carried almost to excess, the true policy is to avoid all danger of checking the national unanimity by proposing enforced service, and to pay for what we want in hard coin. We must go into the labour market,

in fact, like other employers of labour. Now then, how to get these reserves? You can't obtain a reserve of the strength needed merely by passing men through the ranks, and letting a part of their time be spent on furlough. To get a large reserve in this way you would want a large embodied army; moreover, the plan does not fit in with our colonial service. Further, there is this objection to a large reserve of this sort, that these men, if thrown in large numbers on the labour market after having been withdrawn from civil pursuits, will find a difficulty in earning their livelihood. I think, therefore, that we ought to look to a reserve of soldiers who shall not be withdrawn from civil life at all, except for training. I have drawn up a scheme, therefore, for attracting to each regiment a strong reserve of men who will be required merely to undergo the needful preliminary training, and to come out for occasional drill during peace time, and who are to receive a small rate of daily pay, as retaining fee for their services when required. It seems to me that in this way you will get what you want, with a minimum of disturbance to the industry of the country, and a minimum of expense.

"Besides this reserve, the militia is to be made available for service abroad in peace time, but then the militia is to be made a very different sort of thing from what it has been hitherto; it will be amalgamated thoroughly with the line, and officered entirely from the latter. The militia soldiers are also to have a permanent retaining fee, but smaller than that paid to the reserve, because their liability to be sent abroad will be smaller. I should hope that from a shilling to eighteenpence a day will be found sufficient for the line reserves; and from sixpence to ninepence for the militiamen. If not, we must bid

higher. But at this rate, every 100,000 of reserves will cost about two and a quarter millions a year."

"And a cheaper way of getting them, I believe it would be difficult to find," said the Duke, who seemed much pleased with the plan.

"Still," objected Mr Merrifield, "the whole scheme is complicated and illogical, compared with the sweet simplicity of enforced service on every able-bodied male."

"But I suppose," said the Duke, "what we want is some plan which will work practically, and can be set in hand at once."

"Very true," answered Mr Merrifield; "still, West's plan is logically quite indefensible. However, I will say no more on that point; the first thing, no doubt, is to do something."

"Talking of logic, John," observed his brother-in-law, "I should like you to look presently at something I have here;" and he pointed to a bundle of papers on the further side of the table which appeared to be proof-sheets, a fragment, apparently, of the great work on *The Unthinkable*. "Well," he continued, looking rather bored, "is there anything more to be discussed?"

"There is, of course, an immense deal to be said as well as done," I answered; "but the subject is involved in a multitude of details which I don't know that I need trouble you with, although they make up a great whole. The number of line regiments has to be reduced. Then there is the distribution of this new force to be considered. Soldiers alone don't make an army, nor individual regiments, nor even brigades or divisions. This is a matter to be arranged forthwith. The German system, with its complete localisation by army corps, is not applicable to our circumstances of colonial and Indian reliefs, and the army corps is too large a unit for our small es-

establishment in peace time. Further, the bulk of the embodied troops must be stationed mainly in the fortified towns in the south, while the headquarters of regiments must be among the centres of population in the north. Still I propose a uniform plan; the abolition of all the small independent districts, and a redistribution of the home forces among divisions of uniform size, subdivided into brigades. More general officers will be actively employed than at present, but *per contra* there will be a saving practicable in the colonial commands, the staff of which is now altogether overdone; and eventually there should be a large saving in the establishment of generals, which is to be largely reduced, and made a working grade, like all others limited in strength to the numbers actually employed. Then all honorary rank is to be abolished, and honorary promotions on retirement. Relative rank is to be overhauled, and readjusted with reference to the increased responsibilities and higher education of the combatant officer in these times. Then there are various plans for raising the status of the soldier, and making the army more respectable. We hope a great deal may be done by localising the reserve still more completely than is the case at present; by the thorough fusion contemplated between the line and militia; by making the recruiting personal; and the colonel the recruiting officer of his own regiment. I think, too, I see the way to render the army more of a career for the soldier; and I hope that instead of desertions occurring, dismissal may soon be regarded as a misfortune and disgrace.

"Well, perhaps it will be better to defer going into these points until you have finally settled them with the Commander-in-Chief;"—and as the Duke now certainly seemed a little bored, and was casting a

sidelong glance at his proof-sheets, the meeting soon broke up.

"The Duke is certainly the right man in the right place," observed Mr Braham, as the three of us walked away together from Ulster House. "The only man in England who is not in a flurry just now."

"And so quick at seizing the point of a case," said Mr Merrifield; "it is quite delightful to do business with him. If he would only be persuaded to give up for a time hankering after that confounded Calculus of The Unthinkable."

"That is what keeps his head so cool," replied Mr Braham. "I wish Von Uberlisten could have seen him to-day. See, too," added Mr Braham, sentimentally, "how admirably he exemplifies the genius of decentralisation. No undue interference with the business of departments. No tendency there to go too closely into details."

"There is one point I am surprised he did not take up," observed Mr Merrifield. "It passes my comprehension how Ulster of all men should not perceive the superior advantages, upon every ground of reason and justice, of resting the defence of the country on the liability of all citizens to military service."

At this point the speaker left us to take his own road home, and the separation of our party was not made too soon, for quite a crowd of people were following us, attracted by the novel and interesting sight of these two distinguished men walking in company with each other.

"How long will it be," said Mr Braham, as we continued our course together—"how long will it be before we can look the enemy boldly in the face? The whole course of future events abroad seems to turn on this."

"There must be still a few weeks of apparent confusion and helplessness, while the process of conversion takes place, but we can hardly move faster

than we are going, although there is not much to show so far. The first thing to be done is to get the men, of course ; we shall ask the House to vote these to-morrow, you know, and the proclamation inviting enlistment into the reserves is ready drafted, and may be got out the next day. I daresay we shall have something like the appearance of an army within a couple of months. But we are in awful apparent confusion and hurry-scurry at this moment, and shall be in worse a fortnight hence. However, once done, the thing need never be done again. The British army will be 'fixed up' for good."

"Even this preliminary bustle has had its effect on foreign politics," observed my companion. "Already I think I can begin to discern some slight indications of more peaceable tendency in the north."

"It is most devoutly to be hoped the signs may be true."

"Yet I begin to think," rejoined Mr Braham, "the nation will be almost sorry to be balked of a little fighting, now that its blood is up; and you, I suspect, will find it difficult to avoid a desire to try the temper of your new weapon when you have forged it."

"It is my business to breathe blood and thunder just now, and to try to instil enthusiasm into everybody else ; but I feel a sort of impostor all the time, for I have not a spark of that professional zeal which imparts a pleasure to war for its own sake. I look on it as about the worst use you can put men to, knowing what a blundering, brutal, wasteful business war actually is at best, even what people are pleased to call scientific war. Merrifield himself cannot be more pacific in heart than I am."

"But Merrifield is becoming quite bloodthirsty ; look how excited he is about the forced enlistment. I hope he won't be doing anything mischievous in that line. If he were to throw us over on that point, and take to stumping the country on the conscription ticket, there would very soon be an end of the Great United Administration."

I fancy that Mr Braham spoke in jest ; nevertheless I was pained at this light way of talking about my revered friend and patron, but as we parted just at this moment, on reaching the corner of Plantagenet Square, I had not an opportunity of saying anything in reply.

CHAPTER LXII.—REPORTS PROGRESS.

But the quiet tenor of these easy conversations reflected very incorrectly the true aspect of our life at this time. Changing flank in face of the enemy is proverbially a delicate operation, and to be done quickly ; and to recast your military system, with the prospect of desperate European war breaking out at any moment, was a thing to be carried out with the utmost despatch. While, therefore, it might be all very well to discuss measures calmly with the Duke of Ulster—and no man possessed in a higher degree that valuable self-possession which

Napoleon called two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, suitable for piloting the state in face of the breakers which menaced our course in every direction—the days passed actually in a sort of official whirlwind. Everything had to be done in a hurry, and done at once, yet if possible done well ; and witnessing the scene of apparent confusion presented by the War Department at this time, I could not control the anxious self-questioning that perforce arose, whether I had not attempted a task beyond my powers, and whether out of all this turmoil

and upsetting and rearrangement, order would ever be evolved. Nor was there any lack of critics to express the same doubt, not always too impartial; for in a reform of this sort there must needs be sufferers, and men do not readily see the merits of a change which renders them superfluous. This is the man, it was said by these persons, who wanted to simplify and reduce. Why, instead of the promised simplicity and reduction of business, there never was such a bustle and so much work before—which was quite true; and I felt that if anything happened to stop our course before it was accomplished—a quarrel among the would-be Continental thieves, or a sudden decline in the national fervour, or any other cause tending to turn out the party of progress—my successor would succeed to a condition of things far worse than that which I had attempted to improve, and I should be denounced as a rash impostor, a sort of political Prometheus, a mortal who had vainly tried to handle celestial weapons; and I thought of the homilies that would be poured forth, about the folly of promoting young politicians to high places, of making a man War Minister who had never been even at the Board of Trade or Education Department, and how clearly it would be proved that in these days of complex government long experience was the first qualification for office. However, the business having been begun must be gone on with, but I confess that at times no one was more disposed to doubt my competency for the task before me than myself. Is a great general, I wonder, not surprised sometimes to find he has won a battle, and may he not be disposed to think well of himself for the first time when the plaudits of his countrymen convey the belief of others in his merits?

In truth, it was indeed a scene of turmoil for a time. There being so

much business to be disposed of all at once, the only practicable plan seemed to be to appoint committees of the best men who could be found, either in or out of the office, to draw up detailed regulations, upon general instructions, for giving effect to each part of the new organisation, and drafting the various warrants to be issued thereon. Thus in a day or two we had committees sitting upon almost every conceivable point, and innumerable references coming up from them every minute for disposal.

The office worked with a will, not excepting Burley; but the knowledge that his appointment was now superfluous, and would cease on the completion of the different matters in hand, was hardly calculated to diminish my friend's natural tendency to overload his business with minutes and statistical returns. And thus every scheme being made the subject of a proposal for a fresh tabular statement, there threatened to be a somewhat bewildering accumulation of superfluous matter upon the work in hand; but the difficulty was happily disposed of when, on the Governorship of the South Pacific Islands falling vacant, the Secretary for the Colonies, at Mr Merrifield's instance, offered it to Burley. The appointment fortunately presented peculiar attractions for him, inasmuch as this important settlement had hitherto been conspicuous for the dearth of accurate statistical information available regarding it. It was not even known, so Burley told me, what proportion the children of mixed parentage bore to the total population, or what percentage of the converted inhabitants belonged to each religious denomination. To rescue the islands from this deplorable condition was therefore a congenial task; and my friend started for his new appointment full of ardour, with an extra cabin full of blue-

books, and several dozen specimen samples of blank forms to be filled in on arrival. Meddell and McMuddell, I suspect, each shed a silent tear over the memory of so much departed worth; while poor Mr Bajherd, the Indexer-General, became more anxious than ever as his eye wandered sadly over the shelves in the store-room, groaning under the weight of piles of blank returns never again to be called into use. But generally the office entered with much zest upon the great work in hand; O'Verduitt, of my old branch, was quite invaluable; and Trubbell Soame, Burley's private secretary, who was a very clever fellow, had thrown himself into the current of the stream with admirable loyalty.

A timely attack of gout had already solved the difficulty about disposing of Sir Frederick Baton. The presence of the chief of the staff being particularly needed just now, he had naturally taken the opportunity to go off to Buxton—Baden-Baden not being accessible with decency to the head of the army in present European crisis—and so might be shelved without doing violence to his feelings. There was no difficulty about filling up the new and higher appointment to be created, in the person of an officer of rank whose services and ability had secured the confidence of the army and the country, a practical soldier, and a man of business and good sense into the bargain. This resuscitation of the chief command was naturally popular with the army; and the new Commander-in-Chief, with a new chief of the staff as his principal *aide*, a headquarter-staff organised on the new system, and a strong branch for the intelligence department, was very quickly at work, taking his full share of the great business in hand.

This was indeed a season of high-

pressure, for every hour was of moment, and the business of months had to be crowded into days. Had war been actually proclaimed, the excitement and activity could scarcely have been greater; for the nation felt as if it were living on the edge of a mine, and no man could predict the moment when the explosion would take place. The great powers abroad, meanwhile, eagerly watched our proceedings, for which indeed every facility was afforded, the newspapers being filled with the reports of their special military correspondents from various parts of the country; so that not only did the British public get every morning the fullest information how the money was being spent which its representatives had voted, but these interesting details were also telegraphed to all parts of the world. The progress in recruiting the reserves, the extra hands engaged at Woolwich, the strength of the working parties employed on the defences of London, the state of the new great arsenal in the north, the augmentation of the field artillery, the practice made with the new guns and all the new inventions adopted in their manufacture, the doings at the various camps of exercise, even the number of hours spent by the Secretary of State in his office,—all these facts were as well known to all parties interested as to that individual himself and the rest of the Cabinet. But publicity has its advantages; the would-be disturbers of the peace of Europe saw that England was in earnest, and the more far-sighted political meteorologists thought that they could already detect some faint gleam of light in the black thunder-cloud on the horizon. They would have been still more assured had Mr Braham's confidential opinion been made public; for that astute statesman was not without hope that the great conflict might yet be averted.

If anything could procure this happy consummation, it would certainly be the bold front displayed by England, and the forwardness of her preparation. "We must not delay for a moment," said the noble Premier, calm and cool, perchance not without a mental sigh, as thinking of the proof-sheets of his great work lying uncorrected. "Are you sure you have taken money enough?" asked Mr Merrifield. "Real economy lies in expenditure just now. The nation will stand a shilling income-tax without flinching, and export duty on coal is bringing in a splendid revenue. Twenty millions or so were well spent, if it save us from spending twenty times twenty millions in wicked war, and sums untold in waste of precious human lives."

The time flies apace in the rush of work, and yet seems long, looking back on all that was done. The days indeed go mostly in talk, or perhaps in listening. As many officials have to be conferred with as there are half-hours in the day, and later on plans have to be unfolded and explained, and perhaps defended in the House. But the House is always reasonable, especially when taken into confidence, and the proposals of Government commend themselves to all right-thinking men. Mr Merrifield, too, is always ready to undertake the work of argumentative elucidation when asked, often indeed without being asked, and bears down all opposition by perspicuous statement and force of argument and illustration; his whole-hearted support qualified only by a reservation of doubt, implied rather than expressed, regarding the impolicy of not enforcing the obligation of universal military service—on which topic the leader of the House is so persuasive, copious, and sarcastic, that the defen-

ders of the voluntary system are left logically without a leg to stand on. Mr Braham is usually silent, but always rising when necessary, and often by judicious banter and *persiflage* smooths down the feathers which have got ruffled in debate.

But army debates do not come on every evening. The nights are mostly free for work; and although talking and listening all day leave a sense of excitement and fatigue, a man in health, refreshed by dinner and a nap, may go to work again. Night, too, the best time for writing minutes and reading papers, whereof sundry boxes full, brought home after office hours by messengers in a cab, occupy vacant chairs and tables of the Minister's private room. New forms of estimates and accounts; draft codes of regulations for departments newly established on autonomic bases—simple and specific procedure the object in view, so that the military runner may read, and hunting for precedents cease henceforth; draft warrants for promotion; draft warrants for this, that, and the other; plans for new camps; plans for London defences; a general upheaval of things military waiting for settlement; hurry-scurry and high-pressure,—all to culminate in a time of rest, when the English Minister, like the historic German, shall sit calmly at a clear table in an empty office, while the business of the army is done by the proper people. Hard work for the time; but hard work, at any rate prosperous work, need not hurt a man. Passion, envy, disappointment, these break people down; but the man who feels that he is achieving success, and while gaining public confidence keeps on good terms with those about him—if the lungs be sound and digestion good, may work well into the night, and rise fresh and early of a morning.

GROUSE-DRIVING.

THE tenth day of last December closed the grouse season of 1872, for many reasons the most extraordinary on record. It was chiefly remarkable for the exemplification it afforded of the enormous results to be obtained by the system of driving, and for the controversies to which these have given rise. We were startled during last August and September by a rapid succession of scores totally unprecedented in former annals of shooting, while we have since been entertained by abuse—more or less vehement—from the mouths of such as refuse to consider such results as legitimate. Within a few weeks we heard of the slaughter in one day of 1120 brace at Studley Royal; of upwards of 1000 brace at Wemmergill, Mr F. Milbanke securing 350 brace as his share of the total; of Lord Walsingham's unparalleled feat of 423 brace; and finally, of the unheard-of number of 2626 grouse killed on the moors of Mr Rimington Wilson, at Broomhead, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It is not therefore wonderful that grouse-driving should attract the attention of the general public, as well as of the regular community of gunners. That it is the sport, *par excellence*, of the hour, at least so far as the gun is concerned, cannot be denied. It appears to engross the attention of the modern shooting world during at least the first two months of the season, while a large majority of sportsmen are ready to follow it in preference to the more domestic *battue*, even so late as the early days of chill December. We are told that this novel and much-sought-for pastime increases the supplies of human food, that its expenses are almost defrayed by the large numbers

of grouse which it alone produces, while its votaries describe it as the most exciting, and therefore most delightful, sport to be had in the shape of shooting. All these things are doubtless very true; and yet there is a large class of the community who sneer at grouse-driving, while many openly denounce it on various grounds. The former, we suspect, owe their dislike to ignorance of it; the latter appear to be all more or less influenced by envy or antiquated prejudice. It is difficult to convey in words, to any one who has had no experience of the sport, what are the elements of the fascination which grouse-driving undoubtedly possesses for any lover of the gun. Nevertheless, let us attempt to describe it as it really is, and recall for a moment the glories of one of the great Yorkshire days. Let us imagine ourselves again upon a moor, in the early days of autumn, with guns, cartridges, dogs, loaders, drivers, and luncheon—all *en règle*. We have breakfasted early, ridden or driven a few miles to the edge of the moor, and walked a mile or two up to the scene of action. Ensnconed in the first battery, with our loader busily arranging cartridges ready to his hand, and our retriever, keen as mustard and patient as Job, behind us, we are cheered by the pleasing consciousness that we have got a good place, and that the drivers are well started. The morning is clear and sunny; the time of day, say, ten or half-past. The blue smoke of our morning cigar curls spirally upward, stirred by no untoward wind. "What a day for driving!" bursts involuntarily from our lips. Half an hour, perhaps three-quarters, elapse, and we are still straining our eyes into the dis-

tance. Nothing to be seen but the lovely expanse of heather and golden bilberry, varied by grey and green patches of stones and grass, or strips of burnt moor, which stretches swelling or sinking away to the blue horizon. Nothing to be heard but an occasional self-satisfied chuckle from some unsuspecting old cock-grouse, or the faint bleating of a distant flock of moor sheep. But hark! a far-off cry of "Ma-a-ark" is wafted along the light September breeze. *Arrectis auribus*, we listen for the next symptom of the approaching fray, while our eyes almost tire of sweeping sky and earth for signs of the quarry. Suddenly a small pack of flying birds rises phantom-like, out of the earth, and settle almost before we have caught sight of a feather, about two hundred yards ahead, chuckling heartily. These are doubtless suspicious old stagers, whose habit is, under any circumstances, to slink away at the first symptom of human presence on the moor. We grasp the trusty breech-loader, and pulling ourselves together, are conscious that the game has begun. At length we can see the flutter of a white flag on the crest of yon second hill, followed immediately by a wondrous swirl of distant birds, that look like bees in the air. They sink down again below the sky-line, and again the cry of "Mark" arises. Now more flags are visible, till the complete horse-shoe of flickering white objects is in view, though still a mile off on the opposite hill-face. Large bodies of birds are on the move in the valley between us and the drivers, more are settling in front, and still we are idle; while still the cry of "Mark" comes sighing on the breeze. The weird crow of the old cocks, rising from all parts of the "slack" in front of the batteries, keeps our attention on the strain, and promises that work, and plenty of it, is near

at hand. Two shots—three—four—five shots away on the right of the line announce that the ball is opened, and redouble our excitement. "Are they ever coming?" "Yes!" for before we have time to think or aim, our first two barrels have been fired at a wily old cock, who was on us before we saw him, but who disappears unharmed into the distance behind. With a second gun in our hands we again watch keenly, inwardly cursing the cunning of that old miscreant, who has caused us to fail, expended two good cartridges, and who must have risen out of the earth, for no mortal saw him till he was within a yard of the batteries. Somehow the guns on the right and the left appear to be enjoying all the fun, for their fire is incessant, and the birds, though they settle in front, seem to fight shy of our battery. But the middle of the line is bound to have its turn; and look! ours is coming at last. As the shouting of the drivers waxes louder, about two or three hundred birds have risen, and are now on the move towards us, apparently creeping slowly over the very tops of the heather. Straight at us they come, their necks and breasts gleaming red and bright in the autumn sun, while a feeling akin to fear comes over us. Some of them settle, fresh ones take wing and join them, till all is alive with grouse in front, and our gun trembles in our hand as they come on. They are on us—the supreme moment has arrived. We pick our birds—bang, bang—thud, thud—and by us they go with our four barrels into them, not creeping slowly, but at the rate of fifty miles an hour. More are coming. Oh for a hundred guns! Faster and faster they stream at us; packs, twos and threes, and single birds, as straight as arrows, and as swift as the north wind; over us, at our heads, to the right, to the left, now behind, now in front

again, the cannonade roaring along the line. Past our ears, and over their dead and dying comrades, on they must come, through all the smoke and thunder of the guns, worthy of Sedan or Waterloo, till we would fain hold hard and let our barrels cool. But the drivers are climbing up the face we are on, and the stream is beginning to slacken. The remaining birds come singly, and are calmly and neatly killed, for those bewildering packs have passed, and are over the hill behind. Now the drivers are up to the batteries, and the drive is over. The faithful and patient Hector leaps up, for he knows his time is come, and we sally forth to pick up the corpses of the slain, and lay them in triumph by our battery. Ten minutes of this work, and we are told to face about in our boxes. We do so, and again the expectation, the excitement, the torrent of grouse, the lively fusillade, and the thud of our frequent victim on the ground, or against the walls of our stronghold. Again the picking up and reckoning of the slain, the congratulations and condolences, and away over the hills to the next line of batteries. Such is a good drive in modern Yorkshire. But this is not the whole history of it. This is what the novice sees, which he takes for granted it is all that is to be known concerning grouse-driving. The bag thus made is all that the old-fashioned sportsman with his annual steady work in a Highland glen, and his brace of pointers or setters, hears of; and thus he calls it unsportsman-like butchery. Nothing is heard of the great care and skill which, matured by science and experience of the animal grouse, and his ways upon particular moors, are required to produce the complete result, of which our ideal gunner has just been made aware.

The time has long gone by when

a large bag could be regarded as unsportsman-like. The soil in these islands has always produced game in abundance under proper management, and the grandfathers of the existing generation of sporting-men only failed to equal the scores of the present day from want of the experience and appliances which have developed since their time. People are apt to forget that though fifty years ago grouse-driving did not exist, yet enormous bags of partridges and grouse are recorded of that day. Osbaldeston killed 100 pheasants to his own gun in one day; Lord Kennedy and Mr Coke of Norfolk upwards of 100 brace of partridges on several occasions; while from 80 to 100 brace of grouse to a gun overdogs were often bagged. Scores like these are not exceeded nowadays (or at least very rarely) by any individual gun in a grouse-drive or *battue*. It is true that Mr F. Milbanke's 350 brace, and Lord Walsingham's 420 brace, were never approached by our forefathers; but there is little doubt that had the grouse existed in their time, they would have done their best at them with their flint and steel and their Joe Manton barrels. A glance at the controversies carried on in our contemporary the 'Field' on this subject, will suffice to show that the cavilling at grouse-driving as a sport is all on the side of those who have no practical knowledge of it. When we find that men of authority and experience in shooting such as Mr F. Milbanke, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Ripon, have all for some years taken to driving their moors, as the best way of killing the grouse and of obtaining sport, we can afford to dismiss as insignificant the dissatisfaction of people who do not understand it. And here, as we lay ourselves open to the criticism, that even on the

showing of its most zealous admirers, grouse-driving must always be limited to persons of large fortune and extensive estates, we must take occasion to remind all owners of moors, that be their shooting-ground large or small, hilly or flat, they will do well to seize every opportunity of having a drive, on however humble a scale, for the sake of getting rid of old birds. Whether this is done by the master and his friends, or by the keeper, let them examine the result, and even if they only kill eight or ten brace in a day by their *impromptu* drives, they will be gratified to find that four-fifths of the bag so made consists of obnoxious old cocks and barren hens, who would never have let the steadiest pointer come within 100 yards of them. The smallest moor is capable of being improved to a wonderful extent by this means; indeed there are one or two shootings in Perthshire, not to speak of Yorkshire, of not more than a few hundred acres in extent, where the number of birds realised for the pot has been nearly trebled by a regular system of small drives over the walls or gullies, continued up to the end of the season. We live in an age of progress, and too much has perhaps been made of the sportsman's work among the small shootings in Scotland, however accompanied by well-trained dogs and a steady eye. The line is attempted to be drawn at the point where the setter or pointer is discarded. Now we are sure that such men as we have named, equally with all other owners of moors, are fully alive to the charm of working with dogs, and would be using them to this day if they afforded more satisfactory results. Pointers have long been shelved in Norfolk for partridges, and, in these days of railways and large shooting-parties, are out of the question, excepting at

the small Scotch lodge, where they are only required to work for one or two guns. It must also be remembered, as Mr Milbanke tells us, that there is great enjoyment derived in grouse-driving from the working of the retriever, setter, or spaniel. He picks up many a dead or wounded bird which would otherwise be lost, while considerable knowledge of dog-handling is required to make him do this well. The retriever is an animal that is certainly more cultivated and better understood than formerly; while the setter will afford many a pretty picture during a driving day, as you cross the moor or search a corrie for wounded birds and stragglers. A great mistake made by all persons not conversant with the theory of driving is to suppose that it is easily done—that, in short, all that is necessary is to erect some turf batteries, find a few drivers, and start driving without any further study of the subject. Very poor results are arrived at by this method; indeed, often not so large as would be afforded by the employment of “dogs.” The flight of the birds must be studied most carefully, and their habits attentively considered. To lay out a moor for driving, the master or the keeper must drive it in the winter when the birds are very wild, and he can observe their inclinations when disturbed. He must note the shoulders of the hills that they invariably swing round, the length of their flights, and their usual alighting places. He must drive them in still weather, and in wind or rain; mark the variations of their course under these different conditions, place his boxes accordingly, and produce his magic stream of grouse as the result of his study. Whoever has this work to do, must obviously be a man of perception and a sportsman. This latter word has been the *causa teter-*

rima of much strife between the votaries of what we may call sport on a large scale and its enemies. Now we conceive that sport, so far as concerns the gun, consists in pursuing and securing the *feræ nature* in the manner best calculated to feed the human appetite with savoury meat, while it supports rather than injures the breed which affords that luxury. In short, it is a contest waged between man and the birds and beasts of the field, carried on on a legitimate system, which we call sportsman-like. The excitement, whether of a trembling moment in a battery or of a breathless advance to a point, is, after all, only a pleasing incident of the actual business in hand, even though it be this excitement which lends to shooting all its charms. The driver or the pointer are equally fair and legitimate as between man and grouse. Sport is as every individual finds it (granting that he understands the beast or fowl that he is pursuing); and it is impossible to restrict its laws to the use of any particular species of dog. There are many men who have shot tigers in India, elephants in Ceylon, or hunted antelope and buffalo on the boundless prairies of the Far West, whose blood a good grouse-driver will yet send throbbing through their veins, and recall the excitement that has been raised in other climes by a nobler quarry. The most bigoted votary of point-shooting will always kill as many birds as it is good for the ground to destroy, and this is no more than is done on any driving moor. Indeed, the great difficulty appears to be how to kill enough, to free the ground from an overstock and its consequent taint and disease. There is no way in which an overplus of birds can be got rid of so well as by the method we are discussing, and driving begets driv-

ing. The enormous numbers of grouse to be found on the Yorkshire hills owe their existence to the fact that these moors have been consistently driven for some years past. We can state on good authority that there are moors in that county on which there are to-day fifty times as many birds as were to be found there twenty years ago. The cause is obvious, and so well known that we need not enter upon it at length. It is simply that whereas point-shooting results in a continual destruction of the lambs of the flock, leaving the old and sterile portion to encumber the ground—in driving, the latter become the readiest victims, and the stock left for breeding consists almost entirely of young, strong, and prolific birds. This fact is the result, firstly, of the wariness of the old birds, which causes them to slip away from the drivers very early in the business, and thereby coming to hand at the batteries while the guns are free to deal with them; secondly, of the packs, whether large or small, being always led by old birds, so that the young ones often go by unharmed while the sportsman's gun is empty; thirdly, that many young birds will only take one short flight and then settle, thereby never reaching the guns, while some will squat under the heather, and let the drivers pass them within 20 or 30 yards. The consequent general increase in the available numbers of these birds—affording, as they do, an excellent article of human food—cannot be regarded as anything but advantageous to the community at large. That it also provides room for great sport, and practically admits of more people joining in the pleasure of shooting grouse than could possibly be accommodated under the old system, is a fact rather to be welcomed than deplored. During the first month or six weeks of the sea-

son of 1871, it is well known that grouse were hawked about the streets of Liverpool and other large northern towns at 2s. 6d. and 2s. a brace. On a certain Saturday in the month of September of this year, they were to be had at Leadenhall Market at 6d. apiece by any one who would carry them away. In the month of December 1870, game was bought by large numbers of the poor of London for their Sunday dinners, as being at that moment the cheapest form of flesh to be procured, in consequence of the Paris market being closed by the memorable siege. In the face of facts like these it is difficult to establish that the increase of game is an evil. And in the case of grouse especially, a large supply is an unequivocal advantage, since they are fed on ground which will feed nothing else excepting sheep, while we have been lately shown that they do not in any way interfere with the numbers or the pasturage of the latter valuable animal. There are many shooting-boxes on the Yorkshire hills, where the advent of the party for a month's driving, and consequent employment of a score or so of men at a good rate of wages, with the chance of a small bonus all round from the liberality of the sportsmen, is hailed as a happy event and positive boon to the little village on the moor-edge which supplies the drivers. The upshot of the matter appears to be distinctly satisfactory. We find that the great increase of grouse consequent on driving, supplies food for the public market, employs men in the moorland district, gives extra traffic to the railways, and grants the means of honest trade to an additional number of poulterers, gunmakers, cartridge-manufacturers, purveyors of powder and of shot, or packing-case makers and their respective assistants, than there was employment for in older times. All this constitutes an un-

doubted stimulus to trade which must be accepted as a benefit. Allowing, then, from the point of view of the political economist, that there is more to be said for the increase of winged game than against it, let us review the question of how far grouse-driving is sportsman-like, as compared with the old manner of pursuing these birds. We have shown that qualities eminently forming part of "sportsmanship" are essential to produce good driving, as well as what scope is afforded thereby for the use and handling of dogs. Let us revert for a moment to the shooting itself. To be a complete sportsman, every one will admit that a man must be a good shot. He who is not, however well acquainted with the theory and system of shooting, is as little master of his art as the author would be whose ideas and language were excellent, but in whom the gift of writing was so deficient that he was unable to realise them on paper. Accuracy of aim is, we suspect, more perfect at the present day than it was twenty-five years ago. Men are more practised, and shooting is usually arranged, where it is practicable, so as to test their powers to the utmost. Killing driven grouse has been said to be a "knack;" but it is an undoubted fact that while many men with high reputations in the turnips, or over Sancho and Don in the heather, have failed signally in a battery, there is no good shot at driven birds who cannot easily hold his own at what gets up before him. We often hear the term "butchery" vaguely applied to any large bag that has been made by an aristocratic shooting-party. We are also constantly warned that the present is a degenerate age; that driving is a luxurious pastime, which may be followed in patent-leather boots and irreproachable trousers; and that the

race of men who would work hard for their bag of wild birds has passed away with ramrods and percussion-caps. These accusations, as far as driving grouse is concerned, may be dismissed without argument. All who have ever engaged in it know that there is as much endurance, energy, and skill required in a day's driving as in any of the older forms of sporting with the gun. It frequently happens that the shooters have to walk three or four miles round to get to the next line of batteries without disturbing the ground, while the drivers are stationary—giving them a certain and generally limited time before beginning to beat up towards them. And although ponies are a practicable means of conveyance in some places, it would be utterly impossible on the majority of moors to cross from one line to the other without being mired in the deep peat-hags. We imagine that if those who hold the opinions we have quoted above could see a few days' driving on the moors at Bolton Abbey, Wemmergill, Simonstone, or High Force, they would soon change their note concerning the effeminacy of it, and its compatibility with polished boots and Bond Street continuations. One day will be so blazing hot that it is all that the army can do, with their heavy load of guns and cartridges, to get up the steep pull to their batteries under the burning sun. The next day, in the same place, they are quite liable to a cutting north-east wind, relieved by showers of sleet and hail, which freeze the very marrow of the sportsman as he cowers in his fortress of turf, waiting for the birds to come; and when they do come—straight at your head, to your right, to your left, diagonally, directly, high in the air, or just skimming the heather, the grouse that has

flown a mile and the bird that has only come off the next brae, with the wind at forty miles an hour, swinging sidelong to it with a terrific "curl" on, or beating up against it close to the ground, now two or three together, now in an overwhelming burst of five or six hundred, here athwart the bright sky, there hardly visible against the dark moss-hag,—if under all these various conditions you can be cool and quick, and when all is over produce on the outside of your box a number of grouse in adequate proportion to the masses of empty cartridges which litter its interior, then we say that you can afford to laugh at those who call you butcher, while you may defy them to equal your performance. It is the opportunity and power of doing this which is the cause of envy. *Non cuius hominum contingit adire Corinthum*, but let not the Roman citizen on that account assert that the Corinthian grapes are sour. As no one denies the merit of the homely sportsman who has so well trained his dogs, and so carefully studied the habits of birds, that he is able to overreach them with certainty, so let him not scoff at those whose skill, activity, and precision are employed in a different manner, equally consistent with their situation and opportunities. Much as we may regret the inactive life which must now be led by our old friends Don and Sancho, or envy the fortunate possessors of good moors for driving, we must still accept the new form of sport as an institution by no means injurious to the welfare of either the shooting world in particular, or the country at large. If grouse-driving is the best proof of the degeneracy of the age, we may at any rate congratulate ourselves that it has taken a very wholesome vein.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SESSION.

CONTENTMENT, universal goodwill, harmony of classes, obedience and devotion to the rulers—these were to be the achievements of a Radical Government, and they were to be brought about by depressing the Church and the landed and moneyed classes, by revolutionising the army, by maintaining peace at any price, and by great reduction of the public expenses. Happiness was to be general, with one exception: the baffled Tories, chagrined at witnessing the halcyon days which they had done their best to prevent, were to sit apart scowling at the general enjoyment, and gnashing their teeth in disappointed rage. Unfortunately this delightful programme has not been exactly carried out. Discontent was never more general; selfishness and class divisions rend society in every place; the law is almost a dead letter, and the public service in a dangerous state of indiscipline; the public expenses have increased instead of being diminished. Worst of all, the Tories are not a bit out of countenance, but rather, by the course of events, confirmed in their opinions. The objections that were made to the policy which has been pursued during the past four years, prove to have been well founded, now that its effects are showing themselves. At the meeting of Parliament the country was in a state of distraction and disorder, and, though shown by statistical returns to be increasing in wealth, yet by no means increasing in comfort. Whatever State papers may show, it is certain that the times are evil for the masses, when the means of living are unprecedentedly dear. They who shiver and starve in hard winter will be

but little consoled by the knowledge that exports and imports multiply, or that the revenue is greater than was expected. As there is but too good reason for believing that the causes of the ruinous prices are political, the fact that we are tending towards starvation in the midst of plenty is perhaps that which more than any other calls for the attention of our legislators.

While thus the advent of the Session was a time of suffering and of apprehension, it was enlivened by no foretaste of the coming legislative measures. Ministers generally were reticent; even the Prime Minister, it was observed, for once was able to keep his own counsel. Possibly he may have at length learned one of the maxims of common-sense, after bitter experience of the inefficacy of the overflowing candour with which he formerly tried to win golden opinions. The political world, therefore, was left to speculation; and the speculation would be of little consequence now that we know the Ministerial mind, were it not for the grounds on which principally the reasoning was made to rest. The argument was remarkable because of the extremely low estimate of the motives which were thought likely to influence the Cabinet in framing their measures. Writers did not even mention such things as fixed principles, or a settled line of policy, by knowledge of which it might be possible to divine how certain questions would be viewed. On the contrary, it was assumed that the very lowest considerations of party would determine the action of the Government; and these disparaging assumptions were notably

put forward quite as freely by the Ministerial as by the Opposition side. No more forcible proof could be given of the depth to which our rulers have descended in public opinion. And the language which imputes such entire absence of principle is the more weighty because it makes no direct accusation of such thing, neither is written in enmity, but merely, in commenting on possible actions, develops incidentally the impressions made by those who are to be the actors. A direct charge could hardly equal in severity the disparagement which has thus come out by the way. But it has happened before to-day that men who have begun by professing to look to a higher standard than their fellow-men, find in the end a lower level than they who never pretended to exceptional virtue. No adventurers or charlatans could be more contemptuously spoken of than were these once admired Ministers by the Radical press in January. It was certain before the reassembling of the Legislature, that, whatever support particular measures might receive, the moral influence of the Government was wholly gone. There is not the least probability that members will ever again be sent to Parliament "to vote for Mr Gladstone."

Thus, credit for a definite policy being on all sides refused, and the belief obtaining that retention of power would be the sole end looked to, and that measures would therefore be devised, not in accordance with the principles of any party, but so as to obtain a majority of votes, there was immense emulation among the Liberal sections as to whose particular crotchet the perplexed leaders might decide to adopt. Each section, of course, thought that its own pet confiscation or demolition was the one to win on, and all were pretty open in their threats of re-

bellion if any scheme which they might have been devising should not be countenanced. For the first time, now that Parliament was about to begin its fifth year, distinct plans of secession began to be entertained. The time had passed when the Minister could unite and control the sections; the time had come when the sections, each for itself, sought to coerce the Minister. Tom, Dick, and Harry each wanted the Ministerial puppets to take their inspiration from him; but it was more than hinted that the adoption of Tom's proposal would be followed by the implacable resentment of Dick and Harry. It was to be remarked, too, that no section seemed to think that there could be any pause or breathing-time allowed to the hapless officials. None ever hinted that it might be expedient to halt awhile in the downward course, and take account of the destruction that had already been completed. As is always the case when those who should lead are pressed and driven by factions, the word is "Onwards!" and the pace must quicken as goal after goal is left behind. It was clear, we say, before the meeting of Parliament, that the Cabinet had ceased to move by its own volition, and that it was to receive its impulse from without. Everything seemed to indicate that henceforth, in executive as well as in legislative functions, the so-called leaders were to be driven. Only a few days before the Session opened, the Home Secretary had set aside the sentence of one of the judges passed on the gas-stokers found guilty of conspiracy, and he had done this at the dictation of the men of other unions; thus affording early proof of what we said last month—namely, that there is always between the lower classes and a demagogue Ministry a compact, expressed or

understood, to the effect that laws are to be made and enforced only in such manner as the plebs shall approve. Surely, the present state of the country considered, a more ill-advised act could hardly have been imagined than the remission of the greater part of the punishment of these gas-stokers. We are quite aware that many people thought the punishment unnecessarily severe. It may or may not have been so : we do not to pretend to decide that question ; but merely say that there was no doubt about the men's guilt, and that the judge who tried the cases thought proper to award the punishment ; and such being the case, the reversal of the sentence by the Home Secretary was, under the circumstances, an act of the most miserable subserviency. Of course, the unions, having found how squeezable the Minister is, will not be slow to apply again the compress. How little Mr Bruce gained by his pliancy may be learned from the manner in which the announcement of his gracious conduct was received by the association for whose propitiation he had interfered with the working of the law. He was abused for not immediately setting the prisoners at liberty, and for not denouncing the law itself ; and he was threatened with continued agitation until the law should be altered. He was also accused of want of courtesy for not replying directly to the body who made the demand for the reversal of the sentence. This is one of the rewards of taking service under the coarse and ignorant.

Another remarkable thing occurred just before the opening of the Session, and its full import is scarcely apprehended. A large number of the officers of the army—it is not known exactly how many—had agreed to sign, each officer on a

separate copy, a petition to Parliament for the redress of certain grievances said to have been imposed on them by the Army Act of 1871. This combination of officers of the army, though an imitation of the conduct of the Metropolitan police and the gas-stokers, is, we believe, without precedent in the history of the service. Until modern improvement began to crush out the pride of high feeling, such a course would never have been dreamt of ; no mandate of the Horse Guards would have been necessary, but the repugnance of true military feeling to the design would at once have been apparent. It is most deeply to be regretted that officers in her Majesty's service contemplated such a step ; and we trust that it will be a long time before they attempt again to make their voices heard in such a manner. At the same time, we have no difficulty in recognising the cause to which this lapse is to be attributed. The service has received a great shock. The army is quite aware of the *animus* which prompted the legislation to which it has lately been subjected. From the staff at the Horse Guards to the drummers and pioneers, it is quite understood that the so-called reforms have been dictated by a feeling of animosity to the service, and a desire to strip it of what little prestige or privilege it enjoyed, and of everything aristocratic in its character. It is seen that agitation and combination carry everything before them ; that the bodies which agitate have their will of those which are obedient and quiescent, compelling the Ministry ; and that the only chance of holding one's own, to say nothing of bettering one's condition, is to play the pushing, vehement game which others play with success. We said at the time, and we say again now, that it was an evil day for England when her Government

declared against purchase in the army. The wealthy and well-born class of officers was the sole means by which such combinations as we are now deprecating might have been prevented. We said that, purchase having gone, discipline would be endangered; the personal influence of the purchase officers having been the principal, if not the sole, safeguard by which indiscipline was prevented. The 'Times,' we observe, draws from the recent design of the officers, an argument for the abolition of purchase, saying that, where property in commissions, so great and of so varied a character as the officers describe, existed, it was high time to abolish the system; or, as the 'Times' calls it, to redeem the commissions. Looking abstractedly at the system of purchase, the 'Times,' no doubt, is right; but if it appear that by the abolition you create evils far greater than those which you remedy, what is the use of such an argument as our contemporary uses? We have not only taught the troops the value, in a selfish sense, of being troublesome, but we have taken away the only controlling power which was likely to keep them within due bounds. Before the non-purchase army and the depot centres are very much older, we shall see, we fear, stranger things than we saw last month.

It is to be remarked, too, that desertion is very common, and on the increase; there being more desertions now in a month than in old times there were in several years. The short service and the withdrawal of the hope of pension do not seem somehow to suit the men. The service requires very careful nursing instead of brisk radical stirring up; and if John Bull is wise, he will look a little carefully at his army before its downhill pace is much accelerated.

On all sides, then, there was dis-

satisfaction and gloom when Parliament came together on the 6th February. The conduct of the Government was more than ever condemned by the Opposition; and every one of the discordant sections, which make up what is called the Liberal party, had expressed in no measured terms its distrust of the Cabinet. The reticence of officials had aroused curiosity; there was also great anxiety felt about the subjects of legislation to be proposed. It was not, as has sometimes been the case, that men looked to the reassembled Parliament as a source of relief from evils which required redress, but that they waited, with apprehension, to know which of our institutions and interests have been marked for destruction this year. At any rate, whether hope or fear possessed us, all desired to have the Houses in Session, and hailed the day of meeting, when they might receive some comfort, or, at any rate, know the worst.

It surprised nobody, and perhaps ought to have offended nobody, that the Royal Speech was enigmatical far beyond the usual mystery of Royal Speeches. Once alive to the imprudence of uncalled-for candour, the Prime Minister appears to have rushed, with the rapid variableness of one who is but picking up shells by the ocean of common-sense, into the other extreme of useless secrecy. We are allowed to see, through a glass darkly, that something is intended to be done in reference to the transfer of property, something more regarding local taxation, and something for the purpose of settling the question of University Education in Ireland, which last something will have for its object the advancement of learning, and will be framed with a careful regard to the rights of conscience. This is not all: there is an "*et cætera*" which may mean everything or nothing; mea-

sures of importance will be in readiness to occupy the idle time which is so hard to kill during Session; and among them will be a proposal for erecting a Supreme Court of Judicature, including provision for the trial of appeals. This cloudiness coming from any one else might have a suspicious look; but from Mr Gladstone it may mean nothing important, so we will venture to wait patiently until the different bills shall make their appearance. As to the parts of the Speech which relate to matters other than legislation, we are glad to be able to single out one which gives us great satisfaction and an agreeable surprise, for we did not expect the Government voluntarily to throw light on the subject. The paragraph alluded to is that relating to the action of Russia in the East; and we feel bound to say that the Ministerial explanations are sufficiently explicit to quiet, for the present, apprehension on that subject. We believe that the expedition to Khiva is in its first intention entirely free from hostility to British India. How far, as a secondary diversion, the Emperor Alexander may have condescended to amuse himself with the timidity of our Cabinet is another question altogether; it is probable, however, that we shall get over this alarm, for there is nothing serious to fear just now from the Russians. The only fear is of our own Ministers, whose talent for bungling has cost us so much already. Some people, it appears, rather admire the tone in which Lord Granville addressed our Minister at St Petersburg, and think they perceive in it a little recovery from the abject conduct which has lately so humiliated us. We shall rejoice if these admirers prove to be in the right; but meanwhile we would remind them that our Cabinet was always quite up to an effusion of "very bitter words."

If one only thinks of the announcement that England would fight Russia with or without allies, and of the submission which followed it, any comfort derived from Lord Granville's firm language will quickly disappear. Leaving speculation, however, we are much relieved by the clear and explicit statements regarding Russian views, and find it refreshing to be able to commend the Government.

The American Treaty—a subject of far greater importance than the Russian advance upon Khiva—seems likely, by a dexterous shifting of the ground by Ministers, to escape serious Parliamentary examination altogether. As Mr Horsman remarked, we were told, while diplomacy was progressing, that it was not the time to interfere; afterwards we were told it was too late. We confess to considerable disappointment in finding the leaders in both Houses confining themselves to questions and speculations as to the terms in which the nations are to be invited to adopt the rules exhibited in the "less accurate" language of the treaty, and to the method of interpreting those dark sayings—that is, whether they are to be read according to the intention of the English Ministers, or according to the acceptation of the arbitrators at Geneva. Although the award is past disputing, and must be, to the letter, carried into act, that seems no good reason why the slovenliness of the treaty itself, and the unreasonable concessions made by Great Britain, should not be spoken of again. Whatever partial discussions and conversations may have taken place in Parliament, there has been no searching debate; and the people cannot be said to have accepted the treaty in such sense as to absolve Ministers from further obligation to answer. It is desirable that we should know why the

Fenian raids on Canada were passed over in framing the treaty; why it was thought necessary to frame new rules by which to try the conduct of neutral nations; why these rules were allowed to be retrospective, so as to reach back in operation to the period of the American Civil War; why the treaty did not expressly interdict the advancement of the indirect claims. The Earl of Derby and Mr Disraeli had no doubt good reasons for not inveighing on these points on the first night of the Session.* We hope that, nevertheless, they will take an opportunity of stirring these sore subjects whenever the papers—already promised—may be submitted to Parliament. In the mean time we must say, that the speeches, on the opening night, of Mr Horsman and some other members, appeared to be very much to the purpose. Mr Horsman, after complaining that no explanation had been given as to the concessions, &c., and after expressing his doubts as to real advantage having resulted to us from the treaty, went on to say:—

“But what is arbitration? When two great nations having a difference, instead of resorting to the sword, appeal to an impartial arbitrator, each asking what it thinks to be right, that may constitute arbitration. But it is otherwise where there is no real rule which can be appealed to, and where no principles of arbitration are established. (Hear, hear.) The case is still more unequal when, in 1872, a law is to be established to decide what occurred in 1862. Is that to be called arbitration? When you have arbitration with neither justice, law, nor facts before you, it is nothing more than a hollow imposture. (Hear, hear.) It seems to me, under the circumstances I have described, to be prostration,

humiliation, and surrender. It ceases to be arbitration, and becomes nothing but cant; and it behoves us to be alive and vigilant lest we should adopt the policy of that peace at any price which was recommended in the speech of the hon. member for Shaftesbury. (Hear, hear.) I have made these observations because I wish to state distinctly the only sense in which I can accept the settlement which has been announced from the Throne, and which I accept by voting for the Address—I accept it as an exceptional necessity—as a hard, unpalatable, and exceptional necessity. I condemn it and abjure it as not for one moment to be tolerated as a precedent. (Hear, hear.) . . . I really can recall no transactions in my time so deeply affecting the interests and the character of England. Twice within twelve months have international questions affecting our honour been raised; and England has been twice adjudged to have done wrong, and has had to pay in cash and in territory for the mischances of her rulers. (Hear, hear.) She has been compelled to make apologies, even while she adhered to a denial of the offence, and consented to a change of the law so as to insure her own condemnation. (Hear, hear.)”

There spoke an Englishman, at any rate. Mr Horsman, whatever may have been his former errors, seems to take the measure of the Gladstone Government pretty well. His speech expressed the feeling of a large portion of the country; and his attitude is cheering, as a proof that men who very decidedly rank themselves as Liberals, make a clear distinction between Liberalism properly so called, and the wild experiments of the Gladstone rule. Mr G. Bentinck, too, refused to let the debate end without a pointed reference to the real grievance which is troubling the minds of Englishmen who have a regard for the honour of their country. He too

* Admit that Parliament, by not condemning the treaty before, has taken a share of responsibility for its blunders; yet a thorough discussion, now that the character of the treaty is better understood, will be satisfactory to the nation.

expressed himself very strongly, and his words will produce an effect out of doors, although it may be too late to censure Ministers in the House. The answers from the Ministerial side to the objections made against the treaty were altogether ineffectual. In the course of Mr Gladstone's long-winded harangue there occurred, however, an observation which certainly took us by surprise, and must certainly have excited many a smile among the readers of Parliamentary speeches, although we believe that the right hon. gentleman was as far as ever from intending a joke. He said, contrasting an international arrangement with an Act of Parliament, that whereas the latter may be passed to-day and undone to-morrow, the former no one or two of the parties entering into it can undo. This was a pretty cool utterance to make just after Mr Gladstone and his Cabinet had altered the existing law of nations for the purpose of putting his own country in the wrong. Mr Osborne had spoken before this provoking sentence was uttered, or he surely would have furnished the reporters with a humorous paragraph in reply.

The debate has proved how thoroughly dissatisfied the great body of the people is with the treaty, and how keenly are felt both our submissive behaviour to America, and the contempt with which foreign countries view our conduct. There was not a sudden perception of the damage that was being done to us, consequently there has been no violent clamour; but the more Britons have thought upon the transaction, the stronger has been their indignation; the injury has sunk into their souls, and that the Government will learn to its cost. Their party seems to have dropped the plea that, in exchange for our

humiliation, we have made a fast friend of America, and have established the principle of arbitration. We do hope and believe that the great body of the American people, now at last beginning to think for itself, is less madly hostile to us than it was of yore; but the obsequious treaty has checked rather than encouraged the growth of a liberal feeling towards England: and as to arbitration, no nation of any spirit will dare to resort to it now that we have made the very name odious, and synonymous with showing the white feather.

Sir Stafford Northcote, in the course of the debate, brought out one point a little comforting, which is, that Canada, although cruelly insulted by our allowing the raids on her soil to be condoned, will not be wholly a loser by the treaty. We wish sincerely that, while he was on his legs, Sir Stafford had told us where to find proof of the "understanding" according to which our commissioners expected that the indirect claims would not form part of the American demand. When he thought proper to speak on the subject last spring, he could only assert that the understanding had existed, being precluded by obvious restraints from going into particulars. Since then the restraints have been removed by the conclusion of the arbitration; and the American commissioners, or some of them, have flatly contradicted his assertion. Why, then, does he not without delay set himself and his fellow-commissioners right with the nation? Probably the matter was overlooked amid the many demands upon the attention of the reassembled Parliament, or some honourable member would have reminded him that the House and the country would have pleasure in listening to his full explanation.

Ministers were pitiaibly posed by

Mr Disraeli's call upon them to state in what guise they have recommended, or intend to recommend, the new international rules to the adoption of other nations—whether these rules are to be accepted as meaning what those who framed them say that they intended them to mean, or as meaning what the arbitrators at Geneva supposed them to mean: (we need not add that, as they are interpreted one way or the other, they are entirely different rules.) Any one who has noted the answers which came from the Treasury benches must be convinced that this important matter has not received the least attention. As we know not how soon a quarrel may occur in some part of the world, one would have thought that, zealous as our Ministers profess themselves to be for averting war, they would have lost no time in issuing, jointly with America, an invitation to other nations to accept the new obligations invented for neutrals. But it is clear that they have not moved in the matter; it is clear, too, that they have not considered whether they will recommend the rules as they were intended in London, or as they were interpreted at Geneva. As Mr Disraeli showed, this is a matter which requires to be cleared up without delay; for until it is clear, we do not know what our obligations are; neither do we know whether they are such as a free country can consent to be bound by. We are also required, in consequence of the arbiters' reading of the rules, to alter our municipal law; so it comes out that the commissioners whom we sent to Washington have, in addition to their other exploits now notorious, really usurped the functions of the Lords and Commons. The Earl of Derby very happily exposed this ignorant, uncertain action of the Executive, and after having done so, he added

some remarks which we extract, as they show how it concerns every one of us that the disturbance which has just taken place in international law should be remedied without delay. He said:—

“All these matters involve serious constitutional difficulties, and the question is, which of two alternatives are we to adopt? Are we to alter our municipal law so as to make it conform to the decision given by the arbitrators? Or are we, on the other hand, to throw the award overboard altogether, and refuse to take it as our guide on any future occasion? The latter alternative is the one most likely to be adopted; and in that case, what becomes of all the plausible talk about its being worth our while to pay three millions and more as an indemnity for the past, in order to have a definite and authoritative statement in future as to what the law is? We have had to pay in this case; but if on any future occasion the effect of these rules should be in our favour, we shall not be able to plead them, because it will be impossible to admit their authority. (Hear, hear.) Suppose our municipal law to be altered in accordance with the views laid down,—I think it is rather a serious matter that we should be called upon, that we should be forced, to make this alteration, without the Public, Parliament, or the Executive having any voice in the matter, but that it should be done merely by the act of half-a-dozen gentlemen sitting as Commissioners at Washington. (Hear, hear.) We were told by the Foreign Secretary two or three years ago that the Commission had no other duty to perform but to arrange matters in reference to the claims for decision by the arbitrators. We know that by our Constitution great treaty-making powers are possessed by the Executive; but this is the first case, so far as I know, in which that power—unintentionally, no doubt—has been used to pledge Parliament, without its previous sanction or knowledge, to a particular course of legislation. (Hear.) . . . My fear is that we are laying up a fresh stock of troubles for ourselves hereafter. (Hear, hear.) We have been very anxious to

do away with all possible causes of offence with other nations ; but I am afraid it will be found that, in endeavouring to accomplish that desirable object, we have multiplied them to a very large extent. (Hear, hear.) I believe and hope that in future we are more likely to take a neutral than a belligerent part ; and if the principles which have been laid down are to be received and acted upon as those which are to govern our international relations, I can only say that neutrals in time of war will have a very hard time of it indeed. (Hear, hear.)"

Mr Gladstone, in replying to Mr Disraeli, undertook to make it appear that it was by no means in consequence of the three new rules that we were cast in damages at Geneva ; but as the Lord Chief Justice of England has pronounced on that point, as we showed last month, and as from all sides of the House of Commons came assertions to a contrary effect, we need not waste time in showing the absurdity of this position, but will rather pass it as one of those wordy subtleties upon which the right hon. gentleman delights to exhibit his logical ability, when all the time the plain common-sense fact lies patent, and no man is likely to be convinced in opposition to the evidence of his own senses. The Premier's tone was far less confident, as regards this American business, than it has hitherto been ; and this, we know from long observation of him, means that he at last perceives what a hash he has been making, and how little the reputation which he covets will be promoted by his precious treaty. He promised, too, that when the papers should be laid before the House, Mr Disraeli, Mr Horsman, and others, would find that they had been mistaken as to certain material points ; yet we fear that, though certain documents remain to be officially presented, the whole question has been sifted and the

public informed only too truly. Quibbles about words there of course may be, quite sufficient in the view of cavilling minds to found lengthy arguments upon, but not sufficient to make any practical difference. And we must do Mr Gladstone the justice to say that he was less hazy and less mazy than is his wont, as if the stop-cock which has been turned on his word-flux during the recess had not only brought the quantity of words within some limits, but improved the quality. A few excursions into space, it was of course impossible for him to resist ; and from among others we may notice one remarkable flight. "The serious question is," said the Prime Minister, "whether arbitration is not a comparative blessing when, *being resorted to without the slightest sacrifice of honour*, it becomes the means by which far worse results are to be avoided." We should like to know what this has to do with the treaty of Washington ! To return, however, to Mr Gladstone's tone and style, we could not help admitting that there was a considerable improvement in them ; and if, as we suspect, this was due to a sense of failure, it is the general gain that Mr Gladstone suffers loss, or that he is making acquaintance with that condition whose uses are proverbially sweet.

Perhaps a little information which had not been made public when the Address was voted may in some degree account for the inaction of Ministers in recommending the new rules to foreign powers. Naturally they wished to exhibit the whole of the transactions connected with the treaty in the perfection of their beauty, not parading the dignified firmness and nice sense of honour of the one side without capping it by the moderation and admirable

liberality of the other side ; and so they did nothing until a report of the distribution of the indemnity should arrive from America. Now that we know all about that matter, the world will perceive with what anxious desire to save us any further trouble the bill of charges was made out. A less methodical nation than the United States might have confined the account to actual damages, and left to the discretion of the payers any little honorarium for its own treasury, in consideration of the trouble which its Ministers have been at in extracting the money. But how much better, instead of asking for something to drink, and leaving it to your honour's generosity, to put the whole thing, tip and all, into the reckoning, so that even though the fee be tolerably large, we pay all in one and have no after-demand ! That this is the character of the little excess of the payment over actual damages, we have no doubt ; indeed we hear that the balance will be literally applied to "liquoring" for all time ; and that, by a judicious investment, every member of Congress will daily, during session, be entitled to refreshment of a kind invented expressly for this endowment. A committee of the most gifted barmen in the Union has designed and perfected the delicious drink, which, being neither a smash, a sling, nor a cocktail, combines the excellences of all three, and will be known as the Arbitration elixir, or the Britisher's sap.

The false total of the damages is the finishing touch which crowns this egregious work. Jonathan, true to his instincts, saw how much was owing, and then took his bill quickly and wrote twice the amount. He had ensnared his dupes, and intended to make full profit of them.

"If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him."* But is it not to be feared that "grim-visaged war," which has been falling in opinion of late, may get a new lease through the late negotiations ? Its advocates may say that it is at the worst a manly method of contention, and one that can stand comparison with servile humiliation, and rises above the level of skittle-sharping and thimble-rigging. Arbitration might have stood its ground against argument ; but how can it ever survive in the ocean of ridicule where it has been launched !

Lord Derby—whose whole speech, though most moderate in language, was most telling against the Government—took exception to that clause of the Royal Speech which pronounces the condition of the three kingdoms to be generally satisfactory. And well he might object. For it is not Ireland only that is now forcing attention to the effects of bad government, but England and Scotland are distracted by contention ; and the whole community feels already, and is likely ere long to feel more sharply, how the inconsiderate conduct and language of incapable men can do in a few months mischief which may not be cured in a decade. The alarming prospect is presented to us of the industries of the nation being wholly paralysed—manufactures, communications, trade, commerce interrupted, the arts unpractised, the necessities of life unattainable. It is nothing less than this with which we are threatened by the trades-unions. Every day it becomes clearer that concessions made to the workmen produce only short-lived settlements ; and provoke, instead of allaying, this dis-

* "King Henry IV."

position to hinder and obstruct. The wages are higher, the work easier, than they have ever been known to be, and yet the workman is more discontented and impracticable than he ever was before. It is plain that he is not striving simply for benefit to himself: a malignant exercise of mischievous power seems to have its attractions for him. The railway porters, last summer, not only suddenly ceased to work, with the object of inconveniencing their employers, but they were most anxious that, by their default, perishable property waiting transmission by goods-trains might be destroyed. The gas-stokers in December last were far from being content with merely deserting the companies to which they were engaged; they endeavoured to desert in such manner as should make several nights of darkness inevitable in the metropolis. The coal-miners in the two last months not only refused to work, but they endeavoured to procure the flooding of the mines. The London police, on a late memorable occasion, concealed their intention of mutinying until the time had arrived for commencing the night-duties, when, of course, substitutes for the recusants could not, without great difficulty, have been found; so that there seems to have been a deliberate intention of leaving the streets to the mercy of the criminal class. Power in ignorant hands is sure to be exercised with extreme wantonness; and here have been pretty strong assurances that, whatever the unions may decide to do, will be done in such manner as to injure the community as well as to coerce employers. Of course their conduct will recoil on their own heads, and when they have driven away the wealth of the kingdom, they will be the first to suffer. But it is useless to represent this to

them while they are in the hey-day of their power. Possibly before we are utterly ruined, it may be discovered that reasonable freedom does not include a charter to beggar ourselves and our neighbours, and the law may interfere and put down the combinations as intolerable evils. But action of the Legislature is not likely to hurry to our relief, and in the mean time the country must suffer.

Is it, then, just a stroke of perverse fortune that the Gladstone Government, while on the eve of producing universal happiness and contentment, should be balked by this untoward movement of the artisans and labourers? Nay, all this trouble is as much a fruit of the Government's policy as is the American tribute or the promotion of Mr Beales. The uneducated orders have been taught to believe that the time has come when they may with impunity run riot and take their will of any class or any interest. They have been persuaded that their condition as men who have to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, is no longer to be looked upon as a dispensation of Providence, nor even as the result of many secondary causes, but that it is an injustice and an injury inflicted upon them by classes who are higher in the social scale. They have not only learned to kick against, and to make convulsive efforts to escape from, their estate, but they appear to think that their vengeance is due to society, which allows them to be so ill treated. Now, such being their disposition, it is evident that he is not their true friend who would whine over them as ill-used beings—who would in the least diminish in their esteem the right of the property-holder to his property—who would make light of the advantages created by culture and by gentle training—or who would point

to the prosperity of the wealthy and privileged classes as a wrong and an insult to those at the lower part of the scale. We say that a person who would impress them with these ideas cannot possibly be their true friend, because the ideas are not true, and can lead to nothing but discontent and mischief; neither can he be the friend of the people at large, because a mutinous spirit in the great labouring body (we need not, we presume, turn aside to prove that this exists to-day) is in the highest degree dangerous to the tranquillity and prosperity of the empire. Equally true is it that it conduces to the wellbeing of society if the lower orders recognise some superiority to themselves in those under whom, by the accident of their position, they must in some measure serve. Admit that one man must serve another, and it certainly is desirable that he whose lot it is to serve should see some reason in their relative positions, so that he may acquiesce the more readily in the actual condition of things. Is it wise, then, to be continually reminding him, not of the differences between them by which the cultivated or endowed man is superior, but of the natural equality of all men which makes the inevitable superiority of some appear like an injury to others? Men are certainly happier when they can respect those whom they are bound to obey. They are quite quick enough to discern the equality of our common humanity: they require no teaching on that score. If we would do a benefit to those who are serving, it should be by showing that, notwithstanding and in spite of all that is common to the race, there are and must be some who have a right to command. Now, if what we have just said be true and reasonable, where can language be found sufficiently strong to denounce adequately the levelling

conduct of the Administration, which is tampering with the safety and wealth of the country? The policy which the Government has adopted is derived from notorious demagogues, whose great endeavour it was by every art to discredit with the common people those who, according to the ordering of the world, are seen to enjoy any advantage of estate. The Church of England is odious, the aristocracy is odious, the possessors of property are odious, employers of labour are odious, the men who, by the gift of talents, or by the benefits derived from education, can obtain the entry into good society, are odious; because by law or by prescription they enjoy a worldly superiority over the labouring classes. To minister to the mistaken prepossessions of those whose lot it is to serve or to stand in an inferior place, all these odious things are destroyed or attacked, the practical lesson being that they are abominations, because by long prescription they have been allowed to demand the deference or the obedience of the people at large. Levelling legislators are they who most effectually create fatal discord in a nation's ranks. Their injurious lessons are as clearly read as if they were daily proclaimed. And they are proclaimed, if not daily, at least whenever an opportunity is afforded of making capital by them. What is all their whining about doing justice to the lower orders—who, by the way, were never so well off as at present since England was a nation—what does all this whining mean, if not that others are enjoying that which by right belongs to the people, or the sight of which is a just cause of offence to the people? And pre-eminently blamable among Ministers stands the Prime Minister, the man who, to make his class odious, is ready to abase himself; who, careless of the fact that he, as ap-

pointed to govern, is bound to seek the respect of all,—to prove some superiority in order to justify his possession of high place—exhausts himself in voluntary humiliations, imitating the arts of a Puritan on a tub, whining about his “own flesh and blood,” and apologising to the vulgar for being what he is. Is it wonderful that the people should forget all about grades and duties when they behold such conduct in high places! Can we hold that man guiltless who abuses his opportunities on this wise? Nay, we hold Mr Gladstone to be responsible for much of what the country is enduring, and much of what it is dreading at this moment. He has thrown the multitude off its balance; he has raised class against class in the country. If our industry is to be paralysed, if our wealth is to disappear, if a social chaos is impending, he is in the first degree guilty of bringing about these calamities. It was said of him that he would shake the Empire to its centre. We already feel the first throes of the convulsion.

It is symptomatic of a more active opposition than was deemed advisable last year that Mr Disraeli, on a very early night of the Session, gave notice of his intention to oppose the iniquitous “Burials Bill.” The bill of last year died a mysterious death, which was not without suspicion of foul play. But we trust there will be no need of a crowner’s quest on it this Session, but that it may disappear by an end which shall be patent to all the world, and a caution to all who design to gain a little notoriety at the expense of the Church. Though the bill, as now drawn, makes it imperative that there shall be a *bona fide* religious service at all burials, that amendment in it cannot possibly be sufficient to make it acceptable, or even tolerable, to sincere churchmen. There are ser-

vices without number, called by those who hold them religious, which nevertheless it would be an outrage to perform within the precincts of a Christian Church. And, were this not so, we maintain the property of the Church of England to be inalienable, according to our law and in justice; so that nothing but a Legislature prepared to set precedent and justice at defiance, would ever sanction the contemplated intrusion.

On the second night of the Session, before the House of Commons had done with the treaty, came the tidings of the Conservative victory at Liverpool. As often happens with great teachers, Mr Gladstone has very little honour in his own country. They know too much about him in Liverpool: what the greater part of Britain is only now waking up to, the great cotton mart knew long ago. If Lancashire had been allowed to lead, we might have been spared much humiliation and much pernicious change in the last four years. And the pretence is now useless that the great landowners, merchants, and manufacturers controlled the elections; for, by the ballot, Liverpool gave a larger majority of votes to the Conservative candidate than when the polling was open. There is no doubt now that a majority of all those who possess the franchise in Liverpool dislike Mr Gladstone’s Government, and they know why. They want a Minister who can act like a man, and a sensible man, not one whose whole talent is to talk. “Do ye think, lads,” one of the voters is reported to have said on the election day, “that I’m going to vote for a fellow as brings speeches out o’ his hat, like as how a clown brings pancakes?” That man had taken the Prime Minister’s measure. Preston had before Liverpool given proof that by open or by secret voting it would none of the Govern-

ment men. The party has been too deeply damaged for it to be of any consequence what the method of election may be; and we hope yet to see a Conservative majority elected by ballot before many months have passed.

Our Commons seem to have come up in capital condition from the country, for in the exuberance of their spirits they plunged into the same wild diversion which in the dog-days they had resorted to to stimulate their waning powers. They went in for an Ayrton baiting, and very pretty sport they had, although there was no kill. The right honourable President of Works can take as much punishment as he is in the habit of giving. His skin must be of admirable toughness; he is a very glutton for beating, and irresistibly suggests a simile in one of Mr Gladstone's favourite poets (not Bradlaugh):—

“Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἄρουσαν ἰὼν ἐβίβαστο,
παῖδας
Νωθῆς, ᾧ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ῥόπαλ' ἀμφὶς
ἔαγγ
Κεῖρει τ' εἰσελθὼν βαθύ λήϊον· οἱ δέ τε
παῖδες
Τύπτουσιν ῥοπαλοῖσι· βίη δὲ τι νηπίη
αὐτῶς
Σπουδῇ τ' ἐξήλασσαν ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο
φορβῆς.”

The sport was remarkably good until it was turned to earnest by some unlucky member who made a specific charge, which Mr Ayrton was able to rebut. Then his assailants began to languish somewhat, and Mr Goldney, evidently a humane member, suggested that the right honourable quarry, having yielded so much amusement, might reasonably be allowed to escape with his life—no, his place, and this the more reasonably because the Cabinet have determined to relieve him of his duty of making regulations for the parks, and, as it would seem, of all duties except that he is still to

admonish, in his telling way, subordinates of the Works Department, especially if they be men of science, or of a gentle nature. Thus he seems to be retained, much for the same reason as induces many people of Mr Quilp's temperament to keep an ill-conditioned cur. We have got one word to say, though, even in favour of Mr Ayrton. When he got his opening, late in the shindy, his scores were made with great coolness and force, and showed a constancy worthy of a better cause. By the way, Mr Vernon Harcourt made, in the course of the entertainment which we have described, a somewhat surprising remark. He said, he had not conceived that the time had come when a Minister of the Crown (alluding to Mr Ayrton) would disobey an Act of Parliament. We are sorry to find that Mr Harcourt's memory is so short; but could nobody remind him of the Collier and Ewelme disobediences?

But we gladly turn from Mr Ayrton and his quarrels to the great measure of the Session, the early appearance of which gives opportunity of remarking on it before going to press. Mr Gladstone, in a speech long even for one of his, has introduced his bill for reforming and regulating University Education in Ireland. The speech was of course a plausible one, and, as Mr Gladstone claimed for it, there was nothing in it to hurt the feelings of any. Nobody expected that the feelings of any would be hurt by it, for the Minister's object is to get, if he can, the concurrence of some members from all sides of the House. The old political divisions of parties and sections are not likely to be adhered to on this question, and the problem is to satisfy as many members as will make up a majority. So no offence was given, as none need have been looked for. The speech, or rather the scheme which

it recommends, will have to be sifted, not to search for grounds of offence, but to see whether Mr Gladstone, in his desire to make things pleasant all round, may not have very much understated the importance of many of the changes which it is proposed to make. We presume that our readers have learned before now the outlines of the plan: we do not, therefore, occupy space in describing the bill, but prefer to make a few remarks on the manner in which, and the grounds on which, it has been placed before Parliament.

The expression in the Royal Speech about a careful regard to the rights of conscience was ominously vague, and seemed likely to lead to some sophistical reasoning. In this respect the Prime Minister's speech does not disappoint. There is a great deal which is very smooth, and which appears very clear and fair, but which contains a great fallacy. When it is added that on this (as we call it) fallacy the whole argument was made by the speaker to rest, it will be understood why the questionable proposition claims early notice. Mr Gladstone said that Ireland has an educational grievance, and he attempted to prove his case; but we believe and hope that there are many wits in these kingdoms that will at once detect the weak places in his reasoning. Ireland has a grievance, and why? Because, says Mr Gladstone, the provisions in that country for University Education, be they what they may in themselves, are not such as the people choose to avail themselves of to the extent that is desirable. It is rather a strain of language to say that men who will not avail themselves of that which stands open for their wants can plead a grievance. If so, the miners in South Wales, who can get work on better wages than they ever knew till lately, but who do

not choose to work except on their own terms, may likewise say they are aggrieved. The avoidance of the Universities in Ireland has something of the character of a strike. It is no doubt dictated by a close committee, and it has for its real object not justice but the acquisition of power. However, we will not quarrel with the term *grievance*, if Mr Gladstone's arguments prove that there is an honest reason why education as at present to be obtained should be repugnant to the feelings or the scruples of the people. We put aside the argument that those who will not use reasonably good means of education may go without, and that they will have only themselves to thank if they remain ignorant, for the difficulties are of their own making. We agree with the Minister in thinking that such an argument does not apply here. The spread of education in these kingdoms is an object in which all of us are interested. If from *bona fide* scruples of conscience the people cannot largely accept education, it is our duty to make it less repugnant, even though we may consider the scruples to be without weight in themselves. But then everything turns upon whether it be, or be not, simple scruples of conscience that lie in the way of acceptance. Mr Gladstone assumes that they are simple scruples of conscience, and so, by a well-known oratorical device called *petitio principii* or *begging the question*, avoids what is really the great difficulty of his general argument. Ireland has a grievance, because, from conscientious scruples, University education is not so general as it is desirable that it should be. But if we draw a distinction between conscientious scruples and religious objections, we shall get a glimpse of the point where Mr Gladstone's reasoning becomes oblique. To show

that such distinction may be made, we look about for another case where the law, in pity to tender consciences, and looking to the interests, not only of those who protest, but to the whole community, is fain to give way. Let us take the case of a Quaker's affirmation being accepted in a court of law, where others of Her Majesty's lieges cannot give testimony save on oath. Here it was clear that the ends of justice would be promoted by not excluding the testimony of Quakers altogether: Quakers would not comply with the course which the law prescribed, preferring to incur the penalty, and yet they had no wish to withhold their evidence or to baffle justice; and so they were relieved of the difficulty which conscience imposed. Here there was in the recusants no organisation, no dictation, no supposable motive but the one stated: each individual, when called upon to swear, conscientiously objected to do so; and when the disability was removed, the Quakers gained nothing,—it was justice that gained. But this case is surely very different from that of men who, acting in combination to gain certain ends, instructed by some central body, and in all likelihood having individually no particular objection to use the universities and colleges, nevertheless withdraw and sulk, refusing to avail themselves of the opportunities open to them unless some bribe in the shape of increased ascendancy to their Church be accorded. This is very like the young gentleman in the nursery, declining with noisy protestations to eat his porridge (of which he is very fond) until heavily bribed to refresh himself; or like the men on strike, who will condescend to earn high wages only on condition of being allowed to dictate to their employers. There is no tenderness of conscience properly

so called in any of these cases; there is only the wilfulness caused by undeserved indulgence requiring to be coaxed and bribed into benefiting itself. The Roman Catholics desire supremacy, and, knowing the present weak humour of John Bull, refuse to accept any good in which he invites them to participate, unless he will allow them to manage everything according to their will, or unless he will wrong somebody else for their amusement. We call, then, the objections made by Roman Catholics to the existing colleges religious objections as distinguished from conscientious objections. They may pursue their studies and take their degrees without having to encounter anything which can shock their consciences; but that is not enough for them; they must be supreme in everything educational, or if they cannot be that, they must have other people's means of education curtailed before they will become students. It is a question whether religious objections of this kind—objections in many cases not occurring to the laity but suggested and prescribed by the priests—are entitled to the least consideration. If they be not so entitled, there is no Irish educational grievance, and Mr Gladstone's proposal must recommend itself by other arguments. Yet, even so, if our experience of the Roman Catholic priesthood told us that there was anything definite or moderate in their demand, we should still think it worth while to go beyond the strict letter of justice, silence their complaints, and induce them to come in and be taught. But we do not believe that their complaints will be silenced, or their participation in the benefits of the educational establishments secured, by anything short of surrendering the whole direction into their hands. We do not say that they may not,

with grumbling, accept some large concessions ; but should they do so, it will only be to find fault with and repudiate them as soon as they have been made, and then to clamour for more. In the autumn, when commenting upon the hideous things which were brought to light in the Galway election inquiry before Judge Keogh, we expressed * a hope that the people of England, if called upon to make any more sacrifices to put Roman Catholics in good humour, would study Judge Keogh's judgment—learn from it how entirely the great body of the Irish Roman Catholic laity is without fixed opinions, and without any strong political feelings of their own—how they are told by the priests what to think, and what to feel, and how they are threatened with damnation if they disobey. We likewise besought the people of this island to learn from that Galway inquiry what sort of persons these priests are, for whose gratification we are called upon to uproot everything, before they allowed our institutions to be overthrown or perverted at their instance. The laity, it is clear—that is, the greater part of the laity who possess the franchise—are driven like sheep by the priests, and the priests simply aspire to rule.

Thus on the main argument of the grievance we do not agree with Mr Gladstone, still less are we inclined to agree with him in holding that theology, philosophy, and modern history are to disappear from among the studies, in order that no dispute or discussion may ever arise in which there may be a possibility of Roman Catholic prejudices being offended.

The creation of one grand University for Ireland, out of the present universities and colleges, is

attractive in idea ; but we believe that it will be quite impracticable to effect it by one dexterous transformation as proposed. Establishments might be more joined together than they are at present, those which are most likely to harmonise being first collected into groups. It seems, at a first view, that the elements are altogether too incongruous to unite at once, and that the speciousness of the design has blinded the designers to its impracticability. But, though there may be good reasons for amalgamating, there seems to be no reason at present for increasing the provision for education. Mr Gladstone's statement went to show that the existing establishments can educate many more students than are disposed to use them ; and we think that he must have been misunderstood where reported to have said that he had made out a case for augmentation ; or else that he lost the thread of his argument and inadvertently said that he had shown the necessity of increase, when he meant to show only the necessity for reform.

It is apparent that the main features of this measure are the welding of the universities and the banishment of religion, philosophy, and modern history, to please the priests—if, indeed, they will be pleased with "godless education." It is an enormous and most important deduction from the subjects of study, and though so naively proposed by the Premier as if it were really a thing of no consequence, it suggests the musty proverb about the part of Hamlet. Will not the Irish University come into existence with an inferior status as compared with the English Universities if it is deprived of the theological faculty? The Irish degree in arts will not qualify to the

* *Vide* 'Blackwood's Magazine,' for October 1872.

same extent as the English degree, and in all probability will be distinguished by some nickname of contempt to which English undergraduates will be godfathers. Mr Gladstone's wish, no doubt, is to induce Irish noblemen and gentlemen to send their sons to the Irish University; but this curtailment of the curriculum will infallibly lead them to prefer Oxford or Cambridge. We know not what answer may be made to this objection, but it seems to be a very serious one indeed.

There are questions of disendowment and endowment, a knotty question, too, concerning the composition of the council of twenty-eight which is to be the governing body; but these matters, although they may give rise to some squabbling, will, we feel sure, be arranged somehow if Parliament can only look kindly on the principles and main provisions of the Bill. That it will do all it can to pass the Bill in its present or in an amended form, and that the Conservative party will aid in promoting academical learning in Ireland as far as they honestly can, there cannot be a doubt. By the spread of light alone can we hope to break down the tyranny of the priests: therefore, certainly, we shall not be hostile to this Bill if the Government suffer it to be amended in some important particulars. How Radical members will view it, and how it will be received by the priests themselves, remains to be seen. There are signs of resistance from both the last-named quarters.

While we wait to learn the fate of this measure which concerns Ireland so nearly, we are scandalised by events which prove how greatly that kingdom needs culture. One after another the trials of the Galway priests are coming to nothing from the inability of the juries to agree in verdicts. Against

criminals of this kind justice has there no existence. But the trials will not be altogether fruitless if the people of this island will but study the evidence which has been given. It is desirable that on this side St George's Channel there should be a clear understanding of what these priests are individually and collectively, in what kind of works they occupy themselves, and by what devices they impose their will upon the ignorant laity. Let the scenes which were enacted in Galway be but fairly realised here, and it will not be longer in the power of Mr Gladstone or any other talker to sell them political domination in exchange for the votes of their flocks. The evidence coming out at their trials pleasantly supports the Prime Minister's fiction of the improved condition of Ireland. We know that six months ago an Irish judge going circuit, had to be escorted by a troop of cavalry; and that, at assize town after assize town, he was congratulated on having got so far without his life having been taken. If this be the improved condition of things, what must the unimproved state have been? We fear that the country never will improve, until certain reverend persons are, in the American sense, "improved" off the face of it. Lord Derby and the Prime Minister have both, in their places in Parliament, lately made statements as to the condition of Ireland. The statements differ most materially, but we can safely leave it to any one who reads newspapers to say which is correct. One little reminder on that subject should settle the question. For what purpose is the Coercion Act, passed by Mr Gladstone's Government, still kept in force? The answer, we imagine, will be, "Because Ireland cannot be kept quiet without it!"

The promised measure of Law Reform was introduced in the House

of Lords by the Lord Chancellor on the same night as that on which Mr Gladstone announced his Irish University Bill in the House of Commons. It had a flattering reception, and is scarcely likely now to be generally opposed, although some of its details may be objected to. The Law Lords all seem to think that it will work; and that being so, lawyers in the Commons will scarcely have much power over it. Lay members of either House will, of course, be slow to interfere with a measure so purely professional. But we all understand that the administration of the law is not at present adapted to the wants of the times: therefore it is matter of rejoicing that a Bill, which seems to be allowed to meet the requirements of the case, has found general acceptance.

The temperate opposition which it is proposed to make to the re-appointment of the Endowed Schools Commission is likely to be very effective. It is hardly possible to go much into society in any county in England without hearing loud complaints of the high-handed and unjustifiable conduct of the present Commissioners. They are accused, if not of having gone beyond their powers, at least of having strained those powers to their utmost, and that for purposes with which none who regard the schools apart from political considerations can have the least sympathy or patience. They seem to have quite taken up the Dissenters' animosity against the Church, and to be emulous of frustrating the intentions of devout donors wherever they find opportunity. It is complained that they take the endowment of a school which does not find favour with them and transfer it to some school of their love arbitrarily. Many a school which has for years, perhaps for centuries, been a

blessing to a whole neighbourhood, they have deprived of its utility and its former character; and it is said without scruple that for a school to be in communion with the Established Church is always displeasing to them. More than this, they are taxed with setting their faces against the cheap education which some schools, by help of endowment, were, or are, able to afford. These schools, which were prized resorts for orphan sons of gentlemen, or for families too much decayed to avail themselves of more expensive establishments, are, if the Commissioners can have their will, to be discouraged, and deprived of the means through which they dispense liberal education to those who appreciate it, but cannot afford to pay highly for it. It may possibly be true that in many instances teachers are stimulated to their highest efforts by feeling that their reward is mainly dependent on their own exertions; and the stimulus will, of course, be wanting where their salaries are assured from the funds of the school, and the scholars receive instruction as a charity. But this kind of argument would tell against all charitable provisions. They who make it general must take a low estimate indeed of human nature. Even if the free or cheap education were imparted with a zeal somewhat short of what could be desired, that is no sufficient reason for suppressing free education altogether; it presents, rather, a case for the wholesome action of the Commissioners in the interests of the poor and fatherless. Masters quite ready to do their duty can be found; and if the Commissioners would take the trouble to find them, or to urge the governors or trustees to find them, that would be doing far higher service than depressing the school, because, by its constitution, self-interest is not the

principal motive from which the masters should teach honestly and effectually. The opposition to the Commission would seem not to be political, but simply a combined effort of men who desire to conserve for certain counties benefits which the liberality of individuals has conferred. So generally known are the injuries inflicted by the School Commission, that there is every reason to hope that the movement which now endeavours to put an end to the reign of the present Commissioners before 1874 will be successful. We are glad to learn that, at the conference held in the middle of February, it was determined to keep a committee sitting in London to watch the proceedings before the Parliamentary Committee, and to arrange evidence to show the baneful effects of the Commission.

Mr Vernon Harcourt's motion concerning the public expenditure, though it looks extremely like a farce got up with the complicity of Ministers, is nevertheless worthy of notice, on account of some of the shortcomings which were touched upon. For the first time we have had the pleasure of hearing condemned in debate an imposture which, for the last two years, we have been endeavouring to expose. Denunciation of our expenditure was one of the arts by which the present Ministry procured office. Since they have been in office they have canted about "efficiency with economy," while swelling, instead of reducing, the public burdens. How this was tolerated so long we cannot conceive; but at any rate, public censure has at length found a voice in Parliament. Mr Harcourt thinks that Ministers should confess themselves in error about the cost of maintaining the State, apologise to the Opposition for the accusations made in 1868, and ask forgiveness of the country, so as to smooth the

way for Radical candidates at the next election. You may try, Mr Harcourt; but how if John Bull has been fooled to the top of his bent?

Ministers—and not unwisely—are endeavouring to keep attention riveted on their Irish University scheme; but discipline does not seem to be of more force in the Liberal ranks of the House of Commons than elsewhere. An immense number of bills and motions, all pointing to so-called reforms, are announced, the authors of them appearing by no means content to bide the good time of the Government, but anxious to press on their favourite measures. Thus the Church of England, the representation, the treaty-making powers of the Crown, the law of elections, the currency, the land, the licensing Act, the income-tax, and we know not what other subjects, are to be legislated, or reported, on, if the hon. members who have respectively given notices can have their way. There are symptoms of a wish to take the lead out of the hands of Ministers, and to establish an anarchy in which impudence and pertinacity will get the earliest attention. It is probable that Irish Education but slightly interests members who have schemes of their own to bring forward, and one foresees the possibility of their not being easily kept within bounds while that measure is dragging its slow length along. If one-third of the notice-givers is to have any satisfaction, there will be little time indeed left for those "other legislative subjects of importance," of which mention was made in her Majesty's speech. The Estimates and the Budget, according to all the omens, will not be smooth and rapid work, so that Ministers cannot expect an easy time. Parliamentary sanction to the American tribute-money will be yielded with many wry faces

and expressions of discontent. There will be some ugly questions asked relating to recruiting and desertion when the Army Estimates come on, and other ugly questions about restricting the use of coal when the Navy Estimates are under consideration. And yet we would postpone a great deal of the business notified to make room for a debate on our internal condition. That, after all, is what most immediately concerns us. The questions whether, with coal beneath our soil in abundance, we are to be without fire or gas, whether our manufactures are to cease for want of fuel, and whether our commerce is to pass away to more sagacious and more favoured peoples, are surely of the very first importance. And hardly secondary is the inquiry how far her Majesty's present advisers have been instrumental in producing the condition which causes such widespread anxiety.

The language of Parliament and the language of the press, both indicate that Government has passed its meridian, and is sinking towards extinction. An opinion that it is incapable and mischievous has begun to take hold of the popular mind. The masses, unless greatly wrought upon, are some time in coming round to new ideas, and therefore we do not think the

ultimate failure at all more uncertain, because there is no immediate condemnation. Condemnation will come hereafter; in the mean time, there are on all sides distrust and apprehension. The heavy expenditure and the slovenly work are attracting the chief disapprobation at present, but the effects of unwise legislation are also becoming apparent. The independence of the Radical section is now distinctly proclaimed. Their allegiance to the patchwork Government is dependent on their being allowed to have each its own way; and as the way of one is by no means the way of every other, a collision and rupture may be expected at any juncture. It is clearly not the part of the Conservatives to go out of their way to procure a displacement of the Ministry. It will fall probably by attacks from some of those who have hitherto supported it, or it will drag on an unhappy existence till a general election. And when it may, it will leave the country in a far worse condition in every way, than the condition in which it found it. It will have succeeded in impressing itself on the memory of the nation, but it will be remembered by its blunders and its mischief.

LORD LYTTON.

THIS has been a mournful winter, full of the sombre excitement of public loss—an excitement which, though very different from the penetrating anguish of personal bereavement, affects us with an abstract sadness almost more heavy. Those symptoms of the ending of a generation—those breakings-up of dynasties, of sovereignties more extended than any royal house possesses—those periodical heavings of the volcano of time, in which so much is carried away from us—do they not impress us almost more strongly, though more vaguely, than individual loss? Another wave has beaten upon the eternal shore, strewing the beach with mournful relics,—and another is coming, and another—that which carries ourselves, perhaps, the next; and so the long cadence goes on for ever. We who were the children a little while ago, are now the fathers and the mothers, honoured, respected, smiled at, made allowance for, as is the lot of the older generation; and by-and-by a great hush will come, and standing over us, as we now stand over our predecessors, calm voices will record what we have done. How different is that record with the oldest, with the loftiest, to-day while life lasts, to-morrow when it is over! No uncertainty now is in the tone, no fear to offend, no delicacy lest some chance touch should cause a wound, no flattery to win a smile. In one day, in one hour, criticism changes into history—the career rounds off before our eyes, a perfect thing, to be judged now as a whole, never before but in parts. It is past; it is ended; it is perfect. This is the first rule of the mournful yet splendid grammar of life.

And with few lives is this so emphatically the case as with that

of the great writer whom, a few days ago, we laid with his peers, in sorrow and in honour, under the noble arches of Westminster; the highest and last acknowledgment which England can give to a completed fame. During the very last years of his life he was making new reputations carelessly, as a child makes garlands, not even taking the trouble to put upon his head the wreaths so lightly, so easily woven. None of us could have predicted, even then, what further development his mind might take, or whether it was reserved for the Bulwer of our youth to become not only the accomplished and wise historian of the splendour of mature manhood, but the expositor of a new romance of Age, soft with all the silvery lights of the long-extended evening, the mixture of earthly wisdom and visionary insight which belongs to Genius grown old. This possibility is now, however, ended. He who won so many laurels will win no more: there is no new chapter to be added to the record which we know so well; unless, indeed, it be written in the last work, which will be given to the public almost as soon as this page—and in which the last thoughts of the man who has taught us and charmed us for nearly half a century, will be read with a certain sentiment of affectionate sadness too warm to admit, for the moment, of anything like criticism.

Nearly half a century!—for the preface of the young Bulwer's first work is dated 1828; and during the whole of that long period his mind has more or less been in constant communication with the mind of his country. He has in this very fact a curious advantage which few writers share with him. His great contempo-

aries, Dickens and Thackeray, altogether lacked the thread of sympathy, of common growth and development, with his audience, which so long a career naturally produced. Dickens did not develop—his first works are his best—there is no fulness of youth in them, and no ripening of maturity in those that followed. Thackeray, on the other hand, was scarcely known as a writer until his mind was fully matured: no young man could have written ‘*Vanity Fair*.’ But Bulwer, who was the magician of our youth, grew with us as we grew, gained maturity as we gained it, and has had a longer and closer influence upon us, a spiritual intimacy more complete and extended, than almost any other mind of the age. People who have been young will remember with tender delight and gratitude those pages (alas! so much less readable by us now) full of sentiment, full of youthful exuberance, enthusiasm, magnificence, which are always dear and sublime to youth. When Bulwer gave forth the lofty splendour of those high-flown passions and sorrows, we too were high-flown, and revelled in the lofty diction and elevation of sentiment in which there was more than genius—which embodied in its first fervour and reality that Youth which he always looked back upon with such warmth of regretful admiration. And yet no man had less occasion to regret his youth. From the exuberance of that period of poetry, the “years that bring the philosophic mind” matured and developed his rare gifts into something greater and broader than the most enthusiastic admirer of his early genius could have hoped. The author of the ‘*Caxtons*,’ and of the cycle of noble works which followed—first produced, we are proud to remember, in the pages of this Magazine—made proof of something more than genius,—of that large knowledge of things and men

which only experience of the world, and the facilities for observing it possessed by a man to whom all circles are open, could have given. Men to whom the thoughts and projects of a statesman are familiar as those of a poet, who are deeply acquainted with the laws that act upon society as well as of those that influence the individual mind, are, by the nature of things, of very rare occurrence among us. But Lord Lytton added to the inspiration of nature almost everything that experience could give him. It was equally easy to him to place upon his canvas the Nestor of society, the wise man of the world, learned and skilful in all emergencies, and the noble vagabond incapable of any wisdom at all but that taught by generosity and love; the statesman, heavily weighted, and full of the responsibilities of Government, and the light-hearted youth of fashion, acknowledging no responsibility; the duke and the cobbler; the bookworm and the rural squire. This wide range gave him an extent of power which we think no other writer of the day has reached. He is the most brilliant of story-tellers, the most comprehensive of social philosophers. His glance takes in all society, not to find out its defects, not to represent its humours only, with no specialty of class or purpose, but with a large and extended vision, less intense, perhaps, than that of some writers in a more limited circle, but broader and fuller than any. His was not the faculty which preaches or criticises, which takes public grievances or individual hardships as a foundation for fiction, or works in illustration of a principle. Lord Lytton’s art was of a broader, older, more primitive description—it was the art which represents. Human creatures acting upon no given standard, working out no foregone conclusion, appear to us in his brilliant pages. He neither

selects the odd and eccentric, like one of his great rivals, nor sets himself forth as an anatomist of human motive, like another; but, while giving its corner to eccentricity and a due importance to the unseen workings of the mind, lays in the lines of his broader landscape, his larger outlines of form, with a humanity which outreaches and transcends the specialties of purpose. It is characteristic of this breadth and humanness of his mind, that there should be so strong a distinction between his earlier and his later works; for in his youth he was young, as other men are young, with all the defects of his age—and in his maturity he was mature, with all the widened views, the deeper conceptions, that belong to advancing life,—more serious, more tolerant, more understanding of all difficulties and heartaches, more humorous in kindly, keen appreciation of mental peculiarities and freaks, more tenderly sorrowful, more softly gay.

No man could possess this varied and sympathetic reputation who had been prudent enough to act upon the famous rule which enjoins an author to keep a work by him so many years before he prints it. Had Bulwer done this, 'Pelham' and his earlier works would never have appeared at all; and though probably, in that case, his reputation in the abstract would have been higher, it would have been of a totally different kind. As it was, he was rash enough to pour his early utterances into the world warm and swift as they came from his lips, and he had his recompense accordingly. To many critics he has been the object of unsparing attack; he has represented the sentimental, the high-flown, the sham-magnificent, in many a popular diatribe; and some voices usually worth listening to have denied him genius altogether, moved no doubt by the promptings of a more mature

taste and graver judgment than that which revels in the fine distresses of Godolphin and Maltravers. But with all these drawbacks his reward has been in proportion to the generous rashness with which he gave all that was in him to the world. There was a day in which Godolphin and Maltravers were splendid to us also. We have outgrown that day, and so did their author; but we like him the better for having been young with us, foolish with us. No splendour of maturity could quite replace this sympathetic bond. Goethe's 'Meister,' saved up till the man was old, and meaning had gone out of it, is a cold and dreary puzzle even to those who love Goethe best; but Bulwer's Meisters, sent forth red-hot out of the glowing youth that produced them, woke other youths to an enthusiasm which men smile at, but do not forget. There is thus a compensation to the hasty, to the bold, to those writers who cannot always be thinking of their reputation, and who give out what is in them with prodigality, as the fountain flows. They may not win the crown of perennial excellence; but it is something to lay hold of the sympathy of your contemporaries, to be young and to grow old with them, and to feel thus a silent multitude by your side as you go forward in the inevitable race.

Lord Lytton's books divide themselves naturally into various classes, all exhibiting distinct phases and developments of his mind. He has himself so arranged them, indeed, in the later editions issued under his supervision; and we will consider them according to their classification. There are stories of life and manners; historical romances; tales of magic and mystery; and what for want of a better title we may call romances of crime. The last and greatest group of his mature works—or perhaps it would be now right

to say, the last group but one, since there yet remains, beyond the ground of criticism which we have chosen, another mystic Three, the almost posthumous children of his genius—belongs emphatically to the first class; but yet is so clearly distinct from all his earlier productions, that we reserve it for discussion by itself. Among the novels of society published in his earlier years, 'Pelham' is the greatest as well as the first. It was followed by 'Godolphin,' the 'Disowned,' the two novels which embody the fortunes of Maltravers, and the exaggerated but admirably-constructed and powerful story of 'Night and Morning.' All these works profess to afford us a picture of society, and the manner in which certain characters make their way through it. The 'Disowned,' it is true, belongs to a somewhat earlier age than our own; but as it is not treated with any attempt at archaeological correctness, it may fairly be considered among the novels of contemporary life. These, then, compose the first class of their author's productions. We have said that Bulwer's *Meisters* came forth red-hot and glowing out of the delightful foolishness of his youth; but we confess that there may be many readers who will fail to see any resemblance between the young heroes whom he conducts through so many lively and stormy scenes, and the dreamy being to whose apprenticeship and journeyman experience of life the great German gave so much toil and trouble. A closer glance, however, will show the resemblance to which—in, we think, the preface to 'Maltravers'—our author himself refers. His invariable aim is, through many diversities of circumstances, to exhibit to us an Apprenticeship—a training in the School of Life, with the results naturally arising from it. Love, it may be said, is the para-

mount inspiration and interest of each; but yet love itself is but one of the educational processes through which the subject of the story is perfected. And in every case success and reputation are the rewards which the author allots to his creations. The alternative of failure never seems to have occurred to him: As he endows them with every gift to begin with—personal beauty, genius, culture, courage, readiness and determination—so he makes their progress triumphant through a subjugated world. Success is the very condition of their existence; even the poetical trifle who does nothing, manages by mere doing of nothing to attract to himself the eyes of the world, and acquires a reputation for which there is no cause that we can see except the young author's delightful certainty of success—the tradition of fame and glory which has become inevitable in his mind. We do not say that success is his god, for this would be to give but a weak and ineffectual description of his prevailing sentiment. Success is his atmosphere—he understands nothing else, believes in nothing else. That all those paths by which his young heroes—shadows of his own buoyant and intense self-consciousness—set out over the earth, must lead one way or another to glory, is a simple necessity of nature to him. He is not even influenced by the fact that the reader wills it so, and that—howsoever the true lover of art or the true student of human nature may prefer that fiction should accommodate itself to the more ordinary rules of actual life—the public loves above everything else "a happy ending." No such secondary cause affects the young Bulwer. He too, like the public, abominates failure—nay, he is incapable of it; it does not come within the limit of misfortunes possible to his nature. His young

men succeed as he does, as they breathe, by sheer necessity of being. In this point he differs from all other modern writers, most of whom, bound by the timidity of less daring natures, or disabled by the sneers of criticism, allow in general that heroes, like other men, must content themselves with a modest level of good fortune, and cannot all hope to reach the very empyrean of success. But Bulwer allows no such limitation. He will have the highest round on the ladder, the brightest crown within reach. His diplomatist must subdue all opposition; his author must fill the world with his renown; his adventurer must conquer fame and fortune; his very dreamer, as we have said, must attract to himself the universal attention, wonder, curiosity, and admiring envy of the world.

'Pelham,' which is the best of his early works, is the most striking instance of this characteristic. It is not necessary that we should reintroduce to the reader the most delightful of coxcombs, the most triumphant of dandies—that *fine fleur* of social humbug and falsity, who, notwithstanding his Chesterfieldian training and universal irresistibility, is yet a true friend and a true lover, and altogether worthy of his good fortune. The consummate skill with which so young a writer managed to mingle these most different attributes—to make us perfectly aware of the illimitable powers of management, flattery, and even polite lying, so gaily exercised by his hero, and yet to retain our respect for his real virtue, is one of the greatest triumphs ever won in literature. We do not remember any other leading character in fiction so entirely artificial, yet so true. Pelham's faithlessnesses, his astounding fibes, his self-adaptation to every sort of man—not to say woman; his perfect toleration of any code of morals, or rather no morals; his clear realisation that politics are

a craft to live by, and the world in general an oyster to be opened,—which almost in any other hands would disgust and repel the reader, are here so skilfully interwoven with the real honour of the man, his disinterestedness, his readiness to serve and help, his power of just reflection and courageous action, that all our moralities are silenced on our lips. If any of Sir Walter's virtuous heroes had committed himself by one-tenth part of the adventures through which Pelham moves so lightly, what depths of ignominy and remorse would he have dropped into! Even Mr Thackeray's careless young man, whom he laughs at and quizzes through three volumes, could not venture upon half the humbug resorted to by Pelham without losing the little hold he has upon our regard. But so judicious is the combination, so spirited the embodiment of this typical man of the world, that we accept him as we would have accepted him had we known him in person, acknowledging all his artificiality, his insincerity, his dauntless determination to make himself agreeable at any cost, without letting these peccadilloes at all affect our admiration of himself and of the real fund of merit in his character. This is almost a contradiction to what we have said above of the youthfulness of Bulwer's earliest works; for such a mingling of good and evil is the last thing which youth recognises as possible in most cases. That he had even in his earliest beginning so much of a higher insight as enabled him to realise this profoundest truth of human nature, is perhaps as great a testimony to his power as anything that could be said.

But to return to the consideration with which we started—Pelham is the very impersonation of success. Over the whole book there is diffused a subdued radiance of continual triumph. Be it the scholar's shrew-

ish wife or the *grande dame* in a Parisian *salon*, be it the clever rogue or the philosophical and titled voluptuary, wherever Mr Pelham tries his inimitable powers he *must* overcome all obstacles. With a whisper, with a look, with a well-timed compliment, he subdues every one whom he encounters. Nothing comes amiss to him; and the certainty of inevitable triumph is so strong in his mind that he hesitates at no exertion of his skill, whether great or small, whether arduous or easy. This unbounded confidence in himself makes him enter unknown and with few introductions the most brilliant circles in Paris, calmly certain to win all the laurels possible—and leads him secure through the labyrinth of the thieves' den in London. Probably, with the mixture of daring and coolness peculiar to him, he would consider the perils of the last the least alarming of the two. A vulgar-minded observer might call Pelham's confidence impudence; but it is not impudence: it is the delightful sense of a good fortune which has never failed him; which he indeed deserves, but which no man ever secures by merely deserving it. His luck is simply unbounded. If at any time it may happen to him to be disconcerted or even discomfited for a moment, out of that very discomfiture will come the means of Success. Success—always Success! He is one of those born to rule the world, and to turn every stream into the channel that suits him; and perhaps this very consciousness is the one that most powerfully influences us in our admiration for him. We go forth with him in the fullest confidence, knowing that however discouraging the circumstances may appear, they will but whet the courage and make more conspicuous the triumph of our hero. How dexterously he manages Lord Guloseton—how he humours Job Jonson!—how he wins over even Mrs Clutter-

buck! He is gaily invincible without effort, without overstrain. He cannot be beaten—his own pride and his author's alike forbid it. Pelham was born but to conquer.

The same thing is true, though in a less degree, with the followers of this first triumphant hero. The disowned son, Clarence Linden, makes for himself a position in the world which his elder and undistinguished brother, heir to all the family honours, might well envy. Maltravers acquires a European fame. Godolphin wins his countess, wealth, honour, everything that heart can aspire to; and even Philip Morton, after the wild and theatrical heroics of his youth, reaps such a harvest of honours as fall to the lot of few. The author cannot bear to offer to his children any reward less perfect—it is their birthright. The very fact of so many men and women of genius all appearing together about the same period of the world's history—all fluttering the dovescots of social quiet, and winning wondrous honours, above all and everywhere success, is the strangest thing to realise. The critic, if he had the heart, would demand some counterpoise to all this brightness; and here and there such a counterpoise is, indeed, afforded to us in the blighted splendour of Glanville, and the melodramatic misfortunes of Mordaunt. But with these fine personages we have not sympathy enough to accept them as shadows in the picture—they are not half so lifelike, nay, they are dead as mummies beside our inimitable dandy, our knight of universal conquest. This is the great fundamental distinction of the young Bulwer's heroes. They are all successful men. Sometimes they are practical and enjoy their success; sometimes they are sentimental and despise it: but at least they come out inviolable winners out of every

struggle. It is the condition of their existence that they succeed.

And by the side of these accomplished heroes, so fertile in resource, so fortunate in friends, so gifted in conversation, what a curious apparition is that of the old man of the world, whom the author loves to introduce, not by way of obvious moral, yet surely with a certain sense of the obverse of the picture, and consciousness that the darker side of worldliness should somehow be brought into evidence! The sketch of Savile in 'Godolphin,' for instance, is one of singular vividness and force. He is not an old villain like Lord Lilburn in 'Night and Morning,' but only a perfectly suave, irreproachable Epicurean, occupied about his personal comfort as the younger men are about their progress and reputation, and following that grand aim with a steadfastness which becomes respectable by dint of mere continuance, and grows into something like a moral quality in its perfect seriousness and good faith. Savile's death, which is accomplished with perfect calm and coolness—the philosopher being determined to retain his comfort to the last moment, and dying quite undisturbed by any invasions of the emotional or spiritual—is a curious conception to have occurred to a young man. It has, we believe, a deeper truth to nature than the more amiable dreams with which the imagination of mankind, always pitiful of the last scene in a tragedy, has surrounded the conventional deathbed. That the approach of death must awaken emotions of a profound and penetrating character is one of the delusions which nothing but experience will banish from the general mind: and it will always seem incredible that a man should be able to die without thinking of God and of the judgment to come. For this reason the picture of the deathbed of the philosophical man

of the world, so strictly in accordance with his life, is not only a very original and striking sketch, but manifests the existence in the young writer, even at this early period, of that profound and searching curiosity (to call it by no higher name) into the last issues and mysteries of life and death which afterwards tempted him into the realms of Magic and Mystery, and seems during his whole life to have existed with unusual strength and persistency within him. When we find him at so early a period tracking the steps of his worldly sage down into the last darkness, we can understand better his fanciful investigations into the mystery of the life elixir in later days; and the strange and weird impersonation of that thirst for mere existence which could buy life even by the sacrifice of soul, with which he astonished and troubled many readers further on in his career. Already, amid all the glow and exuberance of youth, amid the throng of the young heroes, victorious in love, in war, in diplomacy, and in song, with whom the young author sweeps along triumphant, had this wonder seized him. Not the wonder and curiosity, so common to men, as to what must occur when the last boundary line is passed, and we ourselves have entered upon the new existence beyond death with all its incomprehensible changes. Bulwer's curiosity takes a different form. His mind instinctively selects that type of being which it is most difficult to translate in imagination either into the beatitudes of heaven or the torments of a conventional hell. That wise, keen, cultivated, unloving intelligence, which up to its last moment of mortal breath is visibly as individual, as potent in its self-concentration, as clear-sighted and as dauntless as in its prime, what an amazing mystery is its disappearance beyond our ken and vision!

This, we feel, is not such stuff as either angels or devils are made of—and what then? It is curious in the very first rejoicing outburst of romance to catch this first tone of the wonder which seems to have haunted his life and beguiled him into much study, and perhaps some credulity, in his later days.

Bulwer, however, always retained a fondness for the character which no other hand has drawn so well,—that of the accomplished, polished, able, experienced, clear-sighted, and selfish man of the world; with amiability but without heart; possessing no moral code save that which enjoins upon members of society the necessity of not being found out, and no spiritual consciousness of any kind. He grew more merciful as he grew older, ripening this same impersonation into warmer and kinder and more human shape, replacing the Savile of his remorseless youth with the Alban Morley of mellowed days; but it always remained one of his favourite characters, and it seems to us unquestionably one of his best. It is our natural standard, the ideal upon which we fall back when we wish to identify the philosopher of society; just as Pelham has been, for more than one generation, consciously or unconsciously, the model of the brilliant young diplomatist, the splendid neophyte of a school of politicians which we fear is dying out among us—a class of men educated not only at school and college, but by constant and much diversified studies in life, and inheriting the worldly wisdom and knowledge of men acquired by their fathers, the training of a race.

Something of the moral curiosity which we have attributed to Bulwer in respect to the last mystery of existence, no doubt moved him to the composition of those stories which we have called *Romances of Crime*.

To trace out, through the dismal tragedy of Eugene Aram, how the mind of a scholar could be moved to the meanness of robbery and brutality of murder, is a morbid exercise of this great sentiment, and the effect to ourselves is a most disagreeable one, characterised by all the faults and few of the merits of the author's peculiar genius; but yet it is a searching and anxious investigation into a moral problem. The still earlier romance of 'Paul Clifford' is neither so dismal nor so tedious. It is an attempt to show how the evil influences of education could corrupt a young spirit naturally honourable and pure. And no doubt the attempt is thoroughly successful; and no one who reads the narrative of the young highwayman's early days will be at any loss to perceive how and why it was that he came to take up with that perilous profession. It is, however, very much more difficult to find out how a true brother of the school of Pelham and Linden, a gay, noble, generous, chivalric, and commanding hero, finding his place naturally among gentlemen, and possessed not only of the instincts but the manners of the best society, should have been brought up among the thieves and rascals of the lowest dens of London, without even the consciousness to elevate him, that he himself was of better blood. This is the great error of the conception; but it is a weakness of a generous kind, and one which naturally belongs to the romantic age and spirit. It is far less easy to account for the much more elaborate effort made by our author in 'Lucretia,' to trace the full development of crime, out of mere heartlessness and ambitious longing for the possession of an old man's fortune, to the darkest deliberation of guilt, long premeditated and often repeated murder. He himself tells us with indignation

that the book in which he embodied this dark history was attacked by the critics as a book of immoral tendency; and it is evident that this reproach struck him to the heart. So deep was the blow that he did what no writer should allow himself to be tempted to do: he published a reply to the remarks of his assailants, and a defence of the attacked novel. Such defences are always futile. It is true, indeed, that the horrible crimes of Lucretia are followed by such tremendous justice, and are throughout presented to us in such a gloomy and revolting light, that even in her softest moments we are never allowed to pity or take part with the guilty woman; and in this point of view the book is infinitely more moral than *Maltravers*, for instance, in which something very like vice is made to look like a more than ordinarily ethereal virtue. Nobody can say that crime is recommended or excused in the gloomy pages of '*Lucretia*;' but the curiosity which investigates the workings of such a mind, and endeavours to trace its crimes to their origin, is not of a kind which could ever gain the sympathy of humanity. We shrink from the investigation of such dread events. We prefer not to know how by one tortuous way after another the murderer is led from blood to blood. It is the least seductive of all kinds of guilt, and we believe may be safely trusted to lead no one into imitation; but perhaps for that very reason it is the least popular. There are readers enough who love to be stimulated and excited by descriptions of the rise and development of another kind of passion—descriptions really much more dangerous and much more likely to tempt and lead astray than all the spiritual anatomy of '*Lucretia*;' but while we admit the latter to be less pernicious, it is more inhuman. Lord

Lytton himself, who seems to have considered this investigation of moral mysteries as one of the rights of his office, was evidently somewhat bewildered and disconcerted by the storm of opposition which rose against this work. Almost sternly, as well as indignantly, he repels the accusation of having lent the "weight of his name and authority to the defence and encouragement of crime;" and with very good reason; for, certainly, of all works of fiction ever composed, '*Lucretia*' is the least adapted to "encourage" crime. But he misses, we think, the real point in the charges against him when he attributes this universal disapprobation to the public dislike of painful impressions. The cause is deeper. Men and women are almost all subject to movements of the passion of love, the passion most discussed in books, and accordingly follow with a certain inevitable interest even its darkest and guiltiest developments. But few of us are moved with homicidal impulses, and, therefore, human sympathy totally fails in their analysis. The first may do us harm—they are distinctly immoral and evil in their tendency; yet even the sternest moralist can scarcely shut his ears entirely to them, unless they stoop to the lowest and coarsest depths. But our interest fails in the other, however finely and tragically drawn. Human nature has no sympathy with the murderer as it has with the lover, however guilty.

On this point, accordingly, the author, carried away by his art and by his inclination to investigate the secrets which he saw before him, parted company with his audience to his evident astonishment. It is clear that this was not only a surprise, but something of a shock to him; and consequently here his anatomy of crime ended abruptly—a fact which every true admirer of

Lord Lytton hailed with pleasure. We do not suppose that in the other still wilder and stranger field of occult investigation to which he more than once recurred there was so complete a separation and failure of sympathy between his readers and himself; yet it is certain that the class to whose interest he appeals in the weird romance of 'Zanoni,' and in the still more weird adventures of the 'Strange Story,' is a different class from that which applauded 'Pelham,' or which gave a new, nobler, and wider reputation than any he had gained in his youth to the author of the 'Caxtons.' Yet the mysterious unseen world which surrounds us, of which we know so little by our reason, and so much by our fancy, about which every one believes much which his mind rejects, and feels much which his senses are unconscious of, must ever have a charm, not only for the fanciful and visionary, but for all to whom facts and certainty do not sum up the possibilities of existence. We have said that the germ of that spiritual curiosity which led to such conceptions as those of Zanoni, Mejnour, and Margrave, appears to us to show itself in the singular picture of the worldly philosopher's death-bed, above referred to. The idea of that calm and unimpassioned, yet intense love of life which makes the sage of society decline to lose in sleep the hour or two of existence which remained to him, might well develop into the acceptance of any ordeal which would prolong that life, whether it was the mysterious spiritual struggle with the powers of darkness embodied in one romance, or the wild magical concoction of the material Elixir in the other. There is something wildly attractive to the imagination in such a thought, as is evident by its constant reappearance in poetic literature. There is, we

suppose, no more widely-spread superstition than that which conjures up the figure of the everlasting wanderer—the *Juif errant* of Christendom; and it is touchingly characteristic of humanity that this strange figure should be always to the popular imagination the victim of a curse, a creature doomed and miserable, not a superior being, honoured and elevated above men. What an affecting revelation of the humility of human nature and loyal reception of its great law and condition of mortality lies in this wide-spread and universal myth! Not such, however, was the idea of the mystic philosophers, of the old professors of occult arts, who refused to be bound by mortal conditions, and set all their faculties to work at the inconceivable task of extorting a kind of eternity from nature. To mankind in general any such attempt to interfere with the common fate and constitution of the race has always seemed unhallowed work; but it has undoubtedly exercised a strong fascination over many individual men.

It is this idea which Lord Lytton has endeavoured to embody in Zanoni. He has attempted to place before us two human beings who have achieved Immortality—one being the representative of Everlasting Age, beyond passion, beyond personal feeling—calm, benignant, bloodless, an intellect rather than a man; but yet an intellect with all the moral sentiments intensified and strengthened, spotless in integrity and goodness, though dead to human affections. The other possesses an immortality of Youth, full of the capacity to enjoy, and alas! also to love, and as a necessity of that love to sorrow and despair; to be subject to all the penalties which make length of life a punishment rather than a blessing. We need not remind the reader how Zanoni loves, how his everlasting

calm is broken, how simple manhood, with all its cares and anxieties, breaks into the perfection of his being; and how finally he gives up the life which had come to hang upon the existence of another, in order to save that other—the trembling and wholly human wife, whose love has drawn him out of his lofty solitude and elevation. Zanoni dies, because to outlive love was impossible to him, and all around him, wife and child, were mortal. But Mejnour lives, who loved not; whose sphere was thought and not affection. This is the moral of the wild fable, and yet not all its teaching; the moral itself has been dwelt upon before in many a primitive legend of nymph and fairy, through which humanity has always glorified its own conditions, by insisting upon the misery of immortality without love; but to this familiar lesson Lord Lytton has added an original suggestion. In all ancient fables of the kind the desire for earthly immortality has been a wildly presumptuous and irreligious desire, the art that aimed at it a “black art,” and the end generally attained by that immemorial bargain with the devil, the possibility of which has thrilled humankind for centuries. But the bargain which Faust made is totally different from the ordeal by which Mejnour and Zanoni fight their way into immortality. Theirs is not a pact with evil, but a struggle against it. The first step of initiation consists in the banishment of all corrupt thoughts, all desire after the pleasures of the flesh. These mystic neophytes are like the virgin-knights of Christian legend watching their consecrated arms all night amid assaults and temptations of every kind, ere they ventured to put on the armour and take their place among proved warriors.

This novel rendering of an old dream is one of the most remarkable developments of the author's

individuality and independence of thought. Not half-a-dozen, perhaps, of the many readers who have been thrilled by that most wonderful of ghost-stories, ‘The House and the Brain,’ afterwards published under the title of ‘The Haunted and the Haunters,’ but has felt a certain annoyance and resentment at the latter part of the story—the “attempt to explain,” as people say, and to bring down the wildly marvellous within the reach of material means and ordinary reason. We confess to having shared the feeling; and yet no feeling could be more unreasonable—for the whole aim and object of the author is this so-called explanation. For this he weaves his net of wonder before our eyes, for this summons out of the teeming darkness those pale shapes of mystery—those luminous shadows. His object, from beginning to end, is to prove—or to attempt to prove—that human nature may possess itself of the secrets of the unseen, and that without guilt, or even presumption—that the clue to all that mystic labyrinth of unknown powers and intelligences is in our hands, if we but choose to seize and follow it—that this strange and awful knowledge may be turned to purposes of the highest benevolence; and, so far from being necessarily a “black art,” may be the instrument of the highest purity and perfection. It is this which gives its originality among modern works, and in the realm of poetry, to ‘Zanoni.’ We are not in a position to inform the reader whether Lord Lytton really believed in the possibility of such an attainment; but, whether he had any personal faith in it or not, here is his theory—and that it was a favourite theory with him no reader of his works will doubt. Probably we would state it more clearly were we to say that his eager, high-toned, and impatient mind, impatient of boundary or limit anywhere, had

difficulty in allowing anything to be supernatural: and as it was impossible for him to escape from the supernatural by denying its existence—an expedient possible to another kind of intelligence—he made a series of remarkable efforts to escape on the other side by demonstrating it to be within the reach of ordinary human agencies, cultivated to their highest point. How far he succeeded in this attempt is a totally different question; but to ourselves it is impossible to accept ‘Zanoni’ and a ‘Strange Story’ as mere freaks of genius—the wild outpouring of a morbid fancy. The one book has a distinct relation to the other. It is the obverse of the medal; and by the very effort and strain of the contrast proves how strong a hold this theory had of the author’s mind.

In the curious impersonation of Margrave, Lord Lytton has developed an idea altogether new to modern art. His leading thought here is to represent the effect of a mere vulgar love of life, as life, upon a corrupt and selfish, yet powerful intelligence. He gives us a glimpse of a fiery, presumptuous spirit, with no moral restraint upon its actions, and with an insatiable desire for existence and enjoyment, which, after wearing out in wild indulgence and passion the single human life allotted to it, finds suddenly within its grasp, by help of crime, treachery, and murder, the means of indefinitely prolonging, or rather resuming, that life—means which it seizes remorselessly. But the renewed life thus secured, being sought from the lowest motives, and by the most guilty and cruel means, instead of elevating, debases its possessor. It gives him the most brilliant outward appearance of youth, and stimulates all his superficial gifts and the meaner and crueller parts of his intellectual nature; but it takes his manhood from him, and all the special char-

acteristics of humanity. He becomes a splendid, beautiful, engaging, and destructive animal, without heart, sympathy, or capacity for affection. In short, he is made into the Faun of classic romance—a creature to whom life, air, sunshine, mere existence, is everything, whose universe is concentrated in itself, and who neither knows nor understands nor aspires to anything beyond the wild and somewhat foolish whirl of physical enjoyment in which its empty days are spent. In one of the most poetical efforts of recent fiction, Mr Hawthorne set forth before us the means by which a native Faun of the Italian woods was charmed and stung by the terrible realities of life into manhood—a picture of which most readers have acknowledged the fantastic but genuine power. We do not think that the same justice has been done to Lord Lytton’s equally powerful—and let us allow equally fantastic—conception. Yet Lord Lytton’s has so far the advantage over the other that there is a profound moral involved in the wild story. Many a nameless minstrel, and some of the greatest of poets, have used their powers to show to us the misery of that lofty loneliness of soul in which the man possessed of supernatural power is elevated above his fellows. In the greatest of all the fictions which have been woven about this mysterious theme, it has been the poet’s object to mock the contemptible pettiness of that world of coarse magic and debased spirits through which Faust storms in scornful greatness of his humanity. But no one has shown us how humanity itself may be debased by a connection altogether lawless and selfish with the supernatural. The character of Margrave throughout is wonderfully consistent and striking. He is not a man: under the guise of manhood, does not the reader perceive at once the strange earthly

being—earthly, yet with no real sympathetic relation to the earth, playful, caressing, and cruel as a young tiger, senseless as the merest brute, frivolous, giddy, and volatile, more peevish than a child, more destructive than any fabulous ogre? We submit that no critic and few readers have done full justice to this weird conception. Most of the comments upon the work have been occupied with the improbability of the machinery, and above all with the unsatisfactoriness of the “explanations.” The Cauldron in the last chapter and the gigantic Foot which penetrates into the magic circle, have quite obliterated the real meaning and power of the strange tale. Perhaps now, when we who are Lord Lytton’s contemporaries have suddenly become, by the touch of that Death which has removed him from our midst, that Posterity which is the final judge of all art—justice may be done to the highly wrought and everywhere consistent idea of the ‘Strange Story.’ The one passion which remains in the Faun-Man, the absorbing and devouring eagerness of his search for the means of preserving life, throws a tragic light upon his last appearance; but even in the tragedy there is nothing which ennobles. It is a wild, strange mixture of Intellect and Animalism at which we gaze and wonder; it is no longer a man.

The reader may perhaps think that we give disproportionate importance to these works of mystic meaning—works which, to the minds of many, represent rather a momentary aberration of genius than any serious thought or purpose. To our own mind, however, they represent a very important feature of Lord Lytton’s peculiar and individual organisation. His strong conviction that no kind of knowledge ought to be forbidden, and that all kinds of knowledge ought to be pursued in a noble and lofty way, not for selfish ends or

individual gratification, whether that of the body or the spirit, is to our thinking even more clearly embodied in these works than is the natural tendency of an imaginative and aspiring mind towards the marvellous and unaccountable. Everbody is aware of, and many have smiled at, the interest which he is known to have taken in the so-called spiritual manifestations which are still so hotly discussed among us, and about the nature of which opinions are as much, or more, divided than ever. Most of us, however, by way of making up to ourselves for the exaggerated respect which we pay to the guesses of Science, permit ourselves an absolute licence of contempt for the guesses in another direction, even when the latter are much more naturally sympathetic to our minds. The truth which concerns us in our lives is probably as little affected by the one kind of speculation as by the other. But poetry must always have infinitely more to do with the vagaries of the Spiritualist, and even of the Magician, than with the ghastly dreams of anatomy; and for our own part we cannot but recognise in Lord Lytton’s ‘Strange Story’ at once a fine and curious poetical conception, and the illustration of an interesting theory. Right or wrong, this theory was very dear to his mind: and it is evident that he considered it capable of conveying a lofty and powerful moral lesson—a lesson which he teaches in other ways, with many an iteration, and to which, as one of the leading principles of his genius, we shall recur again.

The group of historical novels is one which it is somewhat difficult to discuss except at length—and to discuss them at length would be beyond the possibilities of our space. They are all conscientious and careful performances, founded upon a principle much more tho-

rough than that which is to be found in most historical novels. Lord Lytton informs us more than once in his prefaces that he does not take up a historical period as a help to fiction, but deliberately, and of set purpose, uses fiction as a means of illustrating history, and making its facts more vivid and easily realised. He does not take the costume of a past century to give character and interest to one of those ordinary human romances which abound in all periods, but he employs the lantern of his special art as a means of illuminating the obscurity of the past, and repeating the curious lessons of history, with the additional effect which may be given by the livelier portrait-painting and more dramatic interest of art. This serious aim we may allow that he has carried out with grace and dignity. But—perhaps because Art declines the secondary place—perhaps that a warmer inspiration is necessary to transport us bodily into a different age, and give us a living interest in the heroes and heroines whose language and manners are so unlike our own—these careful and elaborate studies lay but little hold upon the reader. The fact that the student of history may be warranted in depending upon them, in receiving them as aids to the heavier volumes from which he draws his lore, is a fact to which we bow with infinite respect, but which does not otherwise affect our appreciation of these volumes as works of art. No such certainty could be predicated of ‘*Ivanhoe*,’ which runs away with us, and carries us straight into the lists at Ashby, breathless, without time to ask whether it is correct or not. Lord Lytton is, no doubt, correct in the main, in his reference to the singular faithfulness with which Shakespeare himself, the first of all poetical models, adhered to the old chronicles from which he

drew so many of his plots; but Lord Lytton himself is an evidence that our great poet was not always so faithful, and that the fierce partisanship which dictated his picture of “crook-back Richard” has established an image in our minds which no array of facts, and no gentle illumination of fiction, can ever undo. This deviation on the part of Shakespeare from historical accuracy makes the counter inspiration of those who follow him in the path of history all but futile—for the reason, we suppose, that Shakespeare’s Richard is so entirely real and living that the actual Richard, being dead, has no more chance against him than has the dead lion of the proverb. To this point of inspiration our author (we need not say—for who has ever created like Shakespeare?) does not attain. He presents us with an often brilliant, always careful, learned, and able picture of the time he illustrates, but he has not the power to transport us there.

It requires some boldness, however, to make this assertion in face of the fact that none, we believe, of Lord Lytton’s novels have been more popular than his historical series. The ‘*Last Days of Pompeii*,’ for instance, a sketch all glorious with purple and gold, all glowing with sentiment and passion, with music and song, had “the good fortune to be so general a favourite with the public” that the author felt himself spared the task of making any comment upon it in the preface to his collected edition. And this popularity, so far as we are aware, continues; and we do not remember any other attempt to make the manners of that far-distant period visible to modern readers which is at all equal in power to the glowing scenes through which the gentle image of the blind Nydia wanders, and in which Glaucus and his

friends feast and revel. The art of the novelist has here been so highly acknowledged as to connect itself even with the solemn ruins of the disinterred city, and has given a name to the house, once distinguished as that of the "Dramatic Poet," but which now, to all its English visitors at least, is the house of Glaucus. The same may be said of the fine and careful study of *Rienzi*, which the author had the satisfaction of seeing translated into Italian, and diligently studied in the land to which it was naturally most interesting. He had even the further gratification of believing that his work had been instrumental in "restoring the great Tribune to his long-forgotten claims on the love and reverence of the Italian land"—a real and high reward such as at all times goes to the heart of the artist. The two fine pictures drawn from English history of 'Harold' and the 'Last of the Barons,' should be still more popular on English ground. The very names, however, of all these works show the strictly historical character which their author has chosen for them. The catastrophe of each is a public and historical catastrophe. In 'Ivanhoe,' on the contrary, our interest is centred in a group of private persons, with whose fate no doubt the legendary fortunes of the lion-hearted king are involved, but who have no place otherwise in the annals of their time. The Templar and the Jewess are pure creations of romance, and their fate is brought about by the same agencies which work in the Greek drama and in the modern poem. It is not any vast convulsion of the country, no historical crisis which cuts the knot of their distresses. But Lord Lytton has made a different selection of materials. He has taken in every case a period of history which is summed up and concluded with tragic completeness

in some great downfall: the *last* of the barons, the *last* of the Saxon kings, the *last* of the Tribunes—even the last days of the doomed city. Thus, as he himself says, he allows History to choose the complications of his tragedy, and has every event mapped out before him independent of his creating will. Upon no secondary group whom he is free to deal with as he pleases does he direct our attention, but boldly fixes upon Harold himself, upon Warwick, upon the noble revolutionary of medieval Rome. This is bold—and it is perhaps wise in a historical point of view—but we doubt if it is advantageous in point of Art. Fiction, poetry, does not love to be fettered; and the stronger the bonds of historical accuracy, the less easy are the movements of the wayward handmaid who loves no bondage at all. We doubt, therefore, whether the highest spontaneity of original work can be conjoined with so stern an adherence to historical truth, or whether anything beyond what Lord Lytton has certainly attained—a careful, elaborate, conscientious representation, sometimes brilliant, always admirable in its way, but seldom inspiring us with any absolute sense of reality—could be hoped for by this mode of treatment. Our historical knowledge—or rather our vivid perception of the history we know—is no doubt quickened and animated, and that is a result worth the labour; but the general world has not widened round us, nor has any new man or woman taken possession of our mind and fancy. The result is good—but it is not the highest that might have been obtained.

We are not aware how long was the pause between the last production of Lord Lytton in what we may call his first period, and the singular outburst of developed and mature power of which the world became

sensible in the 'Caxtons.' We are old enough to remember the first appearance of that wonderful book. The questions, the bold replies, the whispered suggestions as to its authorship, which resembled so pathetically the questions and answers lately hazarded touching the same author's last production. "Bulwer!" "No, impossible! it cannot be Bulwer," said the whole world of readers, debating the question, with many a triumphant proof on both sides, to show that it must, and that it could not be. We recollect even, with the hot confidence of youth, pledging our own discrimination, save the mark! against the possibility that an author so long before the world, and, according to the judgment of adolescence, worn out already, could be the writer of anything so fresh, so full of life, so original, and so pure. The impression made by the 'Caxtons' at the moment of its appearance, was not less than that made by the real first work of a great author, which appeared—we may be allowed some natural pride in saying—in these same pages some years after,—the 'Scenes of Clerical Life.' It is a most curious and indeed unaccountable fact, that the painful and unfortunate 'Lucretia' was a product of about the same period, and of powers equally matured; and that before the din of disapproval which waited that performance had died away, the author was called upon to receive the laurels of a new and anonymous reputation. He did not keep the public long in suspense: and the fame thus won has by universal acknowledgment become his highest and surest claim to immortality. All that went before has fallen into secondary importance in comparison with this later group of contemporary novels. The splendid heroics and vast successes of his youth, the mystic conceptions of his weird imagination, and those

burrowings into cause and effect which led him to examine crime as well as mystery—have all been thrown into the shade by the larger, mellowed, broader pictures of an art which had purified itself from its native exaggeration, and to which true humour and the tenderest pathos had come with time. Bulwer had been first among the magicians of a score of previous years; but now Bulwer was beaten—by Lytton. Wonderful strife and most singular victory! There is a size and greatness and poetical force about the one which was not to be seen in the other. This is the first point of difference that strikes us. It is the world itself that has grown and widened out, and filled into vaster horizons; there are more people in it, and more varieties of people. There is more emotion, and that of a nobler and more generous kind. We cannot say that there is more talk, for conversation had never been wanting in vast quantity; but how much the very talk has widened—growing playful, natural, genial, instead of pedantic or high-flown, as it used to be! What a difference! More sky, more earth, more and bigger people. No longer the stock triumphs and stock difficulties of old; but now spontaneous human complications through which the new personages struggle hardly, not always having the best of it. Such was the new world which opened to us in the 'Caxtons,' and which England received with acclamations, seeing itself as in a glass—yet not itself, something nobler, better, more beautiful. The effect has lasted, though the one series of books, like the other, has long lost its novelty, and has been judged by the calm judgment of time and years. At this present period the productions which come to the mind of every reader when Lord Lytton's name is mentioned, are

not the earlier works which we have just discussed, but the more recent—the loftier, broader produce of a mellowed intelligence and a ripper heart.

But the subtle difference which exists between these books and their predecessors, is intensified by a resemblance not less striking. It is no longer the young man setting out upon life, and feeling that the world is his oyster, which by strength or skill he has to open. Instead of this there grows upon us in soft radiance a family group, with other families interlacing, widening out the canvas—yet lo! through the genial and gentle crowd, there, too, is the Youth in his perennial apprenticeship, setting out yet once and once again to persuade fortune or to win fame. It is Pisistratus, the scholar's anachronism, moving lightly under bonds of human affection, duty, and love, unknown to the independent heroes of an earlier day; it is the poet Leonard groping through his first doubting steps into the mystery of life; it is the proud and poor gentleman Lionel Haughton—not all-conquering as of old, yet somehow finding his way to success and honour; a being not so great in society, not so wonderful in talk, but truer, broader in his personality, more of a man. The Maltravers-Meister, making his way through cycles of semi-disreputable adventure and questionable relations—the Godolphin, gloomy and grand—even the Pelham, all-accomplished in his foppery, bravery, unscrupulous selfishness, and disinterested devotion, are to be found no longer. But still the author cannot abandon his favourite and unfailing theme. The youth must be trained and shaped into manhood, should the very foundations of the earth be shaken; the apprenticeship must be carried out, through what changed circumstances soever the

training has to be accomplished. This leading and favourite idea is never abandoned. It is to be discovered in everything Lord Lytton wrote.

But how fine and how curiously widened out, as we have said, from all the traditions of his earlier life, is the first group which he sets before us! Instead of the little round of worldlings, the fluttering fashionables, the calm and polished votaries of self, the pedants and the butterflies—comes softly, unfolded out of nature itself and truest art, that cluster of kindred figures. The scholar Austin, the soldier Roland, each with his faults so playfully, so tenderly indicated, held up to us in full light, irradiated with that smile of humour, most human of all faculties—that smile which is of the very essence of respect and love, though it sometimes bears the guise of ridicule; the mother, foolish and simple, yet wise as love and truth can make her, a homely, commonplace woman, yet sacred; the sanguine, selfish uncle, hero of a thousand schemes, unscrupulous out of mere buoyancy, animal spirits, and self-confidence. How clearly the whole party stands out before us, arguing, reflecting, discussing, pulling every subject to pieces that comes into their hands, with a spontaneous warmth and naturalness of comment, which is so unlike, yet so like, the always clever, but often stilted and interminable, conversations of the previous works! We are never tired of the Caxton talk. It never falls into an exchange of abstractions—it is always lively, individual, humorous, kind. The author loves all these good people. He is tender of them, letting us laugh at them with a soft, kind, and genial laughter, never with the ridicule which is of kin to contempt. How great a difference this makes in literature as in life! But true humour, which is the rarest of

gifts, is always kind—cannot exist, indeed, without secret admiration, veneration, deep and tender insight. Austin Caxton is as admirable an example of this as can be produced,—as fine as Uncle Toby, of whom, indeed, there is a distinct reflection, both in the scholar and the soldier-brothers. Mr Caxton is not like Mr. Shandy; he has too sweet a nature to be a bookworm, and is incapable of contempt for anything, except, perhaps, false pretensions or false quantities. How beautiful, for instance, is his treatment of his simple wife! how much finer and more true to a high nature than the commonplace superiority of the scholar-husband, the contemptuous affection or much-bored endurance which is the usual sentiment of such a character in fiction! Mr Caxton knows a great deal better: he laughs at her softly, banters her tenderly, upholds, supports, and venerates, even while he has his gentle joke at her expense, and is amused by her frequent non-comprehension of himself and his quaint words and ways. The respect and the love are so true, that he ventures to be amused, to smile at her, to gibe on occasion, but with gibes which do not hurt nor wound—delightful genial banter, which never withdraws from her, in her own eyes or any one else's, one jot of the reverence that is her due. How subtly and finely this is done, and how much easier it would have been, and according to the traditions of conventional fiction, to make the simple wife merely laughable and silly, and no more, the reader will easily perceive.

The other family, the Trevanion group, which is of the world worldly, though full of generosity and honour and fine feeling in the midst of the inevitable bondage of ambition, is less attractive, because, in fact, there are fewer elements of attraction possible; but Trevanion

himself is one of Lord Lytton's creations—the first real statesman he has placed on his canvas, and perhaps the most characteristic. The troublesome candour of mind which keeps him from ever being what his position demands, the head of a party; his devouring appetite for work, and conviction that the best thing he can do for his young *protégé* is to supply him with perpetual occupation; the humorous distresses of his impartial judgment, which form the lighter side of the picture—and the sombre sense of unsuccess, at least of the failure of such success as was worthy his aspirations and dreams, which is its tragic side—are all drawn with a masterly hand. Without in the least degree undervaluing the objects of Trevanion's ambition—nay, while giving its full and highest importance to that science of government which is the noblest of professions—he makes us perceive without a word the superior qualities of the lowlier man, the gentle recluse, whose mild eyes penetrate and pity the difficulties of the statesman. But in that pity there is no superiority—no elevation of the contemplative over the active, nothing of the artist's self-assertion over the man of greater ambition. In this point Lord Lytton has all the superiority of the man who was at once artist and statesman in his own person, to whom all these differing experiences were alike open, and who had learned the greatest lesson which experience can teach—that all ambition, even the highest, must end more or less in disappointment; that the most successful career may bring everything but satisfaction; and that the high ideals of youth, the better hopes of manhood, fade and fail, and have to give way to the merely attainable, leaving a certain subdued bitterness and sense of failure, even in the most complete career. The scholar

whose learning comes to so little—the soldier who hazards life and limb for a medal and an obscure captain's half-pay—the statesman who has to give up the ideal rule of the Best, for miserable expedencies and necessities of party,—which can boast over the other? But it is the philosopher's privilege to anticipate this universal fact, and to submit; while the rarely fortunate man who has the repose of domestic happiness to fall back upon, has the only ideal compensation for all that life takes from him. Such is the lesson, unlike that which youth can or ought to draw from its brighter and narrower information, which comes with the wisdom of maturity—a lesson sad but lofty, strangely different from the all-dazzling success which of old awaited the hero, and made him and the young audience which applauded his adventures happy. But the very perfection of this lesson, and of the development of experience and world-knowledge which produces it, would be less satisfactory, did we not remember how differently our author felt once—how pleased and proud he was of his juvenile triumphs, how certain of living happy ever after, as one after another of his glorious young heroes received from his glowing hands the laurel and the myrtle wreaths, the crown of happiness and fame.

'My Novel' came into the world with all the prestige gained by the 'Caxtons,' and all the advantage of its author's name to extend its sway; and in this great work we think Lord Lytton's genius culminated. Something more of the old romance—a little Bulwerism from which the 'Caxtons' was free, betrays, perhaps designedly, the well-known hand which had now given up all attempt to disguise itself; and we do not know what other modern work could be placed by the side of this which can successfully com-

pare with its variety of character, its fulness of life and humour and wisdom. Even Thackeray in his crowded pictures can give us but one Colonel Newcome; but here the multiplicity of the figures does but enhance the sense of easy wealth; and we feel as we read that instead of rare appearances here and there, the world is full of those noble simple figures, child-like sages, wise companions, who see through and through us, and yet are kind as ignorance never is—tolerant, all-comprehending, all-appreciating as gods, but brimful of delicious human imperfection as schoolboys. The man who has enriched English literature with two such creations as Riccabocca and Parson Dale, has merited Westminster if ever man did. Two wise men, philosophers and scholars—yet so distinct, so individual, so perfect—distinct, too, from Austin Caxton, their brother sage, each of them himself and no other. What lavish yet delicate power is in these impersonations! It is not an easy art to create, and win the reverence and the love of thousands of readers for, such types of men; men in themselves above the common understanding, with little to catch the eye or charm the imagination; displayed to us in all the gravity of middle life—moralists, preachers in their way, commentators upon existence rather than actors in it—yet touching our hearts and moving our interest more warmly than any youthful hero beloved of fortune. The Italian noble with the most astute and worldly wisdom on his lips, a cynic in speech, a Quixote in sentiment, with a heart as pure as a girl's and as simple as an infant's—philosopher, scholar, misanthrope, romanticist, his eyes full of genial humour, his heart trembling with tenderness—is more akin to the great hero of Spanish fiction than any modern creation we know of. And yet Riccabocca, in his

learning and shrewdness, the practical skill and patient diligence which belongs to his country, and, above all, in the profound and delicate sense of humour which smiles in his eyes, is of a broader development than Quixote. His musings, his embarrassments, his social difficulties, his proud poverty, and the simple, honest mercenariness of his matrimonial speculation, are all threaded through with this humorous self-consciousness. He is the first to see the jest at his own expense, and to smile at it. Such humour dwells next door to pathos, and does not interfere with the tear which has always some share in the smile. The fine distinctions of his nationality, too, do but more clearly display the naturalness of the man, who with all his strange ways is so widely sympathetic, so genial in his humanity. Who but an Italian would have lived shut up in his casino, upon meagre fare of sticklebacks, and turned the patient genius of his race to work upon the irrigation of the English hillside? We like him a great deal better as Dr Rickeybockey than as the Duke di Serrano. But yet, such is his creator's skill, that the quaint and meagre philosopher might be a king without surprising us. What a true gentleman he is, even in his simple fortune-hunting, which is so *naïve*, so straightforward, so Italian! The book is full of exciting scenes, of high-strained passion, and critical situations; but at the most stirring moment the reader is never reluctant to turn aside to Riccabocca, to watch his delightful jesuitry, which his *Jemima* routs horse and man by one natural womanly appeal—to note his Machiavellian utterances, and his generous doings, his all-sympathising soul, and the delicious humbug of his cynicism in words.

Parson Dale is a man of very different metal. Spiritual ruler of his little world, deep in many men's

secrets, not permitted to stand quietly by and look on, but compelled actively to interfere, to warn and admonish and direct—his philosophy is of a less speculative kind. Machiavel he knows not, but deep is the natural craft with which he points the needful lesson, and guides the refractory intelligence. Fretted by his adversary's trump or his partner's revoke, but ready to put himself to any annoyance for the regulation of a cottage or the guidance of a gardener boy—solemn and impressive in his warnings to the sinner, however highly placed, but complacent about his own journey on unaccustomed horseback—how kindly, how simple, how genial, how wise is this parish priest! He is as English as his brother sage is Italian—true old Tory in politics, genuine Liberal in heart, with an inconsistency which is as admirably true to the type of man as are the gentle human faults which endear his goodness. Would that Providence had established our lot in a parish blessed with a Parson Dale! But, indeed, there can be little doubt that the parish of Hazeldean, with the good squire and his wife for its temporal heads, with Parson Dale for its pope, and that Machiavel lurking in the Casino with his astute counsels, was the happiest parish in all England. The book is over-brimming with character. The statesman Egerton, the noble and princely Harley, romantic wandering knight and sentimental adventurer, yet capable of all the higher uses of the State when his hour comes; the young poet Leonard, so finely touched in his visionary yet simple nature, generous, proud, hasty, impassioned, yet humble as genius is, and as ready to repent as to err; the group of Avenels; the ruined man of letters, Burley,—how fine, how lifelike is every detail! Yet amid all these we turn back to our two philosophers with a deeper attraction. The per-

fection of Lord Lytton's own philosophy as well as of his creative power is in *Riccabocca* and *Parson Dale*.

We will not enter into any controversy as to the respective greatness of the names which in our age have illustrated the art of fiction. Each has his different gift, and there is room enough in the literary firmament for all these lights. But howsoever others may excel—though one may trace more deeply the hidden springs of character, and another fathom with a more penetrating insight the movements of universal nature—we remain unshaken in our opinion that '*My Novel*' is, as a novel, the most brilliant and perfect of contemporary works of fiction. George Eliot goes deeper, is more realistic, more potent in her grasp, more concentrated in power and thoughtfulness; and Thackeray is much more universally behind the scenes, more knowing about all the secrets that lie just under the surface. Neither of these great writers is capable, if we may use the expression, of being taken in; the one with a serious pertinacity of gaze which fathoms nature, the other with a malicious, half-diabolical, infallible keenness of vision which lets nothing slip—defy all the arts and all the simplicities of man—and woman—and are beyond the reach of illusion. But Lord Lytton is never beyond it. Even while he rises into the depths of wisdom with his sages, he is still as ready to be deluded as they are, and as capable of seeing through Leonard's poet-eyes, and of throwing a mist of the most rainbow-tinted romance round *Harley L'Estrange*, as if he were twenty. Human nature has still corners for him, nooks here and there where the gossamer still sparkles with all the dews of morning, where the glory is ever on the grass, and splendour in the flower. He is not always a philosopher, an analyser, a revealer

of mysteries. By times his eyes are veiled over with human weakness, his heart falls back into the fond illusions of his early years, and before we know where we are, lo! we are swept back into romance, and find a momentary refuge from the too clear daylight in that old Arcadia of the poets, that land where every soul has lingered one time or another; that impossible paradise where the Two dwell, the primitive hero and heroine, the original of all tales. After so many hard and real labours through the stony pathways of life, we leave our heroes, each with his *Violante* or his *Helen*, in bliss incomparable, beyond the measure of everyday existence. This power of returning to the old canons of art—this possibility now and then of falling back twenty years or so, and interpolating a chapter of youth into the wiser conclusions of maturity,—may or may not increase our reverence for the greatness of the writer; but it is everything for his art. It makes of it just that mingled draught which is most sweet to our lips—the true, the wise, the sad, consenting still to mix themselves with the bright, the ignorant, the happy. Only so can life be truly represented—life which is not all real, strange though the words may seem,—which finds much of its sweetness in illusion, which takes its rare draughts of joy oftenest in dreams—dreams truer than the facts, more real than flesh and blood.

While we acknowledge, however, this charm of youthfulness, this remnant of Bulwerism which gives an additional attraction to '*My Novel*,' we must not omit to notice how this book comes in to the deeper unity of Lord Lytton's works. The lesson that it teaches is the same lesson which he has dwelt upon in mystic story, and which has led him into the realms of the unseen for examples to enforce his moral. The very key-note of

much of his philosophy is to be found in the interview which Riccabocca and Parson Dale hold with Leonard Fairfield in his cottage, when the sages bring all the force of their wisdom to contest the principle, upon which the half-taught boy sets himself so proudly, that knowledge is power. The Parson's admirable, spirited, and startling assertion some time later that the Devil himself is a Failure, is, as it were, the spirit of our author's teaching made into a maxim. Randal Leslie, the elaborately-designed and carefully-drawn villain, is an illustration of the same principle, with a difference, as is the Faun-Man Margrave—which is the insufficiency, unsuccessfulness, meanness, and misery of selfish Knowledge vulgarly supposed to be Power. How far we may receive this as true to fact—whether, indeed, the world has wisdom enough in reality to neutralise the advantages of the unscrupulous possessor of Knowledge—and whether, after all, Selfishness is, so far as external successes go, not the best policy—are questions into which we need not enter. But at all events, in an age of which Selfishness is the special vice (as indeed it is in most ages), the lesson is a worthy one; and the curious lines of thought involved merit the attention of the reader. Fiction which takes the trouble to enforce such a lesson at all—a moral entirely within its range, and which can be embraced in story without any artificial strain of incident or purpose—takes by that very aim a higher place than that which nowadays the art seems dropping into. To make a novel into a personal plea against some public or private wrong, or to interweave with romance a demonstration of the ordinary daily economical miseries of life, tradesmen's overcharges, house-agents' devices, &c., is as little harmonious to the uses of fiction as can well be conceived. But the

bigger principle fits well into its place in the large and wide picture of men and women, of life and thought.

Of men—and women; perhaps it would be wiser to say of men only; for Lord Lytton, with all his gifts, did not possess that of drawing women. It is rare among men—almost if not quite as rare as the faculty of representing men is among women, though the failure in the one case is very much less remarked upon, and less noticeable indeed, from the fact that women have but lately come to occupy leading places in works of fiction. A beautiful and sweet abstraction of womankind, with hair, eyes, throat, &c., nicely put in, with smiles and tears handy, and a few pretty speeches, is all that is really necessary for a heroine of the good old-fashioned type. Lord Lytton has two of these types, the heroic and the gentle, as indeed Sir Walter also had; and most novelists of eminence keep within these safe lines. The sentimental splendour of *Violante*, the sugary sweetness of *Helen*, may dazzle the hasty reader; but how to come to any sort of realisation of these young women we are unable to inform him. Every mortal man has his tether, and here is one region in which Lord Lytton's tether is apparent, though he does his best by glowing diction and lavish sentiment to throw glamour in our eyes and blind us to the fact. He does blind us so far that we accept the graceful outline enveloped in rainbow-mists of beautiful effect as the symbol of WOMAN—woman the consoler, woman the inspirer, as he himself says. The abstraction is enough for him—he has no need for anything further; neither, we suppose, has the majority of readers, or the typical would not have been so long and so placidly accepted instead of the personal. There is one other point in which the tether is equally visible. The poor are out of Lord Lytton's range. He under-

stands gentlemen—and he understands the cunning hanger-on of gentlemen, the rogue, the money-lender, the blackleg—but he does not understand the other classes into which humanity is divided. In his later books, and especially in 'My Novel,' he attains to a certain power in the one group of the Avenels; and he is also partially successful in some of the attendant and secondary figures in 'What will he do with it?'—a work which we have not left ourselves space to discuss, but which contains in the noble vagabond *Wuife* one of his finest creations. But all his previous works are signally unsuccessful in this special region. His peasants and his Cockneys talk an unimaginable jargon, and are as fictitious as the villagers in an opera. It is curious to recognise the points in which one man of genius compensates the world for the deficiencies of another. Dickens evidently felt the same insuperable difficulties in the portrayal of a gentleman.

No, we have no time to speak of *Waife*—wayward as the genius that produced him, faulty, foolish, generous, noble—the most wise, witty, tender, patient, and accomplished of vagabonds: it is doing him injustice, indeed, to introduce him at the end, who merits one of the chief niches in the gallery. We place this bowed and travel-worn figure, lowly yet lofty, by the side of Austin Caxton, Riccabocca, and Parson Dale. He completes the cycle worthily, though in his essence he is a vagabond—a wanderer over the face of the earth. Perhaps Lord Lytton hoped in his *Guy Darrell*, in his *Harley L'Estrange*, to strike a higher note; but his genial and gentle sagas are his greatest achievement. We can suggest no shadow on their perfection, nothing

that could raise him and them to a purer, more real or more ideal elevation. They are the quintessence of his work and of his art.

The same reason which prevents us entering into the last of the Caxton group of novels, also forbids the discussion of Lord Lytton's other appearances before the world. His public life and his poetical works are alike beyond our space. But we leave these with the less regret that while his success in both is well known, it is as a novelist that his fame was won, and as a novelist he will be known to posterity. Taking him all in all, no man of his generation has achieved the same brilliancy of success, or has so true a claim to be the leading and typical novelist of his day. Most of us have recognised him in that capacity since our earliest recollection. And if we cannot raise him to the side of Scott, he is at least the one of all our contemporaries who has most followed Scott's traditions, and kept in the line marked out by that *Father of Story*. The many though brilliant faults of his youth were more than made up in his riper age. It would be unbecoming on our part to say anything here of the tale now publishing in our pages, which unites the Bulwer of the past with the Lytton of recent years, in a union which has become affecting by the fact that so much of the work will be posthumous. But we need have no hesitation in repeating what all critics and readers have allowed, that no nobler monuments could be raised to the name of an author, and no finer or more high-toned productions given to the literature of a country, than the three noble *Tales* which mark the maturity of Lord Lytton's intellect, and the highest level which pure fiction has reached in the present age.

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SHAKESPEARE'S FUNERAL.

Place.—STRATFORD-ON-AVON. *Time.*—THE 25TH OF APRIL 1616.

SCENE I.—*The Taproom of the Falcon Tavern in the High Street, kept by Eleanor Comynq.*

HOSTESS and SLY.

Hostess. Kit Sly, Kit Sly, dost thou hear? There be guests alighting in the yard; run thou and help Robin ostler hold their stirrups, and so do somewhat for the ale thou ne'er pay'st for.

Sly. If I do, wilt thou let this one day slip without rating and prating of thy score that I owe thee?

Hostess. Yea, good Kit, if thou run quickly.

Sly. But wilt thou bid Francis draw me what ale I may chance call for?

Hostess. Nay, that will I not, or thou wouldst empty my great tun. Thou wouldst serve me as thou didst the ale-wife of Wincot,* who says, poor soul, that she ne'er had cask in cellar these twelve years but thou wert more fatal to it than a leaking tap. By these ears, I heard her say so when the deputy's men were seizing her goods. Thou shalt not cozen me as thou didst Marian.

Sly. Hold stirrup thyself, then. I'll not budge. I'll to sleep again by the chimney till it please God send me drink.

Enter DRAYTON† (*the poet*) and YOUNG RALEIGH‡ (*son of Sir Walter*).

Drayton. Sly, said she! Didst thou not hear, Walter, yon varlet's

* "Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not," says Kit Sly in the "Taming of the Shrew." Wincot is a village about three miles from Stratford.

† Michael Drayton, a Warwickshire poet of great repute in his day, was about a year older than Shakespeare, and had known him long and familiarly.

‡ Young Walter Raleigh was Sir Walter's eldest son, and was now twenty-two

name? but 'twas scarce needful. The sodden face, the shaking nether lip, the eye watery and impudent, the paunch ale-swelled, the doublet liquor-stained, the hat crushed from being much slept in, the apparel ruinous, because the tapster intercepts the fee that should be the tailor's and the cobbler's—hath not the master, without cataloguing one of these things, implied all, in half-a-score of pregnant words, for all the future? What a skill is that can make a poor sot immortal!

Sly. Sot, saidst thou!—but I care not. Will ye stand me, gentles, in a pot of ale?

Raleigh. Wilt thou answer, then, a few questions I would put to thee?

Sly. Ay—but the ale first; and be brief; I love not much question. Say on, and let the world slide.

Raleigh. A pot of ale, drawer, for this worthy man. And now tell me, Sly, is't not thy custom to use that phrase 'let the world slide'?

Sly. It may well be; 'tis a maxim I love; 'tis a cure for much. I am cold—let the world slide, for anon I shall be warmer. I am dry—let the world slide, for time will bring ale. I sit, pottle-pot in hand, i' the chimney-nook—let the world slide while I taste it.

Drayton. 'Tis a pretty philosophy, and might serve for greater uses. But, for a further question—Wert thou acquainted with old John Naps of Greece?†

Sly. John Naps, quotha! what, old John! by Jeronimy, I knew him many a year, mended his pots and helped him empty them. 'A had been a sailor, or to say pirate would be to shoot nearer the clout; when sober his fashion was to say nought, but when drunk his talk was of the things 'a had seen in Greece—whereby they called him Naps of Greece.

Drayton. And didst thou know, too, Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell?

Sly. Yea, as this pot-handle knows these fingers. For Turf, he was deputy-sexton of Wincot, and indeed digged Naps' grave, and was found lying drunk therein, with his spade beside him, at the hour of burial. For Pimpernell, 'twas a half-witted companion, but his grandam kept money in 's purse, and 'a served to pay scores, and 'a could join in a catch on occasion, thof 'a had but a small, cracked voice, and mostly sung his part to psalm-tunes. And, now, masters, a question to ye—an ye answer not, faith, I care not—but how should such as ye know Naps and the others?

Drayton. They have been recorded, and thou too, in what will outlast your epitaphs. Doubtless thou hast heard of Master William Shakespeare of New Place.‡

Sly. Heard of him, said he! Ay, and seen him and talked with him

years old. He accompanied his father, soon after, to South America, as commander of one of the companies that formed the military part of the expedition, to prepare for which was the express condition on which Sir Walter was released from the Tower in January 1616.

* A phrase much affected by Sly the Tinker in the prelude to the "Taming of the Shrew."

† One of Sly's acquaintances at Wincot.

"Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell."—"Taming of the Shrew."

A manuscript memorandum, in which Stephen Sly is mentioned, written at Stratford in 1614, is still extant.

‡ New Place was a large house, with garden attached, in the town of Stratford—built by Sir Hugh Clopton in Henry VII.'s time, and purchased by Shakespeare in 1597.

both here and at Wincot when he came thither to his kinsfolk.* By this malt-juice, a merry gentleman, and a free—a should have been a lord, for, look you, to bestow liquor on the thirsty is a lordly fashion, and I have owed him many a skinful. Marry, that tap's dry now.

Drayton. What, knave, hath he found at last that it is more virtuous to forget thee than to countenance thee?

Sly. Nay, I will say nought in his dispraise; 'a was good to me, and hath oft spoke with me, and I'll ne'er deny it now's dead and gone. Mayhap ye have come to the burial?

Drayton. Dead!

Raleigh. Master Shakespeare dead!

Hostess. Oh, masters, he hath spoke the truth, tho' he be no true man; by these tears, he hath. Master Shakespeare parted o' Tuesday, and he will be buried this diential day; the coffin will be brought forth of New Place upon the stroke of two. I have talked with the bearers, and all.

Raleigh. Thus perish the hopes which drew me to Stratford. I thought to look on the foremost poet of the world—to hear his voice—perchance to be honoured with some discourse of him—and now I shall look but on his coffin. Oh, Master Drayton!

Drayton. We looked not, indeed, for this. 'Tis as if the sun were drawn from the firmament, and had left us to perpetual twilight. The radiant intellect is gone, and hath left but its pale reflection in his works—tho' these shall be immortal. Methinks, in future, the sky will be less blue, the air less warm, the flowers less gay; for I honoured this man more than any, and whate'er I essayed to do 'twas with a secret thought of his judgment over me, as if he had been the conscience of mine intellect.

Hostess. Ye look pale—a cup of sack, sweet sirs; for, ye know, a cheerful cup the heart bears up.

Drayton. Nay, woman, nay.

Hostess. 'Tis of the best, I warrant you; 'tis from the stores of Master Quiney—him that hath married Master Shakespeare's daughter Judith, and he deals in none but the best.

Drayton. 'Tis not sack that will help us. But canst thou tell us, good hostess, aught concerning his end?

Hostess. Yea, well-a-day, that can I, for 'twas Gossip Joan Tisick who goeth out nursing, the same, your worships, that brought young Elizabeth Hall, his grandchild, into the world, that was sent for to him when 'twas seen which way 'a was likely to go; whereby, she told me thereof yesternight over a cup of ale and sugar with a toasted crab in 't—for, said she, there's none in Stratford, Mistress Comyng, that Master Shakespeare thought more on than you. The doctor, Master Hall, says to her, "Have a care, Joan, of my father-in-law Shakespeare, says he; for 'tis a parlous case, says he; we be all mortal, says he—and the breath goeth when it listeth—therefore keep thou the better watch, for 'tis a man we could ill spare." "Fear not, Master Hall," quoth Joan, "I'll tend him as 'twere his mother." So, o' Tuesday night he said he felt easier, and he bid Mistress Hall and the Doctor that they should leave him and take

* The Ardens, Shakespeare's relations by the mother's side, lived in the parish of Wincot.

good rest. And 'a says to Joan, "Art drowsy, good Joan?" Whereupon she made answer "A little; for I have been up," saith she, "all last night at a labour with Mistress Coney her thirteenth child." "Ay," quoth he, "in thy calling thou seest both ends of life; well, thou shalt sleep to-night, and all night if thou wilt." "Nay, sir," saith Joan, "not so; but your worship being of so good cheer to-night, mayhap if I take a short nap 'twill do no harm." "If thou take a long one, good Joan," said Master Shakespeare, "it matters not, for, I warrant you, I shall take a longer." "It doth me good to hear your worship speak so," says Joan, "for sleep well is keep well, and a night's rest physic's best"—and so tucks up the bedclothes, and draws the hangings, and leaves him as 'a was closing his eyes. Well, sweet sirs, all the night he lay quiet, and with the dawn Joan peeps me in through the curtains, and there he lay, quiet and smiling—and as the sun rose she peeps me in again and he was still quiet and smiling—and she touched his forehead;—and he had been lying for hours (so the Doctor said when Joan called him) as dead as his grandam.

Drayton. 'Twas, then, with good heart that this great soul passed to what himself hath called the undiscovered country: of whose inhabitants he must sure take his place among the most illustrious. Thou art sad, Walter—this grief touches thee, and, sooth, it becomes thee well. It bespeaks thy youth generous; 'tis an assurance that thou hast thy father's spirit, who, great himself, owns near kinship with greatness, and will sorrow for Shakespeare as for a brother.

Raleigh. 'Twas my father's wish, when he knew I was to be thy guest in Warwickshire, that I should pay my duty to Master Shakespeare, for, said he, there is no worthier thing in life than to take note of the greatest of thy companions in earth's pilgrimage; in them thou seest the quintessence of man's spirit, cleared of the muddy vapours which make common humanity so base and foolish: and this man is of the greatest, a companion indeed for princes, nay, himself a king, whose kingdom is of the imagination, and therefore boundless. Tell him, Walter, said my father, that in my long captivity* I have oft remembered our pleasant encounters at the Mermaid;† tell him, too, that I have solaced mine enforced solitude in the Tower with studying all of his works that have been given to us; and entreat him, in my name, not to leave those plays of his to the chances of the world, as fathers leave their misbegotten children, but to make them truly the heirs of his invention, and to spend on them that paternal care which shall prove them worthy of their source.

Hostess. Please you come in here to the Dolphin chamber, where Master Shakespeare loved to sit.

Raleigh. Well—now we are in it, I find it convenient and well lighted; and yet methinks 'tis but a small one.

Drayton. Ay, but seest thou that, through the door, one that sits here can mark the whole company of ale-drinkers in the tap-room without, and therefore Shakespeare loved it; here would he sit and note the humours of such guests as yonder Sly. For in such, he would say, you

* The twelve years' imprisonment in the Tower to which James I. had consigned him.

† The Mermaid was a tavern in London where Sir Walter had established, before his imprisonment, a club, of which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher and others were members.

see humanity with its vizard off; and he held that nurture, though it oft cherishes a good apprehension, yet as oft doth overlay and smother it. He hath said to me, pointing to the company without, "If you find wit here 'tis the bird's own feather, and no borrowed plume; if you see courtesy 'tis inborn, and will bear the rub; if you note a quaint humour 'tis in the man by the grace of God or the force of circumstance: your weaver or your tinker, whatsoever other gift he hath, hath not the skill to counterfeit, for that comes by art, and leisure, and commerce with men of condition, and desire of their good opinion; wherefore methinks I oft see deeper through your leathern jerkin than your satin doublet."

Hostess. Yea, here would 'a come many a time and oft, with Master Ben, that was full of quips as an egg of meat. "Mistress Quickly!" Ben would say (for so 'a called me, I know not wherefore), "set us in the Dolphin chamber;* and let us have a sea-coal fire," 'a would say—"and I will drink none if thou give me not a parcel-gilt goblet," whereby Master Shakespeare would cast at him out of 's eye a merry glint. "Hast thou thy plate yet?" Master Ben would ask me, "and the tapestry of thy dining chambers? Come, let us have Doll Tearsheet meet us at supper." "O Lord, sir," would I say, "I know no Dolls nor Tearsheets neither;" but 'twas a merry man, I warrant you, tho' I did never know what his meaning was.

Drayton. These memories of thine breed but sad mirth in me now.

Hostess. Well-a-day, if there be not Sir Thomas and Master Thynne, rid from Charlecote†, and alighting. By your leave, kind sirs, I will go receive them.

[*She goes out.*]

Drayton. Dear Walter, this stroke is so sudden that it bewilders me; methinks I am dreaming; I discourse, remember, reason, and so forth, and yet my brain all the while wrapt as in a cerement. Coming here with my thoughts full of him, sitting in this room where he and I have sat so oft, what could seem less strange than that he should enter and greet me; and yet a little word hath made me know that to be impossible for all time.

Raleigh. Ay, sir, amidst my own pain I remember how you have been familiar with that divinest man, and must feel a far deeper sorrow than myself, that know him but in the picture my imagination hath formed; and I perceive by the blank made in mine own present, what a void must be left in yours. Would you have us quit Stratford forthwith?

Drayton. Nay, by no means; let us rather give our sorrow somewhat to feed on; let us fill it with the sad memories that abound here. For, to me, everything in Stratford speaks of Shakespeare; 'twas here he lived while that unmatched apprehension was most waxlike to receive impressions, when wonder and observation were quickest in him; and 'twas here he began to fill a storehouse from whence to draw at will. For his manner was always to build on a ground of fact, or, rather, to sow fact like a seed, and let it strike in that rich soil till oftentimes none but himself could tell (even if himself could) what the ripened fruit had sprung from. Sometimes he would limn a man in brief as he saw him, and, again, he would so play with his first notion, dressing it and transforming it, yet ever

* For the allusions here made by Master Ben, see the "Second Part of King Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 1.

† Charlecote, still the family seat of the Lucys, is some four miles from Stratford.

working even as nature works, that the citizen of Stratford or Warwick would grow into a Roman or ancient Briton, a lover or a king, a conspirator or a jester, compounded part of fact, part of fancy, yet would the morsel of fact leaven the whole with truth.

Raleigh. Was this Sir Thomas Lucy he whom the world calls Justice Shallow?

Drayton. Nay, he hath been dead these many years—this is his son; but the companion that's with him thou mayst chance to have heard of.

Enter SIR THOMAS LUCY and MASTER THYNNE, in mourning habits.

Hostess. Wilt please you walk this way, Sir Thomas? This chamber is warmer, and the day is fresh. There be here, sirs, none but these two gentlemen.

Sir Thomas. Master Drayton, as I remember me. You are of our county of Warwickshire, I think, sir?

Drayton. I am so, Sir Thomas, at your service. Give me leave to bring you acquainted with my friend and comrade in travel, Master Walter Raleigh.

Sir Thomas. I salute you, sir. Of the Raleighs of Devonshire, mayhap?

Raleigh. The same, Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. An honourable family, sir, and one that hath borne itself among the best these many reigns past. You quarter the arms of Throckmorton, as I think, sir—you bear gules, five fusils, in bend argent, and your cognisance a stag; or is't a martlet?

Raleigh. I knew not we, being but simple gentlemen, and out of favour, were of that mark that our quarterings should be thus well known.

Sir Thomas. I am something of a herald, I would have you know, sir. Methinks 'twere well that men of quality were familiar each with the pretensions of all the rest, making as 'twere one family in condition: thus should we at once know who are of the better, who of the baser sort. And so, sir, of the leisure I spare from mine office as justice of the peace, and from mine own concerns, I give somewhat to heraldry.

Drayton. I perceive by the sad hue of your garments that you design to be present at Master Shakespeare's funeral.

Sir Thomas. Ay, sir. His son-in-law, Doctor Hall, is our physician at Charlecote, and I have had dealings with himself, and held him in esteem.

Raleigh. 'Tis as it should be—the whole world should honour such worth as his.

Sir Thomas. Nay, good sir, I go not so far with you: though he were indeed so honourable that his neighbours, even of condition, may well accord him a last show of respect.

Drayton. I am glad that the old grudge between Master Shakespeare and Sir Thomas your father holds not in this generation.

Sir Thomas. Why, for that, Master Drayton, in respect of the deer-stealing, 'twas not such a matter as is ne'er to be forgiven nor forgotten; he was but a youth then, and he suffered for't; and, for the scurril ballad concerning which the rumour went 'twas writ by Shakespeare, why, 'twas none of his.

Drayton. I'll be sworn 'twas not. Know we not the hand of the master better than to take such 'prentice-stuff for his? As well affirm that a daw's feather may drop from an eagle.

Sir Thomas. Nay, sir, I have better assurance ; he himself, of his own motion, told my father (and hath repeated it to myself) that he ne'er wrote it.

Drayton. He hath told me the same—and for the plays——

Sir Thomas. For the plays wherein 'twas said he drew my father, 'twas idle gossip. How should a Gloucestershire justice, one Shallow (for such I am told is what passes for the portrait), represent Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote in Warwickshire ?

Thynne. 'Twas said, too, that he had set me down along with mine uncle. By the mass ! I should not care though it had been so ; for I saw the play* once in London, and Master Slender was a gentleman, and an esquire, and of good means, though the people did laugh, I know not why, at some of his discourse. But he and the rest lived in Harry Fourth's time, 'twas said ; and how could I live in Harry Fourth's time that go not back beyond Elizabeth ? though the Thynnes were well thought on afore that, look you.

Sir Thomas. Well, sir, I have ne'er seen the play, and love not players. I ever noted that when they came to Stratford there was new business for the justices. The idle sort grew idler—they drew others on to join them that would else have been better conducted — there was less work, more drink, and more disorder. I could never away with the players, sir ; and I was heartily with those who were for inhibiting their theatre in Stratford.

Thynne. And I too, Cousin Lucy, I care not for the play, though, good sooth, I liked it well enough. But give me for sport a stage with two good backsword or quarter-staff men ; or a greased pole with a Gloucester cheese atop ; or a bull-running : but of all sport, by the mass ! I love the bear-garden—man and boy, I ever loved it ; 'tis the rarest sport, in good sooth, now.

Drayton. Methought, Sir Thomas, when you talked of honouring my dear friend, 'twas for his works.

Sir Thomas. Nay, sir, I make no account of his works, and, indeed, know nought of them. He had won a good station, and maintained it, and therefore he should have his due.

Drayton. For his descent, that, as all men know, was not above humble citizen's degree.

Sir Thomas. His mother was an Arden ; and his father was granted a coat of arms by the College, a spear or, upon a bend sable, in a field of gold—the crest, a falcon with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear ; and he might impale with Arden. And the gentleman himself hath for years been of good havings, with lands and houses, and of good repute in all his dealings ; therefore, say I, that we who be neighbours and gentlemen, should have him in respect.

Thynne. Yea, forsooth ! gentlemen should give to other gentlemen (thof they be new-made and quarter not) what countenance they may, for their better advantage, and to maintain them in consideration, look you, and to prosper them ; and therefore 'tis we come to make two at the burial.

Raleigh. O ye gods ! this of him that conceived Lear and Othello ! Sirs, with your leave we will now bid you farewell.

Sir Thomas. Nay, I pray you that we part not so. I beseech you,

* "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Master Raleigh, and you, Master Drayton, that you lie this night at Charlecote. I would have you home to supper, and thank you, too, for your good company.

Thynne. And I, sirs, have a poor house of mine own within these dozen miles, and thof I be not a knight like my cousin Lucy here, yet I can lodge a guest as well as some; now that my mother be dead, I live as befits a gentleman, good sooth, and I would bid you welcome truly, now, and show you a mastiff that hath lost an eye by a bear.

Drayton. Sir, I thank you. For your good kindness, Sir Thomas, we are beholden to you; but, pray you, let us stand excused. Master Raleigh hath business that—

Raleigh. Nay, Master Drayton, that business we had is sadly ended, and our whole journey marred. With your good leave, therefore, I would rejoice that we should take Sir Thomas at his word.

Sir Thomas. By my troth, sirs, I am glad on't, and you shall be heartily welcome. We'll e'en meet here at four o' the clock, and ye shall find wherewithal to bear you and your mails to Charlecote.

Raleigh. Till then, farewell. (*To Drayton as they go out.*) Seest thou not, Master Michael, that to sit in Master Shallow's house, perchance in his very arbour*—to eat a pipkin, maybe, of his own grafting—to look on his effigy, clad as he went to the Court with Falstaff—were a chance that would lead me to journey barefoot in the snow to Charlecote? For being here in the birthplace (alas! now the death-place) of him I so revered, what better tribute can I pay (now that nought but his memory is left for our worship) than, even as thou saidst but now, to trace the begettings of those bright fancies which he hath embalmed for ever?

Drayton. You look on these things, Walter, as I would have you look; a true disciple art thou of him whom we shall always love and always mourn, and gladly will I go with thee to Charlecote. And now, ere we stand by that greedy grave that is presently to swallow so huge a part of what is precious in England, we will see to that other business of thine, the raising of money for thee. 'Tis but a step, as I remember, to Master Sherlock's house. Now I pray thee mark that old man well—and if we deal not with him, as is likely, 'tis no matter, for I can take thee elsewhere; but I would thou shouldst see old Master Sherlock.

SCENE II.—*Master Sherlock's counting-house. SHERLOCK sitting at his desk in an inner room.*

Enter DRAYTON and RALEIGH.

Drayton (aside to Raleigh). Dost thou not spy in him a likeness to an old spider, black, still, and watchful, and in that money-changing den to a cob-web? There be many flies have suffered loss of wings here.

Raleigh. How old and bent he looks! and, but that he be a money-lender, I should have deemed him poor.

Drayton. Nay, 'tis not a spider of the sleek sort—blood-sucking hath not fattened him as it doth some.

Raleigh. His attire doth not bespeak much wealth. That old gown

* See "Second Part of King Henry IV.," act v. sc. 3.

were dear at two shillings, fur trimmings and all ; nay, 'twere a fair price even were the velvet cap and copper spectacles thrown into the bargain.

Drayton. Soft you, he comes.

Sherlock. Sirs, your servant. What would you ?

Drayton. Marry this, Master Sherlock—me you remember—Michael Drayton—we have had some small dealings together of yore.

Sherlock. Ay, sir, I forget none who deal with me.

Drayton (aside). Nor they thee, I'll be sworn. (*To Sherlock.*) But thus it is—my friend here, Master Raleigh, hath had a manor in Surrey assigned* him by his father, Sir Walter, and having pressing need of monies, inasmuch as he hath been appointed captain in a force which will shortly embark for Guiana, whereof Sir Walter is chief commander, he would raise a sum thereon to furnish him forth.

Sherlock. Be there none in London that would lend him the monies ?

Drayton. Certes ; but he goeth now into Devonshire, and his need is pressing.

Sherlock. His need is pressing—well, sir ?

Drayton. To which end he would be beholden to you for a present loan.

Sherlock. For a present loan—well, sir ?

Drayton (aside to Raleigh). Mark you his manner of speech ? 'twas ever thus with him. (*To Sherlock.*) And for security he hath brought the writings pertaining to the estate ; till thou canst prove which to be sufficient, myself will be his surety.

Raleigh. These be they.

Sherlock. These parchments, these parchments—ay, ay—Manor of West Horsley†—all those messuages and tenements—ay, ay. Well, sir, time is needed to examine these ; what monies dost thou require ?

Raleigh. In brief, four hundred pounds.

Sherlock. Four hundred pounds—well ?

Raleigh. If upon inquiry and advice the security satisfy thee, at what rate of usance wilt thou lend me ?

Sherlock. Rate of usance ?—why, sir, money is hard to come by at this time ; we have suffered great fires in our town,‡ and money hath been needed for the rebuilding ; the rate hath risen of late—and there is talk of war with Spain, which will raise it further. I must myself borrow ere I lend, and must needs pay roundly. I cannot supply you at a less yearly rate than fifteen in the hundred.

Drayton. Nay, sir, my friend's need is not so great that he should pay so dearly. He laid his account for ten, and by my counsel he will give no more—for, look you, this is no venture, but a surety.

Sherlock. Then, I fear me, we deal not ; but I will look into these writings—'tis possible I may be able to lend at fourteen and a half.

Drayton. Put up your papers, Walter, we will make other shift. This was but part of our business in Stratford, Master Sherlock ; our intent was to visit your most illustrious townsman, and now, woe the day ! we hear he is dead.

* An estate in Devonshire, thus assigned to him several years before, had been confiscated by James I.

† Sir Walter's second son afterwards lived here, and his arms long remained (perhaps still remain) on the walls.

‡ There had been a conflagration in Stratford in 1614, which had destroyed a great part of the town.

Sherlock. Ay, who may he be?

Raleigh. Who but Master Shakespeare, for whose burial you will straightway hear the bell toll.

Sherlock. I heard say he was dead.

Raleigh. Didst not know him?

Sherlock. We had dealings together years ago—ay, he hath had money of me more than once or twice; but he consorted with mine enemy, John-a-Combe*, and we would none of each other after.

Drayton. I knew not John-a-Combe was the enemy of any man.

Sherlock. He was mine enemy in the sense that he hindered my dealings. This Shakespeare, too, outbid me for the tithes † when they were sold. I had been a richer man had he died a dozen years ago. I spend not, therefore, much sorrow on him.

Raleigh. Why, this comes nigh to blasphemy—let us be gone.

Drayton. Well, God be with you, Master Sherlock,—(aside) though I fear that may hardly be. Come, Walter. But, Master Sherlock, a moment, I pray you; I saw your daughter, Mistress Visor, of late.

Sherlock. My daughter, Mistress Visor, ay!

Drayton. A woman, sir, that is held in much respect, though not for her worldly means. In truth, she hath but a sorry life of it.

Sherlock. She made her own bed when she fled from this house twenty years ago with young Visor. Let her lie on it, and if she find it hard, let her see that she complain not. The curse of disobedience hath been on her.

Drayton. Well, sir, she hath paid for that long ago, if misery may pay it. She looks like one that the world hath done its worst on, and is ready to quit it.

Sherlock. Sir, sir, I had thought you came here on a business matter. I have somewhat pressing to see to.

Drayton. One word, Master Sherlock. Her eldest son, your grandson, is a lad of promise, and for education she hath done what she may for him; but I heard of late that he was driven to hold horses in the market-place, and such chance-shifts, for a bare living.

Sherlock. Let his father look to it; he took my daughter—let him look to his son—let him look to his son. (To Raleigh.) Will it please you leave the writings?

Drayton. Her daughter, near womanhood, is fair to look on, but—

Sherlock. Hast thou been set on to this? Your pardon if I quit you.

[Retires into the inner room.]

Raleigh. Come, let us away. So, I breathe again, now we are quit of that den. I have heard of such flints, but ne'er saw one till now.

Drayton. So thou carest not for his money at fifteen in the hundred?

Raleigh. Were't five I would not deal with him. 'Tis a stone, sure, that hath been cut in human shape and possessed by some vile spirit from the nether world. I almost marvel, Master Michael, that thou broughtst me to him.

Drayton. Why, was it not of our compact that I should show thee some of the models whence our master drew?

* John-a-Combe was a rich banker in Stratford, and a friend of Shakespeare, to whom he left a small legacy.

† Shakespeare invested a considerable sum in a lease of these tithes.

Raleigh. Models? how, Sherlock? Yet that name. Soft you, now, soft you! And money-lender, too. And then his daughter—why, Master Michael, 'tis clear as the sun—it runs on all-fours with the devil in the play; and yet, but that thou gav'st me the clue, I might have borrowed money from him twenty years without guessing. Well, this passes!

SCENE III.—*The Churchyard of Stratford. A crowd waiting about the gate.*

First Woman. Didst not hear say there would be a dole? I see no signs of it.

Second Woman. 'Twas too good to be true; comfort is chary of coming to poor folk.

First Man. I have been here since one o' the clock, and with a toothache, for which thou seest my face is tied up, and the wind is keen. I had stayed within four walls but for the word that went about of a dole.

First Woman. Thou look'st none the comelier, Peter Quince, for the clout about thy yellow chaps, like a blue dish full of butter-milk.

Second Man. Thou shouldst have covered the rest of thy face with it, Peter, then wouldst thou have been fairer to look on than e'er thou wert yet.

Second Woman. I'll warrant thou eatest thy share when thou getst it, crust and all, in despite of thy toothache.

Peter Quince. Look if here be not lame Davy, coming for the sharing; how his crutch thumps in 's haste!—do but mark how he outspeeds blind Harry that feeleth his way by the wall.

Second Man. Ay, and look, Madge, my buxom lass, at what will please thee better, for here come gentlemen of worship.

Madge. The younger is as gallant a youth as e'er I set eyes on.

[*The bell tolls for the funeral.*]

Enter DRAYTON and RALEIGH.

Raleigh. "No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than ye shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled."*

How strange sound these words of his, with that bell for commentary!
How his own phrases rise to the lips!

Drayton. Ay, Walter, you shall find but few occasions in life, solemn or merry, regarding which something apt, something that goeth deeper than common to the heart of the matter, hath not been said by him that is now silent.

Raleigh. One that reads him as a student, and lovingly, as my father from my first youth hath taught me to do, and hath moreover a good memory, shall find in him (my father is wont to say) a rich vocabulary. But mark you the crowd here! 'tis the spontaneous respect of the people for so famous a townsman. Now look I to see (what we have not yet seen) the sorrow of Stratford for the loss of her great son. As the sun

* The opening lines of Shakespeare's 71st Sonnet.

lights the hovel no less than the palace, so should his fame reach to, and warm, the poorest here.

Drayton. Be not too assured that his fame is of a kind to be felt by such as these, though were he a commander who had brought home a Spanish galleon, or a courtier who had set the fashions at Whitehall, or a foolish lord with fifty retainers at his back, no cap so greasy but it would cover an idolater. But let us mark what passes 'twixt the town-folk and this old beadle who cometh hither with his older satellite.

Enter a Beadle and Assistant-Beadle with Servants bearing baskets.

Assist.-Beadle. Neighbours, make way, I pray you ; stand aside from the gates.

Crowd. The dole, the dole ! Good Master Beadle, a word with you—me, sirs, me—look hither, 'tis I, &c.

First Beadle. What a consternation is here ! Make not such a clamour. We are charged, I and my partner, with the contribution of this dole, and we will contribute it without respect of persons, save that we will give most to those we think most worthy. Stand you back, Quince and Flute.

Quince. Yet do not overlook me, good Master Beadle.

Flute. Remember me, an't please you, Master Derrick.

Assist.-Beadle. Heard you not what Master Derrick said ? Would you set yourselves to teach him in this business ?

Beadle. Ay, would they, such is their vanity and their greediness. It might be thought they had ne'er seen a funeral before. When did any of you know me overlook one that should be remembered ? Have I been beadle here forty years for nought ?

Assist.-Beadle. Ye dare not say he hath for your lives.

Crowd. The bread ! the bread !

Beadle. 'Ods my life, they would tear it out of the baskets, like wolves. Neighbours, though it be customary to give loaves only, yet Master Shakespeare, out of his love for you, and because ye should mourn him fittingly, hath desired that beef should be bestowed along with the bread.

Several. Worthy gentleman !

First Woman. O, good soul, this shall profit him, sure, where he's gone.

Second Woman. Nay, I ever said there were none in Stratford more rememberful of the poor than Master Shakespeare.

Assist.-Beadle. Ay, and more than that, there be four firkins of ale to be broached after the burial, behind the church.

Beadle. Neighbour Turgis, wilt thou still go about to forestall me ? I was coming to the ale presently, when time fitted. Do thou stand by the baskets and give out the dole as I shall tell thee. Hast thou the-bag of groats ready, too ?

Assist.-Beadle. Yea, Master Derrick.

[*They distribute the provisions and money.*]

Flute. Shall I not have a loaf and a groat for my wife ? She hath had twins this morning, therefore could not come.

Old Woman. Thy wife, forsooth !—my son hath worked at New Place, and helped to mend the fence i' th' garden last winter, and now is he rheumaticky and bed-rid. A dole for him, I pray you, sweet Master Derrick.

Beadle. Be not too forward, woman ; thou art not too well thought on, I warrant thee.

Old Woman. Is acquaintance and service to count for nought ?—'tis a shame, then.

Beadle. Quiet thy tongue, mistress ; it may be I shall be called on to deal with thee in other fashion than doles. Thou art deputed by many for a witch, let me tell thee ; thou art suspect of keeping a toad, and, moreover, 'tis thought thou hast a familiar, one Hopdance.* (*To another.*) But wherefore hangst thou back, Cicely Hacket,† thou that wast once a maid-servant at New Place ? Press nearer, and hold out thine apron.

Cicely. Oh, sir, I came not here for the dole, but indeed to see the last of him who hath been ever kind to me and mine.

Beadle. The more reason thou shouldst have thy part. Let her do so, Goodman Turgis, for thou knowst that she that humbleth herself should be exhorted ; and 'twere not ill, methinks, if thou gav'st her, moreover, a share for her sick mother. (*Calling through the gate to boys in the churchyard.*) Young fry, wilt thou leave leaping over the gravestones ? else shall my staff and thy backs be better acquainted. I see thee, young Pickbone, drumming with thine heels on Mistress Keech's epithet ; come off the stone, or 'twill be worse for thee, thou naughty varlet—and thy tall slip of a sister, too, I saw her but now up with her coats and over the railing of yonder tomb like any stag.

Drayton (to Raleigh). The oldest of these servants that came with the beadles is Shakespeare's own man Adam. I will speak to him. This is a sharp sundering for thee, Adam. Leave thy basket. Step aside, and speak with me of thy good master.

Adam. O Master Drayton, I looked that he should bury me : would I were with him ! Were I young, I could ne'er hope to see such another master ; and being old, I have no desire but to follow him.

Drayton. Was his sickness sudden ?

Adam. Nay, sir,—I have foreboded, this many a day, how 'twas with him. He hath pined and dwindled, and then again he hath mended for a while and would walk abroad ; and ever with a kind word and a jest, as was his wont. But I found, from day to day, his step slower, his hand heavier on my shoulder, his breath shorter.

Drayton. Did himself look for his end ?

Adam. Ay, sir ; but made as though he had a long to-come before him. Four days since ('twas o' Sunday) he said to me, "Adam, I have a fancy about my burial ; but say nought of it as yet to my daughter. I have here set down the names of those I desire to bear me to the grave ;" which he thereupon read to me, and they are even now in the house, making ready.

Drayton. Some of note and condition, mayhap ?

Adam. Not so, not so, not so, Master Drayton ; there art thou wide indeed of the mark. Never trod man among men who looked on gentle and simple with a more equal brotherly eye than Master Shakespeare. A fine coat or a ragged jerkin made no more difference in a man, in his eyes, than whether his hair were black or brown. Nay, strange to tell of a

* "Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel !" *Edgar (feigning madness)* in "King Lear."

† Cicely Hacket, described by Sly as "the woman's maid of the house," in the "Taming of the Shrew."

man of his gifts, he seemed oft to find as much matter in a fool as in a wise man; he would take pleasure in discoursing with many a one of this town that simple I would have fubbed off as a lackwit. So he saith to me, "First have I set down, to carry the head of my coffin, Hugh Bardolph and Corporal Nym,"* poor men, both, Master Drayton. Bardolph, one of many of the name here, was a tapster; Nym, a pensioner of the Earl of Leicester, in whose army he served in the Low Countries, though I did never hear with much credit.

Raleigh. Bardolph and Nym! O brave Shakespeare!

Adam. "Next," he saith, "I have set down John Rugby and James Gurney," ancient serving-men, your worships, and now almsmen.

Drayton. Whom in his plays he hath allotted, Rugby to Dr Caius—*Raleigh.* Gurney to the Lady Falconbridge.†

Adam. "After them Thomas Wart" an old fletcher of this town, sir—

Raleigh. One of Falstaff's ragged recruits he—

Adam. "And Kit Sly. And, to end the company, Snug the joiner,§ and Nick Bottom"—and, the list being thus ended, my dear master laughed so long and so merrily that I cried, "Sure one that can laugh so hath small need to name his bearers."

Raleigh. Truly did he make Romeo say—

"How oft, when men were at the point of death,
Have they been merry!"

Adam. "And be sure, Adam," he said, "that thou have old Derrick, and his ancient comrade Turgis, to give out the dole—and see it be of good kind and plentiful." And he charged me again I should not tell his daughter, Mistress Hall, of these dispositions—for wherefore, said he, should I add a few days, or hours, to her grief?

Drayton. Derrick is now in the sixth age, he is the *slipper'd pantaloon*; and Turgis toucheth on the seventh, that of *second childishness and mere oblivion*,—yet are they still the shadows of that pair whom men shall long smile at.

Beadle. Hath every one his portion?

Assist.-Beadle. Yea, Master Derrick.

Beadle. Then give what's over how you will, and make an end shortly, for we are needed at New Place.

Drayton. Do ye walk in the procession, Master Beadle?

Beadle. Of a surety, worshipful sir. The funeral might as well make shift without the coffin as without me and my partner; we walk before choir and parson, at the head of the train; we be its eyebrows. And, neighbour Turgis, if thou shouldst walk half a foot or so to the rearward of me, 'twould be forgiven thee, for so would the people on both sides the way have me in view; and thou, neighbour, art old—and moreover small—and feeble, moreover—and thy port doth scarce beseeem the van of a ceremonial, the gifts for which are, in truth, not given to all.

Assist.-Beadle. I will govern myself as thou desirest, good neighbour.

Adam. I have here herbs, for those who will bear them at the funeral. Will ye have cypress or rosemary, sirs?

* See "King Henry V."

† "King John."

‡ "Merry Wives of Windsor."

§ "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Drayton. Thanks, good Adam ; we will bear each a branch of cypress, and will long wear it in our hearts, too.

[*The Beadles and Servants depart for New Place. Drayton and Raleigh pass into the Churchyard.*]

Drayton. "Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth." *

[*They enter the Church.*]

SCENE IV.—*The inside of the Church.*

Raleigh. I have seen many a great cathedral, both in England and abroad, holding the bones of kings and saints and heroes ; but never one that enshrines dust so sacred as will this we stand in.

Drayton. 'Tis a fair church, and our poet might find many a less fitting resting-place than amid these pillars and arches, with the plash of Avon for requiem. Yonder, before the altar, yawns the dark portal through which he will pass out of our sphere. (*They approach the grave.*) What a wealth of ripened thought will be summed up here ! what a world of promise is the future robbed of ! This grave divides us not from one man, but from unnumbered men and women that might have taught and delighted us ; it engulfs not one life but a multitude of unacted lives with their passions and vicissitudes ; here will pass away not a solitary figure but a pageant. It may be that, so long as Time hath dominion here, he will never spare such another spirit to eternity.

Raleigh. Here doth the poet fulfil the prophecy he made through the mouth of Prospero, that other enchanter :—

"I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms of the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book !"

[*Chanting heard in the distance.*]

Drayton. Those choristers tell us that he is on his last journey ; let us go meet the funeral train.

[*They pass out into the porch. The Funeral approaches the gate of the Churchyard. The Beadles walk first, the Choristers, in white robes, and the Minister follow, preceding the Coffin ; then the mourners, two and two, each bearing a branch of yew, cypress, or rosemary in one hand, a taper in the other. As the Choristers enter the Churchyard they begin to sing the following :—*]

FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

Part of our hearts thou bear'st with thee
To silence and to dust,
Fond hopes that now must withered be,
Unfading love and trust ;
So thou wilt lie not all alone
Beneath thy monumental stone.

* "King Richard II.," act iii. sc. 2.

II.

No echoes of this fretful world,
 No glimmer of the day,
 Can reach thee, in thy shroud enfurled,
 Thou canst not hear us pray,
 Nor seest our tears, nor heed'st our moan,
 Beneath thy monumental stone.

III.

The good thou didst thy brother here,
 The evil put aside,
 The victory gained o'er sloth and fear,
 O'er avarice, hate, and pride,
 These make the wealth thou still canst own
 Above thy monumental stone.

IV.

With these for warrant thou shalt go
 Where sorrows enter not ;
 Still new thy paths, when here below
 Thy sculptured name's forgot,
 The roof decayed, the grasses grown
 Above thy monumental stone.

Raleigh. Methinks, Master Drayton, these verses might better befit some good husband and father of the common sort, than Shakespeare, whose glorious intellect, shining through his works, is his indefeasible title to remembrance. To sing of him thus, is to speak of a falcon and say nought of her wings ; to commend Behemoth for other qualities than his strength ; to sum up Cæsar and forget his universal empire.

Drayton. It is apparent, Walter, that these good citizens believe they have in hand one who differs from them only in that his steps have lain in paths apart from theirs, even as an ostrich differs from a swan in strangeness rather than in excellence. Therefore it may seem to them that this hymn, which hath, doubtless, heralded many an honest alderman to his grave, may also serve very well for Shakespeare.

Raleigh. Tell me of the mourners : who is she that stoops her long hood so low between her taper and her branch of rosemary ?

Drayton. His daughter, Mistress Hall ; beside whom walks her husband. Next, with flushed, tear-bedewed face (yet with a corner of an eye to beholders, methinks) his other and younger daughter, the buxom Judith, married, 'tis two months since, to that comfortable vintner, Master Quiney, who trieth vainly to cover his natural contentment with a decorous mask of woe.

Raleigh. And who handleth his taper and his branch as 'twere a bottle and a glass. Sir Thomas and Master Thynne I already know, but who are the next ?

Drayton. He with the shrewd pale face and bushy eyebrows is Julius Shaw, with whom walks jovial William Reynolds—both friends and neighbours of Shakespeare ; and after them come two other of his friends, —Antony Nash, whose face of gloom is the endowment of nature, and lendeth poignancy to his many jests—and Thomas Combe, son of John-a-

Combe. The pair that follow are Hamnet and Judith Sadler, the god-parents of Shakespeare's twin-children. And marked you the austere aspect of the minister? he is one of the Puritan sort,* much thought of by the Halls, out of favour to whom he comes, doubtless, to do this office. The rest be town dignities, as aldermen and burgesses, and other townsfolk.

[*The Procession passes into the Church, Drayton and Raleigh joining it, and the service begins. After prayers at the grave, the Minister preaches a short Sermon, which ends in this wise :—*]

“ So, friends, having essayed to draw from the presence of death in our midst some matter for edification, I will speak a word of this particular brother who hath departed, dwelling, as is at these seasons the custom, chiefly on what may do him grace, and serve to sweeten his memory in the nostrils of those whom he hath left still in the bonds of the flesh. And, first, of the fountain of his charities—it hath been known in Stratford for a perennial spring, abundant in refreshment to the poor, and in counsel and all good offices to those who needed countenance of another kind; and if (as must be said were a man to speak truly) he ever regarded necessity more than deserving, and inquired not over closely into the way of life of those he relieved—nay, would oftentimes succour and comfort the godless no less than the godly, and bestow his bounty where it was like to be ill-spent—yet is that to be accounted better than the withholding altogether of alms, as some use. Next, of his excellent charity of another sort, I mean the brotherly relation he held with all conditions of men; it hath been noted among you that he, who was used elsewhere to consort with the great, and hath been favoured even by princes, would yet converse with the lowly on a general level of goodwill, as if the only apparel he took thought of were the skin we are all born with; for which, indeed, he had great ensample. And, again, he hath ever gone among his fellows with a cheerful spirit, so that his presence hath been as wine among friends, and as oil among makebates. And though I dare not say that he inclined of preference to the conversation of the godly, nor could be counted of the fellowship of saints, nor even a favourer of them, yet have I ever found him apt at serious converse, courteous in bearing, weighty in reply, and of unshakeable serenity when I have adventured to press the truth on him somewhat instantly; inso-much, that I, whose vocation 'tis to battle for the truth, have myself, ere now, been sore put to it to hold mine own, and found me in straits to oppose him, so nimble was his wit; though I doubt not that (the clear right being with me) I should, with time for recollection, have had vouchsafed to me the wherewithal to give him sufficient answer. And it hath, at these times, seemed to me that he was a goodly vessel full of merchandise, yet driven by the wind apart from the port where alone her cargo could be bartered for that which is bread; and I have travailed over him with a sore travail; for I have hardly doubted that, with such gifts, he might, had it been so ordered, have justly aspired to be chief magistrate of your town, or even to serve you in Parliament; or again, with diligent study and prayer, to become a preacher of weight, and have

* Probably the same Preacher who is mentioned in old records of the Stratford Corporation as having been a guest at New Place a year or two before.

struck in the pulpit a good stroke for God's honour and the devil's discomfiture. But, alas! it is known to all of you, and I dare not dissemble it, that his calling hath been one that delighteth the carnal-minded, and profiteth the idle, and maketh the godly sad of heart; while, as for his talent, it hath been put out to use where the only return is the praise which fleeteth as the bubble on the stream, and the repute which perisheth as the leaves of autumn; for the making of rhymes and verses which flatter the ear, and the art of representing the vain shows of things, which, howe'er skilfully practised (and I profess not to have that acquaintance with the writings called plays, nor poems other than godly hymns, to judge his handiwork), cannot be held profitable for him that writes nor him that hears them. And therefore, whatsoever of wit and sense they may contain must be accounted as water poured out on the sand, which, better bestowed, might have solaced the thirsty, and nourished the herbs and the fruits, whereof many would have eaten and been strengthened. But though I may not altogether hold my peace on these matters, yet am I loth to dwell on them at this time; rather would I point to the hope that our departed brother had, in the soberer life he of late led among you, put aside such toys as unworthy, and given us warrant to forget in him their author, and, moreover, to believe that, had he been spared unto us, he would have removed himself further, year by year, from such vanities and lightnesses of his youth, until, haply, by the ensample of a godly household, and the ministrations of faithful expounders of God's Word, he should have attained even to the perfect day."

[*The Sermon ended, the Coffin is borne to the grave, the Minister and Mourners stand around, the service is concluded, and all depart from the Church.*]

SCENE V.—*The Street near New Place.*

Raleigh (hastening to rejoin Drayton). Your pardon, sir, for seeming to forsake you; I did but stay to throw my branch of cypress into the grave, and have kept only this handful, which I will preserve as a memorial, and make of it an heirloom. But, Master Drayton, I had some ado to refrain from answering that preacher even in the church; for I have somewhat of my father's bluntness, and cannot abide that folly or conceit, in the guise whether of honesty, or religion, or philosophy, should go unchallenged; and here was a man who, having the vision of a mole, mistook Parnassus for a mole-hill, and went about to measure it with his ell-wand, and even thought to do men service by persuading them that the golden lights and purple shadows of the mountain, its fountains and dells, the forests that clothe it, the clouds that crown it, and the Muses that make it their haunt, are all vain illusions together.

Drayton. You shall find, Master Walter, as you grow older, that all greatness which is not gross and palpable doth require some keenness of vision to discern it; therefore doth fame oftentimes grow slowly, and from small beginnings, as when a man notes, of a sudden, in the else familiar aspect of the heavens, an eclipse or a comet, and others gather to him, till the crowd swells, and the rumour goes abroad of a portent. And thus will it be with the fame of Shakespeare, who had so much in common

with common men that they accounted him one of themselves, as Mercury passed among herdsmen for a herdsman, and Apollo among shepherds for a shepherd.

Raleigh. Lo you, where the mourners of his household approach the house. Let us wait here while they enter, and I pray you beguile the minute by telling me of them. Of what fashion is Mistress Hall?

Drayton. Susannah is, from a child, of an earnest nature and a serious wit. Learning little from books, she hath learned much from converse and observation, and so in her hath her father found a companion; somewhat retiring at first, but upon occasion speaking warmly with spirit; devout withal, capable of strict argument for conscience' sake, yet of a becoming humility; so that I have oft thought her father drew the Isabella of "Measure for Measure" from her, she being about twenty years old when 'twas writ; even her who says

"Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better."

Raleigh. Is her helpmate worthy of her?

Drayton. A worthy man is Doctor Hall—who consorts with Susannah in piety as in love: one who, next his God and his wife, loveth his most honourable calling, and hath grown to a physician of repute here in Warwickshire, much sought after by great ones of the shire.

Raleigh. Taketh the fair Judith in aught after her father?

Drayton. Hardly, sir; though her twin-brother, Hamnet, who died young, was a child of rare promise. The girl is sprightly, but of small depth or substance, favouring the mother. She might have sat for Anne Page, being about sixteen when her father drew Anne; and she is well-matched with Master Quiney, whose wit o'ertops not hers, who is gay and jovial as becometh a vintner, taking pleasure in what pleases her. Marry, he hath the merit of being the son of her father's old friend Richard Quiney.

Raleigh. Sir, a nobleman might have fittingly found in her a mate, she being Shakespeare's child. But what of the wife who helped him to these daughters?

Drayton. 'Twas Shakespeare's mishap, sir (and I say it for your warning), to wed at an age when the fancy and heat of youth o'ercrow the judgment. He had seen few women, and none of the finest. Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's elder by eight years, was buxom as Judith is now; his fancy dressed her in qualities not hers; the secrecy of their meetings lent a flavour of adventure; and so he became bound to one who matched with him as finch with falcon, in youth a country lass, in age a mere housewife, something fretful, but, in the sum, contented; and Shakespeare, who was of a temper to fit himself to what is, dwelt with her here in much kindness. But see—Doctor Hall doth await us on the steps of the entrance.

Doctor Hall. Master Drayton, I pray you that you pass not by the house of your departed friend without entering; I beseech you, sir, you and your friend;—'twill be a kindness to come in. You shall not be excused, sirs.

SCENE VI.—*A Room in Shakespeare's House.*

DOCTOR HALL, DRAYTON, and RALEIGH.

Doctor Hall. Here, sirs, is my father-in-law's parlour, where he hath mostly abided in this last illness. Be pleased to sit while I fetch my wife, who will part with a few moments of her sorrow in seeing so old a friend. [*He goes out.*]

Raleigh. By Saint George, sir, the poet was bravely lodged! How rich the staining of this window, where, through the lower panes, we look on the garden! and above, there stands emblazoned the falcon with his golden spear, steel-pointed, that Sir Thomas told us of. This wainscot, too, is quaintly carved, and the chimney-front of a rich design. But, soft you now—whose graven portrait is this that hangs in the midst of it! By my troth, 'tis my father's!

Drayton. Ay, Master Raleigh; think not but that the poet, with his wide embrace for his fellow-men, took such merit as Sir Walter's near his soul. The daring that went forth on the unknown deep, the search for El Dorado, the finding of strange lands and stranger peoples, all these fired his fancy. 'Tis to our great mariners we owe the sweet magic of Prospero's isle, the innocence of Miranda, the savageness of Caliban, the witcheries of Ariel.

Raleigh. And above my father's hangs Bacon's; these Shakespeare looked on as he sat by the fire, and thus was homage done both to adventure and to thought. And on this side, engraven like the others, from a painting I have seen, hangs the Earl of Southampton's.

Drayton. Whereby is homage done to friendship; greatly and constantly did the Earl love Shakespeare. And here, when he sat by this window that looks on the garden, he saw on the wall opposite, the presentments of his more level associates—Ben Jonson, Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher (twinned in one carven oak frame), Spenser, Sidney, and, lo you, mine unworthy self.

Raleigh. But what strange company for such progeny of the Muse are these others on the opposing wall! Calvin and Knox, Ridley and Jewel, and here, portrayed in chalk by a cunning hand, the divine who preached to us even now. What do these godly men here? Did Shakespeare love them?

Drayton. Shakespeare, Master Walter, looked on Puritan and Prelatist as the wearers of certain garbs hiding men underneath; 'twas concerning the men he chiefly cared to inquire. 'Tis the Doctor and Mistress Hall who have solaced themselves by hanging these here; the Doctor hath long been a chief of that party in Stratford which, though it forsakes not quite the Church, yet holds by that corner of it which is nearest Geneva; and his wife, from her natural bent, leans to the austerer (perchance I should say, the more earnest) side of religion. But Shakespeare, in such matters, would, as Polonius advises, give his ear to all, his voice to few, and tolerated the effigies of these grave divines without any special love for themselves.

Enter DOCTOR HALL, his wife, their young daughter ELIZABETH, aged eight, and Shakespeare's Widow.

Mistress Hall. Master Drayton, your pardon yet awhile if I can-

not greet you — seeing you stirs up thoughts that rob me of all words.

Mistress Shakespeare. O Master Drayton! — Son Hall, ^[She turns aside.] lead me to my great chair. Oh, what a loss is mine!

Drayton. Your loss is the world's loss, too, good madam.

Mistress Shakespeare. Oh, sir, who will uphold me now, a poor, weak woman? Mr Shakespeare in his merry mood would say, "Come, thou'lt make a brave widow, Anne—who shall be thy next?" But Lord, sir, I'll ne'er marry again.

Raleigh. Kings, madam, might be proud of such a predecessor.

Mistress Shakespeare. Kings, sir! What should kings have to do with me! You are pleased to jest, young sir; though kings and queens, too, have looked with favour on Mr Shakespeare. But the funeral, Susannah—was all becoming! Did the sermon make good mention of my husband? And the dole—was all the dole given away? But oh, my poor brain! Master Drayton and his friend must eat somewhat. There is a stuffed chine. Oh, how he that's gone loved a stuffed chine! Here be the keys, Elizabeth; see the chine set forth in the dining chamber.

Drayton. Nay, nay, good madam, think not of us.

Mistress Shakespeare. But ye must eat somewhat, sirs, indeed, now. Daughter, dost know that my new black hood is sewn awry, and I can go not forth till it be straight? And for drink, sirs, will ye a posset, or sack with sugar? The wine is from my son Quiney's cellars, and of his choicest.

Drayton. Nay, Mistress Shakespeare, we will rather talk than eat or drink.

Mistress Shakespeare. O Master Michael! seeing thee minds me of my youth, and of Shottery where my husband courted me—the bridge of the stream where he would await me; but I can talk no more—I can but weep. Lead me forth, son Hall. Go not till you have eaten, Master Drayton; do but taste the chine. O sweet husband! ^[The Doctor leads her forth.]

Mistress Hall. Master Drayton, your pardon once again. I feel some shame at being thus o'ermastered—'tis not meet to let our spirits be held in dominion by a private sorrow—but when I think on him, my heart turns to water. But, Master Drayton, I have marvelled you came not to my father in his sickness.

Drayton. I knew not of it—think you I could have stayed from him? I was far beyond rumour of his condition, and had come now, O heavens! hoping to behold him and listen to him, as of yore.

Mistress Hall. Much and oft hath he talked of you; for it was growing to be his chief pleasure to sit with old friends, or, they absent, to talk of them. His sickness, though it subdued not his spirit, sobered it; his mirth fell to the level of cheerfulness; he was oftener silent and rapt; and oh, sir, though I dare not aver it, I will yet hope that his thoughts were above.

Drayton. Trust me, Mistress Hall, 'twould be a narrower heaven than we should all hope for, where room and gracious welcome were not proclaimed for him. Think you his place can be elsewhere than with the greatest and best that have gone before?

Mistress Hall. Oh, sir, 'tis that troubles me. Hath he not trusted overmuch to that bright intellect? Hath he not been as one that looketh forth from his watch-tower, and beholdeth a fertile land, and a great

dominion, and heedeth not that the foundations of the building are of sand? Hath he not—but I will not speak of the thorn that, since he is gone, pricketh me sorer than before. He charged me, Master Michael, that you should see what writings he hath left behind. Would, oh, would they had dealt with such things as only are of great price!

Drayton. Wrote he much in these latter days?

Mistress Hall. Yea, often, and would call his pen the sluice without which his thoughts would o'erflow his brain, and perchance drown his wits. But now, sir, I will take you to his own chamber, where I will show you the coffer wherein he kept his writings.

[DRAYTON follows her out—RALEIGH takes up a book.]

Doctor Hall (returning). Your pardon, sir, for leaving you without company.

Raleigh. Nay, I had the best of company—even fancies about the great one that so lately dwelt here. Was this book his?

Doctor Hall. Yea, and one of the last he read in.

Raleigh. Right glad am I to hear it—and right proud will my father be to know that the book he wrote in his captivity was of the last studied by the man he hath ever esteemed the most illustrious of this age.

Doctor Hall. Thy father! the History of the World! you are then the son of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Raleigh. Ay, sir, I am but too forward to own that kinship.

Doctor Hall. Sir Walter's health must needs have suffered much wrong from his long imprisonment. I have heard that he hath been mightily shaken of an ague.

Raleigh. Ay, sir, one contracted years ago in the service of our king's famous predecessor.

Doctor Hall. Well is it said, put not your trust in princes. I may tell you, sir, that I do strongly desire to see that time when none shall be so great as to o'ertop the law, and do think it better that the claws of kings should be pared, than that in their breath should lie the liberties of men. But I pray you, sir, hath Sir Walter made trial of the decoction of dittany, or of fumitorie, to correct the malice of this ague? I have made essay of the root satyrion, in like cases, and found his effects to be good.

Raleigh. I doubt not, sir, that all approved remedies have been used by his physicians.—Did Master Shakespeare suffer much pain?

Doctor Hall. His malady was wasting rather than painful, save that toward the last he was oft seized with a panting and passion of the heart which left him very nigh to death, for the which I found the syrup of gilliflower, and flour of marigold, in wine, of much avail; the juice of roses also doth greatly comfort the heart. But of your father. I have ever heard Sir Walter reputed for a gentleman of qualities the most diverse, as skill in war by sea and land, courtiership, and statesmanship, the poet's and the chronicler's art, and in all a master—some of which concern not greatly an obscure physician; but I have also heard that he hath a pretty knowledge of pharmacy.

Raleigh. He hath some skill in simples. But I pray you, tell me somewhat of Master Shakespeare, the hope of seeing whom fetched me hither, and, next to that lost contentment, will be the hearing of him from those he loved. Was not a play called the 'Tempest' (which I have not yet seen imprinted) one of the latest of his works for the theatre?

Doctor Hall. I believe it was. It hath been told me that the famous

cordial which bears Sir Walter's name* was administered both to the Queen and Prince Henry. I have the recipe writ down, but I doubt me whether I have the ingredients in just quantities. Can you advise me of this?

Raleigh. I think my memory may serve me so far. But, sir, 'tis Master Drayton's opinion, as he said but now, that such expeditions by sea as my father hath adventured may have caused conception, in the poet's fancy, of the story of that play.

Doctor Hall. It may be so: 'tis of a shipwreck and an enchanted isle, as I remember me to have heard; good sooth, Master Raleigh, there be so many evils in this world crying for redress, that I bestow not much thought on enchantments, and love-tales, and bygone histories. (*Takes out a memorandum-book.*) First, there be, in the cordial, of zedoary and saffron each half a pound.

Raleigh. True, sir. But talked Master Shakespeare greatly of his plays while he was busied in inditing them?

Doctor Hall. Perchance, to others who were poets; but, indeed, my business in life hath so little relation with what he writ that I did not greatly seek his confidence at such times. Now, regarding this recipe—as to the powder of crab's claws, I have it set down at fourteen ounces.

Raleigh. It should be sixteen, sir.

Doctor Hall. Why, there now, see, good youth, what a service you have done me; for just proportion is of the essence of a prescript, and I have hitherto compounded this rare remedy but imperfectly. Of cinnamon and nutmegs, two ounces,—cloves, one,—cardamoms, half an ounce,—sugar, two ounces.

Raleigh. All these be right.

Doctor Hall. I thank you heartily for your correction in the matter of the crab's claws. I will note it. (*Goes to write at a table.*)

Raleigh (to Elizabeth). Come hither, pretty one, and tell me thy name.

Elizabeth (whispering). My grandfather called me his Queen Bess; and said he would liefer be ruled by me than the older one. (*Aloud.*) Didst thou not say, sir, thou wouldst like to hear of him from those he loved?

Raleigh. Ay, little maid.

Elizabeth. Then thou must talk of him to me, for he hath oft said 'twas me he loved best, and (*weeping*), I shall ne'er be tired talking of him.

Raleigh. Didst often bear him company, Bess?

Elizabeth. Ay, for my father goeth much from home, and when my mother was in her store-closet, or visiting the sick, my grandfather and I kept together, we and our two friends.

Raleigh. Who be they?

Elizabeth. Mopsa is one—this, look you, is Mopsa (*fetching a cat from the hearth*). When I would do her pleasure, I scratch her behind the ear, but my grandfather would always tickle her under the chin. Her father and mother were fairies.

Raleigh. How cam'st thou to know that, Bessie?

Elizabeth. She was left by them one night in the snow, where my

* A specific, or panacea, well known in that age as *Sir Walter's Cordial*, the ingredients of which are given in the text.

grandfather found her, and brought her hither wrapped in his cloak; and he told me all the tale of how she left fairyland—when there is time I'll tell it thee. And our other friend is Bobadil.

Raleigh. Is Bobadil a man?

Elizabeth. Nay, surely you know he is a dog; kind and civil to us, but with other dogs he quarrelleth and growleth, and then flieth from them in fear, loving not to fight. And I have a little horse which grandfather did buy for me, and a riding-coat like the Queen's maids, and, so long as he could, we did ride together.

Raleigh. Well, Elizabeth, I am going presently to the wars, and when I come again thou and I shall be married, shall we not?

Elizabeth. Ay, if my mother will let me, for thou art handsome and kind.

Raleigh. Seest thou this chain round my hat, with the pearl clasp? well, I have kept it for my lady-love, when I should have one—so 'tis yours—look, I clasp it on your neck for a token, and when we are wedded you shall tell me the story of Mopsa.

Elizabeth. Sure, 'tis the prettiest chain. I give thee for't these four kisses. I will go show it my grandmother.*

[*She goes out.*]

Raleigh. Methinks, Master Hall, that Elizabeth might serve at a pinch for her grandfather's very faithful chronicler.

Doctor Hall. Ay, sir, better than most; she bore him company ever when he was inditing, and oft at other seasons. For me, I did greatly love and esteem my good father-in-law, and we lived together in pleasant communion; but for the works which, as I have heard, those that make a play-place of this world find such content in, he ever knew that ceaseless warring with the diseases of the bodies, and (what is more) of the souls, of my neighbours, and care for those public matters in which I discern a way to a better condition of the world's affairs, have left me small leisure for fancies to which I am, good sooth, noways affected; therefore he spake not to me of them. But there is one sweet piece of work, of which (not to speak profanely) he was author, that I daily study with reverence and love—and hither it comes.

Re-enter MISTRESS HALL and DRAYTON.

Drayton. I am like the man in the fable who was privileged to look in the cave where a wizard had collected the treasures of the earth, and was so dazed that he could neither pouch any, nor even take account of what he saw. Only I know there be there, beside plays already acted though never imprinted, and others of which only false copies have gone abroad, a multitude of uncoined ingots and uncut jewels of thought, which that matchless mind hath thrown off as if in mere exercise and at breathing-time. What measureless delight will these bestow on the world!†

Mistress Hall. But I know not, sir, if the world shall ever see them. My father gave me no command in that matter, and it may be that I shall serve his memory better, with pious men, by keeping them private.

* Elizabeth married, at eighteen, Mr Thomas Nash, and, secondly, Sir John Barnard, leaving no children by either.

† Halliwell says, "According to Roberts, two large chests full of Shakespeare's loose papers and manuscripts" (belonging to a baker who had married one of his descendants) "were destroyed in the great fire at Warwick." Falstaff's speech, "I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them," seems almost prophetic of this.

Drayton. Trust me, Mistress Hall, the holder of these shall owe a heavy debt to thy father's fame.

Mistress Hall. Nay, sir, what is fame that it must needs be satisfied at all hazards ? the bandying of a name from one idle mouth to another !—praise as hollow and unavailing as the night wind sighing o'er an epitaph !—what profit or comfort is in such for the departed ?

Raleigh. By heaven, madam, not so !—rather is fame the linking of far-off generations by the common bond of one great name : for the dead, it is a second life among men, in which earthiness is purged away, and what is imperishable tarries—and, for the living, their just inheritance ; so, to defeat Fame is to commit a double, nay, a tenfold wrong. Her trumpet sounds no empty strain ; 'tis the appeal against our baser promptings, the summons to action, the meed of achievement, the celebration on earth of the spirit's triumph over the grave : thus it maketh the music to which mankind do march, and which, silent, would leave them slaves.

Mistress Hall. Your words, young sir, are manly, but I know not if they be godly. Of what avail that men should march, if not heavenward ? How poor be centuries of this fame of yours to one hour of that other life we look for ! Think not, Master Drayton, that I am dull to the spell of my father's verse ; as a maiden it enthralled my fancy and charmed mine ear ; even now could I taste the delights of it ; but I have come to know that in such enchantments lies deadly peril, and I must pass on with my fingers in mine ears. Feeling thus, I know not if, in conscience, I may give what he hath left a voice, in books.

Drayton. I will not do battle with these scruples in the hour of your grief, but will trust to the future for overcoming them. Even if no new matter go forth, it were grievous to withhold the true versions of his plays.* Methinks I espy, in the depths of time, his image veiled, and mark the generations of men toiling to unravel his meanings, and piecing out his maimed verses, and clipt fancies, with guess-work ; collecting the while, in pain and doubt, what unthreaded memories tradition may preserve of him. And I do fear me, that if some disciple be not found elsewhere, more devoted than any his birthplace affords, to tell posterity what manner of man he was, there may, in a brief space, and ere his fame hath reached its zenith, remain of this chief of English poets nothing but a wondrous name.

[DRAYTON and RALEIGH take their leave, and quit New Place.

SCENE VII.—*The Dolphin Chamber in the Falcon Tavern.* DRAYTON and RALEIGH. *Through the open door, those who were Bearers at the Funeral are seen drinking in the Taproom.*

Enter HOSTESS *with a bottle of sack, glasses, small loaves in a basket, and a plate of anchovies.*

Drayton. This small refection will bring us handsomely to supper with Sir Thomas. So, hostess, now fill to Master Raleigh—and to each a crust. What do these roysterers without ?

* The corrected plays were first published seven years after, in the well-known Folio of 1623.

Hostess. Sir, Master Shakespeare, who was ever full of kind thoughts and maleficence, left it in 's testament that the bearers should be entertained at the Falcon with cakes and ale after the burial; and, in truth, sirs, they have borne themselves like men this hour past; they drink rarely.

Drayton. What a coil the varlets keep! Let us listen to them.

Sly. Well, a health, boys, to Master Shakespeare, wheresome'er he be

—(*Sings*) *And we'll trowl the brown bowl
To the health of his——*

Bardolph. Nay, no singing, except any man knoweth a virtuous psalm-tune.

Nym. The fitting humour is—melancholy, and pass the ale.

Sly. Are we to be mute, then, in our drink, like fish?

Bottom. Let us discourse, but no revelry. Let us suit our matter to the occasion, and enjoy the good liquor sadly. Yet, methinks, I could sing something to the purpose.

—(*Sings*) *Out flieth breath,
In cometh Death
With his candle, bell, and book—a,
With his prayer so loud
And his woollen shroud,
And his cell in the churchyard-nook—a.*

Sly. A less comfortable song I ne'er listened to. I am of the party of silence rather than this.

Bottom. I can be silent, too, an it comes to that, as well as e'er a man of you.

Bardolph. More ale, hostess. What, must I take to my old trade again, and turn tapster?

Wart. Canst thou mind, Rugby, when the play was held in John-a-Combe's great barn at the end of Chapel-lane, many years ago?

Rugby. Ay.

Wart. There was somewhat played then, writ, 'twas said, by Master Shakespeare, that would have served our turn now; something of ghosts and a burial.

Rugby. Was't not the play of *King Hamlet*?

Bottom. Ay, that or else the goodly tragedy of *Makebate*.

Bardolph. To see Master Shakespeare sitting there on the bench highest the stage, with his daughter, Mistress Quiney that now is, beside him, and to think the play he looked-on at was writ by himself—by heaven! 'twas as a man should say—wonderful.

Wart. I ne'er saw *Makebate*, but I saw another. I was lingering by the play-house door, with Margery my wife one night, thinking to peep at the stage through a chink in the boards, when Master Shakespeare comes me down the lane. "Art for the play, Wart?" quo' he. "Nay, sir," quo' I; "no pay no play, and my pockets are e'en like Skinflint's pot." "Never stay for that," quo' he; "thou shalt pass, and Margery too, as freely as coined silver—and I hope, Margery, thou'lt lay the play to heart, for they tell me thou lead'st Wart a terrible life of it." Now,

the play, sirs, was of a masterful woman whose goodman got the better of her. Marry, 'twas named—let me see—by the mass, 'twas——

Rugby. Was't not named the *Turning of the Screw*, or some such?

Severall. Ay, 'twas so, indeed.

Bottom. Nay, if you are for remembering names, my masters, I am he that can serve your turn. 'Twas named the *Quelling of the Scold*—'twas, as Wart truly said, the history of a crowing hen that had her comb cut, as all such should.

Sly. When wilt cut Goodwife Bottom's, Nick? Folk say she playeth Chanticleer to thy Partlet.

Bottom. Folk say much, neighbour, that it beseemeth not a man of sense to hearken to. But touching these plays—I am all for the love-passages; it giveth one, as 'twere, a yearning; it maketh one feel young again—the billing, now—and the sighing. I have played the lover, neighbours, both on the stage and off it, when my sweetheart hath borne her most tenderly.

Wart. I also was loved in my youth.

Sly. Thou loved! was there ne'er a scarecrow in the parish, then, to set heart on?

Hostess (entering with fresh ale). Nay, fub not the goodman so, Christopher—thou art ever girding. I warrant me, neighbour Wart hath had his cooings and his wooings like the rest, and could tickle a maiden's ear as well as another. What! have we not all been young!

Nym. Well, for me, I care not for the love-humours—there is a mawkishness and a queasiness in overmuch ogling and lipping. I am for your deadlier humours; give me a murder, now,—or the witches.

Wart. I love the witches, too.

Bardolph. Since ye talk of witches, saw ye Goody Broom at the burial to-day, hanging on the skirts of the crowd, and lurking behind a grave-stone, wiping, the while, her old red eyes with the corner of her ragged cloak? I am well persuaded that Master Shakespeare had no truer mourner than that same ancient leman of Lucifer.

Hostess. And well she may, poor soul! Between water and fire there was like to have been soon an end of her, but for Master Shakespeare.

Wart. Well, I was one of those that ducked her i' the pond; and I ran a needle, too, into a mole she had, and she winced not—a sure sign of a witch; but when Master Shakespeare stept forth and bespoke us, I felt I know not how at his words, and made home an 'twere a dog that hath been caught in the larder.

Snug. And when they haled her before the justices, Sir Thomas was for burning her, had not Master Shakespeare o'ersuaded him.

Sly. Well, he saved her then, but she may chance have her whiskers singed yet. I am not one that favours witches, any more than our good King, and I shall keep eye on her.

Hostess (entering the Dolphin chamber). Sirs, here be Sir Thomas's men, and the horses, awaiting you in the yard.

Drayton. Thanks, hostess—our score. Now, Walter, set on.

Raleigh (passing into the taproom). Good friends——

Bottom. Hear him! hear him!

Raleigh. Good friends, all simple as ye sit here, ye have this day done

an office that the foremost nobles of England might envy you, and that might make their children's children proud to say—our forefather was one of those who bore Shakespeare to the grave.

Bottom. Sir, we did it passing well, and becomingly, but we boast not of it.

Bardolph. 'Sblood, sir, to be a bearer is no such great matter—and for nobles, why, we have been paid with one each, and are content.

Raleigh. Ay, ye have had greatness so near ye that ye saw it not—ye are as daws that build in a cathedral and take it for an old wall. But I blame ye not—your betters have seen no clearer. And, now, to show my goodwill for ye, as those whom Shakespeare hath sometime honoured with a word, or look, I will entreat Master Drayton to lodge for me a sum with his friend Master Quiney, which shall suffice to let ye all meet and carouse here once a-month, for a year to come—and each year that I live* will I do likewise—and ye shall call it Shakespeare's Holiday.

Bardolph. By heaven! a most noble gentleman, and of a choice conception.

Nym. This humour likes me passing well.

Sly. I would there were more of your kidney in Stratford.

Bottom. I will invent a new speech every year in your lordship's honour, and every year it shall be better than the last. My masters, let us, all that can stand, attend these gentles to the door.

All. Farewell, gallant sirs.

Raleigh and Drayton. Good friends, farewell.

* At the close of the following year he was slain, sword in hand, gallantly fighting the Spaniards, on the banks of the Orinoco.

THE PARISIANS.—BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

A FEW weeks after the date of the preceding chapter, a gay party of men were assembled at supper in one of the private *salons* of the *Maison Dorée*. The supper was given by Frederic Lemercier, and the guests were, though in various ways, more or less distinguished. Rank and fashion were not unworthily represented by Alain de Rochebriant and Enguerrand de Vandemar, by whose supremacy as 'lion' Frederic still felt rather humbled, though Alain had contrived to bring them familiarly together. Art, Literature, and the Bourse had also their representatives—in Henri Bernard, a rising young portrait-painter, whom the Emperor honoured with his patronage; the Vicomte de Brézé, and M. Savarin. Science was not altogether forgotten, but contributed its agreeable delegate in the person of the eminent physician to whom we have been before introduced—Dr Bacourt. Doctors in Paris are not so serious as they mostly are in London; and Bacourt, a pleasant philosopher of the school of Aristippus, was no unfrequent nor ungenial guest at any banquet in which the Graces relaxed their zones. Martial glory was also represented at that social gathering by a warrior, bronzed and decorated, lately arrived from Algiers, on which arid soil he had achieved many laurels and the rank of Colonel. Finance contributed Duplessis. Well it might; for Duplessis had just assisted the host to a splendid *coup* at the Bourse.

"Ah, *cher* M. Savarin," says Enguerrand de Vandemar, whose patrician blood is so pure from revolutionary taint that he is always

instinctively polite, "what a masterpiece in its way is that little paper of yours in the '*Sens Commun*,' upon the connection between the national character and the national diet, so genuinely witty! for wit is but truth made amusing."

"You flatter me," replied Savarin, modestly; "but I own I do think there is a smattering of philosophy in that trifle. Perhaps, however, the character of a people depends more on its drinks than its food. The wines of Italy—heady, irritable, ruinous to the digestion—contribute to the character which belongs to active brains and disordered livers. The Italians conceive great plans, but they cannot digest them. The English common people drink beer, and the beerish character is stolid, rude, but stubborn and enduring. The English middle class imbibe port and sherry; and with these strong potations their ideas become obfuscated. Their character has no liveliness; amusement is not one of their wants; they sit at home after dinner and doze away the fumes of their beverage in the dulness of domesticity. If the English aristocracy is more vivacious and cosmopolitan, it is thanks to the wines of France, which it is the *mode* with them to prefer; but still, like all plagiarists, they are imitators, not inventors—they borrow our wines and copy our manners. The Germans——"

"Insolent barbarians!" growled the French Colonel, twirling his moustache; "if the Emperor were not in his dotage, their Sadowa would ere this have cost them their Rhine."

"The Germans," resumed Sava-

rin, unheeding the interruption, "drink acrid wines, varied with beer, to which last their commonalty owes a *quasi* resemblance in stupidity and endurance to the English masses. Acrid wines rot the teeth: Germans are afflicted with toothache from infancy. All people subject to toothache are sentimental. Goethe was a martyr to toothache. Werter was written in one of those paroxysms which predispose genius to suicide. But the German character is not all toothache; beer and tobacco step in to the relief of Rhenish acridities, blend philosophy with sentiment, and give that patience in detail which distinguishes their professors and their generals. Besides, the German wines in themselves have other qualities than that of acidity. Taken with sour kroust and stewed prunes, they produce fumes of self-conceit. A German has little of French vanity; he has German self-esteem. He extends the esteem of self to those around him; his home, his village, his city, his country—all belong to him. It is a duty he owes to himself to defend them. Give him his pipe and his sabre—and, M. le Colonel, believe me, you will never take the Rhine from him."

"P-r-r," cried the Colonel; "but we have had the Rhine."

"We did not keep it. And I should not say I had a franc-piece if I borrowed it from your purse and had to give it back the next day."

Here there arose a very general hubbub of voices, all raised against M. Savarin. Enguerrand, like a man of good *ton*, hastened to change the conversation.

"Let us leave these poor wretches to their sour wines and toothaches. We drinkers of the champagne, all our own, have only pity for the rest of the human race. This new

journal '*Le Sens Commun*' has a strange title, M. Savarin."

"Yes; '*Le Sens Commun*' is not common in Paris, where we all have too much genius for a thing so vulgar."

"Pray," said the young painter, "tell me what you mean by the title—'*Le Sens Commun*.' It is mysterious."

"True," said Savarin; "it may mean the *Sensus communis* of the Latins, or the Good Sense of the English. The Latin phrase signifies the sense of the common interest; the English phrase, the sense which persons of understanding have in common. I suppose the inventor of our title meant the latter signification."

"And who was the inventor?" asked Bacourt.

"That is a secret which I do not know myself," answered Savarin.

"I guess," said Enguerrand, "that it must be the same person who writes the political leaders. They are most remarkable; for they are so unlike the articles in other journals, whether those journals be the best or the worst. For my own part, I trouble my head very little about politics, and shrug my shoulders at essays which reduce the government of flesh and blood into mathematical problems. But these articles seem to be written by a man of the world, and, as a man of the world myself, I read them."

"But," said the Vicomte de Brézé, who piqued himself on the polish of his style, "they are certainly not the composition of any eminent writer. No eloquence, no sentiment; though I ought not to speak disparagingly of a fellow-contributor."

"All that may be very true," said Savarin, "but M. Enguerrand is right. The papers are evidently the work of a man of the world, and it is for that reason that they have

startled the public, and established the success of '*Le Sens Commun.*' But wait a week or two longer, Messieurs, and then tell me what you think of a new *roman* by a new writer, which we shall announce in our impression to-morrow. I shall be disappointed, indeed, if that does not charm you. No lack of eloquence and sentiment there."

"I am rather tired of eloquence and sentiment," said Enguerrand. "Your editor, Gustave Rameau, sickens me of them with his '*Starlit Meditations in the Streets of Paris,*' morbid imitations of Heine's enigmatical '*Evening Songs.*' Your journal would be perfect if you could suppress the editor."

"Suppress Gustave Rameau!" cried Bernard the painter; "I adore his poems, full of heart for poor suffering humanity."

"Suffering humanity so far as it is packed up in himself," said the physician, drily, "and a great deal of the suffering is bile. But *à propos* of your new journal, Savarin, there is a paragraph in it to-day which excites my curiosity. It says that the Vicomte de Mauléon has arrived in Paris, after many years of foreign travel; and then, referring modestly enough to the reputation for talent which he had acquired in early youth, proceeds to indulge in a prophecy of the future political career of a man who, if he have a grain of *sens commun*, must think that the less said about him the better. I remember him well; a terrible *mauvais sujet*, but superbly handsome. There was a shocking story about the jewels of a foreign duchess, which obliged him to leave Paris."

"But," said Savarin, "the paragraph you refer to hints that that story is a groundless calumny, and that the true reason for De Mauléon's voluntary self-exile was a very common one among young Parisians—

he had lavished away his fortune. He returns when, either by heritage or his own exertions, he has secured elsewhere a competence."

"Nevertheless I cannot think that society will receive him," said Baccourt. "When he left Paris, there was one joyous sigh of relief among all men who wished to avoid duels, and keep their wives out of temptation. Society may welcome back a lost sheep, but not a reinvigorated wolf."

"I beg your pardon, *mon cher*," said Enguerrand; "society has already opened its fold to this poor ill-treated wolf. Two days ago Louvier summoned to his house the surviving relations or connections of De Mauléon—among whom are the Marquis de Rochebriant, the Counts De Passy, De Beauvilliers, De Chavigny, my father, and of course his two sons—and submitted to us the proofs which completely clear the Vicomte de Mauléon of even a suspicion of fraud or dishonour in the affair of the jewels. The proofs include the written attestation of the Duke himself, and letters from that nobleman after De Mauléon's disappearance from Paris, expressive of great esteem, and, indeed, of great admiration, for the Vicomte's sense of honour and generosity of character. The result of this family council was, that we all went in a body to call on De Mauléon. And he dined with my father that same day. You know enough of the Count de Vandemar, and, I may add, of my mother, to be sure that they are both, in their several ways, too regardful of social conventions to lend their countenance even to a relation without well weighing the *pros* and *cons*. And as for Raoul, Bayard himself could not be a greater stickler on the point of honour."

This declaration was followed by a silence that had the character of stupor.

At last Duplessis said, "But what has Louvier to do in this *galère*? Louvier is no relation of that well-born *vaurien*; why should he summon your family council?"

"Louvier excused his interference on the ground of early and intimate friendship with De Mauléon, who, he said, came to consult him on arriving at Paris, and who felt too proud or too timid to address relations with whom he had long dropped all intercourse. An intermediary was required, and Louvier volunteered to take that part on himself; nothing more natural, nor more simple. By the way, Alain, you dine with Louvier to-morrow, do you not?—a dinner in honour of our rehabilitated kinsman. I and Raoul go."

"Yes, I shall be charmed to meet again a man who, whatever might be his errors in youth, on which," added Alain, slightly colouring, "it certainly does not become me to be severe, must have suffered the most poignant anguish a man of honour can undergo—viz., honour suspected; and who now, whether by years or sorrow, is so changed that I cannot recognise a likeness to the character I have just heard given to him as *mauvais sujet* and *vaurien*."

"Bravo!" cried Enguerrand; "all honour to courage—and at Paris it requires great courage to defend the absent."

"Nay," answered Alain, in a low voice. "The *gentilhomme* who will not defend another *gentilhomme* traduced, would, as a soldier, betray a citadel and desert a flag."

"You say M. de Mauléon is changed," said De Brézé; "yes, he must be growing old. No trace left of his good looks?"

"Pardon me," said Enguerrand, "he is *bien conservé*, and has still a very handsome head and an imposing presence. But one cannot help doubting whether he deserved the

formidable reputation he acquired in youth; his manner is so singularly mild and gentle, his conversation so winningly modest, so void of pretence, and his mode of life is as simple as that of a Spanish hidalgo."

"He does not, then, affect the rôle of Monte Christo," said Duplessis, "and buy himself into notice like that hero of romance?"

"Certainly not: he says very frankly that he has but a very small income, but more than enough for his wants—richer than in his youth; for he has learned content. We may dismiss the hint in '*Le Sens Commun*' about his future political career: at least he evinces no such ambition."

"How could he as a Legitimist?" said Alain, bitterly. "What department would elect him?"

"But is he a Legitimist?" asked De Brézé.

"I take it for granted that he must be that," answered Alain, haughtily, "for he is a De Mauléon."

"His father was as good a De Mauléon as himself, I presume," rejoined De Brézé, drily; "and he enjoyed a place at the Court of Louis Philippe, which a Legitimist could scarcely accept. Victor did not, I fancy, trouble his head about politics at all, at the time I remember him; but to judge by his chief associates, and the notice he received from the Princes of the House of Orleans, I should guess that he had no predilections in favour of Henri V."

"I should regret to think so," said Alain, yet more haughtily, "since the De Mauléons acknowledge the head of their house in the representative of the Rochebriants."

"At all events," said Duplessis, "M. de Mauléon appears to be a philosopher of rare stamp. A

Parisian who has known riches and is contented to be poor, is a phenomenon I should like to study."

"You have that chance to-morrow evening, M. Duplessis," said Enguerrand.

"What! at M. Louvier's dinner? Nay, I have no other acquaintance with M. Louvier than that of the Bourse, and the acquaintance is not cordial."

"I did not mean at M. Louvier's dinner, but at the Duchesse de Tarascon's ball. You, as one of her special favourites, will doubtless honour her *réunion*."

"Yes; I have promised my daughter to go to the ball. But the Duchesse is Imperialist. M. de

Mauléon seems to be either a Legitimist, according to M. le Marquis, or an Orleanist, according to our friend De Brézé."

"What of that? Can there be a more loyal Bourbonite than De Rochebriant? and *he* goes to the ball. It is given out of the season, in celebration of a family marriage. And the Duchesse de Tarascon is connected with Alain, and therefore with De Mauléon, though but distantly."

"Ah! excuse my ignorance of genealogy."

"As if the genealogy of noble names were not the history of France," muttered Alain, indignantly.

CHAPTER II.

Yes, the '*Sens Commun*' was a success; it had made a sensation at starting; the sensation was on the increase. It is difficult for an Englishman to comprehend the full influence of a successful journal at Paris; the station—political, literary, social—which it confers on the contributors who effect the success. M. Lebeau had shown much more sagacity in selecting Gustave Rameau for the nominal editor than Savarin supposed or my reader might detect. In the first place, Gustave himself, with all his defects of information and solidity of intellect, was not without real genius; and a sort of genius that when kept in restraint, and its field confined to sentiment or sarcasm, was in unison with the temper of the day: in the second place, it was only through Gustave that Lebeau could have got at Savarin; and the names which that brilliant writer had secured at the outset, would have sufficed to draw attention to the earliest numbers of the '*Sens Commun*,' despite a title which did not seem

alluring. But these names alone could not have sufficed to circulate the new journal to the extent it had already reached. This was due to the curiosity excited by leading articles of a style new to the Parisian public, and of which the authorship defied conjecture. They were signed Pierre Firmin—supposed to be a *nom de plume*, as that name was utterly unknown in the world of letters. They affected the tone of an impartial observer; they neither espoused nor attacked any particular party; they laid down no abstract doctrines of government. But somehow or other, in language terse yet familiar, sometimes careless yet never vulgar, they expressed a prevailing sentiment of uneasy discontent, a foreboding of some destined change in things established, without defining the nature of such change, without saying whether it would be for good or for evil. In his criticisms upon individuals, the writer was guarded and moderate—the keenest-eyed censor of the press could not have found a pretext for

interference with expression of opinions so polite. Of the Emperor, these articles spoke little, but that little was not disrespectful; yet, day after day, the articles contributed to sap the Empire. All malcontents of every shade comprehended, as by a secret of freemasonry, that in this journal they had an ally. Against religion not a word was uttered, yet the enemies of religion bought that journal; still, the friends of religion bought it too, for those articles treated with irony the philosophers on paper who thought that their contradictory crotchets could fuse themselves into any single Utopia, or that any social edifice, hurriedly run up by the crazy few, could become a permanent habitation for the turbulent many, without the clamps of a creed.

The tone of these articles always corresponded with the title of the journal—“*Common-sense*.” It was to common-sense that it appealed—appealed in the utterance of a man who disdained the subtle theories, the vehement declamation, the credulous beliefs, or the inflated bombast, which constitute so large a portion of the Parisian press. The articles rather resembled certain organs of the English press, which profess to be blinded by no enthusiasm for anybody or anything, which find their sale in that sympathy with ill-nature to which Huet ascribes the popularity of Tacitus, and, always quietly undermining institutions with a covert sneer, never pretend to a spirit of imagination so at variance with common-sense as a conjecture how the institutions should be rebuilt or replaced.

Well, somehow or other the journal, as I was saying, hit the taste of the Parisian public. It intimated, with the easy grace of an unpremeditated agreeable talker, that French society in all its classes was rotten, and each class was will-

ing to believe that all the others were rotten, and agreed that unless the others were reformed, there was something very unsound in itself.

The ball at the Duchesse de Tarascon's was a brilliant event. The summer was far advanced; many of the Parisian holiday-makers had returned to the capital, but the season had not commenced, and a ball at that time of year was a very unwonted event. But there was a special occasion for this *fête*—a marriage between a niece of the Duchesse and the son of a great official in high favour at the Imperial Court.

The dinner at Louvier's broke up early, and the music for the second waltz was sounding when Enguerrand, Alain, and the Vicomte de Mauléon ascended the stairs. Raoul did not accompany them; he went very rarely to any balls—never to one given by an Imperialist, however nearly related to him the Imperialist might be. But, in the sweet indulgence of his good-nature, he had no blame for those who did go—not for Enguerrand, still less, of course, for Alain.

Something, too, might well here be said as to his feeling towards Victor de Mauléon. He had joined in the family acquittal of that kinsman as to the grave charge of the jewels; the proofs of innocence thereon seemed to him unequivocal and decisive, therefore he had called on the Vicomte and acquiesced in all formal civilities shown to him. But, such acts of justice to a fellow-*gentilhomme* and a kinsman duly performed, he desired to see as little as possible of the Vicomte de Mauléon. He reasoned thus:—‘Of every charge which society made against this man he is guiltless. But of all the claims to admiration which society accorded to him, before it erroneously condemned, there are none which make

me covet his friendship, or suffice to dispel doubts as to what he may be when society once more receives him. And the man is so captivating that I should dread his influence over myself did I see much of him.'

Raoul kept his reasonings to himself, for he had that sort of charity which indisposes an amiable man to be severe on bygone offences. In the eyes of Enguerrand and Alain, and such young votaries of the *mode* as they could influence, Victor de Mauléon assumed almost heroic proportions. In the affair which had inflicted on him a calumny so odious, it was clear that he had acted with chivalrous delicacy of honour. And the turbulence and recklessness of his earlier years, redeemed as they were, in the traditions of his contemporaries, by courage and generosity, were not offences to which young Frenchmen are inclined to be harsh. All question as to the mode in which his life might have been passed during his long absence from the capital, was merged in the respect due to the only facts known, and these were clearly proved in his *pièces justificatives*. 1st, That he had served under another name in the ranks of the army in Algiers; had distinguished himself there for signal valour, and received, with promotion, the decoration of the cross. His real name was known only to his Colonel, and on quitting the service, the Colonel placed in his hands a letter of warm eulogy on his conduct, and identifying him as Victor de Mauléon. 2dly, That in California he had saved a wealthy family from midnight murder, fighting single-handed against and overmastering three ruffians, and declining all other reward from those he had preserved than a written attestation of their gratitude. In all countries, valour ranks high in the

list of virtues; in no country does it so absolve from vices as it does in France.

But as yet Victor de Mauléon's vindication was only known by a few, and those belonging to the gayer circles of life. How he might be judged by the sober middle class, which constitutes the most important section of public opinion to a candidate for political trusts and distinctions, was another question.

The Duchesse stood at the door to receive her visitors. Duplessis was seated near the entrance, by the side of a distinguished member of the Imperial Government, with whom he was carrying on a whispered conversation. The eye of the financier, however, turned towards the doorway as Alain and Enguerrand entered, and, passing over their familiar faces, fixed itself attentively on that of a much older man whom Enguerrand was presenting to the Duchesse, and in whom Duplessis rightly divined the Vicomte de Mauléon. Certainly if no one could have recognised M. Lebeau in the stately personage who had visited Louvier, still less could one who had heard of the wild feats of the *roi des viveurs* in his youth reconcile belief in such tales with the quiet modesty of mien which distinguished the cavalier now replying, with bended head and subdued accents, to the courteous welcome of the brilliant hostess. But for such difference in attributes between the past and the present De Mauléon, Duplessis had been prepared by the conversation at the *Maison Dorée*. And now, as the Vicomte, yielding his place by the Duchesse to some new-comer, glided on, and, leaning against a column, contemplated the gay scene before him with that expression of countenance, half sarcastic, half mournful, with which men regard, after long estrangement,

the scenes of departed joys, Duplessis felt that no change in that man had impaired the force of character which had made him the hero of reckless coevals. Though wearing no beard, not even a moustache, there was something emphatically masculine in the contour of the close-shaven cheek and resolute jaw, in a forehead broad at the temples, and protuberant in those organs over the eyebrows which are said to be significant of quick perception and ready action; in the lips, when in repose compressed, perhaps somewhat stern in their expression, but pliant and mobile when speaking, and wonderfully fascinating when they smiled. Altogether, about this Victor de Mauléon there was a nameless distinction, apart from that of conventional elegance. You would have said, 'That is a man of some marked individuality, an eminence of some kind in himself.' You would not be surprised to hear that he was a party-leader, a skilled diplomatist, a daring soldier, an adventurous traveller, but you would not guess him to be a student, an author, an artist.

While Duplessis thus observed the Vicomte de Mauléon, all the while seeming to lend an attentive ear to the whispered voice of the Minister by his side, Alain passed on into the ball-room. He was fresh enough to feel the exhilaration of the dance. Enguerrand (who had survived that excitement, and who habitually deserted any assembly at an early hour for the cigar and whist of his club) had made his way to De Mauléon, and there stationed himself. The lion of one generation has always a mixed feeling of curiosity and respect for the lion of a generation before him, and the young Vandemar had conceived a strong and almost an affectionate interest in this discrowned king of that realm in fashion which, once lost, is never

to be regained; for it is only Youth that can hold its sceptre and command its subjects.

"In this crowd, Vicomte," said Enguerrand, "there must be many old acquaintances of yours?"

"Perhaps so; but as yet I have only seen new faces."

As he thus spoke, a middle-aged man, decorated with the grand cross of the Legion and half-a-dozen foreign orders, lending his arm to a lady of the same age radiant in diamonds, passed by towards the ball-room, and in some sudden swerve of his person, occasioned by a pause of his companion to adjust her train, he accidentally brushed against De Mauléon, whom he had not before noticed. Turning round to apologise for his awkwardness, he encountered the full gaze of the Vicomte, started, changed countenance, and hurried on his companion.

"Do you not recognise his Excellency?" said Enguerrand, smiling. "His cannot be a new face to you."

"Is it the Baron de Lacy?" asked De Mauléon.

"The Baron de Lacy, now Count d'Epinau, ambassador at the Court of —, and, if report speak true, likely soon to exchange that post for the *portefeuille* of Minister."

"He has got on in life since I saw him last, the little Baron. He was then my devoted imitator, and I was not proud of the imitation."

"He has got on by always clinging to the skirts of some one stronger than himself—to yours, I daresay, when, being a *parvenu* despite his usurped title of Baron, he aspired to the *entrée* into clubs and *salons*. The *entrée* thus obtained, the rest followed easily: he became a *millionnaire* through a wife's *dot*, and an ambassador through the wife's lover, who is a power in the state."

"But he must have substance in himself. Empty bags cannot be

made to stand upright. Ah! unless I mistake, I see some one I knew better. Yon pale, thin man, also with the grand cross,—surely that is Alfred Hennequin. Is he too a decorated Imperialist? I left him a socialistic republican."

"But, I presume, even then an eloquent *avocat*. He got into the Chamber, spoke well, defended the *coup-d'état*. He has just been made *Préfet* of the great department of the —, a popular appointment. He bears a high character. Pray renew your acquaintance with him; he is coming this way."

"Will so grave a dignitary renew acquaintance with me? I doubt it."

But as De Mauléon said this, he moved from the column and advanced towards the *Préfet*. Enguerrand followed him, and saw the Vicomte extend his hand to his old acquaintance. The *Préfet* stared, and said, with frigid courtesy, "Pardon me,—some mistake."

"Allow me, M. Hennequin," said Enguerrand, interposing, and wishing good-naturedly to save De Mauléon the awkwardness of introducing himself,—“allow me to reintroduce you to my kinsman, whom the lapse of years may well excuse you for forgetting, the Vicomte de Mauléon."

Still the *Préfet* did not accept the hand. He bowed with formal ceremony, said, "I was not aware that M. le Vicomte had returned to Paris," and, moving to the doorway, made his salutation to the hostess and disappeared.

"The insolent!" muttered Enguerrand.

"Hush!" said De Mauléon, quietly; "I can fight no more duels—especially with a *Préfet*. But I own I am weak enough to feel hurt at such a reception from Hennequin, for he owed me some obligations—small, perhaps, but still they were such as might have

made me select him, rather than Louvier, as the vindicator of my name, had I known him to be so high placed. But a man who has raised himself into an authority may well be excused for forgetting a friend whose character needs defence. I forgive him."

There was something pathetic in the Vicomte's tone which touched Enguerrand's warm if light heart. But De Mauléon did not allow him time to answer. He went on quickly through an opening in the gay crowd, which immediately closed behind him, and Enguerrand saw him no more that evening.

Duplessis ere this has quitted his seat by the Minister, drawn thence by a young and very pretty girl resigned to his charge by a cavalier with whom she had been dancing. She was the only daughter of Duplessis, and he valued her even more than the millions he had made at the Bourse. "The Princess," she said, "has been swept off in the train of some German Royalty; so, *petit père*, I must impose myself on thee."

The Princess, a Russian of high rank, was the *chaperon* that evening of Mademoiselle Valérie Duplessis.

"And I suppose I must take thee back into the ball-room," said the financier, smiling proudly, "and find thee partners."

"I don't want your aid for that, Monsieur; except this quadrille, my list is pretty well filled up."

"And I hope the partners will be pleasant. Let me know who they are," he whispered, as they threaded their way into the ball-room.

The girl glanced at her tablet.

"Well, the first on the list is milord somebody, with an unpronounceable English name."

"Beau cavalier?"

"No; ugly, old too—thirty at least."

Duplessis felt relieved. He did

not wish his daughter to fall in love with an Englishman.

"And the next?"

"The next," she said, hesitatingly, and he observed that a soft blush accompanied the hesitation.

"Yes, the next. Not English too?"

"Oh no; the Marquis de Rochebriant."

"Ah! who presented him to thee?"

"Thy friend, *petit père*, M. de Brézé."

Duplessis again glanced at his daughter's face; it was bent over her bouquet.

"Is he ugly also?"

"Ugly!" exclaimed the girl, indignantly; "why, he is——" she checked herself and turned away her head.

Duplessis became thoughtful. He was glad that he had accompanied his child into the ball-room; he would stay there and keep watch on her and Rochebriant also.

Up to that moment he had felt a dislike to Rochebriant. That young noble's too obvious pride of race had nettled him, not the less that the financier himself was vain of his ancestry. Perhaps he still disliked Alain, but the dislike was now accompanied with a certain, not hostile, interest; and if he became connected with the race, the pride in it might grow contagious.

They had not been long in the ball-room before Alain came up to claim his promised partner. In saluting Duplessis, his manner was the same as usual—not more cordial, not less ceremoniously distant. A man so able as the financier cannot be without quick knowledge of the human heart.

"If disposed to fall in love with Valérie," thought Duplessis, "he would have taken more pains to please her father. Well, thank heaven, there are better matches to be found for her than a noble with-

out fortune, and a Legitimist without career."

In fact, Alain felt no more for Valérie than for any other pretty girl in the room. In talking with the Vicomte de Brézé in the intervals of the dance, he had made some passing remark on her beauty; De Brézé had said, "Yes, she is charming; I will present you," and hastened to do so before Rochebriant even learned her name. So introduced, he could but invite her to give him her first disengaged dance; and when that was fixed, he had retired, without entering into conversation.

Now, as they took their places in the quadrille, he felt that effort of speech had become a duty, if not a pleasure; and, of course, he began with the first commonplace which presented itself to his mind.

"Do you not think it a very pleasant ball, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes," dropped, in almost inaudible reply, from Valérie's rosy lips.

"And not over-crowded, as most balls are."

Valérie's lips again moved, but this time quite inaudibly.

The obligations of the figure now caused a pause. Alain racked his brains, and began again—

"They tell me the last season was more than usually gay; of that I cannot judge, for it was wellnigh over when I came to Paris for the first time."

Valérie looked up with a more animated expression than her child-like face had yet shown, and said, this time distinctly, "This is my first ball, Monsieur le Marquis."

"One has only to look at Mademoiselle to divine that fact," replied Alain, gallantly.

Again the conversation was interrupted by the dance, but the ice between the two was now broken. And when the quadrille was con-

cluded, and Rochebriant led the fair Valérie back to her father's side, she felt as if she had been listening to the music of the spheres, and that the music had now suddenly stopped. Alain, alas for her! was under no such pleasing illusion. Her talk had seemed to him artless indeed, but very insipid, compared with the brilliant conversation of the wedded *Parisiennes* with whom he more habitually danced; and it was with rather a sensation of relief that he made his parting bow, and receded into the crowd of bystanders.

Meanwhile De Mauléon had quitted the assemblage, walking slowly through the deserted streets towards his apartment. The civilities he had met at Louvier's dinner-party, and the marked distinction paid to him by kinsmen of rank and position so unequivocal as Alain and Enguerand, had softened his mood and cheered his spirits. He had begun to question himself whether a fair opening to his political ambition was really forbidden to him under the existent order of things, whether it necessitated the employment of such dangerous tools as those to which anger and despair had reconciled his intellect. But the pointed way in which he had been shunned or slighted by the two men who belonged to political life—to men who in youth had looked up to himself, and whose dazzling career of honours was identified with the Imperial system—reanimated his fiercer passions and his more perilous designs. The frigid accost of Hennequin more especially galled him; it wounded not only his pride but his heart; it had the venom of ingratitude, and it is the peculiar privilege of ingratitude to wound hearts that have learned to harden themselves to the hate or contempt of men to whom no services have been rendered. In some private affair concerning his

property, De Mauléon had had occasion to consult Hennequin, then a rising young *avocat*. Out of that consultation a friendship had sprung up, despite the differing habits and social grades of the two men. One day, calling on Hennequin, he found him in a state of great nervous excitement. The *avocat* had received a public insult in the *salon* of a noble, to whom De Mauléon had introduced him, from a man who pretended to the hand of a young lady to whom Hennequin was attached, and indeed almost affianced. The man was a notorious *spadassin*—a duellist little less renowned for skill in all weapons than De Mauléon himself. The affair had been such, that Hennequin's friends assured him he had no choice but to challenge this bravo. Hennequin, brave enough at the bar, was no hero before sword-point or pistol. He was utterly ignorant of the use of either weapon; his death in the encounter with an antagonist so formidable seemed to him certain, and life was so precious; an honourable and distinguished career opening before him, marriage with the woman he loved: still he had the Frenchman's point of honour. He had been told that he must fight; well, then, he must. He asked De Mauléon to be one of his seconds, and in asking him, sank in his chair, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"Wait till to-morrow," said De Mauleon; "take no step till then. Meanwhile, you are in my hands, and I answer for your honour."

On leaving Hennequin, Victor sought the *spadassin* at the club of which they were both members, and contrived, without reference to Hennequin, to pick a quarrel with him. A challenge ensued; a duel with swords took place the next morning. De Mauléon disarmed and wounded his antagonist, not gravely, but

sufficiently to terminate the encounter. He assisted to convey the wounded man to his apartment, and planted himself by his bedside, as if he were a friend.

"Why on earth did you fasten a quarrel on me?" asked the *spadassin*; "and why, having done so, did you spare my life; for your sword was at my heart when you shifted its point, and pierced my shoulder?"

"I will tell you, and in so doing, beg you to accept my friendship hereafter, on one condition. In the course of the day, write or dictate a few civil words of apology to M. Hennequin. *Ma foi!* every one will praise you for a generosity so

becoming in a man who has given such proofs of courage and skill, to an *avocat* who has never handled a sword nor fired a pistol."

That same day De Mauléon remitted to Hennequin an apology for heated words freely retracted, which satisfied all his friends. For the service thus rendered by De Mauléon, Hennequin declared himself everlastingly indebted. In fact, he entirely owed to that friend his life, his marriage, his honour, his career.

"And now," thought De Mauléon, "now, when he could so easily requite me,—now he will not even take my hand. Is human nature itself at war with me?"

CHAPTER III.

Nothing could be simpler than the apartment of the Vicomte de Mauléon, in the second story of a quiet old-fashioned street. It had been furnished at small cost out of his savings. Yet, on the whole, it evinced the good taste of a man who had once been among the exquisites of the polite world.

You felt that you were in the apartment of a gentleman, and a gentleman of somewhat severe tastes, and of sober matured years. He was sitting the next morning in the room which he used as a private study. Along the walls were arranged dwarf bookcases, as yet occupied by few books, most of them books of reference, others cheap editions of the French classics in prose—no poets, no romance-writers—with a few Latin authors also in prose—Cicero, Sallust, Tacitus. He was engaged at his desk writing—a book with its leaves open before him, "Paul Louis Courier," that model of political irony and masculine style of composition. There was a ring at his door-bell. The Vicomte kept no servant.

He rose and answered the summons. He recoiled a few paces on recognising his visitor in M. Hennequin.

The *Préfet* this time did not withdraw his hand; he extended it, but it was with a certain awkwardness and timidity.

"I thought it my duty to call on you, Vicomte, thus early, having already seen M. Enguerrand de Vandemar. He has shown me the copies of the *pièces* which were inspected by your distinguished kinsmen, and which completely clear you of the charge that, grant me your pardon when I say, seemed to me still to remain unanswered when I had the honour to meet you last night."

"It appears to me, M. Hennequin, that you, as an *avocat* so eminent, might have convinced yourself very readily of that fact."

"M. le Vicomte, I was in Switzerland with my wife at the time of the unfortunate affair in which you were involved."

"But when you returned to Paris, you might perhaps have deigned to make inquiries so affecting the honour of one you had called a

friend, and for whom you had professed"—De Mauléon paused; he disdained to add—"an eternal gratitude."

Hennequin coloured slightly, but replied with self-possession.

"I certainly did inquire. I did hear that the charge against you with regard to the abstraction of the jewels was withdrawn—that you were therefore acquitted by law; but I heard also that society did not acquit you, and that, finding this, you had quitted France. Pardon me again, no one would listen to me when I attempted to speak on your behalf. But now that so many years have elapsed, that the story is imperfectly remembered—that relations so high-placed receive you so cordially,—now, I rejoice to think that you will have no difficulty in regaining a social position never really lost, but for a time resigned."

"I am duly sensible of the friendly joy you express. I was reading the other day in a lively author some pleasant remarks on the effects of *médiance* or calumny upon our impressionable Parisian public. 'If,' says the writer, 'I found myself accused of having put the two towers of Notre Dame into my waistcoat-pocket, I should not dream of defending myself; I should take to flight. And,' adds the writer, 'if my best friend were under the same accusation, I should be so afraid of being considered his accomplice that I should put my best friend outside the door.' Perhaps, M. Hennequin, I was seized with the first alarm. Why should I blame you if seized with the second? Happily, this good city of Paris has its reactions. And you can now offer me your hand. Paris has by this time discovered that the two towers of Notre Dame are not in my pocket."

There was a pause. De Mauléon had resettled himself at his desk, bending over his papers, and his

manner seemed to imply that he considered the conversation at an end.

But a pang of shame, of remorse, of tender remembrance, shot across the heart of the decorous, worldly, self-seeking man, who owed all that he now was to the *ci-devant vaurien* before him. Again he stretched forth his hand, and this time grasped De Mauléon's warmly. "Forgive me," he said, feelingly and hoarsely; "forgive me. I was to blame. By character, and perhaps by the necessities of my career, I am over-timid to public opinion, public scandal—forgive me. Say if in anything now I can requite, though but slightly, the service I owe you."

De Mauléon looked steadily at the *Préfet*, and said slowly, "Would you serve me in turn? are you sincere?"

The *Préfet* hesitated a moment, then answered firmly, "Yes."

"Well, then, what I ask of you is a frank opinion—not as lawyer, not as *Préfet*, but as a man who knows the present state of French society. Give that opinion without respect to my feelings one way or other. Let it emanate solely from your practised judgement."

"Be it so," said Hennequin, wondering what was to come.

De Mauléon resumed—

"As you may remember, during my former career I had no political ambition. I did not meddle with politics. In the troubled times that immediately succeeded the fall of Louis Philippe I was but an epicurean looker-on. Grant that, so far as admission to the *salons* are concerned, I shall encounter no difficulty in regaining position. But as regards the Chamber, public life, a political career—can I have my fair opening under the Empire? You pause. Answer as you have promised, frankly."

"The difficulties in the way of a political career would be very great."

"Insuperable?"

"I fear so. Of course, in my capacity of *Préfet*, I have no small influence in my department in support of a Government candidate. But I do not think that the Imperial Government could, at this time especially, in which it must be very cautious in selecting its candidates, be induced to recommend you. The affair of the jewels would be raked up—your vindication disputed, denied—the fact that for so many years you have acquiesced in that charge without taking steps to refute it—your antecedents, even apart from that charge—your present want of property (M. Enguerrand tells me your income is but moderate)—the absence of all previous repute in public life. No; relinquish the idea of political contest—it would expose you to inevitable mortifications, to a failure that would even jeopardise the admission to the *salons* which you are now gaining. You could not be a Government candidate."

"Granted. I may have no desire to be one; but an opposition candidate, one of the Liberal party?"

"As an Imperialist," said Hennequin, smiling gravely, "and holding the office I do, it would not become me to encourage a candidate against the Emperor's Government. But speaking with the frankness you solicit, I should say that your chances there are infinitely worse. The opposition are in a pitiful minority—the most eminent of the Liberals can scarcely gain seats for themselves; great local popularity or property, high established repute for established patriotism, or proved

talents of oratory and statesmanship, are essential qualifications for a seat in the opposition, and even these do not suffice for a third of the persons who possess them. Be again what you were before, the hero of *salons* remote from the turbulent vulgarity of politics."

"I am answered. Thank you once more. The service I rendered you once is requited now."

"No, indeed—no; but will you dine with me quietly to-day, and allow me to present to you my wife and two children, born since we parted? I say to-day, for to-morrow I return to my *Préfecture*."

"I am infinitely obliged by your invitation, but to-day I dine with the Count de Beauvilliers to meet some of the *Corps Diplomatique*. I must make good my place in the *salons*, since you so clearly show me that I have no chance of one in the *Legislature*—unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless there happen one of those revolutions in which the scum comes uppermost."

"No fear of that. The subterranean barracks and railway have ended for ever the rise of the scum—the reign of the *canaille* and its barricades."

"Adieu, my dear Hennequin. My respectful *hommages à Madame*."

After that day the writings of Pierre Firmin in '*Le Sens Commun*,' though still keeping within the pale of the law, became more decidedly hostile to the Imperial system, still without committing their author to any definite programme of the sort of government that should succeed it.

CHAPTER IV.

The weeks glided on. Isaura's MS. had passed into print; it came out in the French fashion of *feuilletons*

—a small detachment at a time. A previous flourish of trumpets by Savarin and the clique at his com-

mand insured it attention, if not from the general public, at least from critical and literary coteries. Before the fourth instalment appeared it had outgrown the patronage of the coteries; it seized hold of the public. It was not in the last school in fashion; incidents were not crowded and violent—they were few and simple, rather appertaining to an elder school, in which poetry of sentiment and grace of diction prevailed. That very resemblance to old favourites gave it the attraction of novelty. In a word, it excited a pleased admiration, and great curiosity was felt as to the authorship. When it oozed out that it was by the young lady whose future success in the musical world had been so sanguinely predicted by all who had heard her sing, the interest wonderfully increased. Petitions to be introduced to her acquaintance were showered upon Savarin: before she scarcely realised her dawning fame, she was drawn from her quiet home and retired habits; she was *fêtée* and courted in the literary circle of which Savarin was a chief. That circle touched, on one side, Bohemia; on the other, that realm of politer fashion which, in every intellectual metropolis, but especially in Paris, seeks to gain borrowed light from luminaries in art and letters. But the very admiration she obtained somewhat depressed, somewhat troubled her; after all, it did not differ from that which was at her command as a singer.

On the one hand, she shrank instinctively from the caresses of female authors and the familiar greetings of male authors, who frankly lived in philosophical disdain of the conventions respected by sober, decorous mortals. On the other hand, in the civilities of those who, while they courted a rising celebrity, still held their habitual

existence apart from the artistic world, there was a certain air of condescension, of patronage towards the young stranger with no other protector but Signora Venosta, the *ci-devant* public singer, and who had made her *début* in a journal edited by M. Gustave Rameau, which, however disguised by exaggerated terms of praise, wounded her pride of woman in flattering her vanity as author. Among this latter set were wealthy, high-born men, who addressed her as woman—as woman beautiful and young—with words of gallantry that implied love, but certainly no thought of marriage: many of the most ardent were indeed married already. But once launched into the thick of Parisian hospitalities, it was difficult to draw back. The Venosta wept at the thought of missing some lively *soirée*, and Savarin laughed at her shrinking fastidiousness as that of a child's ignorance of the world. But still she had her mornings to herself; and in those mornings, devoted to the continuance of her work (for the commencement was in print before a third was completed), she forgot the commonplace world that received her in the evenings. Insensibly to herself the tone of this work had changed as it proceeded. It had begun seriously, indeed, but in the seriousness there was a certain latent joy. It might be the joy of having found vent of utterance; it might be rather a joy still more latent, inspired by the remembrance of Graham's words and looks, and by the thought that she had renounced all idea of the professional career which he had evidently disapproved. Life then seemed to her a bright possession. We have seen that she had begun her *roman* without planning how it should end. She had, however, then meant it to end, somehow or other, happily. Now the lustre had gone

from life—the tone of the work was saddened—it foreboded a tragic close. But for the general reader it became, with every chapter, still more interesting; the poor child had a singularly musical gift of style—a music which lent itself naturally to pathos. Every very young writer knows how his work, if one of feeling, will colour itself from the views of some truth in his innermost self; and in proportion as it does so, how his absorption in the work increases, till it becomes part and parcel of his own mind and heart. The presence of a hidden sorrow may change the fate of the beings he has created, and guide to the grave those whom, in a happier vein, he would have united at the altar. It is not till a later stage of experience and art that the writer escapes from the influence of his individual personality, and lives in existences that take no colourings from his own. Genius usually must pass through the subjective process before it gains the objective. Even a Shakespeare represents himself in the Sonnets before no trace of himself is visible in a Falstaff or a Lear.

No news of the Englishman—not a word. Isaura could not but feel that in his words, his looks, that day in her own garden, and those yet happier days at Enghien, there had been more than friendship: there had been love—love enough to justify her own pride in whispering to herself, “And I love too,” But then that last parting! how changed he was—how cold! She conjectured that jealousy of Rameau might, in some degree, account for the coldness when he first entered the room, but surely not when he left; surely not when she had overpassed the reserve of her sex, and implied by signs rarely misconstrued by those who love, that he had no cause for jealousy of another. Yet he had gone—parted with her pointedly as a friend, a mere friend.

How foolish she had been to think this rich ambitious foreigner could ever have meant to be more! In the occupation of her work she thought to banish his image; but in that work the image was never absent; there were passages in which she pleadingly addressed it, and then would cease abruptly, stifled by passionate tears. Still she fancied that the work would reunite them; that in its pages he would hear her voice and comprehend her heart. And thus all praise of the work became very, very dear to her.

At last, after many weeks, Savarin heard from Graham. The letter was dated Aix-la-Chapelle, at which the Englishman said he might yet be some time detained. In the letter Graham spoke chiefly of the new journal: in polite compliment of Savarin's own effusions; in mixed praise and condemnation of the political and social articles signed Pierre Firmin—praise of their intellectual power, condemnation of their moral cynicism. “The writer,” he said, “reminds me of a passage in which Montesquieu compares the heathen philosophers to those plants which the earth produces in places that have never seen the heavens. The soil of his experience does not grow a single belief; and as no community can exist without a belief of some kind, so a politician without belief can but help to destroy; he cannot reconstruct. Such writers corrupt a society; they do not reform a system.” He closed his letter with a reference to Isaura: “Do, in your reply, my dear Savarin, tell me something about your friends Signora Venosta and the Signorina, whose work, so far as yet published, I have read with admiring astonishment at the power of a female writer so young to rival the veteran practitioners of fiction in the creation of interest in imaginary characters, and in sentiments which, if they appear

somewhat over-romantic and exaggerated, still touch very fine chords in human nature not awakened in our trite everyday existence. I presume that the beauty of the *roman* has been duly appreciated by a public so refined as the Parisian, and that the name of the author is generally known. No doubt she is now much the rage of the literary circles, and her career as a writer may be considered fixed. Pray present my congratulations to the Signorina when you see her."

Savarin had been in receipt of this letter some days before he called on Isaura, and carelessly showed it to her. She took it to the window to read, in order to conceal the trembling of her hands. In a few minutes she returned it silently.

"Those Englishmen," said Savarin, "have not the art of compliment. I am by no means flattered by what he says of my trifles, and I daresay you are still less pleased with this chilly praise of your charming tale; but the man means to be civil."

"Certainly," said Isaura, smiling faintly.

"Only think of Rameau," resumed Savarin; "on the strength of his salary in the '*Sens Commun*,' and on the *châteaux en Espagne* which he constructs thereon—he has already furnished an apartment in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and talks of setting up a *coupé* in order to maintain the dignity of letters when he goes to dine with the duchesses who are some day or other to invite him. Yet I admire his self-confidence, though I laugh at it. A man gets on by a spring in his own mechanism, and he should always keep it wound up. Rameau will make a figure. I used to pity him. I begin to respect; nothing succeeds like success. But I see I am spoiling your morning. *Au revoir, mon enfant.*"

Left alone, Isaura brooded in a sort of mournful wonderment over the words referring to herself in Graham's letter. Read though but once, she knew them by heart. What! did he consider those characters she had represented, as wholly imaginary? In one—the most prominent, the most attractive—could he detect no likeness to himself? What! did he consider so "over-romantic and exaggerated"—sentiments which couched appeals from her heart to his? Alas! in matters of sentiment it is the misfortune of us men that even the most refined of us often grate upon some sentiment in a woman, though she may not be romantic—not romantic at all, as people go,—some sentiment which she thought must be so obvious, if we cared a straw about her, and which, though we prize her above the Indies, is, by our dim, horn-eyed, masculine vision, undiscernible. It may be something in itself the airiest of trifles: the anniversary of a day in which the first kiss was interchanged, nay, of a violet gathered, a misunderstanding cleared up; and of that anniversary we remember no more than we do of our bells and coral. But she—she remembers it; it is no bells and coral to her. Of course, much is to be said in excuse of man, brute though he be. Consider the multiplicity of his occupations, the practical nature of his cares. But granting the validity of all such excuse, there is in man an original obtuseness of fibre as regards sentiment in comparison with the delicacy of woman's. It comes, perhaps, from the same hardness of constitution which forbids us the luxury of ready tears. Thus it is very difficult for the wisest man to understand thoroughly a woman. Goethe says somewhere that the highest genius in man must have much of the woman in it. If this be true, the

highest genius alone in man can comprehend and explain the nature of woman; because it is not remote from him, but an integral part of his masculine self. I am not sure, however, that it necessitates the highest genius, but rather a special idiosyncrasy in genius which the highest may or may not have. I think Sophocles a higher genius than Euripides; but Euripides has that idiosyncrasy, and Sophocles not. I doubt whether women would accept Goethe as their interpreter with the same readiness with which they would accept Schiller. Shakespeare, no doubt, excels all poets in the comprehension of women, in his sympathy with them in the woman-part of his nature which Goethe ascribes to the highest genius; but, putting aside that 'monster,' I do not remember any English poet whom we should consider conspicuously eminent in that lore, unless it be the prose poet, nowadays generally underrated and little read, who wrote the letters of Clarissa Harlowe. I say all this in vindication of Graham Vane, if, though a very clever man in his way, and by no means uninstructed in human nature, he had utterly failed in comprehending the mysteries which to this poor woman-child seemed to need no key for one who really loved her. But we have said somewhere before in this book that music speaks in a language which cannot explain itself except in music. So speaks, in the human heart, much which is akin to music. Fiction (that is, poetry, whether in form of rhyme or prose) speaks thus pretty often. A reader must be more commonplace than, I trust, my gentle readers are, if he suppose that when Isaura symbolised the real hero of her thoughts in the fabled hero of her romance, she depicted him as one of whom the world could say, "That is Graham Vane." I doubt if even a male

poet would so vulgarise any woman whom he thoroughly revered and loved. She is too sacred to him to be thus unveiled to the public stare; as the sweetest of all ancient love-poets says well—

'Qui sapit in tacito gaudeat ille sinu.'

But a girl, a girl in her first untold timid love, to let the world know, "*that* is the man I love and would die for!"—if such a girl be, she has no touch of the true woman-genius, and certainly she and Isaura have nothing in common. Well, then, in Isaura's invented hero, though she saw the archetypal form of Graham Vane—saw him as in her young, vague, romantic dreams, idealised, beautified, transfigured—he would have been the vainest of men if he had seen therein the reflection of himself. On the contrary, he said, in the spirit of that jealousy to which he was too prone, "Alas! this, then, is some ideal, already seen perhaps, compared to which how commonplace am I!" and thus persuading himself, no wonder that the sentiments surrounding this unrecognised archetype appeared to him over-romantic. His taste acknowledged the beauty of form which clothed them; his heart envied the ideal that inspired them. But they seemed so remote from him; they put the dream-land of the writer farther and farther from his work-day real life.

In this frame of mind, then, he had written to Savarin, and the answer he received hardened it still more. Savarin had replied, as was his laudable wont in correspondence, the very day he received Graham's letter, and therefore before he had even seen Isaura. In his reply, he spoke much of the success her work had obtained; of the invitations showered upon her, and the sensation she caused in the *salons*; of her future career, with hope that she

might even rival Madame de Grantesnil some day, when her ideas became emboldened by maturer experience, and a closer study of that model of eloquent style,—saying that the young editor was evidently

becoming enamoured of his fair contributor; and that Madame Savarin had ventured the prediction that the Signorina's *roman* would end in the death of the heroine, and the marriage of the writer.

CHAPTER V.

And still the weeks glided on: autumn succeeded to summer, the winter to autumn; the season of Paris was at its height. The wondrous Capital seemed to repay its Imperial embellisher by the splendour and the joy of its *fêtes*. But the smiles on the face of Paris were hypocritical and hollow. The Empire itself had passed out of fashion. Grave men and impartial observers felt anxious. Napoléon had renounced *les idées Napoléoniennes*. He was passing into the category of constitutional sovereigns, and reigning, not by his old undivided prestige, but by the grace of party. The press was free to circulate complaints as to the past and demands as to the future, beneath which the present reeled—ominous of earthquake. People asked themselves if it were possible that the Empire could coexist with forms of government not imperial, yet not genuinely constitutional, with a majority daily yielding to a minority. The basis of universal suffrage was sapped. About this time the articles in the '*Sens Commun*,' signed Pierre Firmin, were creating not only considerable sensation, but marked effect on opinion: and the sale of the journal was immense.

Necessarily the repute and the position of Gustave Rameau, as the avowed editor of this potent journal, rose with its success. Nor only his repute and position; bank-notes of considerable value were transmitted to him by the publisher, with the brief statement that they were sent

by the sole proprietor of the paper as the editor's fair share of profit. The proprietor was never named, but Rameau took it for granted that it was M. Lebeau. M. Lebeau he had never seen since the day he had brought him the list of contributors, and was then referred to the publisher, whom he supposed M. Lebeau had secured, and received the first quarter of his salary in advance. The salary was a trifle compared to the extra profits thus generously volunteered. He called at Lebeau's office, and saw only the clerk, who said that his *chef* was abroad.

Prosperity produced a marked change for the better, if not in the substance of Rameau's character, at least in his manners and social converse. He no longer exhibited that restless envy of rivals, which is the most repulsive symptom of vanity diseased. He pardoned Isaura her success; nay, he was even pleased at it. The nature of her work did not clash with his own kind of writing. It was so thoroughly womanlike, that one could not compare it to a man's. Moreover, that success had contributed largely to the profits by which he had benefited, and to his renown as editor of the journal which accorded place to this new-found genius. But there was a deeper and more potent cause for sympathy with the success of his fair young contributor. He had imperceptibly glided into love with her—a love very different from that with which poor Julie Caumartin flattered herself she had inspired the young

poet. Isaura was one of those women for whom, even in natures the least chivalric, love—however ardent—cannot fail to be accompanied with a certain reverence,—the reverence with which the ancient knighthood, in its love for women, honoured the ideal purity of womanhood itself. Till then Rameau had never revered any one.

On her side, brought so frequently into communication with the young conductor of the journal in which she wrote, Isaura entertained for him a friendly, almost sister-like affection.

I do not think that, even if she had never known the Englishman, she would have really become in love with Rameau, despite the picturesque beauty of his countenance, and the congeniality of literary pursuits; but perhaps she might have *fancied* herself in love with him. And till one, whether man or woman, has known real love, fancy is readily mistaken for it. But little as she had seen of Graham, and that little not in itself wholly favourable to him, she knew in her heart of hearts that his image would never be replaced by one equally dear. Perhaps in those qualities that placed him in opposition to her she felt his attractions. The poetical in woman exaggerates the worth of the practical in man. Still for Rameau her exquisitely kind and sympathising nature conceived one of those sentiments which in woman are almost angel-like. We have seen in her letters to Madame de Grantmesnil that from the first he inspired her with a compassionate interest; then the compassion was checked by her perception of his more unamiable and envious attributes. But now those attributes, if still existent, had ceased to be apparent to her, and the compassion became unalloyed. Indeed, it was thus so far increased,

that it was impossible for any friendly observer to look at the beautiful face of this youth, prematurely wasted and worn, without the kindliness of pity. His prosperity had brightened and sweetened the expression of that face, but it had not effaced the vestiges of decay; rather perhaps deepened them, for the duties of his post necessitated a regular labour, to which he had been unaccustomed, and the regular labour necessitated, or seemed to him to necessitate, an increase of fatal stimulants. He imbibed absinthe with everything he drank, and to absinthe he united opium. This, of course, Isaura knew not, any more than she knew of his *liaison* with the 'Ondine' of his muse; she saw only the increasing delicacy of his face and form, contrasted by his increased geniality and liveliness of spirits, and the contrast saddened her. Intellectually, too, she felt for him compassion. She recognised and respected in him the yearnings of a genius too weak to perform a tithe of what, in the arrogance of youth, it promised to its ambition. She saw, too, those struggles between a higher and a lower self, to which a weak degree of genius, united with a strong degree of arrogance, is so often subjected. Perhaps she overestimated the degree of genius, and what, if rightly guided, it could do; but she did, in the desire of her own heavenlier instinct, aspire to guide it heavenward. And as if she were twenty years older than himself, she obeyed that desire in remonstrating and warning and urging, and the young man took all these 'preachments' with a pleased submissive patience. Such, as the new year dawned upon the grave of the old one, was the position between these two. And nothing more was heard from Graham Vane.

SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.

THE work which Colonel Wrottesley undertook to perform was both creditable and becoming ; and creditably to himself, as well as honestly towards his readers, he has accomplished it. In the life of his distinguished father-in-law, he has given us one of the most charming pieces of biography which it has been our good fortune of late years to encounter. No doubt the materials at his disposal were both ample and excellent. A journal kept through many years of active service in the field, by one who played no inconsiderable part in the transactions which he describes, can hardly fail, under any circumstances, to be interesting. And if it be interspersed with criticisms, not arising out of information obtained after the event, but based upon what an intelligent observer sees and hears while each separate operation is in progress, then they who follow its details will read as much with a view to instruction as to amusement. Such a journal of the great contest in the Peninsula Sir John Burgoyne kept, and Colonel Wrottesley has with equal judgment and taste given it to the public exactly as it was written. Nor is it thus alone that he has made the gallant old soldier his own biographer. As time sped on, sweeping from the stage of life one after another the giants whom the wars of the French Revolution had reared up, Sir John Burgoyne, wellnigh the last survivor of the race, found his opinion sought for, on every military subject, almost as much by foreign Governments and their representatives as by his own. Thus, when the breach with Russia became immi-

nent, he was called upon to advise, not in Downing Street only, but at the Tuileries. Thus, when the Crimean war came to an end, General Todtleben, his old opponent, acting for the Russian Government, entered with him into a friendly and professional controversy. Colonel Brialmont likewise, well known in this country as the able historian of Wellington's military career, appealed to him for advice and support, when opposed by a commission of Belgian engineers in his plans for the fortification of Antwerp. And American generals opened their minds to him during their civil war, discussing freely their own and their opponents' manœuvres, and accounting as they best could for the comparatively trivial results that, up to the very last campaign, attended both their failures and successes. All the letters and memoranda arising out of these references have been preserved ; and—together with notes of his own services in Ireland as President of the Board of Works, his confidential despatches from Turkey and Sebastopol, both before and after the commencement of hostilities, his pleasant description of *fêtes* at Paris, Compiègne, Windsor, and elsewhere, and his large and miscellaneous correspondence with men eminent both in literature and science—they constitute such a mass of curious and valuable materials as seldom come into the possession of the most favoured of biographers. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. Where there is neither tact in selecting nor skill to use aright what is chosen, a superabundance even of the best materials is just as apt to confuse as to

prove of service to a writer. Happily Colonel Wrottesley has shown himself to be deficient in neither of these qualities, and the result is, as we have just said, one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of biography which has appeared for many a long day.

Among the soldiers and politicians of the earlier reign of George III., not the least distinguished in many respects was Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne. His failure at Saratoga, occasioned less through his own shortcomings than those of others, threw indeed a cloud over a military reputation which, prior to that calamity, had been more than respectable. Great, however, as the misfortune was, it neither lost for the prisoner on parole the good opinion of his friends, nor caused society to turn its back upon the somewhat florid speaker in the House of Commons—and the brilliant author, as a century ago he was esteemed to be, of ‘*The Lord of the Manor*,’ and ‘*The Heiress*.’ When a Westminster schoolboy, General Burgoyne had become the sworn friend of Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley. This led to an intimacy with the family, which the soldier of fortune somewhat abused by eloping with Lady Charlotte, his friend’s youngest sister. But the incident, whatever may have been thought of it by the parents of the bride, seems not to have interrupted for a moment the kindly feelings of her brother towards the bridegroom. Lady Charlotte died without issue, in 1776. A year or two afterwards the widower formed an illicit connection with a professional singer, who lived with him till his death in 1792, and whom, with her four children, he left absolutely penniless.

Of these four children, the subject of this memoir was the eldest. The day of his birth is not given, but we learn that he was baptised in

the parish church of St Ann’s, Soho, on the 15th of August 1782, and that he received the name of John Fox Burgoyne—Charles James Fox, the great Whig statesman, standing as one of his sponsors.

General Burgoyne, as we have seen, died in 1792. He had made provision, as he thought, in his will for the children and their mother; but when his affairs came to be investigated, there were debts more than sufficient to swallow up all the assets, and mother and children were thrown upon the world. Nobly and generously Lord Derby came forward to supply to the orphans the place of a father. He assumed at once the entire charge of their maintenance, removed them from their mother’s care, and treated them ever afterwards as if they had been the lawful offspring of his sister, not the illegitimate children of her husband.

The subject of the present memoir was sent at first to be educated under a private tutor at Cambridge. With him he remained for about a year, after which he was removed to Eton, and subsequently, in 1796, to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. His biographer tells us that all this while the boy was gentle wellnigh to timidity, and accounts for the circumstance by reference to the state of dependence on the bounty of strangers of which, from early years, he had been painfully conscious. There may be some truth in this surmise; yet, on the whole, we are inclined to attribute the infirmity—for an infirmity it was—much more to constitutional diffidence than to any association of ideas, of which, to say the truth, we can discover no trace, either in his own letters or in those of his friends. Be the causes of the phenomenon, however, what they may, nothing can be more certain than that this distrust of his own powers, which

is represented as colouring the youth's academic career, never entirely ceased to be present with the man throughout a long and useful life. In doubtful and difficult circumstances occurring over and over again, no human being ever took clearer views of what ought to be done, or expressed them more distinctly; yet, in every instance, as it would seem, he gave way when strenuously opposed, and, retaining his own opinions, which were almost always sound, consented to act in contravention of them. There might be weakness in this. There doubtless was, but it was a weakness both loyal and amiable. Had he been less modest he might have filled a larger space in the world's esteem; but in this case, the applause of the crowd would have been purchased at the expense of those very qualities which rendered him so much an object of personal love to his friends and associates.

Young Burgoyne's first commission, as lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, bears date the 29th of August 1798. By a curious coincidence, the first professional duty which he was called upon to perform was to assist in fortifying the western heights at Dover; and he lived to complete the works, as Director-General of Fortifications, just seventy years afterwards—*i.e.*, in 1868.

In 1800 our young soldier found himself under orders to proceed to Egypt with a force, of which General Abercromby was at the head. He did not, however, get further on that occasion than Malta, of which the French were then in possession, and in the blockade and capture of the forts commanding which he was employed. There he subsequently remained, serving as *aide-de-camp* to General Fox till the peace of 1802, when he obtained leave of absence, and made a tour through Egypt,

Turkey, and Greece. Young as he was, he appears to have travelled with his eyes and ears open; for the information which he communicated on his return respecting the intrigues of the French in the East was considered so valuable that the Governor at once transmitted it to Downing Street. The result was, a second expedition by-and-by to Egypt, in which Burgoyne, now promoted to a captaincy, took part, but which unhappily failed, partly because the force employed was insufficient, partly because the enterprise was not conducted with the skill and judgment necessary to insure success.

During 1806, and part of 1807, Captain Burgoyne served in Sicily. In December of the latter year he was recalled to England in order to accompany, as Commanding Engineer, a force which was about to proceed to Sweden under Sir John Moore. Of the adventures of that little army and of its leader, as well as of the Government and people of Sweden, Burgoyne's journal gives a curious and interesting account. But we cannot stop to analyse it, because greater events were at hand, with the whole of which, from the landing of Sir John Moore's division in Mondego Bay, down to the termination of hostilities in 1814, our hero was constantly mixed up.

In the sufferings and dangers that attended Sir John Moore's memorable retreat, Captain Burgoyne had his full share. He it was who, after mining the bridge over the Esla, held it till the British army had crossed over, and then blew it up, just as the French were descending from the opposite heights to force a passage. He was not, indeed, present at the battle of Corunna, because his line of retreat lay in a different direction; but he lost his horses, his baggage, and all else that he possessed, and returned to Eng-

land with the light division from Vigo, rendered all but totally deaf by the hardships which he had undergone. Again Lord Derby came forward like a father, to comfort and sustain him. Immediately on reaching London he received a letter from his noble friend enclosing a draft upon Drummond's, and begging him to apply without scruple for further pecuniary aid, should it be required. Nothing can be more touching or in better taste than the letters which passed on both sides, and which Colonel Wrottesley has with great propriety given at length. Burgoyne's journal shows, likewise, that the sufferings of the campaign were all forgotten during the pleasant weeks which he spent, partly at the Oaks, one of Lord Derby's country residences, and partly in London. There, among other sights, he witnessed the burning of Drury Lane theatre; but his services were soon required on a larger field, and he went forth again, to enter upon a life of military adventure, which, beginning in Lisbon, suffered no interruption till it carried him to the blockade of Bayonne and the first abdication of Napoleon.

Our readers would scarcely thank us, we suspect, if, from the volume now lying open on our table, we were to draw for them a sketch of the war, as it was waged sixty years ago in Spain and Portugal. Much more to the purpose it will be if, referring such as are curious in this matter to Burgoyne's journal itself, wherein are jotted down both the movements of columns and the personal adventures of the diarist, we content ourselves with making one or two extracts, such as shall show not only what the writer said and did in the performance of his duty, but the light in which some of the great Duke's military operations presented themselves to

a mind not naturally prone to find fault with those in authority. For ourselves, we offer no opinion on regard to the justice or injustice of some of these criticisms, though the first, which we now proceed to transcribe, is undoubtedly at variance in one important particular with the spirit of what the writer had himself previously stated, and is opposed in other respects to all history. He has told the story of the passage of the Douro somewhat incorrectly as regards the means that were employed to achieve it. He goes on to express an opinion upon the entire operation in the following terms :—

"The first thing that strikes one in this business is the little previous preparation. Why Beresford, whose object was evidently to impede the retreat of the enemy, take up his time, and divert him sufficiently to enable the main body to be close at his heels and attack him, was not allowed more time to seize upon important posts, destroy bridges, &c. ; and why Romana was not acquainted in time with the operations about to be undertaken against Soult, when he would have been very happy to have lent a hand to so important an undertaking ; and though his undisciplined troops may have been very unequal to meet the French in the open field, no one will say they were not very adequate to a war of posts in broken wild country, and especially against these already harassed dispirited troops.

"As regards the immediate work of attacking Oporto, it has been shown that the General had information on the morning of the 12th that a body of the enemy had left Oporto and taken the road to Valongo very early that morning ; that the floating bridge at Oporto had been blown up in the night, but that at from four to eight miles above there were plenty of boats and every facility to pass the river. From these considerations it would appear the most military mode of proceeding would have been to have sent a small corps direct to Oporto to amuse the enemy while the main body crossed

the river at Avenches. Had this been done the French army would have been divided in two, the rear-guard left in the town easily cut off, and the retreat of the remainder consequently more difficult. But then the brilliant achievement of forcing the passage of a considerable river in the presence of an enemy would have been lost.

"There is another point open to criticism—viz., the want of celerity with which a flying dispirited enemy was hurried," &c. &c.

The only remark which we care to hazard on the first of these criticisms is, that if there were abundance of boats four or five miles higher up the stream, there were, likewise, with General Murray troops enough to fill them, and that further to divide his army appeared to Sir Arthur Wellesley undesirable. With respect to the second, it must be borne in mind that the English army was composed mainly of very young men—most of them recently recruited—of whom Captain Burgoyne himself, after seeing them passed in review, says: "The army is not so fine an one as I have been accustomed to see,—most of them very young soldiers;" while "the Portuguese made a very bad figure indeed,—cannot march,—the men particularly small." With troops of this description rapid movements are most distressing, as, indeed, was shown by the numbers who broke down during this campaign. Sir Arthur also pretty well accounted for the escape of the enemy when he said in his despatch—"It is obvious, that if an army throws away all its cannon, equipments, and baggage, and everything which can strengthen it, and can enable it to act together as a body, and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but add to its weight and impede its progress, it must be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed with any prospect of being over-

taken by an army which has not made these sacrifices."

In all the sieges which occurred during the progress of the war, Burgoyne took a leading part. He seems, indeed, to have been the first officer of his corps who, in the absence of a body of drilled sappers, trained the soldiers of the line both to sap and mine. Lieut. - Col. Fletcher makes special mention of this circumstance in a letter addressed to the Inspector-General of Fortifications; and Captain (afterwards Sir C. P.) Pasley, himself the originator of the corps of sappers and miners, also refers to it: "The sappers we lately employed," says the former, "were taken from the 3d Division, and had received such instruction as time and means afforded, under Captain Burgoyne." "I congratulate you," writes the latter, "upon the honour which you will have of being the officer who trained the first sappers in the British service that ever acted against an enemy."

Burgoyne, now promoted to the rank of major by brevet, was attached, at the siege of Badajos, to the 3d, Picton's, Division. He describes vividly, in his journal, the escalade of the castle, by which the place was taken. But we prefer giving an extract from a description of the same operation, by Captain M'Carty of the 50th Regiment, who acted under Burgoyne as Assistant-Engineer, and gives details which we confess are new to us. Colonel Wrottesley has printed them in his work.

"On the 6th (of April) all minds were anxious for the advance, and orders were issued for the attack at ten o'clock that night. I again, with Major Burgoyne, attended by appointment General Picton at eight o'clock P.M. General Kenpt and several others were there. General Picton, having explained his arrangements and given his orders, pulled out his watch, and

said, 'It is time, gentlemen, to go;' and added, emphatically, 'some persons are of opinion that the attack on the castle will not succeed; but I will forfeit my life if it does not.' We returned to the engineer depot, where the fatigue-parties and others had assembled, to receive ladders, axes, &c., which General Picton superintended himself, and repeated to them some directions. He then asked, 'Who is to show me the way?' and Major Burgoyne presented me to him. When the General had sent off the parties, he turned to me—'Now, sir, I am going to my division,' and rode away. I followed, and soon lost sight of him in the dark; but pursuing the same direction (not knowing where the direction was), I fortunately arrived at the division, which was drawn up in column between two hills, at the distance, I supposed, of three miles, and quite out of sight of Badajos. General Picton having addressed each of the brigades, he returned to the head of the division, ordered the march, and said to me, 'Now, sir, which way are we to go?' We proceeded a considerable distance, and again came within sight of the fortress, the lights of which were altered and much extended. I was to conduct the division to a certain point in the trenches to meet Major Burgoyne, and thence to the escalade, and naturally felt the weight of the charge. For if I had misconducted so that his division arrived too late, I cannot, even now, ruminate on the result. But I had been so perfectly instructed by Major Burgoyne that I could not err; notwithstanding, to prevent the possibility of deviating, I several times ran ahead to ascertain the correctness of my guidance towards the given point, the General inquiring each time if we were going right. I confidently answered in the affirmative. Again I departed, and in approaching the direction of the ravelin, though far from it, I stumbled on a dead soldier of the 52d Regiment, which, operating as a land-mark, proved that I was perfectly correct. No delay or error occurred. I returned to the column and informed the General that it was necessary to incline to the right, and coming to the side of the Talavera road, the column descended into it. Here General Pic-

ton, dismounting, sent away his horse, and headed his division on foot. The firing of the enemy's musketry becoming brisk, increased the General's anxiety lest any occurrence should retard the operation of his division; and when I had again advanced some distance to discover Major Burgoyne, and returned, General Picton, emphatically expressing himself, said that I was blind, he supposed, and going wrong; and, drawing his sword, swore he would cut me down. I explained, and he was appeased. We soon after arrived at the very spot in the first parallel where Major Burgoyne was waiting, when, seizing his hand with the affection of a brother-soldier, I expressed my happiness on the perfection of my guidance, and my assurance to the General that I had not led him an inch out of the way. Indeed it was as correct as a line. The division then entered the trench, and proceeded nearly to the end of it, when the enemy's fire burst forth in every direction over the division. The grandeur of the scene was indescribable. It was as light as day. General Picton exclaimed, 'Some of them are too soon. What o'clock is it?' and comparing his watch with others, the time was a quarter before ten o'clock. I remember this, because it has been supposed that General Picton's division approached too soon. When the division had advanced some distance from the parallel, and General Picton at its head, with General Kempt, Major Burgoyne, the Staff, and myself, the enemy's fire increased considerably; and I was walking between General Picton and General Kempt when General Picton stumbled and dropped, wounded in the foot. He was immediately assisted to the left of the column; and the command devolving on General Kempt, he continued to lead it with the greatest gallantry. On arriving at the mill-dam (extremely narrow), over which the troops were to pass, streams of fire blazed on the division, and the party with ladders, axes, &c., which had preceded, were overwhelmed, mingled in a dense crowd, and stopped the way. In the exigence I cried out, 'Down with the paling!' and, aided by the officers and men in rocking the fence,

made the opening at which the division entered, and which was opposite the before-mentioned mound ; then, 'Up with the ladders!' 'What! up here?' said a brave officer (45th). 'Yes,' was replied ; and all seizing the ladders, pulled and pushed each other with them up the acclivity of the mound as the shortest way to its summit. The above officer and a major of brigade laboriously assisted in raising the ladders against the wall, where the fire was so destructive that with difficulty five ladders were raised on the mound ; and I arranged the troops on them successively, according to my instructions, during which I was visited by General Kempt and Major Burgoyne, although this place and the whole face of the wall, being opposed by the guns of the citadel, were so swept by their discharges of round-shot, broken shells, bundles of cartridges, and other missiles, and also from the top of the wall ignited shells, &c., that it was almost impossible to twinkle the eye on any man before he was knocked down. In such an extremity four of my ladders, with troops on them, and an officer at the top of each, were broken successively near the upper ends, and slid into the angle of the abutment. On the remaining ladder was no officer ; but a private soldier at the top, on attempting to go over the wall, was shot in the head as soon as he appeared above the parapet, and tumbled backwards to the ground, when the next man (45th Regiment) to him upon the ladder instantly sprang over. I constantly cheered—'Huzzah! there is one over; follow him.' But the crossbars of the ladders being broken, delayed the escaladers in the wall a short time, until the ladders were replaced so as to reach the top of the wall, which enabled the troops to pass over."

Of the operations before Burgos, and the causes of the failure there, Burgoyne takes a different view from that taken by historians in general. He will not allow that the insufficiency of the battering-train was entirely or even mainly to blame. His censure is much more sweeping. Here it is:—

"Thus ended the siege of the Castle

of Burgos, which, in my opinion, would have succeeded, had the corps on all the various occasions done their duty, had our Engineers had a competent establishment—viz., of stores, sappers and miners, officers, &c.; or *had a larger force been sent to the attack of the second and third line on the evening of the 18th inst.*"

The truth appears to be, that with the exception of two battalions of Guards, the troops employed on that service were of an inferior order, a very large proportion being Portuguese; and the Portuguese, though good soldiers in other respects, could never be trusted—any more than our own Sepoys—to act alone in desperate circumstances.

"Although the Portuguese," he says, "were so utterly useless, I must say that the British were very deficient, more so than I had ever before seen; but it is a melancholy fact, and one which tells particularly against the operations of the Engineers' department, that British soldiers, who have undoubtedly as much as, if not more spirit than, any in the world, are not ashamed of flinching, in the most disgraceful manner, from *work* under fire. . . . I had an opportunity of pointing out to Lord Wellington one day a French and English working-party, each excavating a trench: while the French shovels were going on as merrily as possible, we saw, in an equal space, at long intervals, a single English shovelful make its appearance. We could not get a dozen gabions filled in one day. Our musketry-fire, kept up by the covering-parties of whomsoever they might happen to be composed, was noisy, wasteful, and ineffective; while the French kept a small number of steady men, who fired well, and never but at a fair object. Every gabion we placed at the full sap had ten or twenty shots through it, and an extraordinary number of our foolish firing-parties were shot through the head by one unobserved Frenchman, while their attention was purposely engaged by another."

Retreating with the army after this repulse to the frontiers of Portugal,

and advancing again with it in the spring of 1813, Burgoyne, now Lieut.-Colonel, witnessed the battle of Vittoria—where he had a horse disabled under him—and was subsequently employed in the siege of St Sebastian. He was not, on that occasion, in chief command as engineer. That post was held by Sir Richard Fletcher; yet he appears to have suggested—though with his usual modesty—a plan of operations which, had it been followed, would have saved, in all probability, both time and bloodshed. Our readers will, we think, be interested by a brief account of this suggestion.

St Sebastian stands on the left bank of the Urumea. The batteries designed to form the breaches in the town wall were erected on the right bank; and in order to reach the breaches when forced, the storming-parties must needs cross the stream, which could be done only at certain times of the tide. Meanwhile, for the double purpose of completing the investment and directing a flank fire upon the threatened point, parallels were drawn from the left bank of the river to the sea. It happened that while excavating the works on this side, Lieutenant Reid of the Engineers fell upon a drain. It was large enough to get into, and with much difficulty and perseverance he went completely through (240 yards), to where it ended in a fastened door opposite the face of the right demibastion of the hornwork; and then, through chinks in the door, he was enabled to look. Referring to this discovery, Colonel Burgoyne, in his remarks on the siege, written, be it observed, the day after the first unsuccessful assault, says:—

“On the discovery of the drain of the aqueduct leading to the ditch of the hornwork, I should have recommended immediately altering the project of attack, as I think the advantages

it would give us would convert a very dangerous assault, and one liable to a great loss of lives, into an attack of comparative certainty, and probably trifling loss, but with a delay of probably three or four days. I would make a globe of compression to blow in the counterscarp and crest of the glacis. Then, at low water, I would threaten the attack on the breaches, and explode the mine, and really assault the hornwork, which, not being now threatened, has but a few people in it, and would, undoubtedly, be carried easily; the sally-port in the curtain would afford a good communication into the ditch, which gives a large space of perfect cover to the troops for retaining it. This might be done in the evening, at five or six o'clock, being the time of low water, and the night employed in making good lodgments within it, commencing breaching-batteries in its *terre-plain* and crest of the glacis of the breaches, against the front of the body of the place, and communications to the parallel.”

Burgoyne's advice was not acted upon. The breaches had been rendered practicable when the drain was discovered, and time was precious. Hence that which ought to have been the main attack was used only to create a diversion; and the assault failing, there could be no return to a device of which the secret was discovered. Not one word of all this got abroad at the time; indeed it is only now, sixty years after the event, that so remarkable a proof of the sagacity of the journalist comes to light.

The abdication of Napoleon in the spring of 1814, by restoring peace to Europe, left the English Government free to turn its undisturbed attention to the other side of the Atlantic; and a resolution was arrived at to embark a considerable portion of the Peninsular army at Bordeaux, and to send it under the command of Lord Hill, to settle accounts with the Americans. To Colonel Burgoyne the offer was made of accompanying this force as

Chief Engineer, a proposal with which he immediately closed. But circumstances arose which induced the Government to abandon this project, and to despatch only two weak corps,—one to reinforce Sir L. George Prevost in Canada; the other, a single brigade, to make a diversion in the Chesapeake, and by-and-by to form part of the force which was to attack New Orleans. In consequence of this change of plan Burgoyne returned, by way of Paris, to England. On the first of July he reached London, whence, after a brief sojourn in the capital, he proceeded on a visit to the Oaks and to Knowsley. From this latter place he was recalled early in August by a letter from Lord Hill, to whom again the American command seems to have been offered. But again the apprehension of troubles nearer home interposed to disturb the arrangement; and it was finally settled that Major-General Sir Edward Pakenham should go out at the head of a handful of troops, which, when joined by the various detachments already operating along the coast of America, would raise his entire force to about 7000 men. With this command Burgoyne was directed to embark; and in the *Statira* frigate he sailed, on the 1st of November, from Spithead—Sir Edward Pakenham, General Gibbs, and Colonel Dickson, R.A., being his fellow-passengers.

Of the ill-arranged and worse conducted campaign before New Orleans we need not here stop to give any account. Colonel Wrottesley has placed the affair in its true light, when he says “it would be difficult in the whole range of English military enterprise to find a more injudicious operation.” But the enterprise was more than injudicious in a military point of view. There were strong political

reasons why England should have shown at that time as much favour as the laws of war would allow to the Southern States, the interruption of whose commerce was becoming so intolerable that they already talked of seceding from the Union. Just at that moment Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, who commanded on the station, made such representations to the Government at home as induced them to strike a blow which, besides bringing discredit on the arms of England, entirely changed the current of public feeling in America. With all that, however, we have for the present little concern; the enterprise, impolitic and unwise as it was, ought not to have failed. All the American works on the left bank of the Mississippi were carried, and General Jackson had given orders for evacuating the town, when a council of war, over which Sir John Lambert presided, came to the conclusion that the attack should not be renewed. We now find that in this council, of which he was a member, Burgoyne urged a renewal of the attack. He was overruled; and because he crossed the river and directed the movement in retreat, he lay for years under the scandal of having advised the very course which he had condemned. Such was the man! Such his modesty!! Such his loyalty!!!

It would be a true saying by whomsoever uttered, that “the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.” Burgoyne had served in Portugal, Spain, and France, through six years of unceasing warfare. In every battle that was fought he was present; in every siege he took a prominent part. He was absent in America when the Order of the Bath was remodelled, and the honours which were conferred on men of far inferior merits passed him by. He

arrived in England after all the arrangements for the army in the Netherlands were completed. He lost by these means his chance of being present at the battle of Waterloo, and of commanding the Engineers, which his army rank must have insured to him. We would not appear to insinuate anything against the professional character of Sir Carmichael Smith. He was a brave soldier and an excellent engineer, but he lacked the experience of war which a life spent in the field had given to Burgoyne; and possibly, had the latter been in command during the night of the 17th of June, the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte would have been put in such a state of defence as to resist all the efforts of the French to occupy it. Be this, however, as it may, Burgoyne's absence from that great battle proved, in more respects than one, very mortifying to him. He returned with the Army of Occupation, the wearer of four gold medals, yet favoured with no higher decoration than that of C.B., which he never wore, nor on any subsequent occasion included among the honours bestowed upon him on account of services performed.

From 1818 to 1821, Colonel Burgoyne was left without active employment. As idle men are apt to do, he fell in love, and in September 1819 married Miss Charlotte Rose, the daughter of Colonel Rose of Holme. His first home command was at Chatham, where he remained till 1826, when Mr Canning's expedition to Portugal being determined upon, he was attached to it as Commanding Engineer. His letters from the old familiar scenes of other and more stormy days will well repay perusal. We must, however, pass them by, as well as his brief career as chief of his de-

partment at Portsmouth, in order that we may devote a sentence or two to a sketch of his sayings and doings while acting as Chairman of the Board of Works in Ireland.

On the first of April 1831, Burgoyne received from Lord Stanley, then chief Secretary for Ireland in Earl Grey's Administration, a letter offering him the post of President of a board about to be created in Dublin, which was to be called the Board of Works, and was to take upon itself all the duties heretofore distributed among five separate boards. The business of this Board was to disburse the sums granted for Irish purposes out of the Consolidated Fund, and to reinvest for the benefit of Ireland such portions of the loan as might from time to time be repaid. Without entering into details, it may suffice to state that Burgoyne accepted the trust; that he threw himself heart and soul into the duties of his office; and that he acquired the confidence, not only of the Government he served, but of all classes of the people for whose benefit he laboured.

The duties in which he was engaged led naturally to his taking wide views of the condition of Ireland, and of the remedies that ought to be adopted in order to improve it. These views, while first impressions were still strong upon him, he set forth in a series of letters, which were collected, printed, and published as a pamphlet. No pamphlet, especially if it be anonymous, commands public attention, be its excellences what they may; and Colonel Burgoyne's *brochure* of 1831 fell dead from the press. Yet we read it now with admiration at the just appreciation by the writer both of the causes and nature of the evils which he describes, even when we

differ from him in regard to some of the measures which he suggests as remedial. We are still of opinion, for example, that in abolishing the Established Church, and passing such a land law as that of 1871, Mr Gladstone made a mistake; on the other hand, his proposal, a little later, ere yet the railway system had been introduced into Ireland, that the Government should at once determine the direction of lines in that country and undertake their management, was worthy of all acceptance. Unfortunately Sir Robert Peel could not be brought to see that if private enterprise be scarcely equal to such an undertaking in a country rich, orderly, and law-observing like England, it must utterly fail where law has no force, and the great bulk of the people are poor. The consequence was, that bills brought into Parliament for the purpose of starting the arrangement, one after another fell through; and the results are thus shown by Dr Hancock, the head of the statistical department, in his notes for 1866:—

“There are at present in Ireland three railways bankrupt, two at a stand-still, two paying 4½ dividend on the ordinary shares, six paying no dividend on preference stocks, seven whose dividends are less than those paid on Government bonds, six paying dividends less than that of commercial interest, and but one (the Dublin and Kingstown) the shares of which are above par.”

Besides advising on these local subjects, Burgoyne was consulted by the Commission, of which the Duke of Richmond was president, “upon inquiring into the practicability of consolidating the civil branches of the army.” We confess to some surprise at finding him favourable to a policy which his great master, the Duke of Wel-

lington, utterly condemned. At the same time, it is just to state that the Minister of War, whom he desired to see in office, and combining in his own person the authority of Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of War, and Master-General of the Ordnance, was one to be selected, if possible, from among those who had served with reputation in the army—such as the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Richmond, Sir George Murray, or Sir Henry Hardinge. Even subject to these restrictions, it may be doubted whether, in a constitutional country like this, it is possible to administer in perpetuity the complicated affairs of the army as they ought to be administered, through a single Secretary of State—liable at any moment to be turned out of office when his party shall cease to command a majority in the House of Commons. Time and events have, however, brought about the issue to which Burgoyne pointed; and we are bound to add, that whatever his predecessors may have done, or his successors may do, Mr Cardwell has shown himself both able and willing to contend against great difficulties, and to surmount not a few of them.

The brevet which came out at the Coronation in 1838, raised Colonel Burgoyne to the rank of major-general. This promotion was immediately followed by his advancement to the dignity of Knight Commander of the Bath—a tardy acknowledgment of services more important and varied by far than those which had already gained for not a few of his juniors a similar distinction. By-and-by a still more satisfactory recognition of his merits came to him, in his appointment to the highest office—that of Inspector-General of Fortifications—which an engineer officer was in those days allowed to hold.

Colonel Wrottesley thus speaks of the incident :—

“ When Sir John Burgoyne assumed the duties of Inspector-General of Fortifications, in 1845, he had just completed his sixty-third year; he had therefore passed, by three years, the age at which it has been since proposed to place all officers of the army and navy on the compulsory retired list. It is a proof of unusual vigour of mind and body, that the period of his greatest usefulness to the State, and of the services by which he will be best known to posterity, commenced at this time, and continued for twenty-three years afterwards. It must be admitted, however, that his constitution was exceptionally hardy. No amount of labour, physical or mental, appeared to fatigue him permanently. At this period he was still fond of field-sports, was an excellent shot, and for many years afterwards would join in his favourite game of rackets.”

We recommend our readers not to pass lightly over the three chapters which tell the tale of Sir John's official life as Inspector-General of Fortifications. These show how he turned his attention to every point connected with the defences of the country, and the improvement of its armament. Block-ships or floating batteries were all the rage in 1845. He drew up a memorandum, pointing out their disadvantages, which, however, failed of its object at the moment. The experiment was tried, at considerable expense; it justified all that he had predicted concerning it, and was by-and-by abandoned. He took the lead at the same time in the introduction of systematic instruction in the use of the musket, and in judging of distances by soldiers. His paper, dated 2d Nov. 1845, “ On the possible results of a war with France under our present system of military preparation,” is not only a masterly production in itself, but is remarkable

for having produced two important results. It converted Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, to the views of the writer; and it drew from the Duke of Wellington his famous letter, the surreptitious publication of which, just a year after it was written, created something like a panic among the more timid, and stirred Mr Cobden, and the whole body of “ peace-at-any-price ” statesmen, to the utterance of an enormous amount of unmitigated nonsense. Colonel Wrottesley has, in justice to his father-in-law, given a detailed account of this affair, which is curious for more reasons than one. But the Government was not content to leave their indefatigable public servant quietly to discharge his proper duties. The Irish Famine occurred, and he was immediately requested to become president of a board through which the funds voted by Parliament for the relief of the distress of the country should be administered. He accepted the post, proceeded to Ireland, and did excellent service;—and obtained as his reward numerous expressions of gratitude, but neither pecuniary nor honorary remuneration. All this, with much more, which will repay perusal, we leave the reader to gather from the pages of the work itself, while we hurry to more stirring matters—the war in the Crimea, and the part which Sir John Burgoyne played in it.

“ The commencement of 1854,” says Col. Wrottesley, “ found war with Russia imminent, and Sir John Burgoyne in close and confidential communication with the Government of Lord Aberdeen.” Two papers, sent in by him to the Cabinet, recommended a double course of action. First, to occupy the Dardanelles as a base of operations for the fleet; and next, having thus made Constantinople safe, to take

the field against the Russians in Georgia. In pursuance of the former project, Colonel Vicars was despatched to survey and report upon the country near the Turkish capital. But Colonel Vicars was seized with paralysis soon after he had embarked, and Sir John volunteered himself to execute the service. He was then, be it remembered, seventy-two years of age. But mind and body were both vigorous to an extent rarely met with at these years; and gratefully, and with many compliments for the chivalry of the proposal, his offer was accepted. We will not do either him or our readers the injustice to attempt an abridgment of the graphic account which he gives of the incidents of that excursion. Let it suffice to state that he lost no time in setting out; that he took Paris by the way, where he was admitted to confidential communication with the Emperor; that the opinions which he expressed produced a strong effect both on the Emperor and his Ministers; and that the French Government, which would appear thus far to have hung back, entered warmly into the views of that of England. From all this it would appear, that with whomsoever the blame rests of having brought on a quarrel between Russia and the Allies, Napoleon is not chargeable, as the world has heretofore imagined, for pushing matters to an extremity. His idea seems to have gone no further than a co-operation of the fleets of the two powers with Turkey. It was the English Cabinet which insisted on a joint expedition by land, and prevailed. "You will be happy to learn," writes Lord Cowley to Sir John, on the 8th of February, "that your visit to Paris has produced a visible change in the Emperor's views, and he is making every preparation for a land expedition, in

case the last attempt at negotiation should break down, as it infallibly will."

Accompanied by Colonel Ardant, of the French Engineers, and attended by Colonel (then Captain) Wrottesley, and Captain Wellesley, Lord Cowley's son, as aide-de-camp, Sir John quitted Paris on the 31st of January, and, touching at Malta, where the French officer was treated with the greatest respect and kindness, arrived on the 12th of February at Gallipoli. Mrs Wrottesley, then Miss Burgoyne, made one of the party—which, after settling where the lines should be drawn, passed on to Varna; and from thence to Omar Pasha's headquarters at Shumla. All that Sir John saw and heard only confirmed him in the opinion which he had already expressed as to the plan of campaign to be acted upon, though Omar Pasha advocated a descent on the Crimea, which he described as occupied only by about 20,000 Russian troops, and to be exceedingly defensible if once reduced.

Returning to London, Sir John made his report, which, with a paper subsequently written, in order to guard against misapprehension, is published, and will be read with great interest. And now, as it seemed, there were two courses, and only two, for the Government to follow. They had deprived the Ordnance Office of its Master-General, by appointing Lord Raglan to command the Army in the East. The post of Lieut.-General of the Ordnance Office had, in a fit of false economy, been abolished. It was competent to those in power either to confer that dignity, which circumstances constrained them to recreate, on Sir John, or they might attach him to the field force as a lieutenant-general of the Staff. They did neither. They appointed to be temporary

head of the Ordnance Office Sir Hugh Rose, a very gallant veteran, who was, however, Burgoyne's junior in army-rank. Sir Hugh had had, moreover, no experience whatever of the working of the department; yet they left Burgoyne Inspector-General of Fortifications, and therefore the subordinate of the new Lieutenant-General, whom, as a soldier, he ought to have commanded. No wonder that Burgoyne, patient as he was of slight, should have felt this deeply. Nor did the mode adopted to soothe his outraged feelings redound, more than the act itself, to the credit of the Government. When a despatch arrived from Varna, containing a plan of the proposed invasion of the Crimea, Sir James Graham sent to Sir John, requesting him to make his remarks upon it. This Sir John did. He disapproved of the proposed landing at the mouth of the Belbec—within sight, so to speak, of Sebastopol. He was equally opposed to an attempt of the kind on the Katcha—that point being also, in his opinion, too near the enemy. What was to be done? The Duke of Newcastle sent for Sir John, and put the question to him whether he would be willing to join the army and give to Lord Raglan the benefit of his experience? Without a moment's hesitation the noble veteran assented to the proposition. But see what followed. No public recognition was made of the position which he was to hold in the field force. He was not gazetted to the Staff of the army.* He went out without any military position at all, and whether any such position was subsequently assigned to him is to this hour uncertain. Why was this done?

Because, had he been placed on the Staff of the army, he must have taken rank as second in command; and in the event of anything befalling Lord Raglan, the command would have devolved upon him!! Such, in those days, was the pitiful jealousy of officers of what were called the scientific corps. They might be very able men, excellent advisers, extremely useful in their way, but they must never take the lead of their brother officers reared in the infantry and cavalry, in whom all the genius for war on a great scale was assumed to have centred. We have, it is to be hoped, broken the neck of this most mistaken prejudice. One general officer trained in the Engineers conducted the expedition to Abyssinia, and now commands in chief in India; and other officers there are, both of the Engineers and Artillery, whom no Government, in the event of war, will venture to keep back.

Sir John's letters, journal, and memoranda, during the progress of the operations that followed, are a study for officers of all ranks. While passing from Marseilles to the Piræus, he amused himself with drawing up a plan of campaign in the Crimea, towards which, through the sheer force of popular clamour and newspaper articles, the tide of war was already directed to be turned. It is curious to notice how very slightly the principles there laid down by anticipation were, in the conduct of the enterprise, departed from. The writer, assuming the Allies to be victorious in a preliminary battle, pronounces in favour of the establishment of a base for siege operations at Balaclava and the bays on each side of the

* It is not made quite clear whether, at a later stage in the war, Sir John was or was not placed upon the Staff of the army. A letter from Lord Hardinge seems to imply that he was about to be so placed; but we do not find any confirmation of the fact itself.

Chersonese. He selects Eupatoria as the place of debarkation, and the point on which, in case of a reverse in the field, the Allies should retreat. Both suggestions were acted upon, and both are now said to have been wise. But on his arrival at Varna he found the army decimated by sickness, many both of officers and men having died, and a much larger number being still down or slowly recovering. There was great gloom in consequence everywhere, which the reports that came in from day to day of the enemy's strength and preparations did not tend to remove. "Captain Drummond of the Retribution," writes Admiral Dacres on the 28th of August, "has just arrived from Odessa; reports that 140,000 men are in the Crimea; 40,000 marched from Odessa to the Crimea lately." These incidents had their natural effect upon a man so experienced in war as Sir John; and one of his memoranda—the first which he seems to have written after reaching headquarters—gives reasons why, under the circumstances, an attack on Sebastopol at that time could be considered only as "a most desperate undertaking." But the die was cast; the enterprise must be entered upon; and he applied his best energies to the arrangement of a plan for meeting every possible difficulty and surmounting it. Not the least formidable of these was the disinclination of the French to the whole service, and their eagerness, when the matter was decided, to force a landing at the wrong place. These were surmounted as much by tact as the force of argument; and the allied armies embarked.

The story of the reconnaissance by the *Caradoc* frigate of the whole coast, from Sebastopol to Eupatoria, is simply and modestly told; so is the account of the land-

ing, the movement upon the Alma, and the battle. In justice to the gallant fellows who fought it, we transcribe the terms in which Sir John—no mean nor prejudiced authority in such cases—speaks of them and their doings:—

"The enemy certainly fought gallantly against superior numbers, and our superior position in attack; but I must say, that our attack was of a very superior order in tactics, in steadiness, regularity, precision, and spirit. The contest was at times becoming very close and resolute, but nearly in all—certainly in all of importance—the enemy were forced to turn; everything was under view; the sight was magnificent. I am told the few Frenchmen who witnessed our attack were in raptures."

The following gives a most attractive picture of this brave old man, and his state both of body and mind:—

"Stafford (one of his aides-de-camp) is a very fine fellow, but too anxious to take care of *me*—always on the look-out to prevent my remaining at any point that happened to be a peculiar focus of fire. My grey horse (lent me by General Tyldon on account of extreme quietness, almost unpleasantly sleepy and lazy) all on a sudden, just as we passed a place on which was a very smart fire, commenced prancing and pulling, and became so fidgety that, after a time, I changed with Stafford. It was after dark when we got to camp, having been twelve hours on our horses; and this morning we find a musket-shot had grazed the skin off one of his hind legs, and it is somewhat swelled, but, I hope, will not lame him.

"We are all in high spirits at present appearances, and certainly the result, if it turns out as we expect, will show that we have highly over-estimated the Russian military power, otherwise the Emperor would never have left this primary substance of his power, Sebastopol, and the fleet, so meanly protected, after so long a warning of our proposed formidable attack.

If we succeed in this final object, our Government, and that of the French, may fairly dictate their terms as to a very inferior state. But it was a lottery whether they would be strong or weak—it was a matter of chance—and, as I think, the chances were greatly against us. The greater ought our rejoicing to be in finding it otherwise.

“Maguire [his servant, a pensioner from the cavalry] has throughout our marches accompanied me on horseback, which is useful, as it gives me a spare horse. He carries something to eat and drink, holds my horse when I dismount, and being an old soldier, does not quit one under fire, as a civil servant probably would. Yesterday, at the very awkward place where my horse was hit, as well as three or four of the Staff and their horses, Maguire dropped his hat, and was obliged to ride back, dismount, and pick it up.”

Poor Maguire, it seems, lost his way when returning from Balaclava during one of the most inclement nights of the winter, after the siege had been formed, got frost-bitten, and died. Writing a few days before this sad accident to his wife, he says:—

“You want me to wright every mail; but having to lay on the wet ground with only Robert’s greatcoat and a blankett, in frost, sleet, and snow, and rain, you cannot expect me to wright every mail. Should aney thing hapen to me, you may depend Sir John would let you know. I would rather stand on the heights of Sebastopol till I was frozen into a pillar of ice, than I would ask to leave him; and if I had a chance to leave tomorrow, I would not go until the Bear was musseled.”

The limits which are at our command will not admit of our giving any details, however brief, of the siege of Sebastopol; nor is this necessary. The volumes now before us must, we venture to predict, pass into many hands; and no one after reading them will entertain

the shadow of a doubt on points heretofore but partially understood. It is clear that the flank march, though censured by Russian writers as a blunder, was the right thing. Doubtless the pursuit after the victory of the Alma was languid. But we must not forget, first, that the British army landed without any means of transport whatever; and next, that only the British, not the French contingent, was under Lord Raglan’s orders. As to carrying the place by *coup-de-main* immediately on arriving at the south side of the town, of that we shall probably hear no more. Looking to the state of preparation at which the Russians had arrived, and the strength of the garrison, an attempt of the sort would have been madness. But this much we do know, that never did a British army enter upon a great enterprise so ill supplied; and that the hardships which the troops underwent, and the unlooked-for prolongation of the siege, are almost entirely attributable to the absence of system and order among the home authorities.

No doubt the leaders of the army of the Crimea were without experience. If we except Lord Raglan himself, Sir George Brown, Sir De Lacy Evans, Sir Colin Campbell, and Sir George Cathcart, not a general or regimental officer of all that landed at Eupatoria had ever, besides Sir John Burgoyne, seen war. But what they might lack in knowledge they made up in gallantry and endurance; and of the non-commissioned officers and men it is impossible to speak too highly. They could not, however, work impossibilities; and a blundering Government, to save itself, threw the blame on men, than whom none ever more faithfully served their country, or suffered more in so doing.

Another matter Sir John's correspondence puts in a new light. Of all the misfortunes that can fall upon an army in the field, scarcely any is more to be deprecated than the presence within its lines of newspaper correspondents—

"Some of the newspaper correspondents," he writes on the 4th of January 1855, "are likely to do us an immensity of mischief; publicly by the information afforded to the enemy, and privately by damaging all our reputations, and, as I think, unfairly and unnecessarily. In Mr ——'s letter, published in the —— of the 18th of December, will be found a quantity of details that will afford most valuable information to the enemy at the present moment, when it could have been easily communicated to him from St Petersburg—the weakness of our forces, the fatigues to which they are subject, the sickness, the imperfect supply of rations, want of transport, impossibility of getting up guns, ammunition, &c. &c. He will gain a confidence that will be most injurious to us, and can prepare himself for greater efforts to resist us. Is that of less consequence than that the curiosity of the public should be satisfied on those points? For to argue that it is necessary to stimulate the Government to adopt proper measures is most erroneous, since nobody can be more aware of what we really do require, or what can be effected, than we are ourselves, or more constant in making our demands. . . . I consider this a most serious evil in the way of our operations; and I have pointed out to Lord Raglan that he ought to put it forward as one great increase to the difficulties of his position,—and he will do so."

He did so—but what then? The Government of 1855 did not dare to interfere. What Government will hereafter put itself in antagonism with the press?

Again, 28th December 1854:—

"Don't you feel a little small in your own conceits about me, after reading some recent articles in the 'Times,'

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in which my name has been mixed up with—

'That he's as bad as bad can be,
And I am quite as bad as he'!

"Among some insinuations, one direct attack is: 'We do not desire to have generals in command above 70 years of age.' They are right in desiring to have *qualified* generals before they have descended much from the prime of life; but I think that Lord Raglan, the hero of the day, is very close upon that age, as well as Sir George Brown, to whom, I presume, they would not object; and though I ought not, perhaps, to be one to say it, after a peace of nearly forty years, a little of the *experience* of the former wars is very necessary at starting on a new one. The old gentlemen here, for instance, can set the young ones right in many essential matters, which the latter cannot know by inspiration, and which *our* army have little means of learning during peace. A little experience with young blood is decidedly what would be best; and as the war becomes prolonged, the younger ought to supersede the older in commanding in the field: but for the present you ought to bear a little with the old ones."

We must hurry over what remains to be told of this deeply interesting narrative. Sir John had from the first urged the allied generals to make the main attack on the Malakoff tower. The French objected; and the approaches to the Redan and the Flagstaff were pushed forward. Sir John was continually in favour of aggressive operations—of driving the Russians from the posts, when they took up in front of the trenches, and teaching them to stand in awe of the Allies. His views were not appreciated either by French or English generals, and the attitude of the men was therefore entirely defensive. This came to be particularly the case after the battle of Inkerman; and in his letters home Sir John greatly laments it. But worse things were in store

for him. The country became impatient. In Parliament, the Ministers were assailed. It was necessary to choose a victim from among the chiefs of the army, and the lot fell upon Sir John. On the 13th of October 1854, Sir James Graham had written to him in these terms:—

“ You may imagine, but you cannot exaggerate the anxiety with which I have watched your movements and splendid successes in the Crimea. I am more and more rejoiced that you gallantly determined to go out at a short notice and take a post under the standard of our friend, Lord Raglan. We have not yet heard of the fall of Sebastopol; but I venture with confidence to anticipate that proud result, which has been the grand object of my constant hopes since the first commencement of the war.”

Sebastopol did not fall in 1854. It continued to hold out in 1855; and Ministers being asked, in a taunting tone, what they had done to hurry forward the consummation, Sir James Graham, speaking for himself and his colleagues, replied; “ What have we done? We have recalled Sir John Burgoyne.”

Comment on this proceeding would be out of place. The very men who committed the gross injustice soon became ashamed of it. Sir John, without one word of remonstrance, without uttering a single complaint even privately to those who had wronged him, far less appealing, as others probably would have done, to the tribunal of the public in vindication of his own honour, quitted the camp amid the deep regret of his brother officers. But the tide had already turned in his favour before he reached London. He was sent for immediately to attend and advise at councils of war, which were held at Windsor, and in which the Emperor Napoleon took part. On the 15th of

August, after the failure on the 18th of June, he sent in to Lord Panmure, then Secretary of State for War, a memorandum, in reply to communications from the seat of war, pointing, as it would seem, to the abandonment of the enterprise. Whether that paper had any effect in deciding the question there is nothing to show. This, however, is certain, the siege was not raised, the final assault was delivered, and Sebastopol fell through the very point on which Sir John had all along contended that it was most vulnerable.

If the brave old man passed for a brief space under a cloud, his sun broke through it again, and shone over him with increased lustre. Little by little his merits came to light, and honours and rewards were showered on him. He was promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal. He was created a Baronet. On the death of Lord Combermere, her Majesty conferred on him the post of Constable of the Tower. He resigned his office of Inspector-General of Fortifications, but retained the full pay of the dignity for life. As we have elsewhere stated, all soldiers of eminence, whether English or foreign, courted his correspondence and sought his advice. He took a deep interest in everything that passed around him—dabbling in literature, contributing to scientific journals, forwarding benevolent projects, especially when they connected themselves with the army. No man ever commanded more universal respect and esteem, and no man ever more deserved to command them. His health likewise continued excellent, and his spirits were those of a boy. Just then there fell upon him a blow, against which he could not contend. His only son—an officer of rare excellence—went down in the Cap-

tain, of which he was in command, and Sir John never held up his head again.

He was buried in the chapel of the Tower with military honours. Two funeral sermons were subsequently preached—one in the Tower itself, the other in St James's Church, Piccadilly. Colonel Wrottesley has appended to his narrative a portion of the latter, for which the writer of this article is responsible. It was the outpouring of the feelings of a friend, who thought only of his friend while he was speaking, and was listened to by almost every English officer then in London. Perhaps we cannot better close our notice of the man, than by quoting a few sentences from this tribute to his memory—not, as Colonel Wrottesley expresses it, because of its praise, but of its truth :—

“Sir John Burgoyne was a religious man, but his religion was without ostentation or parade. He found no vent for it in platform oratory, it carried him into no arena where party questions were discussed. The influence of religion upon him made itself mainly known in a life blameless and pure—a life so pure, so blameless, that, looking to the particular channel

through which its course lay, I find myself unable to point to any other with which it may fitly be compared. Bear with me, if, in so expressing myself, I seem to go beyond the limits of pulpit oratory. I am no chance preacher, no hired advocate called in to paint, in exaggerated terms, the character of one who was to him, while living, a comparative stranger. I saw Sir John Burgoyne for the first time when, with his glass, he swept the breaches of St Sebastian, in order that they who filled the trenches might be instructed how best to move to the assault ; and from that day to the hour of his death, our personal knowledge of each other, though less than either could have wished, bringing us into daily contact, has suffered no interruption. Therefore am I justified in speaking of him as of a man rarely to be found in any rank or station—brave, able, intelligent, upright, a humble Christian, a modest citizen, one who could bear no malice were he ever so deeply wronged, who would not bring reproach upon another, no, not even if by so doing he might avert unmerited obloquy from himself. There was one public occasion, I need not stay specially to point it out, when this rare exercise of Christian forbearance was exacted from him. It was a heavy burden to bear, but he bore it without so much as a remonstrance ; and he lived long enough, God be praised, to reap his reward.”

A TRUE REFORMER.—PART XIV.

CHAPTER LXIII.—DOMESTIC—LIGHT AND SHADOW.

BUT these are dull days for Eva, —Eva now without her friend, and London dissipation at lowest ebb, affording but limited resource for the long hours; who sees her husband merely for a few minutes at dinner-time, then perhaps preoccupied, and dropping asleep in his arm-chair during the brief leisure given to the drawing-room before returning to his cabinet. Nor was Eva's husband without uneasy pangs at so much enforced neglect of her, but it was easy to plead with conscience the calls of duty; and the sense of wrong-doing was lulled by a sort of irritation that his wife should be the only person not to appreciate his labours. Had there been sympathy on the one side, it might have been repaid with caressing apologies on the other, and the brief minutes turned to lovers' meetings, the sweeter for their shortness. But, whether from habit or pique, Eva seemed now to contract even the narrow limit of her old interest in his occupations, and her husband retorting, covered them more than ever with reserve. Thus the short intervals spent together were turned to less than no account, the one absent and preoccupied, the other silent and incurious. Meanwhile, left to herself at all other times, Eva sought such small distractions in so-called gaiety as the town still afforded at that season, dimly conscious, perhaps, by what she heard from others, that her husband was engaged upon a great task which bore in some way on politics; both perhaps in their hearts desiring some opportunity for explanation to check this growing estrangement, each probably discovering an excuse in circumstances

for avoiding the first advance towards reconciliation.

It was on one of these days, when official excitement was at its highest, that walking across from Pall Mall to Westminster, I ran against Eva's old friend, Mr Fergusson, the Leatherby doctor. The sight of his handsome face brought me down at once out of the upper regions of political tension, and a rapid vision of peaceful idle days passed over my mind as we shook hands, succeeded by a dull qualm of stricken conscience; his presence reminded me that, prosperous though I had been, my scheme of life had in one sense failed. How different was my wife now from the Eva of the days when I first made Fergusson's acquaintance! And yet the time had been so short.

The doctor had come to town to enter his pupil, young Harry Perkins, at one of the London hospitals, and to see him established in his new life. So much was due to the lad's worthy mother, naturally anxious at her son's first start in the great world. The matter being settled, he would return to Leatherby to-morrow.

"But, my dear doctor, is it possible that you could be meditating a flight homewards without coming to see my wife and me? Such conduct I should not have believed possible of any Leatherby friend, Liberal or Conservative, much less of you. Besides, there are no Conservatives now, nor any Liberals; we all belong now to the Great United Party."

I rattled on in this way because my friend appeared to be a little confused at this unexpected meet-

ing, thus giving him time to recover himself, and to explain that he knew I was very busy, and so did not like to trouble us with a call.

"Well, of course, these are busy times; but, after all, a man can't do more than have his whole time occupied—as a friend of my acquaintance generally has. I suspect I get as many hours in bed on the average as you, doctor. But now that you have found me out, you will come and put up with us?"

"Thank you very much, but I go back by the early express to-morrow."

"So soon? well then, you will come and dine to-night, at any rate, and bring Mr Harry. I am only going down to the House to answer some questions, and shall be back early, and we shall be quite alone. Eva will so enjoy talking over Leatherby days."

Punctually at half-past seven our friends arrived; nor were we kept waiting for dinner, for our new housekeeper had established a reign of punctuality; but I felt a little uneasy lest the delay of nearly half an hour, which occurred before Eva was ready to descend to the drawing-room, should be set down as a manifestation of fine-ladyism. Not that the time hung heavily, for Mr Fergusson had plenty of local news to retail, and the interesting experiences of his pupil had to be detailed.

"Are you going to be a west-end man, Mr Harry?" I asked, as Mr Fergusson went round the room looking at the pictures. "I am told that St Andrew's hospital is a very good school."

"Well, no, sir; I should have liked it very much myself; there's more society, and that sort of thing, of course, in this part of the town, and then some of the lecturers at Andrew's are first-rate. There's Jones, the lecturer on Catarrhal Hysteria,

a very famous man in the profession; and the clinical lectures, too, are very fine. But I have joined Matthews's, Mr Fergusson's old hospital; you see, sir, you get the advantage of working under Skalple there. I want to be an operating surgeon, and Skalple is quite the first man in Europe. He's not quite so bold in his practice as Slawter, of St Simon's, perhaps — never ties up the great aorta, or removes limbs at the hip-joint, or things of that sort, like Slawter—Slawter has tied up the aorta three times, and very nearly saved the patient once, they say; but it's Skalple's delicacy of touch which is so wonderful. The way in which he will carry the knife between a nerve and an artery without touching either of them is quite astonishing. Me and the governor were down at Matthews's this morning to see Skalple operate; a young man with a tumour in his neck as big as both my fists. All our students were there, of course, and all the leading surgeons in London, to see the operation; yet there he was, as cool as anything, working away, as one gentleman said near me, just as if he might have been in the dissecting-room playing with a subject, talking away all the time to our house-surgeon, who was helping him, and he within an ace of the carotid all the time. It was really a beautiful sight."

"It must have been, indeed, especially for the young man. But here comes Mrs West."

Any suspicion of fine-ladyism must have been at once set at rest by Eva's cordial greetings and pretty low-spoken excuses for being so late; and as she came up to them I could see that both our guests were startled by the aspect of their hostess, although both knowing her so well; and truly, as she entered at the other end of the long room, the bright light and gay surroundings,

even her own handsome dress, made from their very contrast a brilliant setting to the picture she presented—the slight graceful figure, erect save for the pretty droop of the girl's head, with the low modest brow crowned by the pretty rippling hair. While, as she came forward with her light step, with the associations of Eva's former life as a country girl thus brought to mind by the presence of her old friends, I too was struck by the incongruity between herself, her simple bringing up and former way of life, and the circumstances in which she was now placed. As for Harry Perkins, the young man's self-possession quite deserted him, and his high colour became still brighter as he exchanged greetings.

The conversation as we sat down to dinner naturally turned at first on Mr Perkins's London movements, in which Eva, with unusual animation, expressed much interest, although evidently puzzled to understand what mode of motion was implied by walking the hospitals.

"And where do you mean to settle down, Mr Harry," she asked, "when you have finished your education? I suppose at Stampton? How nice it will be for Mrs Perkins to be keeping house for you in her own home!"

"Well, I don't quite know about that, Mrs West. I don't think I could make up my mind to settle down to a country practice."

"The rising generation despise our simple lives, you see," observed Fergusson, drily. "What satisfied the master is beneath the aspirations of the pupil."

"Oh no, sir! I didn't mean that, for one moment!" protested the young man. "But where is there any opening for a new practitioner nowadays? Look at Stampton! Why, old Mr Dewleppe may go on for another twenty years; and there are three or four other men established there already be-

sides and ready to cut into any vacancy. Then, again, take Leatherby; why——"

"Oh, Harry! you surely don't think of coming to cut me out?"

"Oh no, sir!" exclaimed Harry; "I wasn't thinking of that for a moment. Besides, of course your sons will succeed you—though, I'm sure, I hope it will be a long time first. Still it's only proper, you know, to look forward to these things. No, Mrs West, I am determined to go into the army. I am told there is a fine field for surgery open in Bengal."

The youngster blushed as he conveyed that message for Sybil to Sybil's sister. Poor lad, I thought; I fear your constancy will fail of its reward. Sybil most likely will be coming home with her first batch of children about the time when you make your first start for India.

"Yes," continued Mr Perkins, "that's why I go to Matthews's, to be under Skalple. I want to make surgery my speciality; and Skalple, you know, is quite the first man in Europe. It was really quite a beautiful sight to-day, to see——"

"You will have a stiff competitive examination to work up for," I interrupted, "if you want to become an army doctor."

"The competition will be practically at an end," said Fergusson, "if Mr West's plan is persisted in of degrading the Army Medical Department."

"How degraded?"

"Why, I understand you are going to reduce their relative rank, and that a surgeon is not to rank above a captain in future. Is not that degradation of medical science?"

"Why, doctor, I should have thought you were more catholic-minded than to make such an objection. But I see by your smile that you are speaking ironically. Yes, the present allotment of relative rank may have been all very

well in bygone years, but things have altered, and there is as much science displayed now in taking life one way as the other."

"Are you not likely to find a good deal of opposition to this part of your scheme?" asked Fergusson. "My fraternity are pretty good hands at agitation, if they think they have a grievance."

"Yes; but then everybody else is in earnest now, and small class objections have little weight. The fact is now beginning to be understood, and has been lately pointed out with great force in a minute by the head of the Medical Department, that the education for the army will be, if it is not already, quite as complete and severe as that for the medical practitioner; and that to be able to run off the names of bone articulations is not science, and that to get up the dogmatic formulæ that do duty for medical science is not education. At least, so says De Speetick, the head of our Medical Department. Anyhow, the paramount object in view is to make the captain a big man. Besides, after all, the doctors get a good start, for they leave school mostly at an age when other boys are beginning to go there."

This was the only professional topic discussed during the evening. The conversation turned mainly upon Leatherby and our friends there, in talking of whom Eva became quite animated, throwing off the expression of listlessness which she generally exhibited during our *tête-à-tête* dinners. The evening passed away only too quickly, and Fergusson went away early, being under engagement to pay a late visit to an old friend now practising in London. At least he made this his excuse for leaving. "We have taken up enough of your time, as it is," he said, as he rose to go; "for I suppose you have a long night's work before you. We Leatherby

folks are very proud of our member, I can assure you. But it must be terrible hard work."

"You speak like a man out for a holiday, and sure of your night's rest for once. But I suspect it is far easier to sit writing comfortably in one's chair than to spend the nights as you so often have to do, aiding the matrons of Leatherby in their laudable efforts to supply future War Ministers with raw material for their armies. At any rate, it seems to agree with you."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Harry Perkins, as he and Fergusson were putting on their greatcoats in the hall, "but if it would not be too great a liberty, I should take it as a great favour if you would give me an order for the House of Commons some day. I should like so much to hear some speeches. Our lecturers at Matthews's are very fine speakers, of course; but I believe there is a great deal to be learnt from the Parliamentary gentlemen."

"It is hardly fair, perhaps, to compare us with so high a standard. Your lecturers possess the advantage of always having something to say, which is the great difficulty with many of our orators. But a better plan than getting an order for the gallery, where you can't see anything, will be to send me in your card any day when you come, and then, if the House is not very full, I could bring you in under the gallery, where you will be close to all the celebrities."

"Before we go," said Mr Fergusson, interrupting his pupil's thanks, "I should like to say one word to you alone."

"By all means; let us step in here. Mr Harry, will you excuse us for a moment?" And leaving the young gentleman standing in the hall with the footman, I led the

way into the dining-room, where the embers were still alight on the fire.

"I am sure," said Fergusson, when the door was shut, "you will not consider it a liberty, coming from so old a friend, and one who has attended her from childhood, if I offer you a caution about Mrs West's health. She appears to me to be extremely delicate."

"Eva! I thought she looked unusually well to-night. Generally she looks pale and delicate, but the pleasure of seeing her old friends made her quite rosy this evening."

"Yes, she had a colour, but it was not the flush of health; it came and went. You see her every day; I have not seen her for more than a year—since she had that accident—and I assure you the change quite shocked me, she looked so weak and frail. Does she ever complain of the effects of that fall?"

"No, not to my knowledge. She was a good deal upset by an unfortunate incident which occurred in our household some weeks ago, but she seemed to be getting over it. And as for being weak, why, my dear doctor, you ought to see her at a ball. She will dance till any hour of the morning without stopping, and she goes out to parties of one sort or another night after night."

"The very worst thing for her."

There was not light enough to see my friend's face, shaded by the mantelpiece, as we stood together before the fire, but his voice expressed gravity and concern.

"But what is to be done?" I asked. "You see every moment of my time is occupied just now; I hardly see her for days together except when snatching a hasty meal. I am obliged to give up all society at present till this army job is settled; and I don't mind saying to you,

because you must know it already, Eva does not find much interest in the sort of pursuits some women take interest in. It would be dreadfully dull work for the poor child if she were to be always moping at home because I cannot go about with her."

"London altogether is, I should think, a very bad place for her, especially during the winter," replied Fergusson. "The south of England would be much more suitable, or still better the south of France."

"Then do you think her lungs are affected?"

"That I cannot say without an examination, and I should hope not. There is no cough apparent. But where there is so much natural delicacy of constitution there is need of every precaution."

"But how is it to be managed? She could not go alone, and you must see that my going with her is impracticable."

"Of course; but I thought, perhaps, if you knew of any lady friend——"

"I wish I did; but a friend of that sort is not easily found. It would be useless to press her aunt to go!"

"I should be afraid so. When people get to that age they often come to take peculiar notions of duty."

"And Miss Barton's notion of duty is never to leave Leatherby. I am fairly puzzled. We have heaps of so-called friends about, of course, like everybody else, but none of the sort that could be ordered off to Pau or Nice at a moment's notice. The only person I can think of is Mary Drew—she would do anything for Eva; but then a couple of young girls can't be travelling about the Continent together. Besides, to send Eva off in that way would certainly

frighten her, and might make matters worse. What is to be done? Is this move actually necessary, do you think, doctor?" I added, after a pause, as he did not reply.

"No," answered Fergusson at last, "certainly I do not say that, and possibly I may have said even more than was justified; but I should not have been satisfied to go away without offering this caution. However, I must not detain you any longer; good night."

After the hall-door closed on the good doctor, I returned to the empty room to ponder over his advice, trying to form a resolve. What if I were to throw up office and carry my wife off in search of health? And as the idea came into my thoughts, there rested there for an instant a vision of a new life—a life devoted to the pursuit of quiet happiness, satisfying a longing which ever made itself felt, even in the whirl of politics and business. For conscience always whispered that one duty was still unfulfilled. That docile mind, so gentle and guileless, might yet give a return for proper cultivation. She is still so young, almost so childlike; surely there is yet time by care to create some mutual sympathy of tastes and thoughts—at any rate, to check the growth of that virtual estrangement so rapidly dividing us. And then this warming to shelter her from the cold northern air. Surely my wife had the first claim; and what are name and fame if happiness be lost?

But then the same inner voice whispered that it would be disgraceful to give up my present work merely in pursuit of happiness. To quit office now, before order has emerged from chaos, to be succeeded by some new man who would make confusion worse confounded, and to be denounced as a rash young blunderer, an impostor trading on the

public credulity, who flies the task, all too great for such a one, which his vanity had tempted him to undertake despite the warning forebodings of wiser men! What chance of happiness for one of whom the world was saying this; a man with discontent gnawing at his heart, as he thinks in the bitterness of solitude of the one great opportunity of his life heedlessly, recklessly thrown away. Reckless indeed; for is not one's first duty to his country? Needless too, surely; for, after all, our good mentor merely recommended change. He did not say it was absolutely necessary, and he had not the opportunity for certain judgment. And then I tried to recollect whether Eva was really looking different from what she was before—to recall her face and figure as they were, three months, six months ago. Vain effort! we can no more trace the daily change in those we live with, than we can reproduce the fleeting forms of yesterday's sunset clouds.

Musing thus, I returned up-stairs to look at Eva herself, and see if I could observe the signs which Fergusson had spoken of. But she had gone to her room. I turned to her picture hanging in the room,—the one which had attracted so much attention in last year's Exhibition. As well it might, for seldom does artist secure a fairer subject, and very happily had this one dealt with it: the slight graceful figure robed in evening dress, a light scarf round her shoulders; the hands crossed, a fan and bouquet pendent from the taper fingers; the droop of the gentle head, the low brow crowned with rippling brown hair; the wistful innocent face; the soft blue eyes joining in question with the half-parted lips,—the picture looked down from its frame like Eva's self; and gazing up at it, I sought for token whether that too told any tale of change. Yes;

there could be no doubt about it. The original was even more fragile-looking than the picture. But then we all said at the time that the painter had flattered a little. Something of truth had been sacrificed to effect, and the pretty delicate shoulders drawn a shade too full. Thinking over the matter in undecided fashion, I passed on to the inner room, the library appropriated to work, the tables of which were

covered as usual with papers of urgency, which I looked at for a time irresolutely. Prominent among these was the report on the defences of London, which had to be brought up to the Cabinet Council next day at noon. No time, therefore, was to be lost in reveries; this case and others must be mastered before morning; and shaking off my dreamy mood, I settled down to the night's work.

CHAPTER LXIV.—A TRAGEDY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

In the conversation with Mr Fergusson recorded in the last chapter, reference was made to an unfortunate domestic incident which had happened a short time before, and a little episode must here find a place, unimportant in itself to all but a few, and not bearing directly on our fortunes, but yet not without its influence on what followed.

When, on arrival in England, nearly three years before the time now under record, Eva and I paid our first visit to Leatherby, she engaged there as body-servant a little maid, niece to Hannah and Maria, the two servants who composed her aunt Emily's establishment,—a gentle, modest little damsel, neat in person and dexterous with hand, altogether a promising subject for conversion into an accomplished lady's-maid. Annette had never left her native Leatherby till she accompanied us to London, and I well remember the nervous anxiety she felt at the pronounced manners of the servants' hall at the Grand Belgravia Hotel; also, that when we took her with us to Kissen-
gen in the autumn of that year, the maid, whose admiring bewilderment at the scenes of our foreign travel was amusing to observe, required at first almost as much looking after as her mistress, but very

soon became handy and helpful, and the best traveller among us. After this tour, Annette did not come much under my observation; at most I passed her now and then on the stairs, or perhaps came upon her while brushing Eva's hair in her room: but I noticed that she appeared to have caught something of her mistress's grace of manner, and in her quiet way the same taste in dress; and I noticed, too, that while her face was demure enough, and eyes downcast, the once timid expression had been replaced by an air of greater self-possession. Eva took very kindly to the girl, who in turn seemed to be really fond of her mistress—and who could help loving Eva who came under the influence of her gentle ways!—and amid all the changes of our shifting household, Annette remained constant to us, the one fixed element in the domestic kaleidoscope; we came, in short, to regard her as almost one of the family, and Eva was often wont, when going shopping or driving alone, to take her humble friend as escort.

It was, therefore, with some pain and surprise that I had come away from a conversation held with her aunt Hannah, Miss Barton's housemaid, during the visit we had paid to Leatherby after the autumn man-

cœuvres on Arrowdown. That excellent domestic intercepting me one afternoon as I was about to enter the house after smoking a cigar in the garden, and prefacing speech by a curtsy, asked if she might make bold to speak to me a minute. It was about their niece. She and Maria knew the Captain and Miss Eva—that is, Mrs West—had been very kind to our girl—“we calls her our girl, but of course you know, sir, she’s only our niece, but her mother and father both dying, and we having to keep and look after her, it comes natural like to call her so, and no mother that ever was could be fonder than my sister and I are of our Annette. We feel it very kind of you and your good lady to take so kindly to our girl—but, laws! Miss Eva, she couldn’t help of course being kind-spoken to every one; and I do assure you, sir, it’s not because we are not bounden for your kindness that I make so bold as to speak, but that our Annette—leastways that’s not her real name, you know, sir, but the Miss Bamfylde, their upper housemaid being called Anne, of course they used to call her Annette, so as to know one from the other, and that’s how she came by that name——”

Well, I asked, trying to stop this flow of explanation, what had gone amiss with Annette? for that was what she seemed to be driving at.

“It’s this, sir: me and my sister we both seem to think the girl’s got to be changed; she ain’t like the same girl she was afore she went to London.”

“Well, but so she has changed, no doubt, and no wonder; Mrs West has turned her into quite a smart lady’s-maid——” I confess I had my doubts about Eva’s share in the transformation—“you surely wouldn’t wish her to remain always a raw country lass?”

“No, sir, it isn’t that; we know that you and Miss Eva—that’s Mrs West, have been real kind to our girl, and very grateful we are, I do assure you, sir. Well, I don’t know exactly how to put it, sir, but—but there’s a many things seems to go on in gentlefolks’ kitchens in London that didn’t ought to.”

Thinking of the various dynasties which had succeeded to the rule in our lower regions, I could not but assent silently to the probable truth of this proposition, as regarded our establishment at any rate. Speaking aloud, I asked what was the particular point she wished to enforce.

“Well, sir, me and Maria, it seems to us, Annette has grown so bold-like.”

“Bold? why, a gentler-looking girl I never saw; she moves about the house like a little ghost.”

“Yes, sir, that’s where it is, and that’s what makes it all the odder. The girl seems so quiet to look at, and yet she speaks out that way as really quite makes one stare. You’ll excuse me, sir, but I think you must have had some people in your house such as didn’t ought to be in any decent house, leave alone gentlefolks’.”

I felt inwardly abashed at this too true criticism, and could only reply that Annette was, I believed, usually in the work-room up-stairs when not attending on her mistress.

There was more conversation of the same sort. Had she spoken to Eva on the subject? Well, Miss Eva, if I would excuse her saying so, hardly understood what she was driving at; and so she had taken the liberty of coming to me. Then, again, the girl never went to church; “Now you know, sir, we have always been brought up regular church-goers, and Miss Barton always allows both Maria and me to

go to church twice a-day every Sunday regular."

Surely Annette went to church? I said. No, and she as good as boasted of it to her aunts that folks never went to church in London.

I promised attention to what the good woman told me, which left me with an uneasy sense of duty unfulfilled; and on our return to town I spoke to Eva about it.

"Your aunt's servants seem to think, Eva, that their niece is not altogether improved by her London life."

"I don't know why they should think so, I am sure; I think she has improved very much. She was such an old-fashioned little thing when she came to us, and now she is fit for anything. And you always say that she dresses my hair beautifully, just as if she had been brought up to it."

"I don't mean that exactly, but I am afraid she has not learned much good from some of our former servants."

"I daresay not; that cook used to talk—I don't mean the last one, or Jenkins, but the one before Jenkins—she used to talk dreadfully, I know; Berkshire accent I believe they called it—h's put in and h's left out; it was dreadful; but I don't think Annette caught it of her. Indeed I think she has improved; you know she used to talk fearful Yewcestershire when she came to us, 'tue' for 'too,' and 'vokes' for 'folks;' but she is quite cured of that now."

This unintentional diversion from the subject did not encourage me to pursue it, but I made one more effort.

"There is one point you might see to, I think, and that is that she should go to church regularly."

"So she does, every Sunday."

"Hannah, her aunt, told me when

we were at Leatherby that she made a boast of never going."

"Well, she is supposed to go; she always has leave for the purpose."

"Ah, but that is not enough. You ought, my dear, to see to these things yourself. Remember the girl has come up from the country under our charge."

"I don't see how I am to manage this unless we take her to church always with ourselves. I don't suppose you want me to be always spying after her, or to go out with her of a Sunday afternoon."

"Eva, that is not spoken like yourself. But I don't want to dictate to you how you should do your duty; you must know what I mean quite well."

"Of course I know that I never do anything right, I know that," said Eva, pettishly. "But I certainly didn't expect to be told that I was unkind to Annette. Why, she is always in my room up-stairs as if she were a friend more than a servant, and I never let her sit up for me when I am out late at night."

With a few more words of the same sort, which had no effect but to leave a bitter flavour behind them, the conversation ended; nor did occasion arise for renewing the subject, which got itself forgotten amid other and more absorbing matters, till I was painfully reminded of it by an occurrence which took place some months later. It was the last week of our stay in the little house by Queen's Gate, after Mary Drew's departure, and during the first eventful days of the new Administration, that I walked home one night from the House. It was about eleven o'clock, and Eva had not returned from a party; for although sultry August, the London season in this eventful year was still dragging its weary length along, the Continent being practically closed, and Parlia-

ment still sitting. Nor was I expected at home, for a debate had been looked for that evening, and I had left word before going away in the morning that I should dine at the House, and not be home till after midnight. But there had been an unexpected early adjournment. Walking then up the door-steps, I was just about to ring for the servant to let me in, in order to apprise him of my return, when my hand was arrested by the sound of coarse loud laughter coming up the area, plainly heard through the open windows of what was termed the housekeeper's room. This grated on my ear as something beyond even the loud manners of a kitchen, and accordingly letting myself in by the latch-key I descended to the basement. The noise continued, high-pitched male and female voices, not wholly unfamiliar it seemed, effectually drowning the sound of my footstep, so that I came upon the party without warning. They were four in number; Gates my man, Annette, a strange man, who looked to be a valet, and a high-coloured young woman, who certainly was not a servant. They were engaged in playing at cards, the men with pipes in their mouths, their coats off, and waistcoats open, for the night was hot, and their feet on opposite corners of the table, which was garnished with decanters and glasses. The strange young woman was lolling back in her chair with her cards held up before her, while Annette was leaning forward with both elbows on the table, her face resting on the palms of her hands, and in the act apparently of uttering some loud retort.

That an entertainment should be given down-stairs during our absence was not a surprising thing in itself; but there was an air of *abandon* about the party which was thoroughly disgusting. The caution of the girl's aunt at once came back to

my mind; I felt disgust, too, at having been imposed on by false appearances, and at the idea that any one should come near Eva who was tainted by such association.

The party all got on their feet as soon as they saw me, except the strange young woman; the men were evidently in liquor, and so, I perceived, with a sense almost of horror, were their companions.

There was little to be done or said.

"Annette, go up-stairs to your room. Let these people leave the house at once, Gates, and then put out the lights."

The girl obeyed the order without speaking, but as she passed by me to reach the door, she looked up askance with a look half ashamed, half saucy, and I saw only too plainly that she too must have been drinking.

The strange young woman put on her bonnet and shawl leisurely, with an impudent smile on her face.

"The gentleman looks riled, don't he?" she said, in a loud voice; "so I suppose we had better hook it. 'Tain't no good staying where you ain't welcome—is it, Tommy, my man?"

"Come, you hold your jaw, will you?" said the person addressed, who, although not steady on his legs, had sense enough to understand the nature of the position. "None of your impudence, but just come along."

"Why, how you do take on," replied the girl, as she moved to the area-door, and then turned round with a leer; "I ain't a-said anything to hurt the gentleman's feelings, have I? No offence taken, I hope, where none ain't meant. Good night, Bill; I hope the governor won't cut up rough about this here little lark in the morning."

This speech made the strange man more angry, and they went up the area-steps wrangling together,

and I could hear their high voices and the girl's brazen laughter for some way down the street.

My own servant was easily disposed of, for the man received his wages the next morning in respectful silence, making no attempt at excuse or justification. He had been only a few months in our service, the last of a succession of male dynasties abdicating from stress of subterranean revolutions; a good-looking fellow, and, I had supposed, not a bad servant. I thought with a sigh of relief that in a few days, when we moved into our new house, there would be a strong domestic government at last under the dictatorship of a judicious matron, and freedom from the distraction of those small household worries. Withal, I could not help being struck with the absurdity of the situation, thinking what the public would say did they know that the man who was supposed to embody in this great crisis the national energy, straining every nerve to make head against threatened invasion of his country, was really engaged the while in repelling an invasion of his kitchen. And yet, I thought, this incident may have its counterpart in other households. Few men so lofty-minded as to rise above all domestic considerations. Wrinkles on the statesman's brow may come from other cares than those of office, and time be spent in other ways than writing masterly despatches. Billancoo, our new Paymaster-General, gets so late to office sometimes, I suspect, because he must stop to have the last word with his wife over the breakfast-table; and as for more harmless pursuits, if a man is fond of his stable or his kennel, and thinks he can do things himself better than other people, he may easily spend half the day blistering a horse or doctoring a favourite dog. There is nothing easier than to

waste time; but while we are conscious of the hours we lose ourselves, we do not observe our neighbours' wanderings out of the straight heroic path.

The misconduct of our little maid was not so easily disposed of as the man's offence. To send the poor girl home in disgrace because her natural guardians had neglected their duty of looking after her properly was not to be thought of, and, having put off a half-thought-out plan for removing her from her place about my wife till the time had gone by for carrying it out, I suppose it was moral cowardice which made me depute the task of lecturing her to Eva; the mental excuse being that my wife's gentle admonition might prove more effectual than my sterner reproof. Eva told me afterwards that she cried bitterly when spoken to, but said nothing in the way of excuse or repentance, and I noticed that the girl looked pale and her eyelids swollen, and her aspect half sullen, half ashamed, when I met her on the stairs. But we were now possessed by the first excitement of newly-assumed office, and in the whirl of public business I had almost forgotten the whole affair, when it was suddenly brought back to recollection by Annette's disappearance.

It was the morning on which we were to change houses, that as I was leaving my dressing-room to go downstairs, Eva called to me from her room to find out why Annette had not answered her bell. But Annette was nowhere to be found. No one could give any tidings of her, and her bed had not been slept in. She must have gone away on the previous night. The wardrobe of her neat little room contained several dresses, mostly presents from her mistress; her little treasures were still there: two little photographs of her aunts and another of the Bam-

fyldes' house hanging against the wall, and a book or two, and her work-box on the drawers. But Eva said she thought some of her clothes were missing, and the toilet articles were gone.

I went off that morning sadly to office, after seeing Eva—pale, trembling, and almost too nervous to walk down-stairs—set off in the carriage which was to take her to her new home. Two days passed without tidings, as we vainly scanned the newspapers, dreading to see the news we half expected to find there. On the third day I sent for a detective.

The man came at once, hoping, perhaps, that what the new Secretary of State wanted of him, might be some big job worthy of his skill; and he certainly looked disappointed when I told him the object was to find a missing lady's-maid.

"You see, we cannot help fearing the poor girl may have made away with herself, and I want you to get the earliest information of the sort, you understand?"

"I understand, sir, but I don't think you need be any ways afraid about her having committed suicide. When young women means to throw themselves into the Regent's Canal, or the like of that, they doesn't mostly take a brush and comb and two pair of spare boots with them."

I could not help thinking for the moment what evil days those must come upon, who had need of a detective for their own family business. The man was respectable looking and civil, and meant well enough, but his coarse professional way of talking about even a poor servant-maid jarred painfully on the feelings.

"But you see," I argued, "the girl had misbehaved seriously, and had been found fault with perhaps for the first time in her life, and she was thoroughly ashamed of herself, and there is no saying how

this might not have acted on her mind." And I told the man somewhat more fully than before what had happened.

"Thank you, sir," he said, when the story was finished; "I think I shall be able to get on the clue pretty soon. You are sure the young woman has not gone back to her home, you said, sir?"

"Yes, I think we may be quite sure of that. She was an orphan, and had only one place to go to, and she has not been heard of there." For it happened Eva had received that morning one of Miss Barton's letters, a circumstance that occurred about once in six weeks, and so remarkable an occurrence as the girl's return to Leatherby would certainly have been mentioned.

"Well, sir, I shall wait upon you again as soon as I have any news to report; and although I can't of course speak positive beforehand, I don't think it'll be very long, sir, before you hear of me again."

The same evening, when I came home to dinner, the man was waiting my arrival in the dining-room; apparently it would not have been consistent with his mysterious calling to stand in the hall.

"Well," I said, "have you been able to obtain any news already?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "and if I may take the liberty of saying so, it's lucky for us who are employed in this line that the jobs we have on hand ain't often altogether quite such plain sailing as this one, else there wouldn't be much work for us detectives left to do. Yes, sir, it's just as I calculated it would be when you told me the rights of the case this morning. She's gone along with the young man."

"What young man?"

"Him as was dismissed from his place just before she ran away."

"And where have they gone?"

"Not very far, sir. It ain't a couple of miles off where we are standing. He's been and took a lodging till he gets another place."

"Then has he married her, do you suppose?"

"Not he, sir. Matrimony ain't much in his line, I expect. No, sir, I daresay he have played the girl false with promises and suchlike, but he ain't a-married her, and don't mean to, you may depend. You didn't get much of a character with that young man, I 'xpect—did you, sir?"

"I am afraid I was rather careless in that respect; and he had been with me only a short time."

"Well, sir, he ain't a nice young man, by no manner of means, that's certain. I haven't had time to hear much about him yet, but I have found out that much."

"I wonder if we could get to see the poor girl at once."

"That you could, sir, I don't doubt. She's at her place alone, too; the young man's a-gone down to Sydenham to look after a sitiuation, and won't be back till late."

I thought for a moment what was best to be done. Dinner was ready, and there was a heavy press of work to be gone into afterwards; but this job might be got through quickly, and the duty was plain. As soon as Eva could be got ready, and first prevailing on her to take a little wine to restore her trembling nerves, we started in a cab—Boucher, the detective, on the box.

The place we were in search of was in a shabby back street, although turning immediately out of a very good one. The cab stopped at a house, a small huckster's shop, and assisting Eva to alight, so agitated that she could hardly stand, we followed our conductor up two flights of dingy stairs which appeared to be those of a lodging-house, and used by a number of people. "Here we

are, sir," said our guide, when we had reached the top floor, and gave a gentle rap at the door.

It was opened by Annette herself, who, recognising the detective, stepped back to allow him to enter, evidently holding him in awe. We followed him into the room, and at sight of us the poor girl stood speechless in the middle, changing to red and white by turns, her eyes downcast, her hands folded, the fingers nervously pulling at each other.

There was silence for a moment, during which I had time to note that the room was their only one, and that it was a poor one, although cleaner than the staircase; also that the girl seemed to have changed in these three days. There was a trace of the slattern already.

"Annette," said Eva at last, "we are so sorry you went away like this; it was very wrong of you, you know, and very sad; but we are not come to scold you, but are come to take you back and try and make you good again."

At the sound of Eva's gentle voice the poor girl looked up wistfully for a moment, and then burst into tears, covering her face with her little apron, not speaking, but shaking her head mournfully as if it could not be.

Upon this our conductor interposed as mediator. "See" said he, in a would-be coaxing voice, "how kind the lady and gentleman are, my dear; 'tisin't everybody as would be willing to let bygones be bygones so easy. So don't stand thinking twice about such an offer, if you're a wise girl, but just put up your things and come along with us at once. Or, for the matter of that," he added in a low tone, confidentially, "if she will just step along of you, ma'am, I'll see to what she leaves behind; 'tain't very much neither," he added by way of soliloquy, looking to where a dress and a

little hat were hanging against the wall.

I could not stand this, so interrupted him by saying—

"Yes, Annette, your mistress and I mean what we say. Come home with us and you may yet be saved from further ruin." And I had a plan in my head at the moment for warding off the disgrace of her fall without bringing her back to her old place about my wife.

Annette lifted her head for a moment, and looked at us as if to see whether our faces showed pity in keeping with our words.

"Yes, Annette," I continued, "we are almost as sorry as you can be. Come," I added, "don't wait for anything, but come back at once as you are. You will never be sorry afterwards if you do what is right now."

"Think of Hannah and the others at home," pleaded Eva; "how can we write and tell them that you are gone from us for ever in this way?"

The poor girl made a move forward as if to take Eva's hand, and I believe she was on the point of making her choice to return with us, but at this moment her companion, who had come up the stairs unperceived, entered the room. He too seemed to have altered for the worse already, now that the restraint of service was off. The fellow looked as if he had been drinking, although not quite drunk.

"Very much obliged to you I am sure, sir, for this visit," he said, with mock humility, after looking round the room for a few moments; "but I should have taken it still kinder if you'd let us poor folks alone; I haven't asked for nothink of you, nor I don't want nothink of you."

"Come, young man," said our conductor, eyeing him sternly, "none of this, if you please."

"You come yourself," replied the man, turning round angrily towards

him; "what do *you* want here? The gentleman and lady may come if they choose, and stay if they choose, but you haven't no business here, and so perhaps you'll just hook it."

"You had better take care, young man," retorted Boucher, "or you'll get yourself into trouble. Perhaps you don't know who I am."

"I don't know who you are, and I don't care who you are. I haven't been a-stealing of anythink from the gentleman's house; no more hasn't my young woman, as I know of. Stealing! why she've been and left all her own things, gowns and such-like as the lady knows she gave her; the more fool she for doing so, I say."

"You've been kidnapping the young woman, at any rate, which I should be sorry to say there's nothing worse against you, and that's bad enough you'll find, if you don't take care."

"Kidnapping the young woman!" answered the other, savagely, "that's a lie, and you know it. The young woman came of herself, didn't you, Nan? and she may go of herself too, if she likes. I don't want her to stay, if she don't want to stay. Let her go, if she likes to go, and they as likes to have a bastard in the house are welcome to it, for anything I care."

The poor girl turned round with mute imploring face towards the fellow as he spoke, and I perceived then that her figure betrayed what his threat implied. She must have run away as much for shame at her condition as for any other feeling. A mistress more observant would have noticed it sooner.

The man was getting more excited, and the scene must be brought to a close. "Annette," I said, "you can't really want to stay. Don't be afraid to do what is best, even now. You will be glad for it ever after."

Annette looked up with a frightened glance at the man, and making

a step backward, further away from us, shook her head mournfully, and then turning away began to sob violently. The man stood silent, scowling defiance at the detective.

As we returned from our fruitless errand, Eva overwrought with the excitement of the scene, myself depressed by the failure, I could not help accusing myself of not having done enough to carry my point. Already, in these few days, all trace of the lover had disappeared, and only the brute remained. What misery, I thought, must await a woman at the mercy of this drunken ruffian! And I was very desirous of making another effort to recover the girl.

My old friend Mr Patterson, however, whom I consulted next day, was very strong that the affair should be concluded by a marriage. "I confess this does not seem the happiest solution," I said. "It is simply handing her over to a life of wretchedness." "Better that than a disreputable one," said the old gentleman; "they can separate afterwards if they don't agree, and it will leave her *quasi* respectable. You can't have her in your house as things go; her friends wouldn't receive her; and a young woman with an encumbrance of this sort would be a very troublesome charge for a busy Secretary of State to dispose of."

The matter was not, however, so easy to settle, for the scoundrel, on learning what we were after, stood out for terms. A wife, he said, was a great encumbrance to a man in service; and eventually Mr Patterson paid him a hundred guineas on the

conclusion of the marriage ceremony, which was witnessed by one of his clerks. Shortly after Gates and his wife disappeared from our knowledge.

"I do not wonder, my dear sir," said Mr Patterson, when recounting his last interview with the man, "at your repugnance to the marriage; the fellow is certainly a thorough bad lot."

"And yet he was a very presentable servant, and certainly a good-looking fellow; it was when he was in liquor that his bad qualities came out."

"Ah, then, I think I must have always seen him in liquor," replied the old gentleman, drily.

It was not until the marriage was concluded that I wrote an account of the affair to Leatherby, Eva being quite unequal to the task. Long private letters would not, under any circumstances, have been a congenial occupation for an overworked Minister, who had to count time by the minute. The subject being what it was, I confess I never felt smaller than when reporting the calamity for the information of our humble friends in aunt Emily's household.

Eva, indeed, was thoroughly upset by this domestic tragedy, her nerves shaken, her strength gone. For some weeks she remained in a state of depression, listless and languid, and disinclined even for society. But the effect of the shock wore off by degrees; and when the season began in the spring, she seemed, although delicate and languid, to enter with her usual zest into the course of amusement which made up the business of her life.

CHAPTER LXV.—A NEW REFORM LEAGUE.

The days flew apace. Slowly, perhaps, for the many, watching with anxious suspense or hopeful excitement, according to tempera-

ment, the shifting phases of the European crisis, but more than quickly for those who were charged with providing for the safety of the

country. Most times it seemed during those days as if no degree of vigour in preparation could suffice to avert the storm, and that the next step after setting ourselves in battle array must be to put the mettle of our armour to the proof. But ever and anon a gleam of sunshine would brighten up the political landscape, and in the ever-changing kaleidoscope of foreign politics there came up an occasional vision of peace in the future, and readjustment of European affairs on a stable basis. Mr Braham, who as Foreign Secretary had better information than anybody else, was always hopeful of a peaceful solution of the crisis; but if anything would bring about that result, he said, it would be the promptitude and completeness of our military preparations, and his advice was ever to do the business thoroughly and with speed, advice repeated by the Premier and echoed by the Cabinet. The nation, too, if less well informed, was yet of the same mind, unanimous and enthusiastic. Equally so the press as representing it; and the cordial appreciation exhibited on all sides of our measures was the best stimulus a Minister could receive. The effect of these measures was indeed already becoming plain; for although the public might not perceive at once the bearings of our various administrative changes, and even in these days of enthusiasm there were not wanting prophets to foretell failure, still there were facts accomplished which could not be gainsaid: the progress in the works of defence; the new arsenal rising in the north; above all, the drilling of the new reserve levies, and the alacrity with which recruits came forward under the new conditions of service. Nor was the administrative work making less progress, if not so generally apparent. Although the spectacle of the numerous committees at work on this part of the business gave an

appearance of confusion to our proceedings, it was an appearance only. These committees were not deliberative bodies propounding terms or offering advice. It was their business merely to give practical effect to the principles of reform laid down for their guidance, the central authority exercising general supervision, and revising the draft regulations which they prepared, to bring them into harmony with each other, and prevent the introduction of conflicting rules. This plan, in fact, conducted most effectively to despatch in pushing on the great work. Every week saw definite advance made in the process of decentralising—the peeling off, as it were, of some branch of the great overgrown office, which thereon took root of its own as a separate department. In fact the War Office at this time somewhat resembled the spectacle familiar to childhood, of the performer at a horsemanship who enters in guise of a bloated farmer or other corpulent person more or less inebriated, and struggling on to a horse, proceeds to strip off one set of garments after another, till eventually he becomes transformed into a slim British sailor waving a diminutive banner, and beating “Rule, Britannia” with his feet as the steed winds up with a final gallop round the circus. We, too, with the development of this great reform, began to feel more slim and active every day, and in better case for waving the British banner with fit alacrity in the face of our enemies whether at home or abroad.

Meanwhile, too, the work of reorganising the combatant branch was making good progress. The first thing needful was, of course, to recruit the raw material, which part of the business was put in hand from the day our Ministry came into power, Parliament at once voting the men and money; but although no time could be spared for pre-

liminary discussion before making a beginning, it was not the less necessary that the change of organisation should be based on a complete and comprehensive plan, while it was very desirable to secure the cordial co-operation of the head of the army, and that if possible the initiation of the various detailed proposals for giving effect to it should appear to emanate from him rather than from the Secretary of State, since great weight would deservedly be attached, both by the army and the public, to any proposal put forward in his name. Fortunately this distinguished officer combined tact in a remarkable degree with his other eminent qualifications, thoroughly understanding also the working of Parliamentary government, and the need for economy in any scheme intended to last; and accordingly, after some personal discussion, in which it appeared that the Commander-in-Chief was quite prepared to look at things in a congenial light, he undertook to prepare a detailed scheme for the approval of the Government, and within the week had fulfilled his promise, and had placed his memorandum on the subject in my hands. His concurrence was indeed almost more complete than I could have hoped for.

"What do you think of our new Chief's scheme?" I asked my private secretary, after he had read through the memorandum.

"Quite first-rate," replied Strickland, "but it seems like an old friend; I think I have seen something uncommonly like it before, and in my own handwriting. In fact, if not quite a verbatim copy, I don't see that his paper varies in a single material point from the last memorandum we drew up together."

"Could anything be more satisfactory? Instead of having the Commander-in-Chief in opposition, we have got him entirely with us,

and so strengthened all difficulties vanish."

"Very true; still he might have had the grace to acknowledge the source of his ideas. Anybody reading this memorandum might suppose that all these plans had originated in his own brain. It is the most complete case of administrative piracy I ever heard of."

"Well paid for by the results. Provided the orchestra plays in tune, anybody may beat the drums who likes that style of music. After all, Ministers pick other people's brains freely enough without acknowledgment; so this is merely retribution."

The Commander-in-Chief having thus entered into our views heartily—so heartily, indeed, as quite to appropriate them as his own—it was agreed that they should be discussed with one or two officers of standing, whose criticisms should be invited on points of detail, and through whom a knowledge of what was contemplated would find its way out of doors, and prepare the army and the public for the coming changes. Accordingly, General Sir Thomas Pyghed, father of my friend Colonel Pyghed of the 110th, a fine old soldier of the old school; General Peddant, famous for his knowledge of drill and regulations; and Sir Prinseps Arme, an eminent artilleryman—were invited, with one or two other distinguished officers, to attend a meeting to be held for the purpose. Two other visitors invited were Colonel Kaville, whom, as being an M.P. and a clever fellow much given to asking troublesome questions in the House, it would be useful to carry with us; and Lord Quheerie, the eldest son of a Scotch earl, also an M.P., who was a colonel of volunteers, and a great authority on military matters. These, with Strickland, Lord Neeofite the new Under-Secretary, Billanceo the new Paymaster-General, and various of the

higher officials of the office, made up the party assembled round the long table in my room—the same table which had witnessed my discomfort on the occasion of my first efforts at reform—and to whom the Commander-in-Chief, who sat on my right, adjusting his double eyeglass on his nose, in this respect only resembling Lord Stowe (for he too was an elderly man), proceeded to read his memorandum.

“In communicating the contents of this paper,” he began, “which I am happy to find has the approval of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State”—here my distinguished friend, who had rolled out this phrase with great unction, bowed towards me for corroboration, and I bowed in return, while Strickland, who sat on my left, appeared disposed to smile, but recovered himself by scribbling figures on his blotting-paper—“in communicating the contents of this paper I may begin by postulating three propositions. It is of no use going into war nowadays with a small army. It is out of the question maintaining a large embodied army. Further, having an organised force like the militia, it is absurd to limit its usefulness to employment at home. To do so is as much as to say that you will never exert your strength except within your own shores, the worst place to employ it—since the essence of sound defensive war is in a vigorous offensive, rather than in waiting to be invaded. If these data be admitted, then the principle on which our army organisation should be based becomes plain. Instead of augmenting the permanent army during this crisis, we have applied ourselves to forming a strong reserve of young soldiers, to be embodied only during war—these are the men now drilling all over the kingdom. Further, a fusion is to be carried out of the militia with the line, the present depot centres being con-

verted into the headquarters of the new amalgamated regiments.

“As a matter of detail, I may mention that these centres are to be increased in number from 66 to 74. For this reason. We propose to maintain the existing number of companies of infantry as the fixed establishment for both peace and war, the change from the one state to the other being effected by increasing the rank and file of each company from the reserves. Each regiment is to consist of two embodied battalions, one of which will usually be abroad, and may be left out of consideration as not available for sudden war, with a skeleton depot battalion, corresponding, in fact, to the present depot centre. Now the reserves of a regiment will be of a strength sufficient to bring up the home and depot battalions, which in peace will be 600 and 200 strong respectively, to 900 rank and file each; in other words, the part of the regiment at home, and therefore available for active service, will be capable of immediate augmentation from 800 to 1800. Now, assuming the proper strength of a company to be 150 in war and 100 in peace (the depot companies would of course be much smaller), then each battalion would consist of six, and each regiment of eighteen, companies. The existing number of companies of the line being 1330, these will make up 74 regiments of the new organisation, and accordingly it is proposed to fix the establishment of regiments of infantry at that number.”

“Then,” exclaimed Sir Thomas Pyghed, “I understand that you propose actually to reduce thirty-five regiments of the line?”

“That is part of our scheme,” replied the expounder of the measure. “Whether for war or peace, the existing number of separate regiments is quite in excess of the wants of the country. We are nearly on the same footing in that respect as

the French and Germans with their million of men each. Up to this time, when regimental organisation was the only thing in the way of organisation which our army could boast of, there might have been ground for scruples about touching the individual regimental unit; and when the British troops were scattered in detachments all over the world, and our only notion of warfare was to carry out small predatory expeditions, there was a certain amount of reason and convenience in maintaining a large number of independent units. But now, when so much additional outlay has to be incurred in other ways, we are bound to economise wherever economy is possible. Besides, as you will see when we proceed further, the whole system of organisation now proposed is built up on the regiment as a unit, and it could not be worked out properly with a larger number than we have allowed."

"Well," said Sir Thomas Pyghed, with a sigh, "if it must be it must, I suppose. But how do you make the reduction? By lopping off all the regiments above number 74? There goes my colonelcy, for one."

"No, we make a selection. Here is a list of those to be broken up, after approval given in the proper quarter. You will see that we retain all the Highland regiments, as well as those which have been specially distinguished, including," said the speaker, with a smile and bow, "the one which enjoys the honour of having Sir Thomas Pyghed for its colonel—without reference to their place on the list. Those which are retained will then be renumbered from one to seventy-four."

"This is not the first reduction of the kind," he continued. "At the close of the Seven Years' War, the regiments of the line had been

brought up to no less than 115, a preposterous number, of course—but hardly more disproportioned to the conditions of the time than our present establishment of 109 regiments. 45 of these regiments were reduced at the peace in 1763. This," added the speaker, jocosely, "is among the things not generally known." After which little lesson in history poor Pyghed appeared to be quite shut up.

"Now," continued our spokesman, "as to the composition of an infantry regiment on the new scale. You see that it will consist of three battalions of the line, as above stated, and two of associated militia; the whole commanded by a colonel. Each active battalion is to have two field officers, a lieutenant-colonel and major; the depot battalion will be commanded by a major. Thus, including the present lieutenant-colonels commanding depot centres, who in many cases will become the colonels of the new regiments, the number of infantry field officers will be nearly the same as at present, as well as the number of captains. It is intended that an active battalion shall have—1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 6 captains, 12 subalterns: and the depot battalion, 1 major, 6 captains, 6 subalterns. The establishment of a whole regiment will therefore be,—

- 1 Colonel.
- 2 Lieutenant-colonels.
- 3 Majors.
- 19 Captains (one Adjutant-major).
- 30 Subalterns.

Besides these there will be the two militia battalions, each with 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 6 captains, and 6 subalterns, all of whom will eventually be retired line officers transferred from the active battalions.

"Such being the regimental organisation, now for the scheme of mobilisation—in other words, for the conversion of a small peace estab-

ishment into a large war army—a thing which has to be done out of hand. Our position differs from that of Continental nations in that we have a large colonial army, and we cast about at first for some scheme for relieving the battalions on foreign service by militia, and so making these seasoned troops available for the seat of war. But no plan of this sort seemed practicable, for most of these foreign battalions are in India, and there would not be time to bring them back. War, if it comes, will be sharp, short, and decisive; besides, troops coming from a tropical climate would hardly be fit for the roughing of a European campaign. Clearly, then, the battalions on foreign service must be left out of calculation, and we must look only to the troops at home for our available force. What therefore we have arranged for is this:—

"On the word being given for mobilisation, the active battalions at home, wherever they may be, are to join their regimental headquarters at once, when they and the depot battalions will at once be brought up to 900 strong each by calling up the reserves. Simultaneously with this, one battalion of militia is to be embodied, and to become the depot. You have thus at once for your first line seventy-four regiments 1800 strong, or over 130,000 infantry, besides the Guards and Rifles. The next step, if the emergency demanded it, would be to embody the second militia battalion, and from the two to make up a third active battalion, which—and in this lies one of the novel points of our scheme—could be sent forward to join the first line. This would give us an embodied regiment of 2700 men, with a depot of 900 to feed it, or 200,000 infantry without the Guards and Rifles. That is about the number we ought to be able to handle effectively, at

any rate on first starting; while, with less than that number, we had better keep out of war altogether.

"This, therefore, is the general scheme for mobilisation. We keep up only about 60,000 infantry embodied at home, but we can increase the strength fourfold when necessary,—every man of the addition being available for service wherever needed. That is our platform," concluded the speaker jocosely, and looking round the table, "a small army in peace, a large one in war."

"That is all very well," objected Colonel Kaville, "but where are these reserves to come from? That is just the difficulty. Anybody can organise reserves when you have got them, but the thing is to get them."

"My right honourable friend and I," replied the Commander-in-Chief, "believe that we have solved this problem by that part of our plan which forms the most original feature of it—the creation of a new reserve of young men, who serve merely long enough to be drilled, and then return to civil life till wanted. Of course no plan which is based on a reserve of old soldiers can give you a large reserve, so long as the army which supplies them is a small army. Of the 1000 men required per regiment to bring it up to the war strength, we calculate that only about 300 will consist of old soldiers, and that our new plan will give us the other 700. The alacrity with which our new reserves are enrolling themselves all over the country, under the attractive terms we have offered, is sufficient proof of the efficacy of the plan."

"That is all very well," replied Kaville, "during the present excitement, when men are ready enough to rush to arms, no doubt; but how are you to be sure of keeping up the supply when the country settles down again to its normal condition?"

"By paying the market price of the article. What that may prove to be eventually can only be ascertained on trial; but we see no reason why the present bait of a shilling a-day should not continue to prove sufficiently attractive. If it prove not to be, we must bid higher; but since a reserve man will thus get seven shillings a-week, with no obligation, save occasional muster and drill, beyond the liability to serve in the event of a war, the terms ought to be very attractive. They would make to thousands the difference between penury and comfort. We ought for this to get the pick of the labouring classes."

"An expensive scheme," still objected Kaville, when the Commander-in-Chief paused awhile, and looked round the table for comments.

"About two and a half millions sterling a-year, from which you must deduct a part of the cost of our present reserve force—surely a mere trifle for giving the country what it has never had before, a large army ready to your hand, available at a day's notice. Why, it would cost as much to add 20,000 or 30,000 men to the permanent establishment according to customary formula, an addition perfectly useless for the purposes of modern war. We must pay something if England is not to go to the wall. It seems to me to be quite a trifle compared with the object in view."

"My objection," said General Peddant, "if I may venture to offer one, is not to the cost, but to the insufficiency of the scheme. You want to make war on a grand scale, if you make it at all, no doubt; and what are you to do it with? With a lot of raw boors, hastily called up, who have had only a few months' training?"

"A year's training, if you please," I observed.

"Well, a year's training, but in

the case of the majority a long time previously. How can a battalion of men called up suddenly in this way be efficient? And without good non-commissioned officers too."

"The A reserve, all old soldiers, would furnish the non-commissioned officers."

"Still on the whole it would be quite a raw force; the trained element would be swamped by the raw."

"If you mean that reserve troops may not be quite up to the mark of old soldiers who have been five or six years with the colours, of course every one would agree with you. But the question is really between having an army of this sort, and not having one at all. A highly-trained army, if it is also a small one, is simply useless in the present state of Europe, and a large one permanently embodied is not to be thought of. We want a big army, and we want a cheap one, and the problem, it seems to us, can only be solved in this sort of way. After all, a man who has been well trained for a year will soon fall into shape again, and remember your officers are experts, and in my belief," I added, "the best in the world."

"But where are the officers to come from? You have provided no war establishment of them."

"The scheme gives a field officer to every three companies, and a captain to every company of 150 men. A German company is 250 strong."

"Yes, but you will be very short of subalterns. You allow only six for the depot battalion, or only one per company; the Prussians have four."

"That is during peace time. The subalterns will be mostly with the active battalions, because best employed there. They, too, would be redistributed, of course, on the mobilisation taking place."

"That is merely to render the active battalions inefficient also. Besides, how as to the subalterns in India?"

"They would have to remain there. Yes, you have hit on a weak point, no doubt, but it has been foreseen, and a plan provided to cover it. It is out of the question keeping up a war establishment of subalterns sufficient for the reserves. Even if the plan were not too costly, they would block up promotion, and, moreover, have nothing to do in peace. What therefore we propose is, to give a certain number of *provisional* commissions to gentlemen volunteers as lieutenants to each line regiment, on the nomination of the lord lieutenant of the county, but subject to the approval of the colonel, and the needful qualifications as to drill and education being strictly enforced. These commissions to have no force during peace time, but to become permanent in the event of war."

"So that," interrupted Peddant, "you begin the war with a lot of officers as raw as the men they have to lead, and the two complete strangers to each other."

"This must happen in any case after you have been at war any time. Military education may be as elaborate as you please in piping peace, but when war comes, there are forthwith augmentations and casualties, and officers are suddenly wanted in great numbers, and so all your rules are set aside, and young men are pitchforked helter-skelter into the army without any regard to rule or qualification. We provide for this contingency beforehand. The fact that the appointments of these young men, made deliberately from time to time during peace, will be subjected to the scrutiny of public criticism, ought to afford a guarantee for proper selection. Besides, this is not the only part of the plan. We

propose to give similar provisional commissions to non-commissioned officers. To this class a commission in peace time, which brings them in at the bottom of a long list of subalterns, is often not attractive; but promotion at the top of a great war augmentation opens up a real career. They ought to be eagerly sought after, and stimulate the class to educate themselves."

"I don't like this plan," said Pyghed. "British troops have always been led by gentlemen, and always should be."

"Good or bad," I observed, "the provision is unavoidable. Now that the army is becoming a national force, so much more numerous than formerly, and attracting, as we hope it will, a more respectable class than heretofore, it is absolutely necessary to open the door to talent in all ranks. It would be intolerable if the army were the only profession in which a man could not hope to rise by merit. My gallant friend proposes, I believe, that thirty-six of these provisional commissions should always be in force for every regiment, so as to provide altogether three subalterns per company for the active, and two per company for the militia battalions. Of these, one-half are to be given to non-commissioned officers, and the other half to gentlemen serving with the volunteers."

There was a pause after this. Then General Peddant spoke. "Won't there be rather a hurry-scurry and confusion when the services of these provisional officers come to be wanted? There will be nearly three thousand of them. Think of the business it would throw on the War Office at such a time to be sending orders to all these men to join their regiments just when things are busiest."

"There would be no confusion or trouble about the matter whatever. The order to mobilise the army will

be the warrant whereby these commissions become *ipso facto* permanent, and the holders of them thereon straightway join regimental headquarters. The War Office would have nothing to do with the matter, which would not go beyond the colonels of regiments."

"Then," said Pyghed, "supposing war never breaks out, are these provisional officers to remain so for ever?" And I must say I thought the question a very sensible one.

"A provisional commission," replied the Commander-in-Chief, "will have force for seven years; then a new one is issued to a younger man, and so a constant stream of fresh blood will be secured."

"And what if they should happen to be called out during their term of office?"

"Then *ipso facto* they become permanent officers, and just as much an integral part of the regiment as those who entered it in the regular way."

"And then," said Lord Quheerie, "what becomes of them when the war is over? You will have about three times as many subalterns as you want."

"Then, no doubt, reductions will have to take place, as they would in any case on the return to a peace establishment; but each officer's claims to retention would rest upon his conduct and services during the war, irrespective of the way in which he came to enter the army."

"Think of the cost of putting so many men on half-pay."

"You can't go to war without spending money. But it is cheaper to disband and reduce, than to go on keeping up a full war establishment of officers in peace time."

"Now," resumed the Commander-in-Chief, "having determined the number and strength of our regiments of the line, the next thing is to build up the administrative organisation upon them. We think

that generally the distribution should be by threes; three battalions to a regiment, three regiments to a brigade, three brigades to a division. If you organise by pairs, as in the German army, the generals have not enough to do in peace time, nor is the distribution good for active service, as it does not admit of one regiment or one brigade being detached without practically breaking up a command in each case. Hence our preference for threes. Now sixty-six regiments will have only two battalions serving at home, one active and one depot; these will accordingly be organised by threes, in twenty-two brigades. The remaining eight regiments, which will have both active battalions at home, or three battalions altogether, are to be organised in four brigades of only two regiments. The Guards make another brigade of six battalions, a third or depot battalion being given to the Coldstream and Scots Fusilier regiments. There will thus be twenty-seven brigades in all for the United Kingdom, to be organised in nine divisions."

"And these, again, in three army corps, I suppose?" said General Peddant.

"No, we propose to stop there. An army corps of that size would be unwieldy, and unsuited to the conditions of the country. The Irish garrison, for example, would make up only part of such a corps, which would obviously be inconvenient. Besides, there would be nothing for the commander of it to do in peace time. We propose, therefore, to make the division the highest administrative unit. Every division will be complete in itself as to organisation, staff, equipment, stores, and transport. Whether an army should consist of two, or three, or more divisions, must depend on the nature of the theatre of war in each case. We assume, however, that if all the nine divisions took the field, they would be divided into three

armies each 60,000 or 90,000 strong, according as the militia were in the line of battle or not. But this is a tactical, not an administrative organisation. The British army division will be like the German army corps, a self-contained army; and all that seems necessary for the completion of the arrangement is, that the three generals who are to command armies in the event of war, and their staffs, should be designated beforehand. This we propose to do by a system of provisional commissions, to take effect only on mobilisation being decreed."

"You allow only four generals for a division of 30,000 men," said Peddant; "surely they are too few!"

"The German organisation certainly provides seven infantry generals for the same number of men, but then you must remember that our army division, without the militia, will be only 20,000 strong. At any rate, the number proposed will be ample in peace time, and it will be easy to increase it if necessary in war. Hitherto we have always had too many generals, getting in each other's way. The whole number of generals employed in peace time will, however, be much larger than at present, although the establishment generally is to be immensely reduced.

"Now," continued the Commander-in-Chief, "for our scheme of distribution. There are, as I have said, to be nine permanent military divisions, with twenty-seven brigades, in the United Kingdom, among which the active battalions serving at home will always be distributed during peace time in equal proportions. Now these battalions must usually be separated from the headquarters of their respective regiments, which are to be distributed over the country, as are the present depot centres, with reference mainly to recruiting purposes and not to strategical considerations. Thus

there can be little correspondence between the location of the headquarters of regiments and that of the new military divisions. To establish such a correspondence you would need to post the generals away from the bulk of the active battalions, and many of them would have brigades made up merely of depots. Take Aldershot, for example; this will be a complete army division as at present, with nine battalions organised in three brigades. But these battalions belong to different regiments, the permanent headquarters of which are in various parts of the kingdom; and further, they are relieved every year by fresh battalions, in order to give the whole army a turn of camp life. The German plan of retaining each division permanently in its own recruiting district is therefore not applicable to our case, to meet the conditions of which we propose the following arrangement.

"The headquarters of every brigade and division to be permanent, and every regiment to have also a war or mobilised headquarters, designated beforehand, but not necessarily, and probably not the same, as its permanent one in peace time. Thus nine regiments will have their war headquarters at Aldershot, and so on for the other eight military divisions. Now suppose war to be imminent, and the word given to mobilise. The battalions at Aldershot thereon move off instantly to their respective permanent regimental headquarters, while simultaneously the colonel of each regiment calls up his reserves and embodies his militia battalions. On the arrival of the active battalion at regimental headquarters the needful distribution of subalterns and non-commissioned officers is made, as well as of the provisional officers; and the whole regiment made up to a war footing, with the colonel at the head of it, then marches off to join

its proper brigade. Thus Aldershot would be denuded of its infantry for a few days, and then nine complete regiments would march in from different parts of the kingdom. The same thing would happen at Dover, Portsmouth, and all the other places which are headquarters of brigades."

"Would there not be a certain amount of confusion about all this marching and countermarching?" objected one of the party.

"There should not be, because everybody would know beforehand exactly what to do, and no specific orders would be necessary."

"But think of the movement to and fro on the railways that this would involve."

"And think of the carrying power of our railways. We propose, of course, to apply for an Act of Parliament to give us powers of control over railway traffic, on mobilisation being declared; and the needful supervising officers will all be told off to regulate this part of the traffic. But why have fears that we shall fail in what is just our strong point? Do not our railways carry an amount of traffic, often expanding suddenly almost without warning, under which the lumbering foreign system would utterly collapse? What Continental traffic manager would know how to work up to the pressure of a Derby day? Only provide the needful organisation, and no people are cooler and readier under pressure than ourselves."

"Another and greater objection to this plan," said Peddant, "is that when you have mobilised the army in this way, the regiments and the staff which is to control them will be quite strangers to each other. You shift all the component parts of your brigades and divisions just at the moment when personal knowledge would be most useful."

"Not quite so, in one sense at

least, because the distribution is all made beforehand. Every regiment knows what brigade it will belong to if called on active service; each general knows exactly what troops will be placed under his orders in the same event. Here is a distinct bond of union set up, although there may be no personal intercourse. After all, that personal familiarity produced by the complete localisation practised in the German army, cannot be maintained in any case beyond the mere outset of a war. The first battle makes changes—general and staff officers are killed or promoted, and new men take their places. Better, then, anticipate the rough-and-ready conditions which will have to be actually encountered, than frame a too rigid scheme, which cannot be sustained in practice."

"And what is proposed as to the manœuvring unit?" asked Lord Quheerie. "Are regiments to work by whole battalions nine hundred strong?"

"No," said the Commander-in-Chief; "the new drill-book, which will be ready in a fortnight, will be found, I hope, to give a system quite flexible enough to suit the times. Battalions are still to manœuvre by wings. Thus a division will have three brigades, a brigade three regiments, a regiment two (or three) battalions, a battalion two wings, a wing three companies, 150 strong. Manœuvring with these small units, 450 strong, our army should be capable of moving as rapidly as any troops in Europe."

"But you have allowed only two field officers to a battalion?"

"Yes, a lieutenant-colonel and a major."

"Then is the lieutenant-colonel to handle one wing, and the major the other?"

"No; the former will look after the whole battalion; one of the two wings must be commanded by the senior captain. By the way, the

second, or depot battalion, will be commanded by a major, so that both wings in that battalion will be under captains."

"Then their companies will be led by subalterns?"

"Yes."

"It is rather hard that men who are doing the work of field officers should not get the rank and pay."

"The Germans," I observed, "allow only one field officer for a thousand men; so the proportion we have given is much more liberal. Anyhow, the scheme must not be less reasonable on this head if Parliament is to agree to it. Besides, it would never do to keep up a lot of field officers in peace time with no occupation for them off parade. If war broke out, then the senior captains could be promoted, if thought necessary, or provisional commissions might be given to them and the senior lieutenants in the higher grade, to be converted into substantive ones on the declaration of war. This perhaps would be the best arrangement. The more completely everything is provided for beforehand the better; but for a peace establishment the provision allowed is full liberal."

"Now," continued the Commander-in-Chief, "for the cavalry."

"First let me explain what it is proposed to do with the two Rifle regiments. These now consist each of four battalions of ten companies or forty companies. We organise each regiment in seven battalions of six companies each, making fourteen battalions in all. Of these one battalion will be attached to each military division, and two (one for each regiment) will act as permanent depots, leaving three for foreign service. Thus only one-fourth of the Rifles would be serving abroad; it would therefore be a favoured branch.

"Now as regards the cavalry. We want a brigade of three regi-

ments for each military division, or 27 regiments in all, and there are only 31 in the service, of which 9 are now in India, these last being numerically very weak, and consequently on a very expensive footing. We therefore recall five of them, and raise the remainder to six strong squadrons each. The Indian Government will therefore have in effect eight cheap instead of nine dear regiments, and will be thankful for the change.

"The 27 regiments on home service are to be retained at present strength in peace time, but to be brought up by reserves in war time to seven strong squadrons each, one for depot, six for active service, working in two wings under a full colonel."

"Where are the additional officers to come from for these extra squadrons?" asked Colonel Kville.

"The establishment of officers is to be completed by a system of provisional commissions, though not on quite the same plan as for the infantry. The six extra troops per regiment, for example, would be held by officers on furlough—that is, who have retired from active duty, but are allowed to retain their names on the list of the regiment for a term of years, on condition of returning to it if their services should be required.

"And who is to look after the reserves? Are the cavalry to have depots like the infantry, or are the regiments to be localised themselves?"

"No, the cavalry cannot be localised; it would not do to leave the same regiments always in Ireland, for example. The cavalry will move about from place to place as heretofore, but one of the three regiments composing each war brigade is always to be stationed within the division to which it is assigned on the war establishment, and the reserve men will join that regiment for drill, and be supervised by the brigade staff,

the headquarters of which will of course be permanent."

"You will never have an efficient cavalry in that way," objected Kaville, who was himself an ex-officer of hussars.

"Then it must be inefficient," retorted the Commander-in-Chief. "It is out of the question keeping up a war establishment of the most expensive arm in peace time. Better have 25,000 imperfect cavalry than a handful of the best in the world. Bear in mind that cavalry may go through a whole war without having much actual fighting to do. They are mostly wanted for other work. Remember, too, that we are not preparing a scheme theoretically perfect, but such a one as the War Minister and the House of Commons are likely to pass. But I don't agree that you cannot make a decent cavalry man in a year.

"However, now to pass on to the artillery. Well, here what we principally want is an increase of field-guns, and a reduction of garrison artillery—the aggregate strength of the regiment being sufficient for all purposes if the militia artillery are made proper use of. We propose 12 horse-artillery guns and 48 field-guns for each military division, or 60 guns in all, giving a total, with the depots, of rather more than 600 field-guns for the home army."

"That," said General Peddant, "will give you about three guns per 1000 men, when the infantry of the line are called up, but only about half that number when the militia are mobilised."

"And quite enough, too," broke in the Chief of the Staff. "Guns and waggons take up an awful lot of room on the line of march, which had much better be occupied by infantry. The tendency of the times is to overdo artillery altogether, and it ought to be resisted."

"These are novel sentiments," exclaimed Sir Prinseps Arme, who

had been silent up to this point. "I thought that if one thing more than another was clearly established, it was the surpassing importance of artillery in modern warfare."

"There is, I know, a great deal of tall talk of that sort," replied the other; "but I maintain the facts are quite the other way. Without going so far as the distinguished American general, who said that armies could do without artillery altogether, if the troops could only be got to think so, I certainly believe that in these days of large armies, it is better economy in every way to develop the infantry. It is rifle-fire, after all, which decides the fate of battles."

"Mr West, I am sure, as an old artilleryman, will not agree with you on this point, at any rate," said Sir Prinseps, turning to me.

"I am afraid you will find me almost as great a heretic as the Chief of the Staff," I replied. "If battles are made up of blood and thunder, I suspect the infantry contribute the blood for the most part, and the guns the thunder. All the statistics of battles show this. For one man who is hit by artillery-fire, ten men go down under rifle-bullets. Anyhow, we do not see the way to a larger force than 600 field-guns, and we do not propose to keep up all these in peace time. The fact is, our present method of maintaining the field-artillery on a war establishment cannot be justified, although it may have had a certain show of reason at a time when the rest of the army was wholly without organisation or means of sudden augmentation. Guns and gunners could not be improvised, whatever people thought might be done with other parts of the army. But now that we are settling down to a peace and war establishment on a definite system, the artillery must be dealt with in the same way. What is considered safe for Ger-

many, ought to suffice for us. Batteries in peace time are therefore to have only four out of their six guns horsed, and the present establishment of horses will more than suffice for the increased number of guns. So this part of the change will cost nothing."

"And what will you do for horses if you want to mobilise the army on a sudden?"

"There are said to be over three million horses in the kingdom; we shall buy some of these."

"And where will you get the gunners for your fortifications, if the garrison artillery is to be reduced so largely for conversion into field-batteries?"

"From the militia artillery, of which there will be one regiment to

each military division. I may observe that we propose to distribute the regular artillery in the same way as the rest of the army, equally among the nine military divisions; but that is a matter of detail to be deferred till another occasion.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the Commander-in-Chief, "there now only remains to recapitulate the summary of the new scheme as approved by my right honourable friend and the Government." And so saying, he handed round the following abstract statement of the establishment of military forces provided under the new organisation, exclusive of garrison artillery and of troops serving in India and the colonies:—

Active Embodied Army organised in Nine Military Divisions.	Peace Establishment.	War Establishment.	
		Excluding Militia.	Including Militia, one Battalion per Regiment.
1 Regiment of Infantry, . . .	800	1,800	2,700
1 Brigade Infantry=3 Regiments .	2,400	5,400	8,100
1 Division Infantry=3 Brigades .	7,200	16,200	24,300
1 Battalion Rifles, . . .	600	900	900
1 Brigade Cavalry=3 Regiments, .	1,050	2,700	2,700
10 Field-Batteries, . . .	1,500	2,000	2,000
4 Companies Engineers, . . .	360	600	600
Total strength of 1 Division,	10,650	22,400	30,500
Strength of 9 Divisions, .	95,850	201,600	274,500

"It will be seen from this statement," he continued, "that while the peace establishment remains much the same as at present, we can augment it at once to 200,000 men in the event of war; and if a militia battalion from each regiment be sent into the first line, there will be an army of 275,000 men ready to take the field, small as armies go nowadays, but enough to be of use in a row, with the help of allies. Besides this, there will be about 80,000 militia in reserve at the depots. Lastly, there will be the vol-

unteers, in case of invasion, which, however, may now be placed out of the category of possible events."

"Ah, by the way," said Lord Quheerie, "what do you propose doing with the volunteers? That is just the point about which I feel most interest."

"To retain them, of course, but with a more specific organisation than they have now. They are to be distributed in large brigades, each commanded by a colonel in the army, to be styled Inspector of Volunteers. We do not propose

to carry the organisation beyond the brigade; indeed, even a whole brigade of volunteers can seldom be collected in one place, and these brigades will be wholly separate and distinct from the military commands of the country. The conditions under which volunteers serve render it impracticable, even if it were desirable, to bring them in peace time under the general military system. The mode of employing the volunteer brigades, should their services ever be required, must be determined by the circumstances as they arise. The conversion of the yeomanry into mounted riflemen is to be proceeded with. They crown the edifice, and in their new capacity will be as efficient as they have hitherto been the reverse."

"Well, gentlemen," I said, when, after some further discussion, the meeting came to an end, "the scheme, as now before you, is what the Government propose to submit to Parliament in a very few days as being at once sufficient, efficient, and cheap. It is gratifying to find that it appears to be generally approved by such very competent judges."

"A fine scheme, no doubt," said Sir Thomas Pyghed, as he took leave; "but, dear me, what between your reserves, and your provisional commissions, and your war establishment, and your peace establishment, and your headquarters here and your headquarters there, and all the rest of it, I should hardly know the army again. In my day, if a regiment lay at Cork, Cork was its headquarters, and not some place at the other end of the kingdom; and if we wanted more men, we used to send out the drums and fifes, and beat up for recruits till we got them. We were always mobilised in these days, and ready to move anywhere at an hour's notice, without wanting any provisional officers, or militia, or suchlike, to help us. However, I suppose it is all right, and as you

are going to put all of us old fellows on the shelf, it don't much matter."

"Well," said I to Strickland, when we were left alone, "this meeting has been a success; if these men of such various minds come into the scheme so readily, it will be sure to take with the country."

"Yes, but the Chief might have had the grace to say where he got his ideas from. Pyghed and the rest of them go away with the notion that the whole scheme is his creation."

"Which is just the best thing about it."

When I showed the memorandum to Merrifield afterwards, he observed that it was a good scheme, but added, after a hurried glance over the table at the end, that the figures were inaccurate. The brigades had all been set down as homogeneous, but four of them would comprise only two instead of three regiments each.

I said the distinction had been omitted advisedly, to avoid complicating the figures, and that the result as regards actual strength would be almost the same in each case.

"Yes," replied Mr Merrifield, "but there is still a blot in your scheme. The eight regiments which have their second battalion serving at home will not be always the same. They will be constantly changing, so that your distribution of brigades will have to be constantly changing too. There is a want of simplicity about this part of it which I don't like."

"Ah," I exclaimed, overcome with admiration at this fresh illustration of the magical power of mastering details for which my eminent colleague was so distinguished, and which had never been more conspicuous than in his handling of military subjects; "ah, my dear Merrifield, if you had only been Secretary for War yourself!

It has been literally throwing yourself away to take the Exchequer in such a crisis."

Mr Merrifield smiled good-humouredly as he replied that the idea had never occurred to him before; but remarked jocosely that in such case the country would at least have had a simple straightforward scheme for getting the number of men we wanted in the only proper way, without any sentimental nonsense about voluntary service, or foolish complications about A and B reserves, and militia, and what not; adding, with an air of resignation, that he supposed, however, half a loaf was better than no bread.

Coming into my library later in the afternoon, on my return home, I was greeted with the sound of Eva's gentle laughter. It was not often that she honoured that room with her company; and these rare occasions were not usually celebrated by merriment. I therefore hurried my steps, curious to know what the cause might be for such unusual sound.

Strickland was sitting at the table in my chair, pencil in hand, Eva looking over his shoulder.

I stopped in the doorway, as if looking for explanation—

"I was trying to convey to Mrs West a notion of this afternoon's meeting," said Strickland, rising, a sheet of paper in his hand, which, however, he did not seem desirous of showing, "but my poor effort comes very short of the original scene."

"How can you say so?" said Eva; "I am sure it was awfully clever; you had Sir Thomas Pyghed to the life, and Lord Quheerie and all

of them. I never saw a better caricature."

"It is a pity that so much talent should be given to the flames," I said, drily, as Strickland placed the paper on the fire; "perhaps," I added, after a moment's pause, "the gentlemen you have named were not the only persons made to look ridiculous."

Eva blushed and looked confused, while Strickland muttered something about some people never making subjects for caricatures.

Except that I had a long nose and was rather thin, I was not aware of there being anything absurd about my appearance; still I could not help inferring from what passed, that I had been included in the sketch.

Although indisposed to pursue the subject, I felt nettled at the liberty taken; still more that Eva should find amusement in it, and our *tête-à-tête* after Strickland left passed off coldly in silence. This, perhaps, was not the first time I had been sensible that my private secretary was not quite in his right place. Still, as an old friend, and now a brother M.P., he naturally took up a different position from that which a mere clerk in the same office would have held. Withal, he was so good-natured and so able, as to make up for an occasional want of attention to his proper business. And I thought, too, with a sort of ill-natured satisfaction, that he was not likely to step out of his proper place in Parliament, whatever he might do elsewhere. Notwithstanding his other gifts, he could not speak in public; and on the only occasion of his attempting to do so in the House, a few days previously had completely broken down.

LORD HATTON:

A TALE OF CASTLE CORNET IN GUERNSEY.

BY THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

1.

"KIT HATTON ! Kit Hatton !
 I rede ye beware
 Of the flash from the cloud,
 And the flight through the air !
 When the star of thy destiny
 Looms in the sky,
 To others unclouded, but
 Red to thine eye,
 Tho' men see no signs in
 The threat'ning air—
 Kit Hatton ! Kit Hatton !
 I rede ye beware !"

2.

Thus spoke the weird woman
 On Rockinghamshire,*
 As homeward benighted
 Thro' moss and thro' mire

On an errand concerning
 The King and the State,
 In the days of "Old Noll"
 The good youngster rode late.
 For the sun of the Cavaliers
 Lately had set
 In a red pool of blood
 Not atoned for as yet.

3.

Since neither had "Peters" †
 Improv'd his last text,
 Nor the "Angel of vengeance"
 The Judges annex,
 Nor "the Rump" had been cook'd
 At renown'd Temple Bar,
 Nor the "Watch-dogs of Judah"
 Been scattered afar ;
 Nor old "Nolly Rednose" ‡

* The great plain of Rockingham Forest, of which Lord Hatton of Kirby (father of the Lord Hatton the subject of this ballad) was Ranger. Both father and son were Governors in succession of the Channel Islands.

† Cromwell's chaplain and son-in-law, tried with twenty-eight other regicides at the Old Bailey, Oct. 10, 1660. It came out in evidence from Sir Jeremy Whichcot that Peters said at the King's trial, "I cannot but look upon this Court with great reverence, for it doth resemble in some measure the trials which shall be at the end of the world by the saints." Also he preached on 20th of Jan. 1648, before Cromwell and Bradshaw, on the text, "Bind your kings in chains, and your nobles in fetters of iron," and observed the next psalm had twelve hallelujahs to express their joy that "kings were bound in chains."

‡ The Cavaliers were never tired of turning "Old Noll" and his nose into ridicule. "A New Year's Gift for the Rump," Jan. 5, 1659-60, has in the third verse :—

"The right was then in old Oliver's nose ;
 And when the Devil of that did dispose,
 It descended from thence to the Rump in the close,
 Which nobody can deny."

"The Cities Welcome to Colonel Rich and Colonel Baxter," 7th verse :—

"Oliver, we thee prefer
 To guide these boys unto us.
 Thou art the King of our new State,
 And worthy to undo us.
 Thy nose and fiery face
 Speak thee a babe of grace,
 And most regenerate
 As sack did e'er create."

In lightning and thunder,
And a storm that shook England
itself,
Had gone under.

4.

"Aroint thee, false witch!"
Then the Cavalier said;
"By the soul of this kingdom
That lacketh a head,
The green of old Gretton*
To-morrow shall see
How we deal in this forest
With prophets like thee!
For the stake and the fagot
Of green-wood prepare!"
"Kit Hatton! Kit Hatton!
I rede ye beware!"

5.

Next morning full early
They sought for the witch,
But found nothing forsooth,
Save an old mastiff bitch
With no tooth in her head
And no hair on her flank,—
Lying dead in a ditch
Among nettles so rank:
Yet mysterious and strange
To his soul as they were,
The words never left him—
"Kit Hatton, beware!"

6.

With many a noble
The Roundheads had reckoned,

When in came the days
Of King Charlie the Second;
A jolly good fellow who
Was not inclined
To pay off the debts
Of his father in kind.
So to set off the mortgage
That swamped his broad lands,
He made Hatton Chief
Of the Channel Islands.

7.

And there many seasons
Both early and late,
In good Castle Cornet †
He governed the State.
The French knew him well
And the "Islanders" too,
'Twas little he recked
Of their "Cri de Haro." ‡
In armour he dwelt,
Not in cotton or flannel;
And he kept a good guard
O'er the "Chaps of the Channel."

8.

It chanced that one evening
Lord Hatton was set
In friendly discourse
With one Ensign Covett;
For supper was over,
And most were a-bed,
And clear were the night
And the stars overhead;
But yet there loomed one
In the threat'ning air,
That said to Lord Hatton
"I rede ye beware!"

* Gretton is a large and formerly lawless parish of five thousand acres, most part of which lay in Rockingham Forest. Christopher, afterwards second Lord and first Viscount Hatton, is supposed to be riding across Rockingham Forest to his father's princely house of Kirby, built from the designs of John Thorp, by Sir Christopher Hatton, Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth. It is perhaps the finest of the five houses known to be built by that great architect.

† This fortress is placed on a rock defending the entrance to the port of St Pierre, the principal town in the island of Guernsey.

‡ The Channel Islands belong to the Crown of England as part of the Duchy of Normandy. The "Cri de Haro" is a legacy from those times, and is still part of the law of the land.

By raising this cry,—"Haro! Haro! on me fait tort!" it is competent to any suitor who considers himself aggrieved to put a summary stop (for the time being) to all proceedings in the courts of law of the islands. It was employed only the other day to check the proceedings of a railway company.

9.

Then quoth the good Lord—
 “Pray to Heaven that we
 The dawn of to-morrow
 In safety may see !
 Full angry it looks—”
 But to all other eye

Seemed the moon never brighter
 Or clearer the sky.
 The bell tolls eleven,—
 They separate all—
 And the sentinel's tramp
 Is alone on the wall !

FYTTE THE SECOND.

10.

Twas the dawn of the New * Year !
 With shake and with shock
 To its base Castle Cornet
 Did shiver and rock !
 And down came the bastions,
 And down came the towers,
 The ramparts and houses,
 And fair ladies' bowers ;
 And James Chapple, the Negro,
 In terror awoke,
 And thus to his mate
 In the darkness he spoke :

11.

“I hear my Lord's voice !
 'Tis for help that he calls,
 Up yonder—somewhere
 On our outermost walls.”
 So at last he brake forth,
 And in darkness and dread
 Made his way to the voice,
 And behold in his bed,
 On the parapet's edge
 That o'erhung the deep sea,
 With the coverlid o'er him,
 His master found he.

12.

Then said good Lord Hatton
 Aloft in the air :
 “Seek My Lady and children,
 And see how they fare !”
 For apart from his lodgings
 In childbed she lay,
 With none to bring help
 On that terrible day.

From the womb of the cloud
 Came in lightning the fire ;
 And the witch had told truth
 Upon Rockinghamshire.

13.

Then James Chapple, the Negro,
 So proper and tall,
 On his hands and his knees
 Brought his Lord off the wall,
 Safe into the guard-room,
 Free from danger and harm ;
 For the garrison now
 Had got up in alarm,
 And candles were lighted,
 And next they prepare
 To dig in the ruins—
 They hardly knew where.

14.

Then the Dowager Lady
 Was found in her bed ;
 She lay there a corpse,
 With a stone on her head.
 And in the next room,
 When they broke the partition,
 They found her two daughters
 In dying condition ;
 But both were alive—
 For in bed as they were,
 A beam fell betwixt 'em
 And severed the pair.

15.

So they carried them down
 In great joy to their chief,
 Where he sat in the guard-room
 In silence and grief.

* The castle was blown up within an hour of the commencement of the year 1673.

And guided by Chapple,
 Again returned they,
 To where the poor lady
 His Baroness lay.
 Then the Negro bethought him
 He heard something greet,
 Deep down in the ruins, just
 Under his feet.

16.

And quoth he to the Captain :
 " Dig quickly and see !
 Perhaps 'tis My Lady !
 For here she should be."
 So they worked with a will,
 And in feet barely two,
 They struck on a beam
 That had fallen askew,
 And beneath it a hollow,
 Where, strange to behold,
 Lay asleep and uninjured
 A child three years old !

17.

Anne Hatton, the governor's daughter,
 The same
 That Nottingham's countess
 Hereafter became ;
 And lived many years
 In much honour and state,
 And bore to her lord many sons,
 And died late.
 So they carried her down
 To her father with care,

As, bewildered, he mused
 On his flight through the air.

18.

And again they returned,
 When they found her in bed,
 One more of the nurses,
 But she was stone dead.
 Yet dead as she was,
 In her arms she held up
 An infant at play
 With a small silver cup.
 And yet they searched on,
 And removing some more
 Of the rubbish and boards
 That encumbered the floor,

19.

Found alive in her cradle,
 A sight to behold,
 Elizabeth Hatton, a child
 Three weeks old ;
 So they carried her down to
 Her father, and then
 They dug further down
 In the ruins again,
 And two or three women
 Alive took out they ;
 But the rest were all dead,
 With their bones broke, they say.

20.

And at last on her knees,
 With her wrapping-gown on,
 They found the poor lady,*
 But she, too, was gone ;

* The Lady Cecilia Tufton, daughter of John, Earl of Thanet, and the Lady Anne Clifford (sole daughter and heiress of the great family of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland, and Baroness Clifford in her own right), was the first wife of Christopher, second Lord Hatton, who was created in 1682, by Charles the Second, Viscount Hatton of Gretton, in reward for his eminent services. William, his son by his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir William Hazlewood of Maidwell, Northants, dying unmarried in 1762, the title became extinct, and the estates passed by devise to Edward Finch, sixth son of Anne, Countess of Nottingham (the child who was saved by the beam falling across her cradle), who thereupon assumed the name and arms of Hatton,—Azure, three garbs or, between a chevron of the last—in addition to her paternal coat of Finch ; and it was his grandson George William that succeeded to the titles of Winchilsea and Nottingham, upon the death of his cousin George, the ninth Earl ; but not to the estates, which were all willed away elsewhere. John, fifth Earl of Winchilsea, dying without issue, September 9, 1729, the title of Winchilsea devolved on Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, son of the great Chancellor. He had for his second wife Anne, daughter of Christopher Viscount Hatton, the child of three years old that was dug out of the ruins of Castle Cornet—and by her, says Collins, he was the father of five sons and eight daughters, besides

And by her her maid,
In a similar plight,
For neither 'scaped
On that perilous night ;
From the womb of the cloud
Came in lightning the fire ;
And the witch had told truth
Upon Rockinghamshire.

21.

And a week after this,
When the search was all done,
Came the best of the island,
Full many a one,
To condole with his lordship,
And proffer relief,
If so be that kind phrases
Might solace his grief ;
And they asked him perchance
" If he knew how it fared ? "
Upon which in their hearing
Lord Hatton declared—

22.

" That he never once slept
Though he lay in his bed,
And first at a distance,
And then overhead
Came nearer the thunder—
The wind growing high,
And the hail beating sharp
On the windows hard by ;
Then he felt underneath him
The bed to move first,
And immediately hearing
A marvellous burst,

23.

" Found himself in the air
And in perilous case,
For he knew that the lightning
Had blown up the place ;

Since of powder there lay
'Neath the castle in store,
Two hundred and fifty
Good barrels, or more.
But shocked and bewildered
He was not aware
That out of the house he'd
Been carried, or where !

24.

" Till raising himself by
The feverish light
Of some very large flashes
That fathomed the night ;
On one side the yard
Of the castle found he,
And yawning on t'other
The depths of the sea.
So he dared not to stir,
Lest perchance he should fall
On this side or that, from
His place on the wall ! "

25.

And in guerdon of this
His most opportune deed,
With twenty * pounds yearly
James Chapple was fee'd.
And he lived long in Gretton
With nothing to do,
And deposed to this statement
When past eighty-two ;
Laid by and forgotten
In days long since past,
Till the " Heir of the Hattons "
Revives it at last.

26

Now of good Castle Cornet
I've told you the tale,
Of the witch, and the warning,
The thunder and hail ;

ten other children who died young, and seven who were still-born ;—thirty in all : a pretty large family for a lady who had once been buried alive, and a proof that she took no harm by the accident.

* This is by no means the paltry sum it appears, but a very handsome pension. Beef and mutton, as shown by Lord Hatton's household account-books, were then but a penny a pound, and other things in proportion.

Twenty pounds then will represent some two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds per annum now ; which is a handsome remuneration even for the signal services rendered by the negro, and probably more than he would get now.

Of the flash from the cloud,
And the flight through the air—
And the red star that bade
The Lord Hatton beware.
And I presently challenge
The scribes of this nation
To furnish in fiction
A stranger narration.

27.

There's a moral beside—
Had this beam fallen flat,

Or Miss Anne not possessed
One more life than a cat ;
Then I that have fashioned
This marvellous lay
Of the gallant Lord Hatton
Had never seen day ;
And the public had lost
Some amusement and wit ;
And as rattling a ballad
As ever was writ !

August 21, 1872.

NOTICE.

I recollect to have seen the original deposition somewhere about the year '25, in the commencement of the present century, but it has since been lost. Happily a copy of it (of the existence of which I was not aware) was taken by the Hon. and Rev. Daniel Heneage Finch Hatton, Rector of Great and Little Weldon, in the county of Northants.

This came to my knowledge as late as 1872, after I had long given up all hopes of recovering the original—a most curious document—and probably stolen by some one who did not know its value.

From this copy I take the text as it stands, *verbatim et literatim*.

Copy.

An account of the lightning that blew up the Castle Guernsey in 16—, when the Right Hon^{ble} Christopher Lord Hatton was Governor there, given by James Chapple of Greetington in the County of Northampton, a Negro who was at that time servant to the said Lord Hatton at Guernsey, and himself took the said Lord off the Castle wall, in cause whereof that Noble Lord left

him an annuity of twenty pounds sterling, during his life.

"Saith that he is about eighty-two years of age, and that in the year 16— (he was servant to the said Lord Hatton as he had been from Nov^r 1663), on the thirty-first of December he the said Lord Hatton after supper went and sett with one Ensign Covett* (who is an officer at that

* Dicey in his account of the catastrophe calls this gentleman Ensign Covert, and mentions that which the negro has omitted—viz., that he (Ensign C.) was killed in the blowing up of the Castle. Dicey also states that the Castle was blown up on Sunday the 29th of December 1672, or rather in the morning of the 30th (by his own showing), for he says it was past twelve o'clock at night; but he is no doubt wrong. It is pretty clear by comparing the two accounts that Dicey's was substantially taken from the negro's, but with many inaccuracies.

Dicey says—"Lord Hatton was taken off the wall by 'two black servants.'" Now this is clearly a blunder; for not only was it unlikely that Lord Hatton should have two black servants in his establishment, but it sufficiently appears that he pensioned but one; whereas if both had been engaged in his rescue he would hardly have left out one of them.

As this deposition was taken down from James Chapple's own mouth, fifty-four years afterwards, when he was eighty-two years of age, it is not surprising that the narrator should have forgotten the year, which is accordingly left blank; but excepting in this particular his story is both graphic and precise, and appears to be in every respect worthy of belief. Dicey had evidently heard of the negro's story but not seen the narrative, and his account is full of blunders.

Among others, and it is perhaps the most unpardonable, for it shows the most reckless carelessness of assertion, he says that "Anne, Countess of Nottingham,

time in garrison there and an acquaintance of the said Lord), till about eleven o'clock at night, when the said Lord Hatton returned to his own apartment in the Castle and this informant with him, and Mr Covett looking up to the skye, said to my Lord Hatton 'Pray observe that starr;' and his Lordship looking earnestly at it said—'It looks very angry; I wish we have not some foul weather:' but to this informant's judgment he never saw a clearer skye; and the moon was just setting, and when this informant had putt his said Lord to bed, he went to his own room, and was in bed himself by twelve; and by one in the morning, which was New-Year's day, this informant was wak'd by another servant of the said Lord (who laid (with his informant, and had been in bed some time before him), and was by him told he did believe the house was falling and then they both got up, and it being very darke, they were some time before they could find the door; but at last they gott out, and the first thing this informant then heard was his Lord's voice calling for help: and being directed by the voice, this informant at last found he was on the castle wall, and was by his Lordship order'd to go and see for his wife and children, and bring him word how they did (for his lady being at that time lying in was lodg'd in a separate part of the house from his Lordship); but it being very darke as aforesaid, and having no shoes on, nor anything but his shirt, he inform'd his Lordship that he could not gett to that part of the house, nor indeed so much as back again to his own apartment, he having come thro' a window of the Gard-roume to come to the Castle wall to his Lordship; and then this informant, borrowing a pair of shoes from the soldiers, with some difficulty gott on the Castle wall, and crep't on his hands and knees to his Lordship, where he found him with the mattress and feather-bed under him, and the bed-clothes over him; and then this informant turning himself back again,

his Lordship gott on his back, and this informant crep't back in the same manner he went there, and so brought his Lordship entirely off the wall, and carried him into the Gard-roume, in which time the garrison was all gott up, and candles were lighted; and this informant, borrowing some of the soldiers' clothes, went with them up and down the Castle to see for his Lordship's lady, mother, and sisters, and then found that the Castle was blown up, and the dowager lady dead in her bed, being posted on the head with a great stone which then lay on her; and in the next apartment they found his Lordship's two sisters both alive in bed, but almost suffocated with a beam of the house fallen in betwix't them, and, taking them out, carried them to his Lordship in the Gard-roume; and returning again to the ruins, this informant heard something make a noise under his feet, and it being, as this informant apprehended, just about the place where, by the falling of the buildings, the Lady Hatton (who had just laid in) must be, he said to the Captain, 'I hear something under me; so pray, digg here, and see if 'tis not my lady;' and on digging about a foot and a half struck on a beam, by the side of which being a little cavity, they open'd it somewhat larger, and, looking in, there saw under the beam (which did not rest flatt, but stood with one end considerably lower than the other), Miss Anne Hatton, his said Lordship's daughter, a child three years old the October before (now Countess of Nottingham), and taking her out of the bed and carrying her down to her father, return'd again to the ruins, and searching further in that cavity, found in another bed there one of the nurses dead, with Miss Margaret Hatton, another of his Lordship's daughters, a child of about one year and a half old in her arms, playing with a little silver cupp in its hand, and carried that to his Lordship, and returning again to the same place, and removing a little more of the rubbish, and a few boards, found in a cradle Elizabeth Hatton,

was one of the two sisters of Lord Hatton that were rescued by the breaking down of the partition wall;" whereas it is beyond doubt that she was the eldest daughter of Christopher, second Lord Hatton, by his first wife Lady Cecilia Tufton.

another daughter of his Lordship, a child of about three weeks old, and carried that to his Lordship.

"The day now coming on, they dugg further in the ruins, and tooke out two or three women servants alive, one of which had a great quantity of glass in her back, which was pick'd out by the surgeons, and the rest of them were found dead, and some of them with their bones broak; and at last, on digging, they found the Lady Hatton, who was on her knees, with a wrapping-gown on, and her woman with her in the same posture, but they were both dead.

"The Castle was at this time entirely blown up, or, at least, what was not entirely blown up was shatter'd, which was occasion'd, as this informant has several times heard the said Lord Hatton declare, by lightning setting fire to two hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder which was at that time in the store roome under the castle; and particularly about a week after the accident, some gentlemen of the island being come to condole with his Lordship on this his great misfortune, and asking his Lordship whether he knew

anything how it began? His Lordship declar'd (this informant being present), 'That he did not sleep from the time he went to bed till the Castle was blown up; and that soon after he was in bed, he heard it thunder, as at a distance, and that it still came nearer and nearer, the wind growing high, and some hale beat against the windows pretty hard, and at last he felt the bed whereon he lay move, and immediately a prodigious burst, and at the same time found himself in the open air, by which he apprehended that the lightning had taken hold of the gunpowder, and that *that* had blown up the house, but did not apprehend that his bed had been carryed out of the house, but only thought that he had fallen with it, but some very large flashes of lightning immediately following, he did, on raising himself up by the light thereof, perceive the sea on one side of him, and part of the Castle wall on the other, and therefore kept calling out for help, till this informant spok to him.'

Taken from Mr Chapple's own mouth, twentieth of March, seventeen hundred and twenty-seven, by me,
JOSHUA LANKART.

THE LATE ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

WE have said before to-day that, if the Radical Government should ever make an attempt at construction, their incapacity would be manifest to the whole country. Pulling down is work which calls for little enough of sense or ability. It is only to be supremely indifferent as to consequences, to secure a sufficient number of ill-disposed persons to decree the demolition, and then away go institutions and landmarks with a recklessness and rapidity which pass with the unthinking for evidence of skill. Nothing is easier than denouncing and cutting away. Not even argument or defence of the suppressions and confiscations is required. We know that, more than once lately, the destructive party in the House of Commons was ordered to sit silent on its benches, careless of whether its designs could be justified or not, and waiting only for the moment when, by force of unreasoning numbers, it could raze and rob. In an evil hour, however, it seems to have been determined to show what could be done in the way of building up; the gigantic product of four years' profound study is placed before the country in the shape of a measure for constituting an Irish University; and by the voices of all parties and all persuasions it is pronounced to be desperately bad. The readiness of Ministers at founding colleges is about equal to their happy knack of making treaties. Their great boast was, that they understood Ireland, and knew how to satisfy her—how to govern her according to Irish ideas; and in this, their first essay at raising anything up in Ireland, they have contrived to offend every Irish mind. Possibly it may be insisted, on their behalf, that the

ingenuity must have been considerable which could design a measure calculated, in a country remarkable for its many opinions and creeds, to affront them every one. This is not disputed; only, as the intention was to devise a plan which should conciliate Irishmen, great and small, and of all shades of opinion, the admission is not of much consequence. Is it not strange that persons who have undertaken to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas should be ignorant of what Irish ideas are? The cobbler should stick to his last. Perhaps if our gifted ones had restricted themselves to subverting established things they might have continued for a few more months in a course marked by ruin; but, like the crow in the fable, who was made to fancy that he could sing, it has tried its little attempt at doing something pleasant, and emitted a croak which has made everybody's flesh creep.

"At any rate," some of the Ministerialists may say, "if we didn't know anything about Ireland, we made people fancy we did, and so retained office for four years and made a good thing of it." But we question whether the leaders will find comfort in this reflection. It is much more likely to be on their minds, how they intended to extort universal admiration by their incomparable government, and how they have got nothing but ridicule and condemnation. The government was not simply to endure, it was to be enthroned in the hearts of the people high and low, revered for its purity, wondered at for the brilliancy of its achievements, blessed for its benefits, and commended throughout the earth as having first practised the only methods by which

a nation may be made permanently happy. A long lease of power, with such accompaniments as these, might indeed have been gratifying, and then the deathless fame that would have followed! Well-a-day, we are but blind speculators, the cleverest of us! Who would have thought it, now, that the union of all the virtue, talent, wisdom, dexterity, and benevolence to be found among British statesmen, should have no better fate than failure and ridicule? Failure, we say, from first to last; for though up to this point Parliament has borne with the Administration, the Ministry has been falling in public estimation since the first year of its existence. Its fate was really sealed last year when the scandalous management of the American treaty came to be known; all knew that whenever the people was ready for vengeance we should not have to wait long for a blunder or a fault quite sufficient of itself to justify the severest censure. A bill to extend knowledge, after a fashion which should be agreeable to the Roman Catholic priesthood, was invented and produced. The idea of these priests being favourable to the spread of any real knowledge is absurd. Knowledge means light, and the priests naturally hate the light, neither will come to the light lest their deeds should be reprov'd. But the problem presented no absurdity to a highly conscientious Ministry, anxious for the growth of knowledge, and still more anxious for the approval of the priests. They designed a method of instruction which should tend to the perpetuation of ignorance and the growth of superstition; so that, under the name of giving light, they might gratify them who love darkness rather than light. Yea, it is true that these ardent friends of enlightenment have agreed to discourage—we will not say to suppress—the study of theology,

philosophy, and modern history, because the teaching of them might be objected to by the priests. Thus, as was remarked in debate, while in foreign Roman Catholic countries science has shaken off the yoke of the priesthood, and established its right to inquire and to learn, and while academical bodies have insisted on their right to teach whatever may inform and expand the mind, it has been reserved for English statesmen to return to the bigotry and thralldom of the middle ages, and to restrict the education of men of all persuasions, in deference to Cardinal Cullen and his bishops. One unacquainted with the tricks and shifts to which a *soi-disant* Liberal Government can resort in order to catch votes, might fairly ask, "Is this Liberalism, is this progress? we thought that the fault imputed to Mr Gladstone and his colleagues was that they advanced too fast and were ahead of their age, not that they desired the British Parliament to stultify itself, by reviving the restrictions and gloom of the dark ages." And the answer is, "No, it is not Liberalism, for Liberals repudiate it with loathing. It is Gladstonism, which does not mean any consistent policy, but double-faced scheming, which will endeavour to gain support in Great Britain by one course, and in Ireland by its opposite." Liberals, we say, repudiate this attempt to reduce the knowledge of the whole community to the level which the Catholic priests approve. They refuse to be led a single step towards depressing knowledge; they separate themselves from the backsliding Ministers, and openly assert their allegiance to science and all the truths which it can teach. But, vehemently as Liberals denounced the Bill, the Roman Catholic bishops, for whose gratification it was intended, put it under a still heavier ban. They ar-

rogantly refused all arrangements, except such as should give them the complete control of education, and allow them to decide what should be taught and how it should be taught. By concession made to them after concession, they have become so presumptuous, that they fling back proposals to place them exactly on a level with other religious persuasions, and to abridge the curriculum of the University for their sakes, demanding to be supreme. But the behaviour of the Catholic hierarchy speaks for itself, and we do not need now to dwell upon it; the conduct of the estimable Government is what claims our attention. It was known before that Mr Gladstone's convictions were very mutable, and that they changed in singular response to his interests; but this, perhaps, is the first time that he has exhibited two sets of convictions at the same time—very advanced convictions for the delight of this side of the Irish Channel, and convictions belonging to the days of Torquemada and Ximenes for the Popish priests. This is the single-minded, unswerving Minister, preferring truth before all things, and inviting men to examine and prove him, and to try out his reins and his heart!

The debate on this Bill is over now; but it is one that will be long remembered, and that is worthy of remembrance, as containing a notice to Irish Papists from the House of Commons that the day is past when their so-called grievances and disabilities can be matter of moment to the Legislature, or when an ambitious statesman may obtain power by making himself their champion. We said last autumn,* when commenting upon the priestly doings in the county Galway, that the exposure of the practices of archbishops, bi-

shops, and priests, would have a great effect in opening the eyes of people on this island, that it might not be possible again to make an effectual cry out of Catholic grievances, and that the Irish Protestant Church might yet be avenged. And it seems probable that the decided tone in which Liberal members have refused to countenance the priestly claim in this educational matter, is due to the disclosures which were made before Judge Keogh last summer, and recently at the Dublin trials. Another point which has been demonstrated in the debate is, that Mr Gladstone's failure to carry his measure does by no means throw upon his successor the task of dealing in an extensive way with this same question. It has been made clear that education is not languishing, as the Prime Minister supposes, and that the present means are as good as can be designed, they requiring only slight legislative action to foster them, and give them fair play, in order that they may be most effectual, and bring forth much fruit to the benefit of all persuasions.

As the debate on the second reading was the means of promulgating much information regarding the state and prospects of education in Ireland, and of making Ministers a little conversant with a state of feeling of which they had been profoundly ignorant, although with their usual arrogance they had fancied that they understood prevailing opinions so well as to be able to use them for their own purposes, we glance at some of the speeches. In many of these speeches we have the satisfaction of seeing repeated the argument which we used last month—namely, that Ireland has no real grievance in respect of education; that there is nothing in the instruction given at the colleges, or in the

* *Vide* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for October 1872.

mode of giving it, to offend the most scrupulous conscience ; and that it would be more proper to represent as a grievance the conduct of the priests themselves, who place themselves between the laity and the colleges, and forbid the former to send their sons to educational establishments where they would gladly place them if left to follow their own wishes and judgment. Professor Fawcett, speaking of the Queen's Colleges, said :—

"In 1865 the policy of denouncing these colleges was begun. In 1865 Cardinal Cullen said that the parents who allowed their children to attend them were unworthy of the sacraments of the Church, and should be excluded from them. (Hear, hear.) Just at the same time the Bishop of Clonfert said that those fathers and mothers who persisted in sending their children to these colleges were disregarding the warnings and decisions of the head of the Church, and that they should be deprived of the holy sacraments of the Eucharist and penance while they continued in such disobedience. Was a denunciation more cruel, more cowardly—I will even say more inhuman—ever uttered ? (Loud cheers.) Could stronger language have been employed if those fathers and mothers had been bringing up their daughters to prostitution, or sending their sons to some sink of iniquity ? (Cheers.) But this is not the worst. These denunciations show that we had not carried our work of emancipation completely when we struck off the manacles that prevented men from enjoying their bodily liberty. I regret to have to say, that just at the time when these cruel and cowardly denunciations appeared, they were aided and abetted by the Liberal Government. (Cheers.)"

And Mr Horsman, following in the same strain, said :—

"The colleges have not been a failure—failure is not the word ; but they have been thwarted, impeded, and partially defeated by the hostile action of the Roman Catholic prelates. The Legislature of Great Britain established

a State system of education in Ireland to make the population intelligent, peaceful, and loyal ; but a foreign ecclesiastical authority has stepped in and said, 'I forbid your policy—(cheers)—I condemn your people to ignorance and disaffection.'"

Thus it is clear that the Roman Catholic grievance does not lie in anything over which the Government has control, but in the tyranny and bigotry of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Yet it may be objected, how can this be so when we have found Liberal Governments, even Mr Gladstone's immaculate Government, seeking to conciliate the Roman Catholics by making concessions to the priests ? They must have known well whether this was the way really to redress the alleged grievances. The answer is, that of course they knew very well where the grievance lay ; but, by keeping up a belief among the English people that to gratify the priests was the only way to redress it, they have been able to maintain a commerce with these priests, obtaining for them concession after concession, and receiving as the price of concession Popish votes. The maintenance of this delusion about the grievance, though very damaging to the country, has been profitable to Liberal Ministries, which have kept themselves in power by it. How they could be guilty of such collusion is another question, which we are not able to answer ; but a glance at some other things which Mr Gladstone has not scrupled to do may make it easy to comprehend how he did this too. He will not derive much more advantage from the trick. The iniquitous game has been so thoroughly exposed, that it can never again delude more than a small number of Britons. From the debate on the Irish University Bill has already proceeded a benefit the magnitude of which can scarcely be

overestimated. *The traffic of Liberal Ministries in Popish votes, if not quite at an end, has received its death-blow.* Henceforth the British Legislature will distinguish between the Roman Catholic body and the Roman Catholic hierarchy—between her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, and the Ultramontane firebrands who are the servants of the Pope. What we for months and years have been endeavouring to demonstrate has at length been announced in Parliament by voices which cannot fail to command attention. Though we have waited and laboured long for this acknowledgment, we have never despaired; and at length we rejoice to find so great a principle received in the House of Commons, from whence it will never again in our day disappear.

That the Bill should have been founded on an entirely mistaken estimate of Irish feeling will surprise no one; the wonder would have been if a production chiefly due to the Prime Minister had not been a blunder in this respect. But, if the Premier knows very little of mankind, he is generally great at facts and figures, and able by the introduction of a multiplicity of details well got up, to turn attention from weak reasoning. Few are able to cope with his masses of details and digits, which he uses as a cloud of skirmishers to conceal a pitiful array and incapable generalship. But even in this respect his tactics seem to have failed him when he made his lengthy oration in presenting his University Bill. Not that he at all refrained from perplexing minutiae—heaven knows he gave a surfeit of them!—but that his details, and his facts founded thereon, were so incorrect and so weak, that they were challenged and demolished in the course of the debate. Knowing that the priests abominated the

Queen's Colleges, he thought it would be a pretty compliment to them if he could show the colleges to be failures deserving to be swept away; and accordingly he affirmed that the attendance for instruction at these institutions has been and is falling off, supporting his assertion by the usual plausible statistics. Unfortunately for him there were other statisticians in the House ready, willing, and able to combat his statement, which, after the dressing it got from them, remains a monument of the profound error on which he is content to build a proposition. Dr Lyon Playfair, addressing himself directly to this specious representation, said:—

“He now came to a point on which the House would be surprised to find that two human beings could take such totally different views of the state of the Universities in Ireland. The right hon. gentleman gave a melancholy picture of the decrease of university education in Ireland. He was going to show that instead of a decrease there was an enormous increase of University education in Ireland. (Hear, hear.) If Ireland was decreasing in academical instruction, there was need for this Bill; if, on the contrary, she was increasing in this respect, it was a question whether they should uproot the ancient university system and in its stead place another. (Hear, hear.) He would go no farther back than to the foundation of the Queen's University in Ireland, in September 1850. In 1853 the Dublin University Commission published its report, which showed that there was a tendency every year for true academic students to decrease. In the year 1871, out of 1217 students, only 361 attended lectures in Hilary Term, and of these only 150 were laymen. In the year of the establishment of the Queen's University only 150 laymen were being educated in an academic sense; while in 1871 there were 958 students on the rolls, 460 of whom attended lectures, and of these 420 were laymen. In 1871 there was a large increase of students in true academic training as compared with the

time when the Queen's University was founded. (Hear.) Such a result could not be characterised as a decrease of education. He thought that, if the statistics were carefully examined, there was no need for despairing. The sum of these statistics was, that since the Queen's University had been established, such an impulse had been given to thorough education, that they had increased academical instruction sevenfold. But this Bill would bring back Ireland to the condition it was in before, and would cause the students to enter merely for examination, but not to go through the academic system. The result would be to destroy the competition between the two Universities. As to the Queen's Colleges, some case might be made out against them by those who restricted their vision to arts degrees alone. But those who looked farther and watched the results in the scientific services of the army, in the civil service of India, and in various professions, would find everywhere alumni of the Queen's Colleges holding the highest positions. (Hear, hear.) As to Galway College, he wished to point out that Galway stood in a peculiar position. The population of the town, which was 23,000 twenty years ago, was now only 13,000; but while in 1861 the number of students was 144, in 1871 the number reached 141 students. But he did not speak of it merely on account of its academic success, but also in scientific respects, because last year it took seven first-class honours."

When we commented last month on Mr Gladstone's statement which introduced the measure, we accepted his facts, never dreaming that he could or would have misrepresented them. But it has now been shown by the concurrent testimony of Mr C. E. Lewis, Mr W. Johnston, Professor Fawcett, and Dr Playfair, that one of the main assertions on which the foundations of the Bill rest—to wit, the assertion that academical education is decreasing in Ireland—is decidedly incorrect. Now what sort of talent can that be which, after four years of brooding on a question like this, produces at last a

measure founded on a gross misconception of facts which might have been truly ascertained by any statesman? We are not surprised, because we have always held that Mr Gladstone is a much overrated man; but what will his admirers say to this piece of slovenly workmanship? Surely it was not too much to expect that a statesman of such pretensions, engaged in such a task, would at least certify his facts beyond all contradiction. But clearly he has shown in this case not only a want of the faculty of judging right, but an incapacity for sifting out the truths on which judgment is to operate. It has been the fashion to rely a good deal on Mr Gladstone's industry in getting up a case; but after this, we opine, his ability to state things fairly will not be considered much in advance of his adroitness in making things pleasant.

Professor Fawcett's assertion, too,—his well-sustained assertion—that the College at Galway is doing "excellent work," in contradiction to Mr Gladstone's assertion that it has failed and ought to be suppressed, presents another strange disagreement very damaging to Mr Gladstone's reputation for accuracy. But Mr Fawcett's most eloquent protest was against the "gagging clauses," as they have been nicknamed, of the Bill. These seem to have struck him with a horror which Liberals do not commonly receive from other Liberals' ideas. Nothing that the Pope or the Inquisition could do could call forth a stronger denunciation than the following:—

"I say it is absolutely impossible to lecture on political economy without referring to events of modern history. (Hear, hear.) Take up Adam Smith, and glance over the pages of that great author, and you will find that to teach political economy without referring to modern history, makes the subject a ridiculous farce. (Hear, hear.) Then, professors are to be subjected to the most

degrading censorship ever dreamt of. I can frankly say—to refer to my own experience—that there is no position in life which I value so much as the professorship I hold at Cambridge; but, if the Prime Minister could succeed in introducing these clauses into the English universities, I should feel that I could not conscientiously hold my professorship for a single hour. I would not submit to the degradation. (Cheers.) I will give an illustration. Suppose a professor of political economy is lecturing on pauperism, he cannot lecture on pauperism without referring to the poor-law; and how can he refer to the poor-law without referring to the indigence produced by the breaking up of monastic institutions, and rendering the poor-law necessary? If you give a lecture and refer to monastic institutions, a student may write and say, ‘If you refer to monastic institutions you will offend my religious convictions.’ (Laughter and Opposition cheers.) Would any man submit to be called before a university council not created by the university, but the creature of political nomination, and subject himself, without power of appeal, to suspension or any other punishment which the university may devise?”

We cannot help pausing to ask in what party in politics we ought to class Mr Gladstone. We have seen him using the Royal prerogative to override the Legislature, heard him utter threats of nullifying an Act of Parliament by the veto of the Crown, and now find him deliberately planning to restrict by law learning in a university, and to gag professors and tutors in deference to the behests of the most intolerant and most benighted fraternity in the world. When he threw off his old associations and opinions he found his way somehow with his new convictions into the Liberal camp; the Liberals have only just found out what kind of being they have been harbouring.

Mr Horsman's speech—which, setting aside its inconsistency with his letter to the ‘Times,’ was a more telling oration than anything we have heard for many sessions—

bore witness to the light which at this late hour is dawning upon Liberals as to the wide distinction between Mr Gladstone's policy and theirs. He pointed out that the only consideration which could have justified them in tolerating the Bill was the belief that it would allay and end disputes and quarrels which have been causing England and Ireland to lead a cat-and-dog life for years and years; and he asked what object there could be in proceeding with the measure after the action of the bishops and priests had made it plain that no settlement in this way was possible? The Government has not answered this question. And the prevailing opinion is that Mr Gladstone, having once designed an enactment, no matter with what expectation, could not or would not acknowledge himself to have been in the wrong, but would persist in cramming his medicine down the throats of all parties, after the idea of its being a remedy for anything had been scattered to the winds. Mr Horsman very pertinently asked whether the *sic volo, sic jubeo* principle was that on which Mr Gladstone proceeded; and he might have been told in reply, that that was the principle which hitherto, by the blind inconsistency of Liberal members (Mr Horsman himself among them), Mr Gladstone had been allowed to act on, until he had come to fancy himself absolute. The high-handed, unconstitutional action in regard to the Army Act of 1871, which a patriotic House of Commons would have checked and censured as the Lords censured it, was allowed to pass unpunished, and is bearing fruit now in the arrogant wilfulness which at length has roused the general indignation of parties. The most interesting portion of Mr Horsman's speech was that wherein he, speaking, we hope, for many other Englishmen as well as for himself, insisted that

the time has come when all thought of governing Ireland through the bishops and priests should be abandoned. He did not by any means recommend indifference to the claims or the grievances of the Roman Catholic laity; but he said that the laity could be cared for, while the turbulent clergy could be set at defiance. This course might induce the latter to turn home-rulers in order to retain their hold on the people; but even this move Mr Horsman was content to risk, confident that it is too late, since the Irish people has now been raised socially, intellectually, and materially. We agree with Mr Horsman in thinking that it would be too late; but our opinion is founded, not so much on any change in the people of Ireland, as in the change which has come upon Liberal members of the House of Commons, who at last perceive that to be driven like sheep to vote in accordance with the prescripts of the Pope's servants, is inconsistent with their political profession. "I shall vote," said the right hon. gentleman, "against the second reading; and I think that the House, rejecting it by a majority, will make it known that there yet exists a spirit in the House of Commons that will not permit any Minister to degrade legislation or to destroy the independence of Parliament. (Loud Opposition cheers.)" We cannot part from Mr Horsman without noticing a little apostrophe neatly directed on Mr Gladstone. He had been saying that the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church was the result of forty years' unceasing efforts of the Liberal party, whereat Mr Gladstone took the liberty of shaking his head—no very great affront, one would think; yet the shake seems to have been as significant as that of Lord Burleigh, and to have had a stimulating effect upon the speaker, who immediately turned on the Premier, saying,

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"Yes, I say, the active and unceasing efforts of the Liberal party, who had formed, and created, and matured public opinion, on the highest wave of which, let me tell him, the right hon. gentleman himself was borne into office, the reward of a conversion equally sudden and auspicious. (Loud cheers.)" The words are worth noting, because they let out, in the excitement of debate, a little truth which the Radical party keeps well covered up in general—namely, that they are entirely at one with us as to the Prime Minister's conversion. When we hint at anything of the sort, of course it is only party spite! but how is it when a Liberal, off his guard, gives voice to exactly the same opinion as ours?

We were much disappointed in Mr Vernon Harcourt, whose speech, instead of referring to the Bill, was a poor appeal *ad misericordiam* on behalf of the tottering Government. He made the discovery that the measure ought to be supported because it pleased no party in Ireland, and was an attempt to govern Ireland according to imperial, and not according to Irish, ideas. Now, up to this point, nobody had denied or doubted that the Bill, though it had failed of its intention, was framed for the express purpose of conciliating different parties. Of course, if it had been accepted, we should have heard great plaudits over so clever a device; but, as it has failed, Mr Harcourt has discovered that its great merit lies in that it conciliates nobody. This was hardly creditable to Mr Harcourt; and it did not help Ministers, whose case was seen to be bad indeed when such an argument had to be resorted to. In sneering at Irish opinion, which (now that it ran dead against the Bill) was not worthy of the least consideration, Mr Harcourt laid himself open to the rebuke of

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Dr Ball, who, with perfect command of temper, but with stinging force, chastised this flippancy.

Then, of course, Mr Osborne had his joke, or rather series of jokes. He saw in the Bill a merit which appertained to very few Irish bills. It made Irishmen unanimous, only they were unanimous in condemnation of it. He also said that the Premier was making a holocaust of his party. But after being discursive, and frequently enticing the House from its propriety, he came back to something serious and relevant, and ended all right by saying that he should vote against the second reading. Mr Cardwell entreated the House to vote the second reading, and then to do as it might list with all or any part of the Bill. Nothing was essential—there was nothing which might not be altered in Committee to please everybody or anybody. Its authors were not particular as to what form it might take, provided only it were read a second time. But the House seemed to think that it must deal in Committee with a Bill for which Ministers were responsible, or with nothing. The condition of the Government on Tuesday morning the 11th March was very piteous. Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning, saw the end of the discussion. Mr Disraeli, in a sarcastic and effective speech, recalled the House to a consciousness of the fact that, notwithstanding the vague statements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State for War, and others, that any and every point was non-essential and might be given up in Committee, yet nothing had really and definitely been given up; the House had still to deal with the Bill as it stood in print, and had no security whatever that if it were suffered to go into Committee any one of the objectionable clauses would be amended. He

pointed out the great difficulty—the impracticability almost—of selecting the Council of 28, and the improbability of that Council when selected being able to work in furtherance of education. He characterised as “most astounding” the attempt to exclude theology, history, and mental philosophy from the curriculum, and spoke with withering contempt of the “gagging” clauses. But, as might have been expected on an occasion like this, the right hon. gentleman, looking to the importance of the coming division, left for a moment the consideration of the Bill before the House, and denounced the whole policy which had led up to that Bill, and to the critical condition in which the Ministry then stood. Four years ago he had warned them by a prediction; now he used the language of the prediction to draw a lesson from accomplished facts.

“The right hon. gentleman,” he said, “had a substitute for the promotion of concurrent endowment killed by Roman Catholics themselves. The right hon. gentleman substituted the policy of confiscation. (Hear, hear.) You have had four years of it. You have despoiled churches, you have threatened every corporation and every endowment in the country. You have examined into everybody’s affairs (laughter), criticised everybody’s profession, and vexed every trade. (Hear, hear.) Nobody knows what are the duties he may have to perform to-morrow. (Laughter.) And this is the policy of confiscation as compared with that of concurrent endowment. The Irish Roman Catholic gentlemen were perfectly satisfied when you were despoiling the Irish Church. They looked, not unwillingly, to plunder the Irish landlords, and they thought the time had arrived when the great drama would be fulfilled, and the spirit of confiscation descend upon the celebrated walls of Trinity College, levelling them to the ground, and endow the University of Stephen’s Green. But I ventured to remark at the time the policy of the right hon. gentleman was introduced, that confiscation was con-

tagious. (Hear, hear.) I believed that the people of this country had had enough of confiscation ; and, from what I can now see, the House of Commons, elected upon that plea, are beginning to experience somewhat of the inconvenience of its satiety ; and, if I am not mistaken, they will give some intimation to the Government to-night that that is their opinion."

Mr Disraeli ended by saying : " I must vote against a measure which I believe to be monstrous in its general conception, pernicious in many of its details, and utterly futile as a measure of practical legislation ; " and then the end was seen to be approaching, for Mr Gladstone rose to make his last appeal for the Bill, or, as some supposed, to pronounce by anticipation a funeral oration over it. It is probably true that he regarded the Bill as already dead, for he adopted a defiant, desperate tone, instead of the hang-dog strain in which he is accustomed to do penance before the House whenever, being in danger, he sees a chance of escape. Those who remember his accents when speaking in the second year on the remission of the paper-duties, or when speaking on the Collier job in 1872, will understand what we mean. The right hon. gentleman said what could be said for his Bill after Mr Cardwell and Mr Lowe had given up the whole and every part ; he tried to recall or to explain away the concessions of his colleagues ; and he ended with a flourish which may have been of great use to editors and spouters on the Radical side who had yet to make their moan over the untimely fate of the Bill, and the consequent discomfiture of the Ministry. The peroration did not save him, and will probably impress but few, but it was in better taste than a whine would have been, and not a bit less effective :—

" As for the Government, we have

got our plans, for which we are responsible. I am not afraid of the charge that I serve the priests. I am ready to serve them or any other class of men, as far as justice admits, but not to go one inch further for them or for any man. Sir, if the labours of 1869 and 1870 are to be forgotten—if, when we have earnestly sought and striven for peace, we find only contention—if our tenders of relief are cast away with scorn—let us still remember that there is a voice which is not heard in the crackling of the fire, or in the roaring of the whirlwind or the storm—the still small voice of justice, but which is heard after they have passed away. (Cheers.) To mete out justice to Ireland according to the best of our views, and to which with our human infirmities we could attain, has been the work—I will almost say the sacred work—of this Parliament. Having put our hand to the plough let us not turn back. Let not what we think the folly and perverseness of those whom we are attempting to benefit have the slightest effect in turning us from the path we have undertaken to tread. As we have begun, so let us go through ; with a firm and resolute hand let us efface from the laws and practice of the country the last—for I believe it is the last—of the religious and social grievances of Ireland. (Loud cheers.)"

But this kind of language has lost its charm. We know how little it availed the right hon. gentleman in the division which took place when he sat down. The eloquence which he has at command for every occasion great or small has come to be looked upon as something quite dissociated from the actual business of life. Men listen to him and applaud him much as they read, and are affected by, a poem or a tale ; then, when the work-a-day world calls them back, they put down the book, banish its sorcery from their thoughts, and address themselves to the business of life. That the division was a bitter mortification no one can doubt who has read the debates,

and observed the abject bids which were made in the desperate attempt to avert defeat. As was remarked by 'The Standard' newspaper, the first lure thrown out was to the cruel and fickle priesthood through Mr Chichester Fortescue, who pointed out to them that the Bill was calculated to give them in a little time everything their own way; but when the hierarchy proved immovable, then all the sops which had been put into the Bill for the delectation of the priests were to be expunged to please the Radicals. Probably, while Mr Gladstone was making those beautiful remarks which we have quoted about "the still small voice of justice," honourable members were thinking of the voice neither still nor small in which his colleagues had been offering to throw over first one and then the other of the two parties between whom this inflexible justice was to be done. If the Bill was really a Bill to establish, after a time, Ultramontane ascendancy, it was a snare to all who dread and deprecate Ultramontaniam; if it were denuded of its "gagging" clauses, its council, and its provisions for the perpetuation of ignorance, it was no longer a measure to conciliate the priests. If Mr Gladstone, in place of the natural craftiness which he so frequently displays, had possessed a little knowledge of the world, he would, when he found his long-studied Bill a failure, have withdrawn it with the best grace he could assume, as the press almost unanimously advised him to do. But weak, variable, and ductile as he is in things wherein it is a shame for men to be inconstant, he is obstinate and immovable in minor matters which affect simply his vanity or his temper. "*Les*

gens foibles," says De Retz, "*ne plient jamais quand ils le doivent*." If it be objected that we take too great a liberty in classing Mr Gladstone among "*les foibles*," we reply that we do not now for the first time assign him to that fortunate brotherhood. We have for years asserted his incapacity, while giving him full credit for his learning and his talking power. We have never wavered in our opinion of him; and since 1868, when he was at the height of his reputation, public opinion has been gradually coming into agreement with ours. We thus appeal to the past for vindication of that expression; we also appeal to the future; now that the gilding of success has gone along with Mr Gladstone's other fortunate accidents, let us see how long it will be before he is as much depreciated as he has hitherto been overvalued.

It may be remembered that just as the session of 1872 ended, there went forth a rumour that the Prime Minister intended next session to set landlords and tenants at loggerheads; to interfere with the succession to real property; and otherwise to exercise those who have committed the crime of owning land. In noticing that disturbing rumour, we,* while giving the Premier every credit for a desire to punish the landed interest, expressed a doubt as to whether he would have the power to do it much harm by the time we should have reached another session. Landlords may be quite easy now; the war has been carried into their enemy's camp; he will have quite enough to do in defending himself, and must give up aggressive ideas for the present. The programme of 1868 is incomplete. One of the upas-trees, which, with a majority of a hundred at his

* See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for October 1872.

back the Minister proposed to uproot or fell with the axe, is still flourishing in spite of him ; and the majority of a hundred, what has become of that ? More aptitude has been shown for dissipating a majority than for destroying upastrees. So if the great object for which the Radical Government was formed remains unaccomplished, new projects can hardly be attempted. But is the University Bill really dead, or will it rise again and fight a whole hour by Shrewsbury clock ? We ask the question, because, just after it had been slaughtered, its author thought proper to remind the House of Commons that it might be revived this session. Many people are quite unable to guess the meaning of that reminder ; but we, who can remember what happened many years ago, when the repeal of the paper-duties was refused by the House of Lords, have some idea of the interpretation. To some minds it seems very fine to cover the acceptance of an inevitable disappointment by the utterance of sounding words. In the case of the paper-duties to which we have referred, there was a great deal of meaningless bluster about "taking action," which meant nothing and came to nothing ; and in an older instance, occurring at a time when broader language was permitted, a person having to eat a leek threatened horribly, saying "All hell shall stir for this." The three instances of the leek, the paper-duties, and the University Bill, are cognate. The recipients of the wholesome vegetable and corrections had not the good sense to digest them in silence !

We look upon this as a most serious reverse for the Prime Minister. Last year we compared his course to motion along the

major axis of an ellipse.* We thought that when he took the plunge and joined hands with Mr Bright, he had come to the intersection of the two axes, and from that point his influence would become narrower and narrower. There is no move left now like an alliance with Mr Bright. Odger and Bradlaugh could bring only a sorry following if he were to ally himself with them. The patriotic Finlen, who showed some gratitude for Mr Gladstone's fatherly advice, is a voluntary exile, having "left his country for his country's good." The great mind of Beales is fettered by the possession of an office which this time he will probably take care not to lose. We fear that our prediction is coming to pass, and that Mr Gladstone—the people's William no longer—must decrease. We have not a word to retract of any we have uttered concerning him : any who may think it worth while to consult our back numbers, may be convinced that through all the phases of his administration we have made no forecast of him which has not been verified by the event ; one of our remarks was, that as he became better known he would be less esteemed, and we proclaimed long ago that he would prove the failure which to-day he is seen to be. He will never recover the blow that was dealt him on the morning of Wednesday the 12th of March.

We spoke above of Mr Bright : is it not possible that that gentleman, now no longer embarrassed by the imbecility of former colleagues whose conduct he cannot approve and would find it awkward to censure, may find his health and his railing powers suddenly revive ? Should this happily be the case, we trust that he will make a *début* worthy of

* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for March 1872.

him, and come on the boards with something electric. The free breakfast-table is stale now, and never was a very clever invention; but what does Mr Bright say to FREE SCIENCE for a cry? He knows very little of the subject, it is true, but that is the case with most of the subjects which he has successfully handled; and whether or not he fully comprehends the amount of intolerance to which his late friends were ready to lend themselves, he knows how to denounce it in a way which will approve itself to the masses. Perhaps of all the mischievous tendencies of the Catholic Church, its hatred of knowledge is the worst, because it is the means of strengthening and giving effect to all the others. It is remarkable with what a consistent instinct she has in all ages not only persecuted the followers of science, but destroyed, whenever she got a chance,* literature wholesale.

It is not quite clear why discouragement of learning should be the extent of concession. Once admit that it is right and proper for the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland which, though they are repugnant to British feeling and British interests, may conciliate the Popish priests, and there are many other things besides darkening of knowledge which it will be their duty to legalise. The burning of a few heretics would be in principle

no more repugnant to us than gagging; neither would a little Guy Fawkesing about Westminster, though the latter diversion might come home to honourable members disagreeably. The Gladstone Government no doubt thought it perfectly reasonable to prohibit instruction in certain sciences to put the priests in good-humour; then why not for the same excellent object make over to Rome the lives and liberties of Protestants? There is no reason apparent why the line should be drawn at academical studies. Having given up the principle of liberty, carry out the whole Irish idea, and let Smithfield blaze again. The conception is, what Mr Disraeli called it, monstrous. The more one thinks of it, the harder it is to understand whither we have drifted, and the more thankful ought one to feel that Parliament intervened and stopped the unhallowed tendency when it did. When honourable Liberal members come before their English constituents again shortly, and make their usual sounding orations about liberty, progress, economy, and so on, we trust that they will be asked—first, how far the Irish policy which they have supported is in accordance with their professions; whether they consider progress to consist in shackling knowledge; and whether the gagging of professors and teachers of science is a very liberal, or the establish-

* "He accordingly caused all the Arabic manuscripts which he could procure to be heaped together in a common pile in one of the great squares of the city. The largest part were copies of the Koran, or works in some way or other connected with theology; together with many others, however, on various scientific subjects. They were beautifully executed, for the most part, as to their chirography, and sumptuously bound and decorated; for in all relating to mechanical finish, the Spanish Arabs excelled every people in Europe. But neither splendour of outward garniture, nor intrinsic merit of composition, could atone for the taint of heresy in the eye of the stern inquisitor: he reserved three hundred works, indeed, relating to medical science, in which the Moors were pre-eminent in that day, as the Europeans were deficient, for his University of Alcalá; but all the rest, amounting to many thousands, he consigned to indiscriminate conflagration."—From Prescott's *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. ii. chap. vi. The person written of is Cardinal Ximenes.

ment of the Pope's authority a very English, idea? Secondly, what has become of the economy which was so liberally promised from the hustings in 1868? On these two points many of them will find it difficult to give satisfactory answers, and those of them who are shown by the division lists to have favoured Popish ascendancy will, we trust, meet the reward which they have deserved. We have been accustomed of late years to imagine that our civil and religious liberties were so well secured that no statesman on any account would dare to imagine mischief against them; but we have been mistaken. An insidious attack has been made from the quarter whence come all the strongest protestations on their behalf; we have need to be vigilant as ever. At the coming election all other considerations must be secondary to the fundamental care of keeping us free from foreign domination, and preserving our rights as Britons.

The great debate on the University Bill, and the consequent condemnation of the Ministry, have led us to put aside for a time other considerations which must nevertheless be borne in mind by electors, who, in the coming exercise of their privilege, desire to serve the interests of the nation. As a general election may take place before we again can address our readers, and as it must occur before many months have elapsed, we will briefly notice some of the points which must by no means be forgotten.

The little farce which was acted in the House of Commons by Mr Vernon Harcourt and Mr Gladstone towards the end of February, though it may have served an immediate

purpose of the Government, yet was of much service to the public interest. It brought before Parliament the general question of the expenditure of the Gladstone Government; and the reproach to which we have frequently given utterance of its having obtained office by vain promises of efficiency with economy, was at length expressed by a senatorial tongue.* The efficiency may be with the economy, but neither of them is with us. It may be remembered that in its first great zeal for retrenchment the ability of the gifted Government extended no further than to dispensing with men and checking the manufacture or acquisition of stores, an expedient which might have been discovered and practised by something short of an inspired Administration; and that, since that early and ingenious attempt, the Estimates have increased year by year till this spring, when once more it is sought to save the expense of necessary men and things by simply doing without them. In short, Mr Harcourt showed very clearly, and without being contradicted, that expenditure has not been lessened; and he must be a clever man who can show in what respect efficiency has been promoted. The public, either engrossed by the wonderful reforms which have been in progress, or patiently believing that efficiency with economy was more than a flourish of words, and that the two together would ere long bring forth much fruit, has forborne to bring the shifty boasters to account for non-fulfilment as yet. But a sham-fight was better in this instance than no fight at all. The attention of the House of Commons has been for-

* Since the text was in type, we observed with pleasure that Mr Disraeli, on the 20th March, called attention in the House of Commons to the failure of these promises.

mally drawn to this important failure; and the economical members, if they have any consistency in themselves, or if they desire to give a good account to their constituents, are bound to proclaim that the promise of reducing the public expenditure has not been redeemed, and that the cheap government of the Radicals is more expensive than the Conservative Government which preceded it, inasmuch as it not only keeps the Estimates up to the old figures, but makes away with our money by the million in extraordinary payments. If the Gladstone Government has done nothing else, it has furnished a complete justification of the Estimates of the Conservative Government, which it was so loud in condemning when inventing specious protestations to get office. Were this the only article in which the Radicals have disappointed the country they would deserve to fall for it; for, surely, it is not a light or a venial thing for statesmen to make random promises (to call them by no worse name), in order that the nation may be inveigled into calling them to power. We trust that at the next election, which may be very close at hand, no Conservative candidate will omit to cite the figures of the Estimates of the last and of the present Ministries, or to remind the people of the little expenses in the shapes of tribute paid to America, and addition to the National Debt; to wit, the 3½ millions for militia barracks, for which we have to thank our present rulers, over and above the large sums shown in the Estimates.

Were the failure to produce either efficiency or economy the only account to be settled, it need not take long to arrange. The money has gone past recovering; it remains only to arraign the deceitful stewards, charge them with their failure which

is patent to the whole nation, and discredit them as quacks. But they have done much worse than fail to produce efficiency or to practise economy. The experiments by which, year by year, the public expectation of efficiency with economy has been kept alive, will be found, we fear, very grave misfortunes. The public is hardly yet alive to what has befallen the army; but if we wait until the subject forces attention before we apply a remedy, our case will then be pitiable. Any man who reads the daily papers must be aware that there is great dissatisfaction in the service, but very few men, probably, understand what that imports. Hitherto, we have never had a disaffected army, and the general reader may be excused if he looks upon the entire loyalty and absolute obedience of that organ as a matter of course. Even the bitterest Radicals, we believe, are led to tamper with the army by an ingrained conviction that it is very like a steam-engine, and quite safe to answer the call of the engine-driver, be he who he may; and their idea seems to have been that the lever which works their fixed, invariable power, may as well be in Radical hands as any other. It has been worked under aristocratic influence long enough; now let the democracy have a turn at the direction. But how if the army, instead of being a mere engine which, once constructed, will answer the call of any master, be—as we have twice and once ere now taken occasion to show that it is—a machine of the most delicate constitution, apt to get out of order from any and every rash and ignorant treatment, and certain to become a disappointment, or worse than a disappointment, if subjected to vicious and vindictive management? There are horses which can be controlled with a hair or a

silken thread by riders who know them and are known to them, and which yet would certainly be unmanageable and dangerous under ill-conditioned or ill-trained riders; most of all would one of these animals rebel if he found himself in the hands of a fool who, counting on his known docility, should try his temper or attempt to punish him. The perfect loyalty of our modern army throughout its history is an undoubted fact—a remarkable fact, when we remember that the service always preserved its integrity, while throughout the length and breadth of the land insubordination was being preached up as the indispensable attribute of a free people; but it did not grow nor flourish without a little care being taken to cultivate it. The force chiefly was officered by, and it took its tone from, men who had a large stake in the country, and who would have had a leading place in civil life. Its position was made honourable and attractive by the sovereign commanding it directly. As a body, it stood entirely clear of party politics, and it bore with equanimity the abuse which was copiously showered on it by the violent and ill-disposed, knowing that it was controlled by powers on which the ranting of the demagogue could have but little effect. It was commanded in such a manner as to keep it disciplined and contented, and it did its work in such a fashion that its very worst haters never dared to say a word against its courage and loyalty. Now by a cruel reverse it finds itself subject to the Radical party in the House of Commons, instead of to the old judicious, experienced, and discriminating command. Its circumstances are strange, and by no means improved. The old support is gone. It sees that the only chance of any institution holding its own

against the ignorant and vicious power which is in the ascendant lies in agitation, self-assertion, and the countenance of a strong political party. Wisdom would have prevented the change of relations which alone could have caused military minds to run in the direction of such ideas. It was the gravest mistake to make the army see that the time has come when it must look after its own interests. Further to depress it now might lead to incalculable misfortune, for we know not how soon our last hope may lie in the army. Should our workpeople be wrought upon to refuse to earn their living altogether—and we know that they may be wrought upon to idle in large numbers and for many weeks together—we shall look about anxiously for means of preserving order. Should our police fail us at a critical moment—and we know that such defection is possible—the troops would be the last barrier between peaceful citizens and unbridled rascaldom. The matter is worth thinking of. The army should not be allowed to think its new condition grievous. This reckless invasion of everything established, this ignorant disturbance of powers which our profoundest statesmen in times past have dealt with in the most cautious manner, whither is it carrying us?

The increase in the soldier's pay announced by Mr Cardwell is a move in the right direction; but whether it will be as attractive as a pension, and whether it will avail to stop desertion, is uncertain. We are disposed to attribute the soldier's readiness to desert to relaxation of discipline, rather than to any grievance. In former days, when the soldier was not half as well treated as he now is, desertion was a hundred times less common than it is now. And why? because the army was more

judiciously governed. A soldier who deliberately leaves his colours is guilty of a serious offence, and ought to suffer exemplary punishment. It would be well, too, to show that there are means of checking desertion, and of arresting deserters promptly. Now that the crime has become so common, it will cost some money to deal with it energetically; but it would be more economical to incur an outlay for a time than to allow this deteriorating practice to go on. The depot centres seem likely soon to be established, and the experiment of localising the troops will be tried. Whatever else it may do it will surely make soldiers politicians, which they ought never to be, and will tend to disintegrate the service, two effects which Sir John Pakington probably overlooked when he so warmly praised the new arrangement. The right hon. baronet may have regarded the disposition solely with the eyes of a Secretary of State; he saw that it would help recruiting and save money.

The strifes, too, between capital and labour, on which we animadverted last month, and which we traced to the incautious conduct and utterances of Mr Gladstone, his Cabinet, and his supporters, still continue to threaten the country with loss of its manufacturing power and its commerce. We have again to notice the good service done by Mr Roebuck to the cause of common-sense and justice. His address at Sheffield was full of sound advice to working men; and we hope that they will recognise the purely disinterested character of his observations, and lay them to heart. Nothing, certainly, can be more damaging to the whole community than these incessant disagreements. The disagreements are due to the ever-increasing demands of the

workmen. And we cannot say anything which, in simpler language, or with greater force than characterised Mr Roebuck's advice, may represent the case. We take the liberty, therefore, of quoting a few sentences from the learned gentleman's speech:—

“In the English workman there are great virtues, but there are great weaknesses. Combined with the man of capital, he, the man of labour, makes England what it is. He is not the sole man—he depends upon capital, and capital depends upon him, and between them both England may be great; but separate them, and England will fall. Now, the demagogue who comes down and preaches to the workman that capital is his enemy, is the working man's enemy. Capital is his friend. Capital ought to be made his friend; and the man of capital who knows what he has to do will conciliate the working man, and will make him his friend.”

Adverting then to the strike in South Wales, he said:—

“That strike is not for the purpose of the working man. That strike is for the purpose of the demagogue, who imposes upon his simplicity. . . . When I consider the working women, when I consider their children, when I consider the horrible misery they have gone through, and when I think who it is that has led them into that misery, and for what purposes it has been done, I loathe the men that have led them into it. I have no hesitation in saying that the demagogue who has done that deserves the execration of England. . . . You will find that the feeling that has been brought about is not for the benefit of the working man. The poor percentage of his wages that he asks to be increased has been lost long ago. He never will gain it; and he will go back to his work where he left it off a poorer but a wiser man; and I would hope that his simplicity may have been made learned upon the occasion. . . . I say to the working man, look to your employer for

your aid and assistance through life. Do not quarrel, but be friends. Listen not to the demagogue, who, like a serpent, comes here to bite, and to inflict a venom in his bite. Do not listen to him; but listen to me, a man not of one party or the other."

On reading this, one can only regret that Mr Roebuck was so late in arriving at years of discretion. How much good, instead of mischief, he might have accomplished, if his judgment had but matured earlier! Some day, perhaps, the working men may call to mind his advice, and act upon it. But for the present, the vicious teaching of a demagogue Government has too exclusively filled the workman's mind to leave much room for sober and sound counsel. How much the ill-advised action of the labouring classes may have contributed to the late political crisis, is a question the answer to which, if it could be given would contain a valuable lesson for statesmen inclined to run after popularity. We have no doubt that one cause of the decline in the strength of the Government was the consciousness in men of capital that Ministers were more or less responsible for the great interruption to industry and the inconvenient rise in prices. There was a feeling—though little was said about it—that the disputes between class and class would be only the more embittered the longer these incautious talkers and weak administrators should remain in power. They have been damaged more than they know of by their own efforts to make political capital; for we quite acquit them of seeing far enough to have designed, or to have been reckless of, the mischief that has come upon us. They simply pursued their own blind and selfish ends, and this is the consequence.

The miserable cheese-paring which

was to do duty for economy while we were being eased of our millions wholesale, is a scandal which deserves the notice of Parliament as much as the heavy Estimates. It is one thing to keep establishments down to a figure which we can afford, and quite another thing, maintaining those establishments, to treat them in a parsimonious manner—to grudge public servants their emoluments, and to use a miserly frugality in the furnishing and expenditure of all departments. There is a belief all through the public service that any man's claim will be refused or taxed whenever a pretext can be found; also that reasonable issues, purchases, and allowances will be refused, evaded, or postponed in the same way. Now, to say nothing of the direct loss which the public service suffers by being ill provided, its loss of reputation from mean frugality far outweighs the paltry savings.

The Ministerial crisis, of which we had hoped to hear the termination, is still a crisis, as we conclude; and it seems doubtful whether, before we go to press, we may know anything more positive than what was enigmatically announced to the House of Commons by Mr Gladstone on the evening of Monday 17th March. He will no doubt make it known before our day of publication that he has formed another Administration to carry on for the present the Queen's Government. With this arrangement generally we are entirely satisfied. We think that Mr Disraeli was right not to take office during the existence of the present House of Commons, and right also in not advising the Crown to dissolve Parliament until the business of the session should be concluded. It is for the electors of the United Kingdom to determine what party shall be in power,

but the time has not come for submitting the question to the electoral body. Conservatives can "work and wait," as they have done before. It is the Gladstone Government that has run the ship aground, as Mr Osborne observed, and it behoves that Government to deal with the situation. Why Mr Gladstone is so long in resolving what to do is so far a mystery. Mr Disraeli appears to have given his final answer to her Majesty on Thursday the 13th March; yet Mr Gladstone, on the 17th, is still unprepared to name the Administration. He has yet to communicate with his friends in Parliament—possibly with his friends in Ireland and at the Vatican; and by-and-by, we are to know how he will get his damaged craft afloat again. Whatever arrangements he may propose, we can now regard them without apprehension of further mischief. The evil that he has done will, no doubt, live after him, but his designs are harmless now; he can demolish nothing more unless commissioned to destroy by a fresh approval of the electors, and that he can hardly hope for. The Radical Administration has become the property of the historian, who will have to tell how, in four short years, a party, which began as an overwhelming majority, was broken to pieces. The chief of it, who was arbitrary enough some eighteen or twenty months since to dispose of by Royal edict a matter which had been formally committed by the Crown to the consideration of Parliament, will now be only too glad if he may be suffered to terminate his career without serious molestation. Severe as is this blow to his influence and to his *amour propre*, we trust that he will not this time allow it to affect his convictions. Power acquired by change of opinion, however honest the change may be, is but Dead Sea

fruit, as he probably does not require to be reminded. Therefore, if he should feel any of his more recent tenets oozing out at his finger-ends, we are sure that he will stop the leak at once. The game with Mr Bright for partner having been played out and served its purpose, although more ought certainly to have been made of it, let there be no new alliance for the present. Let it not be said that a versatile statesman is no more dependent on the doctrines of one party than the cuckoo is indebted to birds of one species for a warm nest; neither let it be an accepted article in his natural history that wherever a little capital has been collected there is an opening for a tottering Premier to go in at the eleventh hour and filch the chief reward from those who have borne the burden and heat of the day. Mr Gladstone is, no doubt, angry with those Liberals who have presumed to judge for themselves on this Irish question; but he ought not to think of punishing them, for the resentment might not be wise; and he should now prepare himself to receive rather than to administer rebuke. He has some excessively unpleasant work to do, as the daily papers have already been reminding him, and he should come to it with an equable mind. His turn may be coming now to suffer mortification; his conduct to Mr Disraeli in 1867 may be expiated. By the accident of Lord Derby's illness in the spring of that year, the premiership devolved on Mr Disraeli, who addressed himself to the duties of his office with good promise of success. But the eye of a rival was upon him—a rival who unfortunately could not forgive one who had outstripped him in the race for political honours. Then it was that the cry against the Irish Church was raised;

and the man, whom of all men in England it least became to assail that Church, forgot the claims of consistency and propriety, and yielded to chagrin at having been beaten. He has had his four years of power ; but now that the power has passed away, his bruised vanity may cry for pity, while through many a to-morrow the memory of that action four years ago will sit heavy on his soul. No one can deny that Mr Disraeli bore his disappointment manfully, and without displaying irritability or vindictiveness. He has taken no advantage of his less scrupulous rival, and has shown no impatience, as that rival did, to get another innings. His call to office, whenever it may come, will probably be Mr Gladstone's work, not his. We hope to see him before long on the Treasury bench with a working majority behind him. Hitherto, when he has appeared as a Minister, he has been making an up-hill fight, with little or no opportunity for giving scope to his talents. Should the next election bring him the premiership with proper support, we anticipate a distinguished term of office for him yet ; and he will enter upon it under favourable circumstances, for by no possibility can he cut a worse figure than the present occupant of the post. The pretensions of the next Government will be smaller than those of its predecessors, but its achievements will be more creditable.

P.S.—About to go to press, we hear of the reconstructed Ministry, and observe that they have summoned all their powers to discuss Mr Hardy's motion relative to the early fulfilment of that provision of the Treaty of Washington which requires that England and America should jointly recommend to foreign States the acceptance of the new international rules. Ministers, then, in-

tend to resist the motion. It is hardly probable that they will be again placed in a minority on the second night of their new lease of life ; but we do anticipate a debate of much interest. Cruelly as we have been damaged by these American negotiations, the whole mischief seems to have come as to people under a spell. Greatly as Englishmen deprecated and protested against all the losing moves, the incapable Ministers seem to have had the power of forcing the lamentable results upon us without giving a chance of a Parliamentary opinion being expressed. Mr Hardy's motion, if it lead to nothing else, will at any rate show what Ministers can say in defence of their vaunted rules, and what patriotic members think of the manner in which the honour of England has been cared for. Thus, already we have one good result from the refusal of the Conservatives to take office. The men who perpetrated the great bungle at Washington cannot escape their liabilities in that respect. Every Conservative must, we think, be thoroughly satisfied with the reasons which Mr Disraeli, on the 20th March, gave for his declining to take office at present. Every Conservative may read likewise, in Mr Disraeli's account of the losses and annoyances to which his Government would have been subject, a list of the stumbling-blocks and pitfalls which now lie before the resuscitated Ministry. Perhaps the folly, as well as the unfairness, of treating every opposing motion as an attempt to procure a vote of censure, may now be apparent. To threaten to dissolve or to resign if the House should declare against the dictum of Ministers, no matter on how small or insignificant a question, is surely to make party government an iron despotism. It is the

way to suggest "caves" and to accumulate opposition, which, suppressed for the time, only gets stronger for the day of inevitable eruption. But besides this, the threat, if it fail to secure a majority, may place those who have made it in a very awkward position; and, to save their own honour, they may be compelled to take steps a great deal more serious than the occasion demands. We trust that vapouring of this kind will not be repeated, for the altered times will hardly admit of it. The time of exercising a high-handed, unrighteous stewardship has passed; the time for giving account of that stewardship has come. If the Radical Government is able, in this day of grace, to justify its proceedings in past years, it may yet appeal with confidence to the constituencies; but if,

as we think more likely, every day of this its second existence brings only fuller and plainer proof of the incapacity which characterises it, and of the mischiefs it has done, then will come its second death—death to its reputation, death to its hopes; and then, and not till then, can those who have "worked and waited" assume the direction of affairs with the hope of re-establishing this country in her place among the nations, and of restoring order and security at home, not by vain experiments founded upon impracticable and dangerous theories, but by an observance of those well-tried maxims, and by the maintenance of those institutions which first made her great, and which will again, we trust, enable her to right herself like a good ship after the perils and damage of the last four years.

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CHAPTER LXVI.—BREAKING UP OF "THE OLD REGIMENT."

"I CONFESS I should have given you credit for more strength of mind," said my private secretary, on one of these days, as we were pausing to take breath and survey the field of progress in the great measures under execution. "I should have thought that you would have risen superior to the weakness of favouring your own branch of the service."

"As how?"

"Why, when every other part of the army has been taken in hand and reformed, are the gunners to get off scot-free?"

"You speak with all the bitterness of a narrow-minded Guardsman, and as if all the other branches had been worsened instead of bettered by what we have done. But I suppose we ought now to take up the artillery question, although it does not press so much as many others, and the first thing needful, the extra field-guns wanted, has already been provided." And the artillery organisa-

tion question was accordingly now taken up.

In doing this we followed the same method as before. The plan to be adopted was first arranged upon with the Commander-in-Chief; and then Sir Prinseps Arme and other distinguished officers of the regiment were invited to discuss it, His Excellency acting as spokesman on our side, and assuming the parentage of the scheme we had determined on.

The regimental delegates were generally agreed that something ought to be done; but opinions differed greatly as to what it should be. Murphy, who was of the party, thought the one thing needful was to do away with the brigade system, and make the battery the unit of organisation. What could be more absurd, said he and others, than these nominal brigades, with no two of their batteries in the same place, and where you may have the colonel at Ceylon, professing to command one battery at the Cape, and another at the Mauri-

tius? Still more absurd, they argued, is the system as exemplified in India, where you may find three or more batteries at a station, each belonging to a different brigade, the returns of which are flying about to the different nominal brigade headquarters in all parts of the country.

That, said the advocates of the brigade system, is because you don't work it properly.

Never can be worked properly, said the other side. The brigade system assumes that you are to have nothing but one sort of artillery at each place, horse artillery here, foot artillery there, and so on, which is just what you don't want. At all large military stations, portions are needed of each description of the arm—horse, field, and garrison artillery. These have now to be furnished by detachments from as many different brigades—hence divided command, and confusion, and circumlocution, and other absurdities. Besides, the plan of carrying out artillery reliefs by brigades works badly. You change the artillery at Gibraltar or Malta all at once, and it takes the new men a twelvemonth to learn their way about the fortifications. We shall find ourselves in a pretty mess if war does break out, and we lose the command of the Mediterranean.

Julian Straight, who as a representative man in one sense, being a very good specimen of the plunger element in the regiment, had been one of those called in to give their opinions, thought the problem would be solved by separating the horse and foot artillery (first of all, of course, posting him to the former), and making two distinct services of them. Cobbe Smith, who also was present, said we ought to have four great artillery divisions, at Woolwich, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Dublin, from which detachments should be

sent out, as with the marines, to all parts of the world.

Other regimental doctors were for separating the field and garrison artillery. You want tactical skill for the one, they said—science for the other.

"The battery-unit is so convenient," said Colonel Seeby, a great authority, "because you can pick and choose your field officers to send on service with the batteries, which go by roster."

"The independent battery system would be altogether an anachronism," said another officer of distinction, "involving the very incarnation of over-centralisation. It would mean that the Deputy Adjutant-General of the regiment is to be everything, and every one else nothing. It would not be more absurd to do away with separate regiments in the cavalry, and work the whole of that force by independent squadrons."

"It is better than the brigade system we have now," rejoined Seeby, "where the officer nominally commanding the artillery at a station has nothing to say to his batteries because they belong to other brigades, while the brigade commanders are hundreds of miles off, and never see their batteries from one year's end to another."

"In my opinion," said the Commander-in-Chief, after some further discussion, "both the present brigade and proposed battery systems stand condemned by simply stating them. The difficulties that arise in working either plan result necessarily from attempting to deal with the artillery as one regiment. The fact is, the artillery service, with its forty thousand men, has quite outgrown management in this way. Just the same difficulty would arise if you tried to work all the infantry, or all the cavalry, of the army as one regiment. The existing artillery regiment has become utterly un-

wildy. And the remedy is plain. Break up the regiment into smaller ones of manageable size."

"You propose then to create three separate regiments for the horse, and field, and garrison artillery, I presume, sir?" said one of the party.

"Certainly not. Each regiment would contain a proportion of the three branches."

"But surely the qualifications needed for the mounted and garrison branches are so very different?"

"That is just why I would have the three elements contained in each of the new regiments. You can't tell at first how a youngster will turn out; but after a certain time, when his speciality declares itself, you post him accordingly."

"But I would submit that quite a different sort of talent is wanted for the mounted and foot branches. For the field artillery tactical skill is the quality most needed; for the garrison artillery scientific attainments are more necessary."

"Then the garrison artillery must be in a parlous state," said the Commander-in-Chief, tartly, "for it certainly has not got them. The smattering of mathematics picked up by a man who comes out bottom of the list at Woolwich don't make him very scientific, I suppose. And no need that he should be. A few able theorists here and there in the regiment are all very well, of course, and there will always be plenty such out of sixteen hundred officers; but you no more want the whole regiment to be scientific, than a whole spear need be made of steel. The qualities that make a good regimental officer in the other branches of the service are, I take it, those most needed here also."

I thought His Excellency in these remarks went beyond what was necessary, but the occasion was not suitable for saying so. He continued—

"It so happens that the present establishment of the artillery force admits of subdivision very conveniently. The regiment now comprises altogether two hundred batteries of sorts. Well, my right honourable friend" [meaning me] "sanctions the formation of sixteen more, which will be got without extra expense, by reduction of horses, by remitting a proportion of gunners to the reserve, and in various other ways, while there are sufficient supernumerary officers already to man them without any augmentation. We shall thus have 216 batteries altogether, which it is proposed to divide into nine regiments of twenty-four batteries each, or one regiment for each Military Division, to which it will be permanently attached, some of its batteries being always abroad, and the rest serving with its proper Military Division at home. The reliefs to be carried out by batteries, on a separate roster for each of these new regiments."

"By this plan we get rid of all the difficulties attaching to the present system, and to either of the alternative schemes which have heretofore been put forward. For example, my gallant friend (Colonel Seeby) thinks you should have the means of choosing your field officers for active service. Well, each of the new regiments will have more than a dozen field officers, thus affording ample room for selection. Similarly as regards distribution of the officers between the mounted and foot branches, this will be an easy matter in a regiment which contains altogether a hundred and fifty officers. Then see how conveniently the plan will work in India, where it is necessary in many cases to have batteries of different kinds, horse, field, and garrison, serving together at the same station, and belonging under the existing preposterous system to as many different brigades."

These will under the new plan constitute a detachment of one and the same regiment, to which, of course, the officer commanding it will also belong. All circumlocution of paper-work, and conflict between virtual and nominal commanders, is thus at once got rid of. Then, as regards the objection to carrying out artillery reliefs by brigades, at Malta and other places, which has been spoken of. This would also be entirely got rid of, because the reliefs might be effected by detachments of two or three batteries at a time, yet the homogeneity of the command still be maintained intact."

"What would be the composi-

tion of one of these new regiments?" asked Sir Prinseps Arme. "Has it been determined on yet?"

"Yes, each regiment will consist of 4 horse (or light field) batteries, 12 field (or heavy field) batteries, and 8 garrison (or foot) batteries; or 24 batteries in all.

"By making a small reduction," continued His Excellency, "in the number of batteries serving abroad, this organisation will give the required number of 60 field-guns per division, or 540 field-guns in all for home purposes, as seen by the accompanying statement," which the speaker handed round the room, and which was as follows:—

PRESENT DISTRIBUTION.

	Horse Batteries.	Field Batteries.	Garrison Batteries.	Total.
At home . . .	16	40	35	91
Abroad . . .	15	37	57	109
	31	77	92	200

NEW DISTRIBUTION.

	Horse Batteries.	Field Batteries.	Garrison Batteries.	Total.
At home . . .	22	72	18	112
Abroad . . .	14	36	54	104
	36	108	72	216

"Have you not overlooked one point, sir?" observed Sir Prinseps, after scrutinising the paper. "This scheme assumes that only two garrison batteries of each regiment will be serving at home, or eighteen for the whole regiment, in place of thirty-five at present. How are the home fortifications to be manned?"

"By the militia artillery, to be sure. What else are they for?"

"But in case of sudden emergency?"

"Which can now never arise—thought of invasion becomes an idle dream when once we have established a real military organisation."

"Excuse my putting forward another objection," persisted Sir Prin-

seps. "These two garrison batteries of each regiment, according to your scheme, will have to furnish reliefs for six. So that the garrison artillery will have a great deal more than its fair share of foreign service."

"No, my idea is that the roster for foreign service should go through the field batteries as well. A field battery relieving a garrison battery would make over its drivers to the latter, and the two would change duties as well as places."

"Would not this be to convert efficient field into inefficient garrison artillery, and *vice versa*, and to throw away all the experience each branch has gained in its own line?"

"You speak as if every one of the men composing a battery had been

serving his full ten years in it. Remember that a large proportion of the force would always consist of young soldiers—a very large proportion if the reserve system works well—who will have plenty of time to learn their new work. Besides, there is a great deal in the duties of the two branches common to both; and, after all, something may well be sacrificed for the sake of having an adequate establishment of field artillery at home: the gain on the whole, I apprehend, will far outweigh the loss."

"I presume," said another of our party, "that this subdivision of the regiment applies only to the men? The officers, I suppose, will still be borne on one seniority list?"

"Certainly not. They too are to be distributed equally among the nine new regiments. The senior captain goes to the first, the next to the second, and so on for all the other grades. The change is needed quite as much for the officers as the men."

"You are aware, however, that in the French and German Artilleries the officers are borne on one list for the whole service."

"So much the worse for them, I should say," retorted the Commander-in-Chief. "But they have not our Indian and Colonial duties, with batteries scattered all over the world. To work a list of sixteen hundred officers under these conditions is simply intolerable. In fact, the only question to my mind is whether these new regiments, with a hundred and fifty officers each, will not be too large rather than too small."

"Then do you mean, sir," broke in Julian Straight, "that promotion should run separately in these regiments, to the exclusion of seniority claims as shown in the general list?"

"Certainly."

"Then a man might be super-

seded by a fellow who is now his junior."

"So he can be at present in the infantry and cavalry."

"Ah! but that is different."

"Quite so; we want to abolish the difference. Besides, even now a captain in the regiment may have his junior a field officer, and so senior to him."

"Yes, but that is only brevet rank."

"Brevet rank or regimental rank, the one will practically cause no greater supersession than the other."

"But surely, sir, it would never do to have a man going over your head who passed out of Woolwich below you."

"What virtue does a man acquire by going to Woolwich, that he is to be for ever after secured from supersession? Besides, after all he is not really secure at present. I suppose you will admit that the colonel-commandantships are the greatest prizes in the regiments."

"Certainly," replied Straight, "and I never expect to get one myself, but then there never was such luck as mine."

"Well, the succession to these prizes is determined, as you know, by seniority of commission as general officers, and that again depends on the *army* seniority of the colonels, which again often depends on brevet rank bestowed as lieutenant-colonel. So you see you are already liable to supersession in your own regiment, and in the highest grades too, by your regimental juniors. The large extent to which this goes on any one may see by looking at the Army List; and I must say," added the Commander-in-Chief, "I have often thought this particular form of supersession very hard. But in face of these facts, to object to our plan, which therefore involves no new principle, at any rate lets you all start

with an even chance, seems to me like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." [1]

"Well, sir," said Straight, turning towards the speaker, and no longer twirling his mustache, but smiling deferentially, and sitting as much on the edge of his chair as was compatible with a tendency to be corpulent, "I daresay the new plan may be a good one in many ways, but I must say I think it would be a great pity to break up the old regiment."

The general sense of the meeting, however, was in favour of the scheme, which was shortly afterwards embodied in a royal warrant. In publishing this, the opportunity was taken to embody some modifications of the original plan. It was generally admitted that in these days of big armaments, the existing battery of six guns was not a sufficiently large tactical unit. The new organisation, therefore, gave a battery of *twelve* guns as the tactical unit, each battery—twelve of which made up one of the new regiments—being commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, and divided into three troops of four guns each. This organisation also permitted a reduction of subalterns—a measure very necessary to prevent stagnation of promotion; while the opportunity was taken to readjust the proportion of majors and captains in this branch of the service, the excessive number of the majors allowed to the Artillery having been felt as a

grievance by the rest of the army. The establishment of a battery was therefore fixed at one lieutenant-colonel, one major, three captains (one being adjutant), and four lieutenants.

The command of each of the nine artillery regiments thus constituted was made that of a brigade-general; while to insure uniformity throughout the different regiments, four inspectors were appointed with rank of major-generals, and an inspector-general with rank of general. The appointment of chief of Artillery staff (late deputy-adjutant-general) became a qualification under the new system for promotion to brigade-general, and that of director-general of magazines for major-general. Thus the establishment of Artillery generals on the active list was fixed at 1 general, 5 major-generals, and 10 brigade-generals, in addition to any who after the completion of their five years' *tour* of appointment might be unemployed. Further, general officers of Artillery and Engineers were declared to be eligible for ordinary military commands; and that the principle might be distinctly recognised at once, at home as well as in India, a major-general of Artillery was appointed to one of the new Military Divisions.

It was provided that all generals of Artillery, after being unemployed for five years, should be transferred to a retired list, as in the other branches of the army.

CHAPTER LXVII.—DEALS WITH THE SISTER SERVICE.

A few days after the Artillery *séance* recorded in the last chapter, Strickland showed me a letter he had received from my old acquaintance Peake of the Engineers, the same who had appeared so much aggrieved at my entry into Parlia-

ment two years before, and the measure of success gained there. I thought at first the letter might be a protest against my venturing to undertake the duties of a Secretary of State, but found that it was conceived in a somewhat different strain.

"I venture upon our slight acquaintance," said the writer, "to intrude these few remarks, in the hope that they may be thought not undeserving of being brought under the notice of the Secretary of State. Although fully aware of the heavy demands on his valuable time, and of the intimate acquaintance he possesses with all military details, still I respectfully hope that the following suggestions, made in the public interests by one who, although occupying a comparatively humble position, has yet exercised careful observation for many years, may be deemed not undeserving of consideration.

"I understand," he went on to say, "that Mr Secretary West is about to reorganise entirely the Artillery regiment, and I would venture to suggest that the sister service would benefit equally by similar treatment. In our case, perhaps, there is not the same necessity for a division of the regiment into a number of smaller ones, as in the Artillery, because most of the officers of Engineers are detached from the companies of engineer soldiers and employed on independent duties; but a corps of over eight hundred officers rising in one seniority list is, I submit, clearly a cumbrous organisation. The uniformity in promotion induced by dealing with so large a body as one unit, places the corps at great disadvantage with the rest of the army, since anything like rapid promotion or a run of luck becomes impossible; while under a system of unadulterated seniority, notoriously incompetent officers get their promotion equally with the more efficient.

"I would therefore venture to suggest that the corps of Royal Engineers be subdivided like the Artillery into a number of smaller regiments, with the same proportion of officers as at present. Promotion

in these to be made by selection, either within the regiment, or from one regiment to another.

"The companies of Sappers should also be reorganised. The fact is," continued our correspondent, "the whole thing wants overhauling, if I may venture to use such an expression in addressing you. Our people want to turn Chatham into a sort of military Little Pedlington, where they may grub away by themselves, losing sight of what is doing by the rest of the army and the rest of the world. The great object seems to be to get the whole regiment collected there under training. In fact, the corps will soon get to be so highly trained that it would be quite unfit for any other kind of employment. They have got over a hundred subalterns now under instruction, and the course seems ever growing longer, till eventually a subaltern will not get through it till just about when his turn comes for promotion to captain. But all this teaching seems, in my humble opinion, to come at the wrong place. Young men don't see the good of this perpetual schooling, but want to be up and about, entering on the practical business of life. Afterwards, later on in their service, when it would be really useful to brush up their technical knowledge, they never get a chance. Most of the corps never go to the Chatham school of instruction again, but pass their lives pottering about in the colonies or at home stations, tinkering barracks—razors cutting grindstones, in fact."

I observed to my private secretary, when he had finished reading Major Peak's letter, that I did not approve of its irreverent style, more especially as I had always been given to understand that the engineering school at Chatham was quite a model establishment of its kind. Nevertheless, there seemed to be a good deal of reason in his

views generally (I knew Peake to be a clever fellow, although not a very agreeable one), for they appeared on inquiry to find general approval with the officers of the distinguished corps in question; and it was accordingly determined to reorganise the corps of Royal Engineers as nine separate regiments or cadres of officers, five to be employed principally in India, and four at home and in the colonies.

A certain number of the higher regimental appointments were constituted general officers' commands, appointments to which carried promotion to that rank, as in the other branches of the army.

The forty companies of Sappers were also formed into nine separate battalions of four or five companies each, one battalion having its headquarters attached to each of the new Military Divisions, and furnishing one or two companies for foreign service, and an occasional com-

pany in roster for instruction at Chatham.

The Engineer Train was also broken up as a separate branch of the corps, and a detachment, with an engineer equipment, was posted to each battalion, on a plan which would admit of rapid expansion in time of war: the object kept always in view in all these reorganisations being to render each Military Division a complete army in itself.

The opportunity of these changes was taken to reduce a part of the majors of the Engineer corps prospectively, the number of captains being correspondingly increased, so as to bring the proportion of grades more into accord with that obtaining in other branches of the service. And the strength of subalterns also was prospectively reduced, it being represented that the long list of officers in this grade was a principal cause of the slow promotion obtaining in this eminent body.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—A PARTING.

Time passed on, and as each day showed England better prepared for the threatening struggle, the outbreak of violence which she had flown to arms to resist seemed to become each day less imminent. The spectacle of a nation, peace-loving, yet unanimously arming for war, not in a spirit of aggression or hope of gain, but to resist outrage on the laws of nations, and violation of the rights of neutrals—this spectacle, enhanced by the display of her abounding resources which the effort called forth, as England regretfully but steadfastly prepared herself for the sacrifice, had already produced a great effect. The peace-disturbing powers seemed gradually to be awakening to the conviction that a new element had been introduced into their calculations; that

the peace of Europe could not always be disturbed, nor unoffending neutrals be trampled on with impunity; and that might and right would perchance for once be found together on the same side. Although, therefore, the storm-cloud still hung dark over the political horizon, eyes practised in political meteorology could already discern a coming light. There was room for hope that a recurrence of the mistake made on a former memorable occasion might be prevented, and war averted by being ready for war.

But to secure this happy end it needed to strain every effort in the race of preparation. The work of years had to be concentrated into a few weeks, and for those who had the guidance of affairs, labour unremitting was the only occupation.

Such a time as this it is not given to men often to live, and it needed the excitement of such a time to carry a man through it. But work joined with excitement and success, as I have before remarked, does not kill; it is unsuccessful work and disappointment which break a man down. And as each day brought us nearer to the accomplishment of our plans, and the apparent turmoil and confusion which attended the first plunge into instantaneous reorganisation were found to be quickly succeeded by the order evolved; while the nation gratefully recognised the efforts making in her cause; under such circumstances the Government, and the War Minister perhaps more than any one, could feel in its best and most gratifying form the happiness of power.

Still, the work was certainly fatiguing, and I think we were all of us glad of the occasional relaxations—the only thing of the sort we could allow ourselves—afforded by sittings at the House. For there is no writing to be done on such occasions; one had not very often to talk; and was never required to listen. Many a refreshing nap then did I enjoy on the Treasury bench, sufficient to carry me through the night afterwards; and I suspect that most of us went down to the House and stopped there more than was absolutely necessary with this object, for indeed there is something exquisitely soothing in the droning of casual debate.

At any rate, I confess that this was the motive which took me down to the House on one memorable evening. There had been a small Ministerial dinner-party at Ulster House to discuss various matters, including the Army Mobilisation Bill, which I was to bring in for a first reading that night. The discussion came off before the meal,

during which I could hardly keep awake, for I had been up the whole night before, and I slipped away on the move being made from the dining-room up-stairs. I knew that my Bill could not come on till very late; but I was possessed by an uncontrollable longing for a brief slumber on the Treasury bench. I thought if I could only get a place next Mr Braham, who having business in charge had quitted the party half an hour before me, he would be sure not to talk, and by putting my hat on the other side, I might perhaps secure a few minutes of undisturbed enjoyment; and I fell asleep in the carriage thinking over this delicious prospect, to awake in the Palace Yard.

Things turned out just as I had expected. The Attorney-General was speaking on the second reading of the High Appellate Court Bill; for notwithstanding the European crisis, law reform was by no means suffered to stand still under a Great United Administration—Europe should be duly impressed by the spectacle of a great nation calmly pursuing the course of domestic reform amid the din of preparation for battle; and soothed by the mellifluous accents of Sir Dulcet Bland, my neighbour and I were sleeping the sleep of the just who have dined well, when I was awakened by a card being put into my hand. It was that of Mr Harry Perkins, who had come to claim his promise of admission to a debate, and whom I found, blushing and nervous, in the lobby.

“I hope you’ll pardon the liberty, sir, but as you were so kind about it, and we haven’t got any lecture to-night, at Mathews’s—it’s De Plomer’s turn, our lecturer in Stethoscopic Diagnosis—he is said to be the greatest authority in Europe, is De Plomer; but they’re all wonderfully clever, our lecturers are, and so uncommon scientific too,—so I thought,

sir, seeing in the papers that you were going to make a great speech to-night, I thought I would take the liberty of sending in my card." Thus Mr Perkins, as I led him into the House, assuring him of the pleasure it was to be of service to him—for you need not feel cross at being woke up if you only get a clear half-hour for your nap—and seated him under the gallery.

My young friend thoroughly enjoyed this, his first visit; and when later in the evening I came up again to where he sat, he was full of interest in the scene.

"And so that is the Attorney-General, sir, is it really? A beautiful speaker he is, I am sure, and so ready with his words, and quite argumentative, if one may say so. He reminds me of Bowluss, our Lecturer on *Medica Præscripta* at Matthews's, only Bowluss has a louder voice."

"Well, Mr Harry, and how are you getting on with your work? You seem thoroughly interested in it at any rate, which is a great point. I suppose you have plenty to do between all these great lecturers."

"Yes, indeed, sir. You see, sir, there is so much scientific work to be got through in our profession; and then there is the anatomy, and then there is the bones to be got up; they are a puzzle, and no mistake. Why, the examiners will throw down a heap of hand-bones on the table, and tell you to pick out a third metacarpal, and pluck you right off if you take the wrong one. There was one of our men last year, a tremendous clever fellow, and a dead hand at demonstrations, got plucked in this way. He got flurried, you know, and couldn't tell one bone from another, or an anterior surface from a posterior, up at the table before the examiners, although he had been carrying about a set of bones in his pocket for weeks, and

just before he went into the room he could say off all the processes by heart. Nerves touched up by over-work, it was said to be."

"I hope too much work won't destroy your nerves, Mr Harry; but you appear to have plenty to do, which is a good thing in London."

"Yes, sir; and then you see I'm attending St Fecunda's Lying-in-Hospital besides. It won't be much good to me, I fancy, out in Bengal, for I'm told the Hindoos don't care about gentlemen accoucheurs; but the governor, that's Mr Fergusson, thought I had better go through a course there. I've just come from the hospital now. We look in there at odd times, you know, sir, for that's a class of case that doesn't come regular."

"And by the way, sir," continued the young man presently, "if you will excuse the liberty, had you not a servant-girl called Poole, a niece, or something of the sort, of Miss Barton's two maids down at Leatherby?"

"What about her?" I asked hurriedly, remembering what I had almost forgotten, that this was the surname of our unfortunate Annetta.

"Well, sir, she's now in this very hospital."

Seeing that I looked eager for more news, Harry Perkins went on—

"Yes, sir, I only saw her yesterday for the first time, although she has been there for some weeks, but you see it's not one of my cases. Poor thing, she's dreadfully changed! She was a very nice-looking young woman, you know, sir; many's the time she's opened the door for me at Miss Barton's, when she has been stopping there, but now you would hardly know her, she's wasted so. But I was certain it was her, and she evidently knew me, though she wouldn't speak. Poor thing! her husband—she goes

under the name of Gates now—ran away from her, it appears, off to America, and she went into the hospital and her child was born about six weeks ago ; but the child died, and she won't be long in following it, poor thing ! I went up and asked her if she recollected Leatherby, but she only shook her head, and wouldn't speak."

Poor Annette ! her fate had almost passed out of recollection, making way for the larger cares of later months ; but as I sat by listening, sick at heart, the humble tragedy of which this poor girl was the subject came up in all its phases before my mind. Her modest, gentle ways at first, her shyness and timidity when she first came to live with us in London ; the warning of change which passed unheeded ; this same girl so soon to be taking a part in the coarse debauch of which I had been witness ; then her flight and miserable marriage, to save her from deeper disgrace ; as I thought of all this, the result—so conscience whispered, blaming myself and Eva—of selfish indifference and selfish preoccupation, the House of Commons disappeared from my blurred eyes, and I almost fancied myself reacting the scene in the little room, with Eva, the detective, and the poor girl, when we had tried in vain to persuade her to return to us.

At last, gulping down the sensation which made it difficult to speak, I managed to ask if we could see her then. Certainly, Mr Perkins said, he could go in and out of the hospital at any hour ; he should be very proud to have the honour of showing me over it.

It was now close on eleven o'clock, and my motion might properly be deferred—besides, I felt now incapable of doing justice to it.

"I will speak a word to Glisereene, the Treasury whip," I said,

"and be back directly, and then we will take a cab to the hospital."

The hospital, although clean and airy, seemed to be pervaded by a close and stuffy feeling peculiar to buildings of the kind. Lights were burning in the corridors, and although it was not far from midnight, there was a sense of movement in the place as of vigils kept within. "This way, sir, please," said my guide ; "the case is in the convalescent ward, although, poor thing, there's not much convalescence about her, I am afraid." So saying, Mr Perkins opened a door from the corridor, and led the way into a large room with beds ranged down each side, leaving a wide passage in the middle. The dim light burning showed many of the inmates to be awake ; and I thought, as we passed down towards a bed at the end of the room, that the faces of some expressed a sort of pleased curiosity, as if any excitement were welcome which interrupted the monotony of their life there.

"Look up, my dear, there's somebody come to see you," said the nurse, placing her hand lightly on the patient's shoulder.

The sick woman opened her hollow eyes, and looked dreamily at the nurse, then turning her head the other way wearily closed them again. As the shaded light fell on her face while she turned, I could just recognise in the pale wasted features and sunken cheeks the once blooming face of Eva's little maid.

"She lies mostly so," said the nurse to us in a low voice ; "she understands what is said to her, and takes her food regular, but she hasn't said nothing these last three days. She won't last long ; she's much weaker to-day."

"I don't like to disturb her," I

said, "and yet I should very much wish to see if she can recognise me."

The nurse again roused her patient gently, and again the latter seemed to be awake.

"Annette," I said.

At sound of the name the hollow eyes turned dreamily towards me.

"Annette," I said, "do you not know me?" A faint flush of recognition passed over the wan face, which then turned over on one side, the eyes still open, but averted, a slow laboured breathing the only motion.

"Annette," I said, stooping down, so as to bring my face in the direction of her glance; "Annette, my poor girl, I have only just heard of your being here—I am going home now to tell Eva of it; she will come and be with you in the morning. She will be so glad to have found you at last."

As I spoke, I took her hand which lay outside the coverlet. The wan fingers returned the pressure, and before I knew her purpose, she had drawn my hand to her lips and kissed it. Then the fingers relaxed their grasp, and the eyes closed again.

"There, you see she notices you," said the nurse; "she's quite sensible most times, but she can't often speak."

It seemed useless to stay any longer, so watching silently for a short space the laboured breathing, I retired with the others down the ward.

"A clear case of Tubercula," said Mr Perkins, as he opened the door and led the way into the passage; "symptoms very marked in their later stages."

"She's sinking slowly," said the nurse, "but she may last some days yet. She takes her food so regular,

you see, sir, every two hours, and that keeps her up a bit."

I parted at the door of the hospital with Harry Perkins, who promised to meet Eva next morning and arrange for her admission, and pursued my way homewards on foot. It would be too late for Eva to see her dying servant that night, but I felt sure that she would wish to hurry to the hospital the first thing in the morning; and I thought, not without a certain sense of melancholy satisfaction, that any duty reclaiming her for the moment from the pursuit of fashionable frivolity which now made up her life, might not be without its use.

Musing thus, and sad at heart, the scene I had just witnessed brought up the uneasy consciousness which in leisure moments sometimes now made itself felt, that the life of Eva and myself also had in one sense been not without its tragic *dénouement*. The state we had come to, of two persons living together, and yet leading two separate lives, was truly as much removed from the sad tragedy enacted in the person of this poor girl, as the sin she was now expiating exceeded in its coarse simplicity the deviations from duty, which, if slight in themselves, had yet, conjoined with my vanity and selfish preoccupation, sufficed to make shipwreck of our domestic happiness. Still, however great the difference, both were cases alike of going astray from the path of duty; and I could not but feel, as I have said, a certain inward satisfaction in thinking how this discovery of her humble friend might recall Eva to her better self; and, if truth be told, how I might now find opportunity without sacrifice of pride to open my heart once more to my wife. And, thinking thus, a vision as of a refund happiness passed before my mind.

CHAPTER LXIX.—A DISCOVERY.

' But the current of reflection was interrupted by a block in the road. My way lay through one of the principal thoroughfares of London; and the crowd of carriages, entering and departing from the courtyard of a great mansion which lay back from the roadway, and extending far down the street, announced that the noble owner was giving a great entertainment that evening. I then recollected dimly that Eva had said something about going to the Duchess of Scarborough's ball. She would therefore probably be found within, and I turned into the court and entered the house. Although hardly in ball trim, I was in evening dress, and Cabinet Ministers are not expected to be particular about these trifles. I would find Eva and take her home at once. The notion that she should be dancing while Annette was dying would shock her as much as it did me; and, given up though she was to the pursuit of pleasure, she would yet certainly wish to break off to-night when she learnt my news. Thus thinking, I made my way up the great staircase, wondering whether I was really among the guests invited, but reflecting that in any case the presence of a Secretary of State would probably not be resented as an intrusion.

Passing through one or two ante-chambers, occupied with groups of people whom I did not recognise, I came to the ball-room, which, spacious as it was, was yet crowded after London fashion; lookers-on pressed in on the dancers on all sides, and groups of people were standing in all the doorways. Pulled up thus at the entrance, I looked round among the shifting faces as each couple of waltzers passed across my field of view, seeking for Eva amongst them, when my ear was caught by some-

thing in the conversation of two young men standing immediately in front of me, whom I guessed from previous remarks to be Guardsmen—conversation which, although carried on in a low undertone, I was yet close enough in the pressure of the crowd to hear distinctly.

"Tommy is going the pace again."

"Yes, he is, and no mistake, the naughty beggar; old enough too to know better."

"The attraction must be admitted, at any rate."

"Well, I don't admire the thread-paper style of beauty for my part," drawled the second of the young puppies; "still the attraction *maybe* admitted, and the temptation. For all her shy looks, madame seems not very *difficile*."

"Ah, still water runs deep; but I'll tell you what, unless *Monsieur le Mari* looks out, there will be a case for Sir Cresswell—at least, I mean for the chap in his place—before long, and no mistake about it."

"It's too bad, though, to take advantage of his opportunities in this way. Master Tommy ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Oh, confound it, man! you can't expect a fellow to be too particular if he meets with encouragement of this sort."

"Ah," rejoined the other, "I believe you would be as bad as he if you had the chance, you young scamp."

Just then the speaker turned his head, and seeing me within a few inches of him, gave a start and a low involuntary whistle of surprise; "Whew! *Monsieur le Mari*!" he said to his companion in a whisper, and then pushed his way on with the other through the crowd.

It did not want this last sentence to know the purport of the conver-

sation. Almost from the first word I understood how deeply it concerned me, and I felt the blood rush to my face as I stood rooted to the spot, hearing distinctly every word of this horrid gossip, and gazing after it ceased rigidly before me into the maze of dancers. Almost at that moment I saw the object of my search: Eva, waltzing with Strickland, passed round that corner of the room of which I commanded a view. They disappeared again in a few seconds among the crowd, but the time seemed more than enough to confirm my dreadful suspicions. Passion, bold and triumphant, was written in his face, as he bore her round in his arms; her eyes were bent downwards, but for a moment she raised them, and meeting his glance, there seemed in her gentle and as I thought coquettish smile, a glance of perfect understanding.

I stood thus entranced for a few seconds after this revelation, and then turning, left the house, feeling as if the shame would be less if I were not there to witness it.

A minute afterwards, and my impulse was to go back and confront the guilty pair. But I shrank from the scandal such a scene might create. Anything like an affray between a Minister and his private secretary, especially about such a subject, would only be procured at the cost of further publicity and bitter humiliation.

Then I thought I would return and watch them without making myself known. But this might not be possible; and, besides, to look on at a repetition of the scene I had already witnessed, perhaps to hear more coarse jokes at my expense, would be intolerable.

In this state of indecision, a prey to mortification and passion, I reached home, and letting myself in, spent the rest of the night pacing

the drawing-room in a fever of restless impatience, running over in the bitterness of my heart the events which had culminated in this horrid end. Everything was clear now. The first attentions of the Strickland family, which, fool that I was, I set down to a recognition of our social merit, were now seen plainly to be the first link in the carefully-wrought chain of deliberate villainy. Then the pursuit carried on under guise of courtship of the unmarried sister, till finally the wily destroyer had established himself in the very house, employing the whole of his family as unconscious agents to complete the deception. Fool that I was, not to see through this transparent artifice; to suppose that a worn-out *roué* would thus be transformed into a plodding man of business; and while I had been flattering myself with the belief that this enlistment in my service was a testimony to my own superior powers, all the town was laughing at the facile cuckold. Even a young girl like Mary Drew had seen enough to make her give the warning which I had been too blind to understand. Then, too, I remembered how this man had been witness to the daily progress of estrangement between Eva and myself, fanning, no doubt, her growing discontent at my neglect, the ready confidant, probably, of her grievances, real and supposed. There could be no mistake about it. That scene in the library, with the caricature, especially came up to recollection; and other incidents, trifles at the time, now crowded up in the mind to form an overwhelming chain of circumstantial evidence. And all this ruin might have been so easily averted. A little gentleness and sympathy, and I might have retained for ever my poor wife's affection, once so entirely mine, now lost for ever; and yet, what sort of a heart could that

be, so easily, so soon, estranged? And then I recollected with bitterness how little real emotion she had shown when leaving her home, and again at parting with her sister; the little care she had taken to maintain her family ties; how little real sympathy she had ever shown for her husband and his cares and life. No, it was all too plain now; and doubtless, I had not been the first man to mistake a gentle manner and pliant disposition for a warm heart. There could be no real depth of feeling in Eva, so easily won, and so easily lost.

Such were the bitter reflections that followed each other through my mind. Then came up a doubt. After all, what am I judging by? Am I to condemn her unheard, merely because of a momentary glimpse in the confusion of a crowded ball-room? What have I seen but that to raise even a suspicion? But then succeeded another horrid doubt. I, of course, should be the last person to see anything. Besides, this was not the only ground of suspicion. There was the conversation of those boys with their ribald jests. If two lads like these, on the threshold of society, were aware of the scandal, it must be the talk of the town.

But then, again, conscience whispered that the loose slander of two boys should have but little weight. If coarse talk like that were to count for anything, no reputation would be safe; the brutal licence of youthful tongues is only bounded by their folly. And though angry condemnation came uppermost, my heart told me, even in the depth of my bitterness, that I must hold Eva guiltless of more than folly so far; weak and foolish she might be—but actually faithless, no, that was impossible. At most she was on the verge of temptation, dallying with danger; but estranged though

we were, I felt sure at least that she was not guilty of such a depth of treachery. And my heart turned to pity and bitter self-condemnation as I thought of the danger I had allowed her to be exposed to. So young and so guileless, what folly of me in my selfish preoccupation to leave her to tread alone the slippery path of fashionable life!

But it might not be too late to retrace the false course we had entered on. First withdraw her from the danger which beset her, and then let me try to regain the love I had discarded by neglect. And this must all be done without giving a sign to any one save herself of my suspicion. I must not, at any rate, by any action give the world reason to confirm its judgment; in appearance, at least, I must hold her above the defilement of suspicion. Nor must I condescend to bandy words with the villain who had been plotting this mischief.

Then I thought of our friend Fergusson's caution about Eva's health, and suggestion to move her to a milder climate. Ah! if this had been acted on long ago. But no time should now be lost in employing the convenient excuse for removing her from the scene of danger. It might be arranged that she should live for a time in peaceful retreat under her aunt's quiet roof, or perhaps with her friend at Thorpe. No better guardian than Mary in such case.

Musing thus, and pacing the room restlessly, the hours passed by, and the gray light of morning was dimming the lustre of the lights within, when a carriage stopped at the door, and the vague dread passed away which ever and anon had come uppermost, that perhaps after all I might be too late to ward off the danger, and that this night she was not to return.

I stepped out to the landing-place

to meet her, when I was arrested by the sound of a man's voice in the hall. It was Strickland's. I could not hear what was said, but it was enough to know that he had returned with her. All my worst fears, and with them my bitterness of heart returned; I would at least before anything tax her with what I knew, and hear what she could say in defence. I moved back into the drawing-room.

Presently the hall-door was closed again, and then I heard a light foot-step—light, but as of one tired—coming up the stairs.

Then Eva entered the room. On seeing me she stopped.

She looked differently now from what she had done in the ball-room; the flush of excitement had passed away, leaving her very pale, and the eyes looked dark and hollow. And yet as she stood there, the mantle which had fallen from her shoulders hanging in folds around her, the hands crossed, the fan and bouquet pendent from the slender fingers, I thought she had never looked more beautiful. Unconsciously she had assumed the very attitude expressed in the picture which now looked down on us.

"Oh, Charlie!" she exclaimed, "you quite startled me. Fancy your being still up."

She was moving forward again, when the expression of my face arrested her, and she stopped again, looking anxiously at me, the lips half open, as if making mute question. Was this merely surprise, I thought, or guilty conscience?

I passed round to the door without speaking, keeping at a distance from her, and closed it, Eva following me with her eyes; and then, again avoiding her, returned to the centre of the room.

"Yes, madam," I said, "we have both had abundant occupation for

the night; and vastly agreeable it has been for both."

"What *do* you mean, Charlie?" she cried, still standing at some distance.

"You are fond of balls and dancing. This one has been as pleasant as the rest of them, I hope? Nay, perhaps even more so, I dare say?"

"I don't know why you should be so bitter about my going to balls," retorted Eva, reproachfully. "I suppose if I were to say I didn't really care about them, you would discover something to find fault about, even then?" And Eva moved wearily towards a chair, as if going to sit down.

"I should, indeed," I replied, passionately; "because you would then say what you know is not true."

Eva turned round towards me, exclaiming indignantly, "How dare you speak like that to me?"

"Dare!" I cried. "Is it you only who are to dare to do anything? I am to keep silence, forsooth, or pick and choose mealy-mouthed phrases to save hurting your precious feelings, while you are outraging all decency by your behaviour? Eva! Eva! frail I know you to be, but I did not think you would dare to brazen out your shame like this!"

"Charles," she pleaded, in a voice tremulous with emotion, holding out her arms, as if to implore forbearance—"Charles, please stop; I won't hear you, if you speak to me like this."

"But you shall hear me!" I broke in. "You brazen it out now, but perhaps you will take a different line when I tell you that I know everything, although till this night it appears I was about the only man in London ignorant of your disgraceful misconduct."

"Charles!" gasped Eva, imploringly, again holding up her arms, her face half turned away; "Charles, for God's sake, stop!"

"Yes," I hurried on; "you profess to take a high line; but when I tell you that I too was at the ball and saw your wanton conduct, and heard the coarse jests made at my

expense about you, then I ask you how do you dare to come back, even to my very house, with your paramour, and then to come in here with a lie on your lips?"

Eva gazed with pallid, horror-stricken face for a moment towards mine, and then turning round, hurried from the room.

CHAPTER LXX.—A DAY OF DESPAIR.

Left alone, I became instantly sensible of the folly of my conduct. In place of the grave remonstrance, which might have brought Eva to my feet, I had frightened her by my violence, enough almost to justify impenitence—even defiance. This was the result of all my long deliberations, of the plans I had proposed to myself for winning back my wife. This was the sober guardian who would reclaim her by wise kindnesses from the path of danger; acting instead the noisy ranter! Eva had parted from me without one word of explanation or contrition, which, after my violence, would now perhaps, and justly, be withheld. Then my heart turned to pity as I thought of the poor girl—so young, so fair, so fragile, so delicately brought up—separated from her family, without a single friend to guide her, neglected by her husband, who now, when he should assume the neglected duty of a protector, has no better remedy to furnish for the poor child's folly than brutal coarseness of speech. Truly, as I thought over this, haunted the while by her last wan, reproachful look, I felt that mine had been but a cowardly part.

Then rose up, too, the doubts whether my horrible suspicions might not have been formed too hastily. That last appealing look

was surely not of a kind to be worn with conscious guilt? But no! nothing could explain away the facts which I had witnessed. At any rate the explanation must be offered by herself. I could not follow her. Until some sign of contrition was shown, there could be no meeting again as man and wife.

Thus resolving—if such a name could be given to the storm of angry notions that chased themselves through my mind—I sought my library, and tried to address myself to business upon the papers which covered the table. But the attempt to concentrate my thoughts on work of any sort proved futile; and after an hour or more passed in a vain effort to grow calm, the full sunshine of a fine spring morning which came in at the window, suggested the experiment of trying to walk down my excitement. This seemed the best thing to do. I would then breakfast at some club, and perhaps, when I returned, Eva would be up and would seek me out; or a meeting might come about in some way without my seeming to court it. So being still in evening dress, I went up-stairs to change it before setting off.

Entering my dressing-room I found the door leading to Eva's chamber wide open, and a sense of stillness warned me before I stepped into it that the room was empty. Eva

was not there. Her ball-dress and scarf lay on the couch, her gloves and fan and jewels were on the toilet-table, her little white shoes, with the glistening buckles, were on the floor. Otherwise the room showed no signs of occupancy.

I hastened to the lower rooms to seek her through the silent dark house, for no one was yet astir, but the sight of the unlocked hall-door stopped my search. There was no room for doubt now—Eva had flown. Whether planned beforehand or the effect of my harshness, the flight was certain. The cause might never be ascertained; no note or writing could I find; but there could be no room for doubt whither she had gone for help.

Stunning though the blow was, the certainty was hardly more agonising than the first discovery of the night before, and a sort of limit seemed to be reached to the workings of emotion. At any rate I found myself now most occupied in the thought what next to do. A first impulse to call in the aid of Boucher the detective was quickly dismissed. The man's matter-of-fact speculations about the behaviour of Eva's poor little servant had been sufficiently repulsive; to discuss Eva's own conduct with him would be intolerable. No, I must wait till tidings came of the fugitives, as come it would soon enough.

Then followed the question, how to live through the day? To stay at home to answer the servants' inquiries, perhaps to receive visitors on business, would be impossible. Equally impossible to pass the long hours at the office, where the news would be sure to arrive, and everybody down to the messenger would be discussing eagerly how their chief had been outraged by his confidential aide.

At last a plan presented itself.

Hearing somebody stirring in the house, I rang and ordered breakfast, and shut myself in my room till it was announced. That meal I had always been accustomed to take alone for many months; but as I now sat down to it a new sense of desolation seemed to fill the room, confirmed by the silence of the servants, who must know by this time of their mistress's flight, and of course understood the cause. It was impossible to swallow food; and after a show of eating I sent for a cab, and driving to the station took the train to Epsom to visit the new defences preparing on the heights. The news of my shame would not have travelled to the suburbs yet, at any rate. For one day more at least I could look other men in the face.

And this day was got through somehow. The engineers passed me on from one to another, gratified at the visit of the War Minister, who tried to simulate an interest in the busy work which his zealous subordinates were so actively engaged upon. Field-works, magazines, intrenchments, everywhere rising; soldiers and navvies, militia and linesmen, all hard at work; and from one gang to another we passed on, from Epsom to Weybridge, and from Chertsey to Maidenhead, on horseback, or in gigs or cabs, the weary round was made, till at evening I found myself on Bushey Heath—scene of some of Eva's and my happiest days—and taking the train for Euston, reached home by dark.

An unreasoning expectation, hoping against hope, that some news might be awaiting me at home, was dissipated by the grave silence of the servant who opened the door. I felt that a sort of mutual understanding was thus set up; and hardly daring to look the man in the face, with difficulty summoned up self-

possession to ask if any one had called.

The man handed me several cards from the hall-table. They appeared to be all of Eva's visiting acquaintances; and I wondered in what terms he reported his mistress's absence, but did not ask. My own letters, he said, were on the library-table. Two messengers had come from the office with despatches, and "the Colonel," he added, had been here in the afternoon.

This was the name by which Strickland was always known in our household. I glanced at the horse-whip which hung against the wall, and thought regretfully that it was as well I was absent when he came, for this form of revenge was denied me. Yet even from him I hardly looked for such effrontery as this.

The Colonel left word, the man continued, that he would be found at the office if I wanted him.

So they had not left London after all. Did this mean that he expected me to demand satisfaction? He must surely know that the thing was impossible nowadays, most of all for a Cabinet Minister. And yet if ever there was a case to justify a revenge of this sort, surely it was this.

"There was a young gentleman called also, sir," continued the servant, "who seemed very anxious to see you, of the name of Perkins. I was to be particular to tell you that the young person at the hospital died this morning at twelve o'clock."

So, then, this chapter of our home tragedy had come to an end. And thinking over the scene of my last visit to the unfortunate Annette, which till now I had utterly forgotten in my own trouble, I could not but reflect also on the sad likeness in the two stories—mistress and maid, of both the fate had been the same.

The letters in the library gave no tidings. There were, as usual, among the miscellaneous collection some marked confidential; but one was from Mr Merrifield on business; another, signed "Discoverer," offered on due consideration to divulge an infallible recipe for blowing any hostile army to pieces without the use of guns; a third was from an army economist requesting perusal of an article in a popular magazine, which he had taken the liberty to forward. Not a line bearing on the matter at heart.

But even one day's absence had largely increased the accumulation of business—business that would not wait; and after a hurried meal, I sat down to try and set steadfastly to work at clearing it off. This at least would kill time.

But the excitement of the last few hours was now wearing off, giving place to the fatigue of the day, following a night without sleep or rest. Do what I might to keep awake, I found myself nodding every minute over my work, trying in vain to understand what I was reading; and not without a feeling of shame that a need for rest should be uppermost under such circumstances, I moved to an easy-chair, thinking to take a short sleep and then set to work again.

But the sleep lasted longer than I intended, and I awoke to feel the chill of the fireless room, and broad daylight streaming in above the shutters.

It seemed at first as if my last parting with Eva had only just taken place, and it was some time before I realised that a second day had come since that fatal hour.

I passed into the drawing-room. Opening the window the light streamed in upon her picture, the face looking down wistfully upon me,

and as it now seemed with an aspect of sadness and reproach.

Another bright day; the birds singing gaily in the gardens, and an occasional milk-cart making its early rounds, alone broke the silence of the early morning. Another long day of misery to be lived through. Let me go out, I thought, and walk down this aching restlessness.

Thus determining, I was turning away from the window, when a cab came slowly rumbling down the gardens, and in my listless mood I stopped to watch it pass by. Some traveller from the country by the night train, for there is luggage on the roof. Is it business or pleasure, I wondered dreamily, that brings visitors to London at such an hour? The cab is keeping to our side of the road, and the driver, plying his whip in mechanical fashion on the poorjade's back with

one hand, while chucking at the reins with the other, looks up at the numbers of the houses as he passes, and pulls up at my door.

A gloved hand lets down the window, and a woman's face looks out—a young girl's face; it is Mary Drew!

I hurried down-stairs, and, opening the hall-door, ran down the steps. Mary stood on the pavement, and by her Aunt Emily, the two helping out of the cab—no, not herself; that wan feeble figure that tried to stand, supported between them, seemed like the ghost of Eva.

I stood irresolute for an instant, looking from one to the other.

"Will you not take her?" asked Mary, with reproachful scorn in her voice; "you see her state."

I moved a step nearer; and Eva, looking at me with wistful beseeching face, tottered forwards and fell into my arms.

THE DOCTOR ABROAD.—PART I.

I.—THE DOCTOR AT HOME—THE GREAT WHIST CONTROVERSY.

THE Doctor was hipped. The pulse of body and soul had grown languid. His racy interest in men and women and things in general had failed. Many of his oldest friends had died recently; men much younger than himself, for whom he felt a fatherly regard, had been swept off without obvious or reasonable cause. M——, fresh and green at eighty, had passed away at midnight without a sigh. C—— and H—— (the strong hunter and fisher and swimmer, and the charming humorist) had been struck down in the flower of their manhood. Death, in one of his capricious moods, was throwing his darts at random. The Doctor had begun to feel, what most men who pass middle life are forced to feel sooner or later, that the country beyond the tomb is more populous than that on this side—a feeling on which Lovell Beddoes has worked in a grotesquely ingenious way:—

“In the old time death was a feverish
sleep,
In which men walked. The other world
was cold
And thinly peopled, so life's emigrants
Came back to mingle with the crowds of
earth;
But now great cities are transplanted
thither,—
Memphis and Babylon, and either Thebes,
And Priam's towery town with its one
beach.
The dead are most and merriest: so to
be sure
There will be no more haunting till
their towns
Are full to the garret: then they'll
shut their gates
To keep the living out.”

Only a few old friends remained
—“the gleanings of hostile spears”
—and the Doctor had not the art of
making new ones. His tongue was

too sharp. The society of Hazeldean was largely composed of self-seeking people, and of pompous priggish people; and to prigs and self-seekers he could not force himself to be polite. There was one poor fellow—Cockatoo, by name—whose sandy-coloured hair was cropped as close as a convict's, on whose faultless linen no speck of dust ever presumed to rest, and whose whole soul, or what passed for soul with him, was occupied on his boots and his necktie, who had the same effect upon the Doctor that a red rag has upon a bull. The worldly woman, again, not the woman of the world (which is a different thing) was very hardly dealt with by our somewhat cynical moralist. He had one or two intimate friends among the women; and observers who did not know better supposed that, as they were young, gay, witty, pretty, and much run after, they must belong to the class which excited his ire. But they were mistaken—these pretty fashionable women who loved the old Doctor and his old-fashioned rather uncouth ways, were at heart exceptionally simple and unselfish. “No,” said the Doctor, “the woman I detest is the noisy, scheming, managing, middle-aged female, who pretends to love and admire you all the time that she is saying to herself, what an old stupid you are! and who would not, indeed, take the trouble to speak to you at all unless she knew that you had a brother a baronet. All real friendliness quickly dies out of the woman who cares merely to shine in society, and who covets admiration only, not love. Simple sincerity is the highest and

rarest of the virtues, and Lady Bullfinch is as false as the flowers she sticks on her mantelpiece."

Then the weather was against him. It had rained viciously for eighteen months. A good sharp rosty winter might have braced him up; for the Doctor, in his woodland retreat at the gate of the great city, loved a snowstorm. But this incessant undistinguishable rain had made everything damp and unwholesome. And in North Britain it had rained with a dull obstinacy unknown elsewhere. The clerk of the weather must have had a chronic cold in his head. The Doctor, indeed, got quite indignant over the climate. The country was ceasing to be habitable. Men would be driven out of it, as the cows are driven out of the Swiss upland pastures during winter. It would be abandoned to Mr Cook's tourists. Inns for their accommodation might be opened about the end of June, for a couple of months, like the inns on the Riffel and the Bel Alp; but during the rest of the year the rain would descend upon a quaking morass, tenanted by snipes, wild-duck, frogs, and fresh-water flounders.

The Doctor could remember the time when a race of great men frequented the club to which he belonged—wits, and poets, and statesmen, and philosophers—and during that golden age they played long whist. The introduction of short whist twenty or thirty years before, had been a great trial to the Doctor. He had protested against it at the time, but without effect. "Life is too short for long whist," said the irreverent modern youth, who had been admitted within the sacred portals. So, with many other good things, it had to go. "Short whist," the Doctor would argue, "is a *coup de main*, requiring none of the fine deliberation and waiting power

which long whist encourages. A short-whist player is always in a hurry to win; he cannot afford to lie by, and watch the progress of events. Such a man can never become a great general, for he has failed to cultivate the patient force from which alone high achievements spring." Although the Doctor could never quite reconcile himself to the change (and was accustomed to protest that, though there might be greater dash and brilliancy among the new players, they yet lacked the capacity for steady combination which their predecessors possessed), he continued to play his afternoon or evening rubber, until the introduction of the call-for-trumps system. I can still recollect the astonishment and horror which he manifested when some years ago he was interrogated by a partner who had played at the Portland and the Arlington.

"Did you Peter?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Did you howl?"

"Sir!!"

"I mean, did you ask for trumps?"

The Doctor ask for trumps indeed! he would as soon have winked at his partner or kicked his shins under the table. The new mode was utterly opposed to his old-fashioned notions of the proprieties of the card-room. Nor were his objections purely sentimental; he could argue with considerable force against "the call" as entirely inconsistent with the principles of a noble and philosophical game. It was a vicious system, the substitution of a coarse and arbitrary signal which every tyro could read, for the subtle hints and indications which were visible only to the expert. It used to require the finest sensitiveness, the nicest tact, to know when the lead of trumps would prove an advantage to your partner's hand; the delicacy of perception is necessarily lost when it is made a

mere matter of rough mechanical observation. The trump suit, especially when accompanied by honours, was always disproportionately strong—at least in short whist; the call adds immensely to the disproportion, and gives to a strong trump hand a sledge-hammer-like force. Thus it equalises chances, puts all players on much the same level, takes away from skill the pre-eminence which is its due. But while it gives weight to the hand which is weighty enough, in any reasonable view, without it, it becomes a source of weakness and disaster to the player who resorts to it when holding cards which are not absolutely overwhelming. It is as communicative to your adversary as to your partner. It deters him from leading trumps when he might otherwise have led them. It induces him to force you when he might otherwise have refrained. It thus becomes of signal service to the vigilant enemy who is ostentatiously informed that a great trump suit is against him, and enabled to make the necessary preparations for defence. And it alters, of course, all the conditions of the contest. The game is thenceforth played on the distinct understanding that two or more honours, and four or five trumps, are in a specified hand; and this vital information is obtained, not gradually, as information at whist used to be obtained, but in the lump; not by fine calculation, but by the observation of an obvious yet highly artificial code of signals, which the most unobservant player cannot fail to observe.

"No," exclaimed the Doctor, indignantly, "this is not reform—this is revolution."

Thereafter the winter afternoon rubber in the cosy back-room of the club, at which he had attended regularly for thirty years, knew him no more.

Altogether, as I have said, the

Doctor was hipped; and his son-in-law, the "young doctor," as the country people designated him, decided that he must have change of air. The Doctor's youngest daughter, Cicely, had married John Markham, to whom the Doctor's practice had been made over, and John Markham had already made his mark in the profession. He was of a strong, rapid, self-reliant habit of mind, and no patient of his ever died because his medical adviser was slow, timid, or undecided. Yet his rapidity and decision were consistent with a very fine and accurate insight into the nature of disease, and the right conclusion was thus arrived at with a suddenness which appeared instinctive. His manner to his patients was sharp, and at times, when he found that his instructions were being trifled with, even stern (he was not, as you see, a lady's doctor); but at home he unbent entirely, and was as frolicsome as a schoolboy during holiday-time. He came across to my cottage one evening in early spring, his wife hanging lightly on his arm, and tripping in her elastic way at his side, and told me that they wanted me to join the conspiracy in which they were engaged.

"And that is——?" I inquired.

"To carry papa away for the summer," said Cissy; "and John says he will leave the last of his patients to die a natural death, and be papa's physician-in-ordinary for a month, and you are to come; and Freddy is wild about going up the Matterhorn; and everything is settled, except that papa won't leave his history, and we want you to persuade him."

We ultimately succeeded. It was arranged that the Doctor should take his manuscript 'History of English Poetry' along with him, and as many books as he could possibly require to consult during his absence. The books (I may mention here)

proved a terrible hindrance; they needed a mule for themselves all the time we were among the Alps, and they cost as much on the French railways as an additional first-class passenger would have cost. Most of them came to grief: the Doctor left his favourite copy of 'Absalom and Achitophel' on the beach at Dieppe, 'Beaumont and Fletcher' fell over the Gemmi, 'Milton' was lost in a crevasse, and so on; until at length quite the majority were "killed, wounded, or missing."

So we started about the end of May—the Doctor, Mr and Mrs John Markham, the present writer, and Fred Hamilton, the Doctor's nephew of nineteen, son of a sister who had married and died in South America. Fred was in a state of riotous intoxication at the prospect of ascending

the great Alpine giants, and had laid in a stock of blue spectacles and blue veils, wonderful nails for his boots, a coil of Manilla rope, a haversack, an ice-axe, and an alpenstock. The ice-axe (which was fixed to the alpenstock) was always getting Freddy into trouble: it had a knack of tripping up its owner at railway stations and elsewhere; elderly French gentlemen hurriedly entering the carriage would sit down upon it (edge up) before it could be removed; and when we walked with it through the streets of Dijon, it aroused the susceptibilities of the party of order, as represented by a gigantic gendarme, in the cocked-hat of a commander-in-chief, who at a safe distance followed us home to our comfortable quarters at the Hotel de Jura.

II.—THE SANDS AT DIEPPE.

There are sea-shells and pebbles, and white cliffs (against a dark background of blue sky), and a fine chateau, and queer fishermen with widespreading picturesque nets, and queerer fisherwomen with high caps and sharp sand-eel spades, at the town of Dieppe in France; and these are things which the Doctor relishes. During the few days we remained in the little watering-place his health visibly improved, and in fact, before we had been away from home for a week, all cause for anxiety had passed away. (N.B.—No further bulletins will be issued.) We climbed among the rocks, and we strolled along the sands, and gazing across Victor Hugo's sea, a trifle of Victor Hugo's vein entered into our talk.

"Patient and inexorable is the night," said the Doctor, as we sat upon the margin of the bent at 1 A.M. (for it was ridiculous to think of going to bed), and heard the sea-

ducks plunging and splashing in the bay, and the shrill cry of the curlew as they chased each other along the sand at our feet, and saw a phantom-like bark glide silently past on its way to some ghostly shore,—*"inexorable as fate."* There is no delay—no pause to renew and upgather the energies which uphold infinite worlds. For they *lie* in the hollow of His hand."

"Does not that vast nightly silence," Markham asked, "appear to contract, as it were, the magnitude of the ocean? By day the sea-dirge is the grandest thing we have; but the still and infinite content of the night makes all complaint merely weak and human."

"And yet the night itself is not silent. There are whispers among the starry spaces—the rustling of wings high up in the ether, like the flight of night-birds to distant rivers, or of angels on the behest of the Master—the stir and

quiver of the serried lances of the Aurora. Look into the sky and listen!"

And we looked into the sky and listened; and we heard the sweetest imaginable tinkling of little bells, such as the good Sir Galahad heard at the shrine in the forest!

And yet people who had not read 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' might have fancied that it was only an early milk or vegetable cart, drawn by a stout Norman pony, on its way to the market-place, where they sell curds and cauliflower round a Norman cross.

III.—ART IN PARIS.

The Doctor was very restless and ill at ease in Paris. The blackened walls of the Tuileries acutely distressed him. "It was the heart of the city," he said, "the noblest chateau in France. Paris without the Tuileries is mean and modern—as new as a Yankee store-shop. It redeemed the Louvre from unimaginative monotony, and the Boulevards from vulgar tawdriness." The roofless smoke-begrimed ruin was already decorated with the watchwords of the Republic: *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. The Doctor kindled into indignant scorn. "Children! Children! Children! Pleased with a rattle; tickled with a straw. Are there ten full-grown men in this great city?" And as he strode away to his hotel, I heard him mutter a favourite verse from the 'Anti-Jacobin':—

"Reason, philosophy, fiddledum, diddledum,
Peace and fraternity, higgledy, piggedy,
Higgledy, piggedy, fiddledum, diddledum."

A good deal of the Doctor's political philosophy was borrowed from the 'Anti-Jacobin.'

Even in the Museum of the Louvre (except for a brief moment before our matchless Lady of Milo) he was not at ease. He marched past Rubens's great bare women and riotous lion-whelps, and hardly paused before the great Murillo which Soult stole from the Spaniards. "I used to think that painting the greatest in

the world," he remarked, "but the light has gone out of it somehow." Only the vacant countenance of the great British tourist appeared to gratify him—that countenance which says with fatal distinctness, in every church and museum in Europe—

"For your Raphaels and Rubens
I do not care twopence;
Stick, stick, to the pictures of George!"

He went to the Exposition (the annual exhibition of the French Academy), which was then open; but he was not edified, nor was Cissy. These naked French *cocottes*, with their languishing airs and lanky limbs, have neither the comeliness nor the purity of the antique. An art which has descended to the *casino* has ceased to be art in any true sense of the term. That some of them, indeed, were manipulated with amazing dexterity, it was impossible to deny. There was one in particular—*La Cigale*, by Jules Lefebvre, with motto from *La Fontaine* (*Quand la bise fut venue*), which haunted us for days after, like a bad dream or a subtle noxious perfume. She has come very nearly to the end of her tether: the anger of implacable gods is closing in round about her. She cowers beneath the driving sleet—for she is standing in the wet street without a stitch of clothing, except a dark cloud of glorious dishevelled hair; her soft limbs, her white dainty

flesh, are beaten by the storm ; but we feel no pity for her in our hearts, for there is malice in those down-cast eyes that have never wept, and the ferocity of a wild animal, of a hunted and trodden-upon reptile, in that cruel, faithless smile. She *hates* the suffering to which her sensitive beauty has been exposed ; but, as regards any moral result, chastisement is as much thrown away upon her as upon a rattlesnake or a wild cat, and she will die in dumb defiance and fierce impotent rage.

We were a Sunday in Paris, and the Doctor and I heard a celebrated Abbé deliver in Nôtre Dame a brief,

animated, racy, and really eloquent oration, on the vices which had shattered the Empire and the army of France. Cissy and her husband were away all day. They made a good deal of mystery about what they had been doing—in fact, flatly refused to be cross-examined at *table d'hôte* ; but Markham told me in confidence, as we smoked our evening cigars, that after attending the Fête Dieu in the Madeline (where the pretty little French coquettes in their white veils and pink roses was a sight to see), they had in a hurried impromptu manner driven out to Longchamps, and witnessed the race for the *grand prix*.

IV.—PROVINCIAL FRANCE—GREEK OR GOTHIC ART ?

We went swiftly through provincial France — so much more worthy of regard than Paris itself—amid a blaze of poppies and corn-flowers, and a singularly brilliant red clover which I had not noticed elsewhere. We passed windmills, and straight canals, and peat-boats, and prim rows of stunted poplars ; and wherever we went we were accompanied by the inevitable magpie, the only bird that *La Sports* has left in France. We saw marvels of Norman architecture at Rouen, the delicate lacework of St Maclou (only it is worked in stone), and the Tour de Beurre of the Cathedral, and the Hotel Bourgtherould, and lovely old windows, and rich grotesque cornices over the doors of shops, and the signboards of taverns ; and the cathedral of Sens ; and the churches of Tonnere and Dru ; and the really exquisite towers of St Vincent at Macon : and at Dijon we rested several days and nights to examine a city which rivals Rouen itself. These old Burgundian houses, and these old Burgundian churches, are simply

charming. I do not know precisely under what order of architecture they are classed ; but, like the grapes thereabouts, they have a distinct idiosyncrasy of their own, and a flavour peculiar to the soil. If I had no fear of the critics before my eyes, I should say that the domestic and religious architecture of Dijon and the Dukes of Burgundy was a species of Moorish Gothic : it is Gothic, but with a touch of southern or eastern fancy about it. The Doctor was delighted with a discovery which he made here—dear Sir Walter's "Quentin Durward" in the shop-windows ! and Cissy, looking casually through an old carved gateway into a neglected garden, beheld such a thicket of roses (the Gloire de Dijon in its glory) as Dante Rossetti puts about his enchanting Venus of the flowers.

To the sour fanatic, the bright, pleasant, sociable aspect of the streets in summer evenings at Dijon may not appear so inviting as it did to us : but there can be no doubt that Frenchmen know how to enjoy

themselves. We tried to imitate them, and sat out in front of the hotel under the trees, with a bottle of Beaune, and our cigars, and a box of dominoes which the landlord brought us. But we quickly grew grave, as is the fashion of our countrymen when away in search of pleasure, until some controversy in politics or theology again restored us to animation. On the Sunday evening the Doctor brought down his manuscript, and read us a paragraph from 'The History of English Poetry'—a passage obviously suggested by the splendid works of the Gothic genius which we had been examining during the week.

THE DOCTOR (reading):—

"The Greek lived in a land where the air was transparently pure, where the mountain line cut an unclouded sky, where no phantoms of mist or shadow ministered to the imagination. He loved the pleasant life of the plains; he was friendly, urbane, communicative; a simple and elegant decorum characterised his manners. His moral conceptions were definite, though limited. Other than a pleasurable sense of healthy life, he acknowledged, perhaps, 'no wellbeing after which men should strive; yet he could vindicate the justice of the gods who visited the sins of the fathers upon the children; he practised the virtue which never offended the seemly; he recoiled instinctively from the cruel, the rude, and the uncomely. The clear outline, the definite grace, and the sunny expansiveness of his poetry, were thus reflected from a life which loved the orderly and the symmetrical, which avoided the intricate and the mysterious, which shrank from the terrible, which in its abhorrence of excess, and in its habitual moderation, unconsciously obeyed the Delphic precept, *Μηδὲν ἄγαν*,—'Not too much of anything.' The Goth, on the other hand, was a child of the mist. He lived among stormy seas and gloomy forests. Addicted to solitary commune, reserved yet passionate, familiar with the grand

and impressive forces of nature, sullen sometimes as his own skies, yet breaking out sometimes into quaint humour and inextinguishable laughter, this man would, by natural temperament alone, have had little in common with the Greek. But to him, moreover, words had been spoken which the Greek had not heard. A new conception of human wellbeing had been formed; a new lesson of duty had been taught; a new world of life had been opened up. What could a polished Athenian of the golden age of the Republic have made of St Paul? The passionate paradoxes of the missionary apostle—his zeal, his humility, his mysticism—the sufferings and indignities in which he gloried—his contempt for the body, except as the temple of the spirit, and for the world, except as the vestibule of heaven—would have been simply incomprehensible to the countrymen and contemporaries of Pericles.

"Out of all this—out of the conditions of his life, of his culture, and of his religion—arose, in the case of the modern, intricacies of motive, desire, and ambition, varieties of character, individualities of feeling and thought, which, for their artistic expression, demanded more flexible forms and more unrestricted liberty, an ampler air and freer light. The minsters of Rouen, and York, and Strasburg; the fretwork of shaft, and buttress, and doorway, and oriel; 'Lear,' and 'Henry IV.,' and 'Hamlet,' and 'The Midsummer Night's Dream;' the sculpture of Michael Angelo, the palace of the Doges, the cupolas of St Mark,—were some of the forms which these manifold activities assumed. And everywhere, from Venice to the Northern Sea—wherever throughout Europe they covered the land with monuments of sportive caprice or serious strength—it is easy to recognise the handiwork of men who had exchanged a limited but exquisite and majestic simplicity of motive and expression for the burden of spiritual life and the guidance of illimitable needs."*

MARKHAM.—"That I see is from your chapter on Shakespeare; but Shakespeare is world-wide, and of

* The History of English Poetry. By D. Diamond, M.D., &c. Vol. i. chap. 2.

no particular era, or race, or religion."

THE DOCTOR.—"True; yet 'Hamlet' could not have been written before the sixteenth century of the Christian era."

MARKHAM.—"I am not so sure about that. Don't you think it might have been written by the author of the Book of Job? At the same time, I suppose it is quite true that no Greek could have written it, nor indeed any of those plays which, looking to the circumstances under which they were produced—mere plays composed by an actor for the play-house and the company to which he belonged—are, to me, the most astonishing and *unaccountable* productions of the human mind—more unaccountable even than the Bible itself."

THE DOCTOR.—"I mean to add a few words on what is surely a very significant feature of many of the noble buildings we have seen—their incompleteness. Half of the minsters in Northern Europe are unfinished, yet this incompleteness rather adds to than detracts from the impression which they produce. It is a frank acknowledgment of

inadequacy, and all Gothic architecture is a confession of inadequacy. It is not contented with the beauty of earth—it strives for the joys of heaven. It has aspirations which no loveliness of outline, no glory of colour, can satisfy."

MARKHAM.—"I love the Greeks, though I have forgotten their language, and am rather disposed to maintain that a Greek ruin—shattered columns of white marble on an olive-covered height above the purple sea—is more picturesque than any Gothic church, however piously incomplete, that we can produce."

THE DOCTOR.—"You a Greek, indeed! Why, sir, the Greek would have pulled down the ruin which you admire! Unless the columns had been ranged in perfect order, and bound together by a symmetrical cornice, they would have afforded him no gratification."

MARKHAM.—"So that the delight in ruin is a purely modern sentiment? I suppose it is; but so is the delight in sea and clouds and mountains. We are Moderns, and therefore we are on our way to Switzerland; if we had been Greeks we should have stayed at home."

V.—THE VAL DE TRAVERS—A SENSATIONAL ROMANCE.

To cross the Jura range by Pontarlier and Neuchâtel leisurely in the spring-time is one of the purest enjoyments I know. The train goes leisurely enough, it must be admitted, yet you will be repaid if you even linger behind it. The soft outlines of the dark fir-clad hills of the Jura are pleasant to the eye afar off, when you are still in the great plain of Burgundy; and when you come among them, the exquisite green foliage of the seedling oaks, the blue rocks striking through the turf, the villages in the glens below your feet, with their quaint pictur-

esque steeples and high-roofed houses of a deep dark red or brown—such as Mesnay-Arbois—are things not quickly to be forgotten. And we, passing there in early June, were favoured with a special revelation; for when we had leisurely climbed up to the high table-land—a moorland woodland district, which lies as it were within the hills, a thousand feet above the plain on either side—we came suddenly upon millions and millions and millions of white lilies—the pale *Narcissus*—bending before the morning breeze, and scenting it with their perfume!

Then on the Swiss side, after passing the Fort of Joux and the frontier at Verviers, the descent into the Val Travers is simply glorious. The railway winds along the face of the mountain, and we feel at first as if we were hanging over the brink of a sheer precipice, with nothing between us and the bottom; but after a while this somewhat uncomfortable sensation wears off, and we find that we are being carried across torrents and through tunnels at a tremendous height above the plain, yet that all the time we are rapidly and smoothly descending towards the mouth of the narrow rocky gorge which opens on Neuchâtel. Our day was perfect. Everything was seen at its very best. Such white clouds, such blue sky, such brown roofs, such hatfuls of flowers, such pines, such precipices! The richness of colour and the crispness of outline were worthy of an Italian valley.

The idea of going over the rocks had obviously occurred to Markham, and he sketched (after we had recovered from the excitement of the descent) the outline of a sensational narrative which he proposed to write in humble imitation of Miss Brad-don. A jovial English party, including the famous London belle, Matilda Jones, are in the train. It begins the descent into the Val Travers. Just as Mr Smith, the eminent correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' is taking a pull at the flask, the engine dashes over a precipice one thousand five hundred and fifty-five feet in height, and the entire party are smashed. There is universal dismay among the

simple rustics, who gather round the wreck, until Doctor Ignatius Loyola Bamboozlem, in green spectacles and a yellow wig, appears upon the scene. "Be calm, my children," he remarks—"Soyez tranquille, mes enfants." Then he draws a singularly-shaped vial out of his waistcoat-pocket, and with the vital restorative it contains (it smells a little like whisky-punch) brings the whole party back to life. As the adorable Matilda opens her eyes, he utters an exclamation of surprise. "Are you Matilda Robinson?" he asks, in an agitated voice. "Matilda Robinson was my grandmother," replies the blushing Matilda Jones. "Is it throe?" exclaims the Doctor, with a slightly Irish accent: "then it was your grandmother, my dear, who jilted me sixty-five years ago, and converted me into the venerable recluse of the Val Travers. Eternal Powers! this is Retribution." "Can I repair the wrong she inflicted?" asks Matilda the third, timidly raising her eyes to his face, and blushing divinely. It was enough. Not another word was needed. They fell into each other's arms. (It afterwards appears that he had been transported for bigamy.)

Such was the Braddonian romance which Markham related to us as we sat on the terrace at Neuchâtel, under the limes at sunset, and saw across the lake on the far horizon a crescent-like line of snow-white clouds. "Clouds," did I say? These are clouds which the breeze does not move, and which the whirlwind cannot scatter. These are the mighty peaks of the Central Alps, from Mont Blanc to the St Gothard.

VI.—LIFE AT VEVEY.

The Doctor was much amused by the kind of life that went on in the Grand Hotel at Vevey during the

week we stayed there. At home the same sort of people would have made him indignant; but it is one

of the advantages of travel that it turns us as it were into spectators, and, blunting that over-keen intensity of interest which we cannot help taking in the society to which we belong, replaces it by a philosophic and good-natured indifference. There were sharp Yankees, keen and thin as needles, and the stout British father and his pretty daughters, and polite Italians, and Polish counts, and Russian princesses. There were the inevitable old ladies who helped themselves unsparingly to every delicacy at *table d'hôte*, and seemed as if they were eating for a wager; and the invariable old beaus who purloined the newspapers, and furtively secreted 'The Swiss Times' while they were engaged with 'Galignani.' We lay upon the placid lake, and we read the Paris newspapers, and we listened to the band; and we had a boat which was called the "Boule Dogue," out of compliment to the English visitors; and the evenings were delicious; and there were fire-balloons and Bengal lights, and flirting, and fishing, and dancing, and coffee, and ices, for those that liked them. There was a little Russian princess of about twelve, who fell violently in love with Fred, and would let him dance with no one else; and there was an old battered Major of Dragoons who sat next Mrs Markham at *table d'hôte*, and who admired her as much as if he had been the finest gentleman in the world (which I do think he was at heart, and in spite of his seedy coat).

But the feature of our life which most amused the Doctor was the American; and never a day passed without the arrival of an omnibus containing piles of enormous boxes (into any one of which you might have packed a whole regiment of volunteers) belonging to the citizens of the great Republic. They were in tremendous force—men, women, and

small children. Mrs Hiram Dodge, the rather too well known wife of the American Minister at Sorrento, was the greatest lady who graced the public table,—with the exception, to be sure, of the Russian princesses, who, to do them justice, however, were as simple, unpretending, and good-humoured as if they had sprung from the democracy. Then a Boston beauty, Miss Lily Vanderloo, was the belle of our party, the undisputed star of the hotel. She had a marvellous fairness of skin, and a wonderful wealth of fair hair, which she twisted about her shapely little head in a bewildering fashion,

"Like a clue of golden thread
Excellently unravelled."

All the men raved about her, but the favoured swain was a countryman of her own—the son of a New York millionaire, we were told—who leered at her in a way that was unpleasantly suggestive. The man was the very image of an emasculated satyr, and as such might have figured in Mr Hawthorne's book about the Faun. Fred, with the airy impertinence of youth, asked the beauty to dance with him (to the visible annoyance of the little savage from Moscow); and she did dance, and I fancy liked the boy, and his fresh spirits and rosy cheeks, for she told him that she would keep a waltz for him at the Fancy Ball which was coming off the week after; but, alas for Fred! this was his last evening at the Grand.

It was an exquisite evening—too exquisite for written words. Turn which way we would, it seemed as if every effect had been arranged by a consummate artist—the colours in the sky, the shadows on the lake, the pier, the boats, the brown houses, the purple hills. To the rough taste of a northerner, the result was almost too faultless. One felt inclined to compare it irreverently to a picture painted on Dresden

china. And Lily, hanging on Fred's stalwart arm, walked through the dark garden glades, and looked at the moon which was rising over Chillon, and very nearly turned the lad's head, I do believe.

Later in the evening, Markham and I, seated in the little aquatic harbour, were the involuntary auditors of a lively conversation about the forthcoming ball, carried on by a party of young men, who had sauntered down to the pier to smoke their cigars.

FIRST SPEAKER.—“Mrs Dodge tells me in confidence (so don't mention it) that she is going in the dress of her ancestress, Eva, Countess of Monmouth.”

SECOND SPEAKER.—“If she must be genealogical and aristocratic, why don't she go in the dress of her ancestress Eve?”

At which there was a general laugh.

FIRST SPEAKER.—“With or without the fig-leaves?”

SECOND SPEAKER.—“Oh, after the Fall, of course.”

At which *double entendre* there was another laugh.

THIRD SPEAKER.—“And the relationship to Eve, I expect, is more direct than to the Countess.”

They turned towards the house, and as they passed us we recognised three of the American Minister's wife's most particular friends. Such is friendship—at a Swiss Hotel.

VII.—THE DOCTOR DISCOURSES ON CONGREVE.

While the rest of us made excursions—to Lausanne, to Geneva and the junction of the Arve and the Rhone, to Chillon, to the Piesse-vache waterfall, to the Col de Balme to see the sun rise on Mont Blanc (we saw the mist a yard from our noses),—the Doctor kept very steadily at work. There is a pretty little summer-house overhanging the lake, and yet within the hotel grounds, where he established himself with his manuscript and his books. (Gibbon finished his history in a summer-house hereabouts—why not the Doctor too?) There, when we returned from the mountains or the lake, we commonly found him, resting after the labour of the day, and quite prepared to discuss in a didactic style—his manuscript lying beside him for reference—the scenes and characters on which he had been occupied. One of these discussions, I remember, turned upon Congreve.

“I admired Thackeray immensely,” said the Doctor, “and I liked him even more than I admired him.

Of him, more than of most men, it might be truly said that he was nobler than his mood. It has always surprised me, therefore, why he should have done such scant justice to several of the greatest of our English humorists. I cannot think that he seriously addressed himself to the task, else we might have had a Congreve, or a Swift, as great in its way as Becky Sharp or Colonel Newcome. Though his powerful and somewhat sombre genius was appreciated by his contemporaries, it has become the fashion to speak of Congreve in a light disparaging fashion which is eminently unjust. No one can read ‘The Old Bachelor,’ ‘The Double Dealer,’ or ‘Love for Love,’ without acknowledging that the author is a finished literary artist. The manner and the form are faultless, whatever may be thought of the matter and the spirit. These are certainly the wittiest plays in the language, and they manifest the wisdom and the insight of wit as well as its smartness. It is the wit of an emi-

nently active, ingenious, incisive, and highly-cultivated intelligence.

"So much, perhaps, Thackeray would have been prepared to grant. But Congreve was much more than an ingenious trifler. He was a humorist as well as a wit. Wit has to do with words, humour with character; and his plays abound in really humorous conceptions of men and women. Lady Wishfort's ridiculous reminiscences when Millamant truns away,—'She was never suffered to play with a male child, though but in coats: nay, her very babies were of the feminine gender;' Sir Paul Plyant's comical horror over the prospect of growing horns,—'I'm sure if ever I should have horns they would kill me; they would never come kindly. I should die of 'em like a child that was cutting his teeth;' Scandal's explanation of the antipathy between the man of wit and the millionaire,—'Don't you see how worthless great men and dull rich rogues avoid a witty man of small fortune? Why, he looks like a writ of inquiry into their titles and estates, and seems commissioned by heaven to seize the better half;'—are examples of a humour which has all the sparkle, rapidity, and concentration of wit. The combination is somewhat unusual, and serves perhaps to account for the injustice which has been done to Congreve by those who should know better. But the humour does not always manifest itself in this swift epigrammatic fashion,—it can sketch a scene or a character with leisurely enjoyment and meditative playfulness. How effective, for instance, are the successive strokes of grotesque extravagance in the description of Will's Coffee-House! 'Ah, pox confound that Will's Coffee-House! it has ruined more young men than the Royal Oak Lottery. Nothing thrives that belongs to it. The man of the

house would have been an alderman by this time with half the trade, if he had set up in the city. For my part, I never sit at the door that I don't get double the stomach that I do at a horse-race. The air upon Banstead Downs is nothing to it, yet I never see it but the spirit of famine appears to me, mostly like a decayed porter, worn out with carrying *billet-doux* and songs; not like other porters, for hire, but for the jest's sake.' This is excellent fooling: and in the scenes between Angelica and the nurse, and between Sir Sampson, his son, and Jeremy, there is a great deal more quite as good. Sir Sampson Legend, indeed, is drawn throughout in a vein of almost boisterous mirth, and is perhaps the most thoroughly humorous of all the characters in these plays. This testy, boastful, speculative, whimsical old gentleman never wearies us. His petulant explosions and fretful reminiscences are always charming. 'Why, sirrah,' he asks his son, 'mayn't I do what I please? Are not you my slave? Did not I beget you? And might not I have chosen whether I should have begot you or not?—I know,' he continues, in his magnificent vein, 'I know the length of the Emperor of China's foot; I have kissed the Great Mogul's slippers; and rid a-hunting upon an elephant with the Cham of Tartary. Body o' me, I have made a cuckold of a king, and the present Majesty of Bantam is the issue of these loins.' Then turning to Jeremy,—'And if this rogue were anatomised now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion, and concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a cardinal, this son of a cucumber. These things are unaccountable and unreasonable. Body o' me, why was not I a bear, that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paws!

"But I claim more for Congreve," continued the Doctor. "There are times when this merry and shameless muse veils her face. The Jester suddenly grows grave. Through the sparkle of the wit, and the light cynicism of the man about town, there rises up once and again what I make bold to call a purely tragic conception. It may have taken him by surprise, as it certainly takes his readers, being altogether so much above and beyond the man's ordinary mood. The fierce intensity of a passion that blasts its victim is represented in 'The Double Dealer' with singular vividness and earnestness. Again, in delineating the character of Lady Wishfort, how incisive and even sorrowful is the scorn in which the artist indulges. There is certainly, in few tragedies with which I am acquainted, anything more impressive than this lightly-touched portrait of the faded beauty, who with-

out love, truth, friendship, or aught stable to rest upon in this unstable world, vainly essays to hide the ravages of remorseless time, and to cloak disease, and decay, and a foolish heart, under a show of girlish grace and sprightliness. This whimsical coquetry with death and the grave, and all the sad realities of an unlovely old age, round which the dark shadows are closing in, is conceived by Congreve in a spirit, and enforced with a truthfulness, which the mere court wit or club jester could certainly not have reached. It is a piece of high and even tragic art, not unworthy of a Holbein or a Hogarth."

MARKHAM.—"You are a persuasive advocate, sir; and I am ready to believe that Congreve's muse is not so black as she is painted. But must it not, at least, be said of her, what Arnolfo says in the old play—

'She's wise as fair, but 'tis a wicked wisdom'?"

VIII.—FRIBOURG.

Fribourg—the quaint old burgh within the bend of the river, watched by its towers, crowned by its cathedral, and haunted by hosts of swallows who find the old towers handy—is one of the prettiest towns, and the Zähringer Hof is one of the best hotels, in Switzerland. The swallows, and the bridges which cross the valley with a flight as light and dauntless as the swallows', were the chief features of interest to us during the golden summer evening we spent at Fribourg, with the exception of

a fearful and wonderful party of German students, who occupied the terrace of the Zähringer Hof till late at night, smoking execrable tobacco, drinking execrable beer, and singing execrable songs. "If this is an average specimen of the new generation," said the Doctor, "there must have been a sad declension since I was a student at Heidelberg. But a people who can conquer the world are released, I suppose, from the restraints of common politeness."

IX.—AN "OXFORD GRADUATE" AT INTERLAKEN.

We rested at Unterseen (which is to Interlaken what Covent Garden is to the West End) for some days, and it was here that the

younger members of our party beheld for the first time within recognisable distance a Swiss mountain of the first class. The morning had

been dark and threatening, and when we went into five o'clock *table d'hôte*, even the near hills were enveloped in cloud. It was nearly eight when we came out, and picked our steps, as best we might, along the dirty causeway, and between the quaint high-roofed houses which hedged us in. Raising his eyes by chance above the roofs, Markham uttered an exclamation of delight. "The Jungfrau!" he said, pointing up to heaven. Yes,—there, beyond the brown roofs, and the blue pine-wood slopes, up which the night-shadows were already creeping, hung a golden cloud;—but a cloud which stood steady against the breeze, and of a rare delicacy and purity of colour which the clouds cannot match, and which is the exclusive property of a snow mountain in the Alps or a spray of apple-blossom in England. The most delicate rose in the artist's box is chilled into chaster brilliancy by these awful precipices and these eternal snows.

We met a very interesting man at Interlaken, with whom we had a good deal of rather animated discussion on matters connected with art,—regarding which we found that our friend could wax eloquent.

We were sitting in the gardens of the Kursaal in the twilight, looking up at the Jungfrau, which from the Kursaal terrace looks, it must be confessed, just a *leettle* like the snow mountain in the scene of an opera which most of us have seen.

"I remember Interlaken twenty-five years ago," said the Doctor, "when there were only two hotels, which stood apart from each other among the trees, like country gentlemen's seats. I lived for a month in the Hotel des Alpes with poor H—, and we had the most charming walks of discovery among the hills,—seeing never a soul except shepherds and wood-cutters. The Sanctuary has been desecrated :

'Something ails it now—
The place is curst.'

That two-headed hydra—more terrible than any of the fabulous monsters of antiquity—the British-American tourist, has settled upon the mountain-shrine, and turned it into a vulgar watering-place."

"Yes," replied our friend, "we English must sorrowfully confess that no other nation in Europe manifests such scornful insensibility to natural beauty. But in this respect our cousins across the Atlantic fairly leave us behind,—the hot-house culture to which their young plants are exposed unfitting them, I take it, for any calm and simple enjoyment. Let me tell you what I saw with my own eyes last week on my way here from Venice. In the carriage with me were two American girls with their father and mother, people of the class which has lately made so much money suddenly, and does not know what to do with it; and these two girls, of about fifteen and eighteen, had evidently been indulged in everything (since they had had the means) which Western civilisation could imagine. And here they were, specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood—children of its most progressive race—enjoying the full advantages of political liberty, of enlightened philosophical education, of cheap pilfered literature, and of luxury at any cost. Whatever money, machinery, or freedom of thought could do for these two children had been done. No superstition had deceived, no restraint degraded them—types they could not but be of maidenly wisdom and felicity, as conceived by the forwardest intellects of our time. And they were travelling through a district which, if any in the world, should touch the hearts and delight the eyes of young girls. Between Venice and

Verona! Portia's villa perhaps in sight upon the Brenta—Juliet's tomb to be visited in the evening—blue against the southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home. Exquisite midsummer sunshine, with low rays, glanced through the vine-leaves; all the Alps were clear, from the Lake of Garda to Cadore, and to farthest Tyrol. What a princess's chamber this, if those are princesses, and what dreams might they not dream therein! But the two American girls were neither princesses, nor seers, nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence they had reduced themselves simply to two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and the dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and the dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled, and writhed, and tossed among the cushions of it, in vain contest, during the whole fifty miles, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. They were dressed in thin white frocks, coming vaguely open at the backs as they stretched or wriggled; they had French novels, lemons, and lumps of sugar, to beguile their state with; the novels hanging together by the ends of string that had once stitched them, or adhering at the corners in densely-bruised dog's-ears, out of which the girls, wetting their fingers, occasionally extricated a gluey leaf. From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backwards and forwards over it till every fibre was in a treacly pulp; then sucked the pulp, and gnawed the white skin into leathery strings, for the sake of its bitter. Only one sentence was exchanged in the fifty miles on the

subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being once visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds)—'Don't those snow-caps make you cool?' 'No; I wish they did.' And so they went their way, with sealed eyes and tormented limbs, their numbered miles of pain."*

"Poor things," said Markham, "I daresay they find it hard work knocking about Europe, and would very gladly be at home again, where they will make very exemplary wives and mothers, I have no doubt. A woman is not necessarily a degraded being because she cannot tell a Raphael from a Rubens, and does not care a rap for a snow mountain. Why, the taste for snow mountains is not fifty years old! Coleridge's hymn to Mont Blanc is about the earliest literary manifestation of the modern love for mountain beauty that exists, and the herd of tourists did not take to the hills till much later. But there were good men and true in Scotland before Walter Scott."

THE DOCTOR.—"I was looking the other day at a curious book published about the end of last century—the *Journey of the Queen's Ambassadors to Rome in the year 1555*. They describe one of the grandest roads through the Alps in this fashion: '*There was such a noise of water beating upon the rocks, and such monstrous mountains to behold, of a huge height, being always in danger of some stone falling upon us, that it seemed rather like a hell than a highway to pass in.*' Contrast that with '*Modern Painters*,' or even with *Murray's Guide* - Book. Yet the commissioners were the Bishop of Ely and Lord Montagu."

Here our conversation terminated

* This astonishing narrative has already appeared in a recent number of the '*Fors Clavigera*,' to which remarkable papers the inquiring reader is referred.

rather abruptly, as the band struck up a noisy national air, which was the signal to disperse. The whole valley was by this time in darkness: even the highest peaks were no longer distinguishable, though a dim ghostly light lingered about the snows of the Jungfrau, like the light which on a clear starlit night is reflected by, or emitted from, a cloud floating in mid-air.

The very next day our eloquent friend was forced to acknowledge that the insensibility of which he complained was not confined to the great British or American public. We had wandered slowly up after dinner to the summit of the Rugen—the curious conical hill that rises above Unspunnen. A path, nowhere steep, leads gently through the pine-wood to the summit. We sat down upon the rustic seats which had been provided for wanderers like ourselves. It was a lovely evening. We heard the cuckoo calling among the Unspunnen woods. A pair of squirrels, with large black bushy tails, were moving stealthily among the branches below our feet, passing from tree to tree with surprising agility. The branches had been cut away in three directions, and delicate vignettes of mountain, lake, and sky were framed in the dark blue green of the fir. To the west the mountains opened away and disclosed the Thunersee—to the east they crowded in around the lake of Brienz—to the south, above the rent in the wall of rock where the Lauterbrunnen and Grindenwald valleys meet, the Jungfrau rose in pale ethereal divineness. The mists had rolled

away as we ascended, and revealed the virgin mountain. She was draped in white from head to foot—chastely splendid—but ever and again, as she caught the last reflections of the sunset, a rosy flush flitted across her brow. Then, besides the pink and white of the Jungfrau, there was a wonderful carmine on the highest ridges of the Schienige Platte range, the Brienz hills were greyish blue, and the Niesen, cutting the sunset with sharp articulate lines, was real purple—most exquisite and wonderful colouring. As we sat there, in a silence that no one cared to break, we saw three fellow-creatures toiling up the last few rocky feet of the ascent,—a fat old German lady, her son and daughter. The poor old thing was puffing like a porpoise—she had found it a tremendous climb: here, surely, was a votary of the beautiful, who had sacrificed something to her pious enthusiasm! She had reached the shrine, and now she might recover her breath, and worship leisurely as we were doing. What she did was this. Whenever she could speak she turned to the Doctor, and, addressing him in barely intelligible French, inquired—*Is this the way to the café Unspunnen?* And on being answered in the negative, the whole party, not looking to the right hand nor to the left, descended by the road they had come, and we saw them no more.

Our friend grew pale; there was a depth of lawless wickedness, of low animal insensibility, in such conduct, which the English language at its best was powerless to define.

X.—THE GIESSBACH AND THE HASLI THAL—WHAT IS BEAUTY?

The Giessbach does not throw itself over the precipice at one bound, as a waterfall is expected to do;

but, like the roads of the country, descends in zigzags. Thus the white silvery gleam of its waters is

discovered at unexpected intervals among the dark firs, and the effect is most successful. Lovely little Greek temples dotted about the mountain-side (one might say if fancifully inclined), only instead of marble pillars from Pentelicus, snow-white columns of foam, and blue-green pines instead of the acacia and the olive. All day long we lay upon the high table-land (near where they have built the hotel) listening to the chirp of the grasshoppers and the murmur of the waterfalls: and here we renewed the discussion on natural beauty, which had been interrupted at Interlaken.

THE DOCTOR.—“Is beauty in the object or in the mind? That, I take it, is a brief statement of the whole controversy. Beauty, say one party, is a real property or attribute of external nature; beauty, say the other, is due to mental associations, and has no independent existence.”

MARKHAM.—“A very pretty quarrel as it stands. To which side do you incline, Mrs John Markham? Are you pretty in yourself, or only in the eyes of your husband?”

Cissy, wholly occupied on her sketch, answers only by an absent smile.

THE DOCTOR.—“The truth, I take it, lies somewhere between the two extreme views. No one will ever persuade me that a Yorkshire cotton-mill is as capable of exciting the emotion of beauty as York Cathedral. We all recollect Mr Ruskin’s grand description of the Jura Mountains. But what is the moral which he draws?”

MARKHAM (interrupting).—“What moral lies in being fair? as Tennyson justly observes.”

THE DOCTOR.—“Exactly. Yet Mr Ruskin has the hardihood to assert that the beauty which he describes is an unsubstantial phantom—a sort of Will-o’-the-wisp—conjured up in some unexplained way by the associations with hu-

manity which the place suggests. ‘It would be difficult,’ are his words, ‘to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chillness which were cast upon it when he endeavoured, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the new continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate: a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs—how much of the glory of the imperishable or continually-renewed creation, is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever-springing flowers, and ever-flowing streams, had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux and the four-square keep of Granson.’ That is the substance of what he says.”

MARKHAM.—“‘The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music’—musical, exceedingly, but what does he mean? Does he mean to assert that in an aboriginal forest the flowers have no light, and the river no music? Then we know, in point of fact, that the assertion is not true. In saying so, I don’t of course impugn Mr Ruskin’s truthfulness, for I quite believe that he fancied that the impossible mental operation which he tried to undergo was attended with the remarkable results which he describes. There is a parallel passage in Mr

Emerson's essay on Nature—an essay which I used to admire prodigiously—which I think I could even to-day repeat."

Markham did repeat it with nearly verbal accuracy, but I had best copy the passage from the essay itself, which is now lying beside me: "When a noble act is done, perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades;—are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shores of America—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane, the sea behind, and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around,—can we separate the man from the living picture? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions."

THE DOCTOR.—"You are right: that is a striking passage."

MARKHAM.—"Yes; but when you submit it to the microscope you find that it consists of inaccuracies and platitudes."

At this there was general indignant protest.

MARKHAM.—"Well, listen. If it means anything, it means that those scenes where martyrs have suffered and heroes died are the most beautiful in the world. But is not this to confound the interesting with the beautiful? Interest is one thing; beauty is another,—as we all know. Take, for instance, the Swiss illustration, which, by the way, is singularly inaccurate. Arnold Winkelried did *not* die among the high

Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche; he died on the nearly level plain of Sempach, which lies in the low country between Basle and Lucerne, and through which the railway runs. It is hardly too much to say that the spot is at once the most memorable and least beautiful in this enchanting country. The Zermatt valley, on the other hand, has no recorded story; and the surpassing splendour of the view from the G rner Grat—the grandest in Europe—cannot possibly by any Emerson or Ruskin be attributed to acts of virtue or deeds of heroism. When he says again,—'Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions,'—does he mean that no great action is ever performed except in a picturesque locality? I suspect that the decisive battles of the world were, as a rule, fought in the *open*: the great generals liked elbow-room, and kept out of the way of the hills, which are good only for skirmishes. We hear enough about the pass of Thermopylæ, but very little about the uncomely dykes behind which William of Orange and his Hollanders repulsed the chivalry of Spain."

THE WRITER.—"I think you are rather hard on him; but I suppose you surgeons have all a natural aptitude for the knife."

MARKHAM.—"Hard on him! Why, I am the most gentle and humble of human beings, as Mrs Markham will tell you. And to speak hardly of that essay on Nature would be at once foolish and ungrateful. To how many of us did it not prove the first excitement to independent mental activity? Once more the unseen soul of the universe looked at us through the eyes, and spoke to us by the voice of a prophet, and we did well to listen, even though the gestures were uncouth and the message somewhat incomprehensible."

We rowed across the lake in the afternoon, and, landing at Brienz, were met by the ponies which we had ordered to convey us up the Hasli Thal, and through the Oberland—a pony for Cissy, another for the Doctor, a third for his books and our knapsacks,—while the rest of us, Fred, Markham, and I, went afoot. The evening at Reichenbach was one long to be remembered. The hills above Brienz were blue and purple—blue above, purple below; overhead rose the dark woods and frowning heights of the Reichenbach, and the crescent moon visible that night for the first time; on the other side of the valley the base of the snowy Titlis range lay white and cool in a light compounded of moonlight and twilight and snowlight. We sat out very late in front of the hotel, talking of

the morrow and all the wonders that it would bring.

For we had not yet entered within the sanctuaries of the hills. But next morning we were to quit the plain, and climb the almost inaccessible cliff (as it seemed) that now lay in deep shadow behind the inn. And as we gazed, a single star of singular lustre suddenly appeared above the crags. On such a night (the western sky still suffused by the delicate orange of the sunset), only a star of the first magnitude could make itself visible. But to our excited imaginations this was more than a star. One of the pale immortals who maintain their ancient empire among the Alpine solitudes had blazed out upon us through the twilight;—

“And when he raised his lance,
Up Hesperus rose among the evening
stars!”

XI.—THE UPLAND VALLEYS—AN ENCOUNTER AT ROSENLAUI.

The mule-path up the steep buttress of rock over which the Reichenbach torrent precipitates itself, is, with the exception of that between Brieg and the Bel Alp, the worst in Switzerland. It rather tries the nerves of a neophyte who does not know that these Bernese ponies can scramble up anything. But the ascent to the high table-land on which Rosenloui stands is soon made, and then a new world is reached—a high upland valley, where the sweet mountain pasture is enriched with innumerable flowers, where there are cows and goats, and mountain sheep and shepherds, and *châlets*, and where the complete round of pastoral life proceeds three or four thousand feet above the level of the plain below. The early morning air was deliciously clear, and the first view of the Wellhorn and the Wetterhorn—glittering pyramids of ice, rising from the

dark blue of the pine into the lucid blue of the sky—was a delightful surprise, even to those of us who had been across the pass before. And the jagged peaks of the Engelhörner—reft and torn into weird and fantastic shapes—which rise directly from the path, threw a deep cool shadow about us, which added to the brilliant whiteness of the great mountains.

At the nice little inn at Rosenloui we made a very agreeable addition to our party. While breakfast was preparing they brought us the visitor's book. It was early in the season for the higher passes; and very few tourists, with the exception of one or two German students and Alpine Club-men, appeared to have preceded us. But among the arrivals on the previous day we found the names of “Colonel and Miss Dorothy Vernon;” and we learned that they had not yet

gone on, and were to dine at the *table d'hôte* that day. During the afternoon we scrambled up to the Rosenlauri glacier by a path which is scraped out of the *débris*—the riven and serrated ridge of the Engelhörner rising magnificently overhead—but which the winter rains had almost entirely washed away. Cissy was assisted over the worst places by a boyish bright-eyed little guide we had picked up—Gaspar Bossli by name (so he spelt it at least, and he was very proud of being able to spell)—her own particular pony and guide, Lisa and Christian Richart, having been left to refresh themselves at the inn. On our way back, we came quite suddenly upon a young lady, who was sketching a clump of firs and rocks picturesquely situated on the margin of the rivulet. She was so engrossed with her work that she did not notice us; and we could only make out that her figure was slight and girlish, for the Swiss hat which she wore, of a Dolly Varden pattern, entirely concealed the half-averted face. Fred, without seeing it, was ready to swear that it was lovely. He was right. When we went into the *salle-à-manger*, we found a tall, erect, soldierly-looking old gentleman, with a mild eye and a white moustache (the very image of Richard Doyle's Colonel Newcome), seated at the top of the table, and at his side—Miss Dorothy Vernon. Such a sweet face! Such a frank, fearless, honest smile! Such a profusion of flossy, glossy, light-brown hair! Such bright eyes! Such rosy cheeks!—and yet redeemed from any suspicion of rusticity by the delicate life of the complexion! She wore no ornament of any kind (except a high, scrupulously clean, quaintly-

embroidered collar), but a face like hers—

“A face that best
By its own beauty drest”—

needs none.

Poor Fred! He could not keep his eyes off this astonishing apparition. Before the evening was over (and we all walked down by the side of the rocky torrent to the hamlet of Breitenmatt, where the shepherds were milking their goats) he was hopelessly enslaved.

Nor was the Colonel less successful with the Doctor. This mild old gentleman (who, as we learned afterwards, had done some of the hardest fighting in India against the Sikhs) was a man after the Doctor's heart.

“My daughter and I are rovers by instinct,” said the Colonel, as they sat together next day in front of the baths—“natural vagabonds. Though I am seventy-six in August, I don't feel the slightest inclination to lay up; and Dorothy delights in running about with me. So we wander leisurely over Europe—now in Rome, now in Naples, now on the Riviera, now among the Swiss mountains. We are keen sketchers, both of us, though Dorothy took to it mainly to keep me in countenance. Ah, the artist's is a pleasant life!” continued the Colonel, lighting up; “and I thank God that he still enables me to enjoy it. There is such a vast variety of beautiful things to be seen in this delightful world, that I can't understand any one staying in the same place who can afford to move about. My daughter and I are always busy. We fill our sketch-books during summer among the hills, and we finish them during winter, when we make ourselves snug in our pleasant lodgings on the Corso or the Lung Arno.”

THE MEMBERS FOR MUIRSHIRE.

ONCE upon a time and not so very long ago, no county in Scotland was more politically harmonious than Muirshire. Pure Liberals were rare. cross-bred Liberal Conservatives much more so; while out of the streets of Duntreddles, the cotton-spinning and wool-weaving capital, a thorough-paced Radical of extreme opinions was seldom or never to be met with. Had such a monster shown himself in a quiet-going parish, the country would speedily have been made as hot for him as for an atheist, an anti-Sabbatarian, or a menagerie-wolf broken loose among the sheep-farms. So respectable a county deserved a respectable member, and it had one. For generations the representation had run in the noble family of the Marischals, Earls of Duntreddles. The Marischals had kept the county, partly by grace of a triple alliance, offensive and in-offensive, arranged between them and the rival houses of Strathgorum and Fetterness. His Grace of Strathgorum, Tory—the Earl of Fetterness, Whig—and the Earl of Duntreddles—were all in the enjoyment of broad lands and commensurate influence in each of the three adjacent counties they severally nominated to. But the Marischals sat for Muirshire chiefly in virtue of a potent oligarchy of Tory lairds, not a few of them of Marischal kith and kin. And a dozen of years ago, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Mungo Marischal was seated for the county, as he had been for nearly a quarter of a century. A dignified gentleman he was, although little in the way of parading his dignity—as in some of the most characteristic portraits by Vandyke and Velasquez it would sorely puzzle you were you asked to explain how the frank seaman and cheery

gentleman should be so visibly one of the last men you would care to take a liberty with. He carried his Parliamentary responsibilities lightly, although he fully answered the expectations of his constituents. He did not make himself over-common among them, although every year he passed the late summer and the autumn, either in the mansion of his noble nephew, or in an outlying shooting-box assigned to his personal use. Gatherings of the masses were little in fashion in those days; and had a council of the people been summoned by any miracle, no one would have dreamed of asking the county member to fill the chair, unless, indeed, an enemy's squadron had been signalled off the coast, or a Chartist republic proclaimed in the metropolis.

On the other hand, and in his immediate neighbourhood, the Admiral was known, loved, and respected. He seldom showed to greater advantage than when presiding in some village inn, over some farmers' dinner, served "in mine host's most *recherché* style," as the county papers had it. The *menu* might consist mainly of blocks of boiled beef, and pie-dishfuls of the plainest puddings. Yet to see him handle his knife and fork, he might have been the sharp-set midshipman of fifty years back, to whom plumduff was a luxury, in place of the veteran *gourmet* who lorded it over cooks and committee at "the Apician." Nor was the zest with which he cut and came again by any means hypocritical. A gentleman in every fibre of his frame, moral and physical, keenly susceptible as to the feelings of his humble neighbours, he had taught himself to seem to share their pleasures, until semblance at last had

become reality, and duty positive pleasure. Then he had a magnificent constitution of his own, that time and dinners seemed to have dealt gently by; and occasional flying twinges of gout only came as storm-signals warning him to be careful. "Admiral of the Port," was his *sobriquet* in the county; for when he joined a dinner-party *en député*, his arrival was always heralded by that of a batch of his favourite wine—decanted beforehand, and brought from the famous cellars of Duntreddles. He used to say himself he had always kept his helm hard a-port since he exchanged the ward-room mess for the commander's cabin, and there his tastes and opinions chimed in with those of his constituents. Champagne they condemned as "wersh;" sherry they pronounced "shilpit;" but the port "greased the ways," and sent the strong-headed guests gliding off into easy sociability, until they fairly launched themselves for the night on a convivial ocean of whisky-toddy.

Set speeches were discouraged, although the factor on the properties or the senior tenant present might stand on the painful privileges of their positions. But the toast of the evening was the health of the Admiral, and that was generally intrusted to the practised oratory of "the minister." The reverend gentleman, whoever he might be, had of course been presented by the Duntreddles people, who held or shared with the Crown the patronage of a baker's dozen of livings. Naturally he was strongly predisposed in favour of so distinguished a member of a family that discharged its responsibilities in a manner so irreproachably conscientious. Gratitude might inspire the fervent eulogies he launched in the rubicund face of their respected member, "who was so universally beloved as a kindly neighbour, admired as an eminent

statesman, and revered as a Christian and most honourable gentleman." Yet the cheers that greeted the fervid divine, as he paused in his periods to mop his seething brow—cheers very different from the matter-of-course encouragement afforded to minor speakers—showed that he expressed the sense of the meeting—told that his burning words found echoes in his hearers' hearts.

When the Admiral rose to his legs you learned something of the secret of his popularity. He was no orator. He was far from being the eminent statesman it had pleased the minister to pronounce him. Yet the minister's eulogy was true in the main. If the Admiral was something of a *fainéant* politician, he was an excellent member all the same. If his political views were somewhat commonplace, they were thoroughly sensible. Although he was content to leave the strategy of the party to heads more skilful than his, he always thought for himself on questions of honour and principle: no gad-about in the country, he could be counted on when important interests were seriously at stake—counted on as surely as by the cottier who, having lost a cow, came to ask him to head a subscription for another one. He talked to his nephew's tenantry like one of themselves. He spoke, of course, from the top of the flight of steps that led to the hall-door of Duntreddles Castle, because his family happened to live there;—all the better for them that they had so good a friend in high places. The Admiral seemed as much interested in their affairs as they were themselves: he knew as much about manuring or subsoil-draining as pheasant-breeding. Then, if a word in London could help them, he was equally at home there—and his words were known to go a long way in influential quarters, probably because he was so very chary of them. The Hon. Admiral Marischal and

members of his stamp were not the men to be diverted from the course they were steering by an invitation to dinner from the Minister—not the parish minister, but the Queen's Minister up in London. The farmers liked him none the less that, good friend of theirs as he was, like themselves he was always ready to take his own part and stand up for his order. They held, as yet, to the good old faith, that the interests of all connected with the land, whether by ownership, occupation, or labour, were identical in the main, and that differences of detail must be settled amicably, if the understanding was to be preserved that was so essential to the common safety. There was little heart-burning as yet even on the question of game, although the subject was beginning to smoulder, and there was "a walth of mawkins and pairtricks" on the Duntreddles property. But then a "gude curran o' the farmers were fond to have a day with the grews themselves"—keen coursers, in other words; "a hantle mair o' them likit the days among the craws,"—when they came to shoot the branchers in spring in the Duntreddles rookeries; all sat at easy rents and understood the nature and value of contracts deliberately assented to, and there was not a gudewife about the place but was sure of a hare for the spit or some rabbits for her pot if any member of the family came shooting across her husband's farm. So the Duntreddles tenantry who knew him best swore by the Admiral, and forgot their natural caution in singing his praises in chorus by the doors of the kirk and on the market-places; while those of their class all the country over who saw him seldom or never, cordially accepted the Duntreddles certificates of character, and were more than satisfied with their somewhat silent member.

It was agreeable no doubt to have the farmers' good word, although

in those days the farmers' feeling counted for less than it should have done. We said the Duntreddles family nominated by assent of an influential oligarchy of lairds, as well as in virtue of the high triple alliance. It must be confessed that, so far as politics were concerned, traces of the feudal system still lingered in Muirshire. Holdings politically udal there might be, whose occupant held his opinions entirely unbiassed by any superior. But, as a rule, the lord of an estate could count very generally upon the company of his tenants to the poll, and might pretty nearly estimate the votes at his command by the holdings that gave the necessary qualification. There was little heart-burning about it, for in those days there was a foolish superstition that the landlord's interests must be in the main identical with those of the people by whom he lived. Some of the tenants went so far as to believe that the friendly gentleman under whom they and their fathers had sat so easily, might be no bad adviser on questions on which they were naturally less well informed than he. So the vote had almost come to be considered as among the customary considerations given for the land, although not set down categorically in the lease with the kain, fowls, carriages, and kindred services; and it must be remembered that the farms of those days were not screwed up by keen competition, and knocked down to the most speculative of the bidders, at the most extravagant of fancy prices. The landed aristocracy had always been Tory by an overwhelming majority, and was still strongly conservative in matters both of Church and State. Most of the lairds were by descent Episcopalians of somewhat Ultramontane type; their "forebears" had ridden a-persecuting for conscience' sake in the days of Charles and James, when Cove-

nanting divines, with hundreds of merks upon their heads, couched with the deer, and held conventicles among the muir-fowl; and for conscience' sake they had suffered and been fined in turn, when Whigs and Presbyteries were in the ascendant, after the blessed Revolution. They had clubbed all over the country to rear tiny little Gothic churches of their own communion, where clergymen on exceedingly tiny stipends officiated to very tiny congregations. Others of them were ruling-elders in the Established Church—men of consideration in the General Assembly, having held with the Moderate party all through the fierce religious war that ended in the great schism. These men sat in state in their parish churches as became chief heritors. They filled cushioned arm-chairs, carved with crests and coats of arms, in spacious cloth-draped pews, in the front of the bleak whitewashed galleries. Very few had seceded at the Disruption; and otherwise, with the exception of a few "bonnet lairds," who counted politically for little or nothing, there was not a Dissenting proprietor in all Muirshire.

We can understand, then, how the Hon. Admiral, a genuine Church and State man, stanch to settled principles, thoroughly sympathetic with the landed interest, should have been the chosen candidate of the class who commanded the constituency. They were proud of him, and delighted to take occasion to do him honour, and he in his way was proud of them. Had he not sat the representative of gentlemen, with *carte blanche* to think and act as he pleased, not even for the sake of his family interests would he have consented to sit at all. Conceive the Hon. Admiral Mungo Marischal being ordered to gulp down the promiscuous pledges tendered in a metropolitan borough, or being invited to set himself up as a cockshy

for Ribbonmen and Orangemen in a contested county election in Ireland. Perhaps the Muirshire gentlemen appreciated their member the more—certainly they got on all the better with him—that although he went warmly along with them, he was not altogether one of themselves. Although he came yearly to Muirshire, he lived habitually in London, where he moved in circles altogether above their range. He had no mansion of his own in the county; his nephew's hospitable halls of Duntreddles were generally filled with distinguished southern guests—the Premier and Lady So-and-So, the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, his Grace the Archbishop of Heligoland—dignitaries and personages like these were always being advertised by the host of the George and Garter in the county town as on their passage through to Duntreddles Castle. The shooting-box where the Admiral put up when not in residence in his apartments at Duntreddles was of small dimensions and out of the way. Although he kept his French cook, and had added a kitchen and snug smoking-room, he had never built additional sleeping accommodation. Proverbially hospitable in his set in town, and bachelor quarters in Curzon Street, Mayfair, he *could* not see much company in the country. So his best opportunity for showing himself in county society, lay in occasionally attending the dinners of the County Club. The County Club, although it has decayed and possibly may have disappeared since then, was a great and jovial institution a score of years ago. It was composed of landed magnates, and their heirs-apparent. Its object was the cherishing of good fellowship, convivial intercourse, and periodical dinners. It had no fixed habitation, and these dinners usually came off under the roof of mine host of the George and Garter. But it

had an admirable cellar of its own, and the bins had always been carefully replenished in the interests of unborn members. The ballots took place when the cloth had been drawn, and the magnums of claret and port were circling swiftly. But if black-balling was rare, it was not so much that men had grown good-natured in that genial atmosphere of mirth and wine, as that ineligible candidates were almost unheard of. Certain men joined, of course, on attaining majority, just as they were made deputy-lieutenants; now and then, by quiet understanding, some elderly citizen of Duntreddles—generally a lawyer of small landed property and great activity, who made himself unobtrusively useful on the bench and in county business—was admitted to the freedom of the society, and gained in social stature accordingly. The landed aristocracy studiously cultivated friendly relations with the Conservative *bourgeoisie* of the old school, as knights and nobles used to find it profitable and politic to accept the provostry or baron-bailiships of royal burghs. So the County Club dinners were always as pleasant as congenial company, fair cookery, and unimpeachable wines could make them; and it was no wonder the sociable county member found the duty of occasionally attending these gatherings very far from disagreeable.

Never in the memory of the oldest member had there been a merrier meeting than that which took place one November evening in the year of grace 18—. The presence of the Admiral was the more gratifying that it was altogether unexpected. He was southward bound, and chanced to be passing the night at the George, before starting for the metropolis on the morrow. As it happened, too, there was not a Liberal present as there very easily might have been, for although the Club was

essentially Tory, no man qualified by position was excluded on account of his politics. So the talk was more political than usual, and the party more harmonious than ever. The chairman, the Admiral—he was in the place of honour at the chairman's right, being welcomed, though a member, as an honoured guest—and the croupier, were all autocrats in their several ways, and thoroughly understood the drilling of their rank and file. They would have listened with courtesy though with little complacence to distasteful opinions from the lips of an avowed opponent; they would have brought down the foot with small scruple on any mutineer among their own followers who talked ribaldry or radicalism over the dinner-table.

Seven-and-twenty gentlemen sat down to dinner, nine of them of a single sept and surname, five of another, four of a third, and so on—a very friendly chatty family circle where all the men were cousins of all the rest. The chair was occupied by Sir Cosmo Comyn Comyn of Castle Comyn. Sir Cosmo was very like what his friend the Admiral might have been, had he stayed quietly at home in place of going to school in southern society and the House of Commons. Sir Cosmo believed in himself, his belongings, and his early principles as firmly as in the divine right of kings, bishops, lairds, and constituted authorities generally. He subscribed cordially to the denunciations pronounced against those who should tamper with the ancient landmarks, and, good-natured as he was, would have been implacably severe for transgressors, had he still enjoyed at Castle Comyn the privileges of pit and gallows, and had any pestilent reformer strayed within his jurisdiction. He administered his estates very much on the patriarchal plan. He was somewhat domineer-

ing and excessively generous, liberal of encouragement and advice to good tenants, of many rebukes and warnings to his labourers and cottiers. He did not preserve excessively, was free with compensation for damages, and farmed seven hundred acres himself round Castle Comyn that thus he might reduce the reasonable grounds of complaint. But he resented trespasses on his code of forest-laws as strongly as any of the early Norman monarchs of England. His farmers were limited to a dog apiece, and bound by lease to chain it; and if his keepers did not strike the fore-paws off poaching curs, it was only because summary death was more humane than mutilation. Above all, he held the law of hypothec to be the palladium of the land and the rural interest; it was rank blasphemy to question the sanctity of the landlord's prior claims over all the tenant's other creditors. Sir Cosmo believed himself one of the most popular and respected landlords in Muirshire, and there is no reason to doubt that he was right.

The sense that he was so—that his popularity, like that of his friend and ally the Admiral, implied a highly satisfactory state of things—inspired the tone of his remarks that evening. He prized his own good fortune the more that men of his caste began to be regarded more jealously elsewhere, as the autumn wind that was driving the rain on the window-panes brightened the wax-lights on the dinner-table, and brought out the bouquet of the wine. Political heresies were spreading over the Border, and contagion from the boroughs was contaminating the counties. One of the eastern shires had just revolted to the enemy; but the loyal north was sound still, and Muirshire basked contentedly in the genial glow of the mild government of a generous constitutional oligarchy. A nephew

of Sir Cosmo's, a young man fresh from Cambridge, and pretending to keep his terms in the Temple, did suggest that democratic ideas had a fatal fascination for the masses; that revolutionary diseases spread insidiously, breaking out with malignant violence in the most unlikely quarters—that appeals to class prejudices and illusory interests were dangerous cards in the hands of self-seeking demagogues. He was proceeding with an eloquent historical parallel, illustrating the rapid progress of error and atrocities when reckless men played emulously for popularity—Mirabeau, Vergniaud, Danton, Marat, Robespierre; in fact, he was soaring away from the sympathies and intelligence of his audience. The Admiral had listened with grave attention until he grew eloquent and unpractical, and then Sir Cosmo interposed authoritatively. Thank God, it was a far cry from Paris to Duntreddles, from French revolutionists and atheists, to Muirshire, Tories, and Churchmen. Come what might in England, Ireland, and the south, Muirshire was sound at heart, and likely to keep so. In his animation he found himself upon his legs, his brimming glass in one hand, while he brought the other down on the shoulder of the Admiral: "it's not our way in the County Club, gentlemen, as you are well aware, to drink any healths but her Majesty's, or to bring politics on the table with the dessert. But to-night we happen to be all friends, in every sense of the word; we've got our worthy member among us, and I'll just take the liberty of saying half-a-dozen of words to you,—and what I have to say is this, that the state of things in Muirshire is matter for deep thankfulness and heart-felt congratulation. We've every encouragement in life to go on thinking as our fathers thought before us, and doing our duty, as we have always

tried to do it, by our Queen, our religion, our country, our people, and ourselves. We're the true friends of the farmer, and the cottier, and the labourer—and they know it well, and love us well, as they've good reason to do. You fill the safest seat in Scotland, Admiral; and, please God, when you and I are laid with our fathers, the seat'll be safe still for those who come after and follow in our footsteps. Our Member's health, gentlemen; and very long may it be before you have to give him a successor!"

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm and Highland honours, and the Admiral made a brief but feeling reply. Next morning he started for the south. Three days later, a few lines in the 'Muirshire Journal and County Advertiser' spread consternation and a good deal of sorrow over the county. "At the very moment of going to press, we are shocked by a deplorable piece of intelligence, which, as we fear, is only too well authenticated. We are informed that the day after his arrival in London from Muirshire, our respected member had a sudden attack of apoplexy at his residence in Curzon Street. The assistance that was immediately obtained unhappily proved unavailing. The vital spark had fled, and Rear-Admiral the Hon. Mungo Marischal succumbed in the vigour of his mature prime, and in the midst of a career of distinguished public usefulness."

So ten days after Sir Cosmo's speech, the Admiral was laid with his fathers in the mausoleum in Duntreddles Park, followed to his rest by a mournful *cortège* of the tenantry, and the carriages of half the county. Then in all decent deliberation was broached the question of the succession. It happened that at the moment there was no available scion of the Duntreddles family. The Muirshire lairds looked coldly on the suggestion of a candidate from the rival

Conservative house of Strathgorum. The sole alternative was to return one of themselves, and no one of them was eager to accept a very expensive and embarrassing honour. There were many *pourparlers* and much palavering, and at last it was settled that Sir Cosmo Comyn should be the man. He felt he sacrificed his quiet happiness to his sense of duty, and he said as much. Proud and shy, he shrank somewhat from exhibiting himself on the hustings, and he declined altogether to make a canvassing tour in the county. Fortunately that was quite unnecessary. The proprietors, who received the *mot d'ordre* from a small central committee, answered for the election. So, as matter of form, Sir Cosmo issued his address, and put himself in communication with a London house-agent.

A personal canvass was pronounced superfluous, even after it was known there would actually be a contest. The fact is, although Muirshire was the safest of seats, a contest was not unprecedented. Once or so in alternate generations the Whig proprietors bestirred themselves, feeling they owed it to their own dignity to show spasmodic signs of political animation. Their action had no more practical significance than the abstinence of Polish members in the German diet, or of the Czechs in the Austrian Reichsrath. The result was a foregone conclusion; and indeed they were never countenanced by the Whig earls of Fetterness. On this occasion the banner of the party was raised by Sir Robert Bruce of Bruceburn, head of a family that still kept up in amicable form the feud with the Comyns of Castle Comyn, transmitted from father to son since the wars of independence. It was believed that the Ministry had egged Sir Robert on to the battle; and although the Liberals were made a signal example of at the polling-

booths, very likely the Government had forecast the future and knew what it was about. At all events, all parties seemed satisfied. Sir Cosmo won his seat in a canter; Sir Robert was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Bruce of Bruceburn; the Opposition retained the vote, and the Ministry accepted the defeat with apparent complacency.

Once fairly settled in his seat, Sir Cosmo found he rather liked it; and a good many years afterwards, at the prospect of a general turnout and election, he felt no sort of inclination to move. Yet, had he been blessed with the gift of the second-sight, and had he had the most shadowy inkling of what was in store for him, he would have been as eager to be out of that snug seat of his as the lady in the Ingoldsby legend who felt the beard of her murdered husband, with which she had stuffed her cushion, bristling up in spikes beneath her. Sir Cosmo had been sitting placidly enough, on the whole; although sorely puzzled and scandalised by the caprices and apostasies of his political chiefs, he had faith still in the eternal truth of his principles, and hoped and trusted they must surely triumph in the end. The Conservative Reform Bill was a heavy grief, and somewhat shook his confidence. He stood sadly by the sites whence the old landmarks had been uprooted, looking at the mixed gangs of Tories and Whigs contending emulously who should shift them fastest and farthest. But so long as counties like Muirshire stood stanch, it was premature to despair. He answered for Muirshire as confidently as Louis Philippe for Paris on the eve of the Citizen Monarch's fall and flight. What was more singular, perhaps, all the Muirshire men, with perhaps a couple of exceptions, thought very much as he did, what-

ever their party was. The exceptions were Mr Webster, writer in Duntreddles, agent for the Castle Comyn properties, a dozen of others, and the Conservative party generally; and Mr Wylie, also writer in Duntreddles, who had a devouring professional ambition, was intensely jealous of Webster, and had acted for the Bruce interest at the last election.

Mr Wylie put himself in communication with the Ministerial whips and the Reform Club. He pledged his professional reputation to making a good fight for the seat; if the party had only fair play and ample notice, he held out high hopes of a glorious victory. The Government was willing enough to be persuaded that now was the time to pluck the fruit of the last contest. Mr Wylie had strongly advised that surprise should be the basis of the strategy: that until Parliament was actually dissolved, the enemy should be left in his false security. So an eligible candidate was secured on the sly, in the shape of a Whig landowner of good fortune and position. As ill-luck would have it, his wife died with the Parliament, and his severe domestic affliction took away all his stomach for the fray. Wylie was in despair. The enemy was going in for a walk over, in happy unconsciousness of the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

Mr Webster, indeed, was not altogether deceived. He knew Mr Wylie, he knew Sir Comyn, and he knew the country. He diplomatically introduced, in Sir Comyn's address, a sentence pledging the member to contest the county in any case, in obedience to conscience and convictions—a pledge which, in the absence of all prospect of a contest, seemed a mere flourish of rhetoric, but which would effectually prevent his man backing out. Meanwhile, on the ground of the unknown ele-

ment of danger in the shape of new men added to the constituency, he urged his friends to bestir themselves and secure promises everywhere. Mr Wylie was in despair; he saw a chance that might have made him slipping through his fingers. Delegates from caucuses all over the county, Dissenting clergymen, schoolmasters, independent farmers with long leases to run, were perpetually calling at his office. He had nothing cheering to say to them; he could not stir the skim-milk of the county to an action so honourable as fighting it. The canny Whig gentlemen were shy of spending £6000 for the privilege of being beaten—the Liberal constituency would not hear of a whip and general subscription—the wire-pullers in London were ready with men, but not with money,—when, just as he was deciding to throw up the sponge in despair, a champion dropped from the clouds in the shape of a nephew of his own.

Mr Smart of Sandyriggs was lord of a very small suburban property. The soil being gravel, and the views superb, its value had been largely increased by the erection of suburban villas, and the arrangement of a suburban cemetery. The present owner, a young man of three-and-twenty, had finished his education in Germany, and had since been travelling in America, whence his communications had been few and far between. His uncle had had an idea he had been speculating and scorching his fingers among a people even 'cuter than the inhabitants of canny Muirshire, and received his kinsman somewhat coolly when he walked into his chambers. But the cool reception became extraordinarily cordial when he learned that the fancied prodigal had made a successful trade among pigs in Cincinnati; that he had "struck ile" in Pennsylvania;

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and that, as he stood there on his uncle's hearth-rug, a score of fountains were bubbling their fluid wealth for him, depositing their golden sediment in coffers filled to overflowing. "I'd be blithe to see you taking the first place in the county, Andrew, my man!" said the senior, rattling shillings in his pockets, and peering out from under his puckered eyelids by way of peroration to a speech explaining his new-born ideas. The young man had come home with various ambitions, as well as free and independent principles. The prospect of doing battle with a bloated aristocracy charmed him almost as much as the vision of a seat for the county. The kinsmen speedily understood each other. The senior received *carte blanche* in the matter of money! His constitutional prudence might be trusted to temper his enthusiasm in the cause, and keep expenditure within reasonable bounds; but it was evident that an ugly storm was lowering over Castle Comyn. Mr Wylie straightway started a political fiery cross to make] the round of the county: in an inconceivably short time appeared the address of Mr Smart of Sandyriggs, simultaneously with a first list of gentlemen acting on his committee.

Mr Webster was in consternation, although he had cause to congratulate himself on the prudence of the precautions he had taken. Castle Comyn was in consternation and tribulation, for Sir Cosmo shrank sensitively from the ridicule of so ignominious a contest, although he could scarcely yet believe it serious. That was the feeling of his party generally. The idea of this Mr Smart of Sandyriggs setting himself up as candidate for Muirshire! Many of Sir Cosmo's friends had never heard the name; many more pretended never to have heard it;

and as for the list of his committee—why, it was a ragman's roll of tagrag and bobtail. Mr Webster thought differently; he saw the others meant fighting, although he hoped and believed they were far too late in the field. He remarked on that same roll a good many farmers he would have called safe men and true; he saw the hesitation of the newly-enfranchised classes had been due to something worse than constitutional reluctance to commit themselves: those of them who had remained unfettered seemed to have gone over to the enemy in a body. But, above all, he was frightened by the matter and spirit of the Liberal address. There he recognised his rival Wylie's hand, and craft, and experience. Indeed that gentleman had been very round with his nephew, who had originally designed a showy platform in American style, taking up his ground "pretty generally all round," like the candidate in the 'Biglow Papers.' "Tuts, Andrew, my man! do you fancy they care the scraping of a potato down in the Howe of the Isla there, whether the Ministers mount the Irish beggars on horseback, or whether the kirk be buried in the bogs or no? The Game and the Hypothec are the horses that'll carry you hooly and safely intil the Parliament; but ca canny, my lad, and dinna frighten onybody more than ye can help." So Mr Smart was wise enough to take his sage old mentor's advice, and appealed to the farmers on the burning questions suggested to him. To do him justice, he handled them gingerly enough—yet, mooting them at all, was to proclaim an internecine war. Sir Cosmo had pledged himself to take up the glove; but, with all his chivalrous courage, he suffered most cruelly. No help for it but to stump the county in the wake of this Mr Smart of Sandyriggs, who was as swack and spry as might be

—to couple a Scotticism with an Americanism—whose tongue was as well greased as his seven-leagued boots. Personally, he was extremely civil to Sir Cosmo, for whose position, indeed, in spite of his recent republican training, he continued to feel a certain respectful awe; but he made up for this personal deference by the extreme licence with which he handled his opponent's opinions. He had plenty of nerve and readiness, and a good deal of broad humour, with a rasping, bitter tongue, that tickled the thick hides of his audiences. It might be some time before he ground up the rustics to the broad grin, but then he kept them there for the rest of the evening, and his opponents suffered accordingly.

Sir Cosmo insisted on persevering, but it became a question whether his strength could hold out to the end of the trying ordeal. He who had stood so fastidiously on his dignity, and known how to screen himself from the very shadow of a liberty, had to submit himself nightly to rude cross-examination and broad repartee. He had to listen to diatribes of violent invective, followed by votes of no confidence. His name rang the chorus in vulgar ballads that drew showers of coppers in the streets of the towns. He was sneered at in leaders in the Liberal journals; while "*Agricola*," the "*Poor Man's Friend*," and "*Veritas*," published gross calumnies about him in long letters, and denounced him as a hardened game-preserver, who ground the bones of the people, and sucked their substance. Nine-tenths of the names of note in the county were on his committee; he never made a public appearance without being surrounded by a body-guard of devoted and sympathising friends; but wherever he moved, the many-headed and foul-tongued bayed him, until at last his generous opponent compassionated

his lot, and chivalrously declared he should cut the stumping short, let the consequences be what they might. Sir Cosmo Comyn of Castle Comyn compelled to feel heartfelt gratitude for the forbearance of Mr Smart of Sandyriggs—what was the world in Muirshire coming to? Sir Cosmo won the election by a hundred votes, and would gladly have lost it by a thousand could he have blotted the past from his memory. Although he lived on for years, keeping for the sake of others the seat he had bought so dearly, and which had been conceded to him partly by compassion, his health and spirits never recovered the strain; when he died he was a broken-down old man, and every one knew the release came as a blessing to him.

Mr Smart counted on the reversion of the county as a matter of course, and it must be owned that his generous conduct had merited it. So thought many of the Conservatives, who were inclined to look kindly on him. His experienced uncle and Mr Webster were alike persuaded that his "chance" amounted to a certainty. The Tory party was paralysed: in the reaction that followed the revolt, the farmers rather made it a point of honour to assert their independence, to go against the proprietors, and often against their personal convictions. Smart had been accepted as the farmers' friend and champion; he had fought their battle and parted with thousands in their cause. With Liberal landowners supporting him perforce—with Conservatives leaning to him; pronouncing for vital modifications of the game-laws; condemning hypotheo—sound on the Education question;—what could he offer more?—it was all over but shouting. He had been educating his mind, and maturing himself for the position to devolve upon him, by a careful course of political study. In

five years he had sobered down, making himself active and very useful in county matters. Really even his opponents agreed he might be a very tolerable member, as members went.

What great events from trivial causes spring!—how our pleasant vices and our weaknesses are made whips to scourge us! Why did Mrs Smart—who had set her heart on being a county member's wife, "dis-counting" already the dignity that seemed within her reach, and dreaming of dazzling Belgravian circles—decline to call on Mrs Meiklejohn of Monykebbocks! Why did penny-wise Mr Wylie tax the bill sent in by Mr M'Clavers, first cousin to Mrs Meiklejohn, and editor of the 'Duntreddles Telegraph and Northern Radical,' for advertisements, articles, and general services rendered at the last election! Monykebbocks—*anglicè*, Many-cheeses—to give him his territorial designation—was one of the greatest tenant-farmers in the county. He held chiefly of the Earl of Duntreddles, and paid some £1500 of rent for arable land and pasture, said to be worth half as much again. His father and grandfather had sat more cheaply before him; they had made a practice of looking carefully after the pennies, and the present Monykebbocks was a wealthy man. His wife was a very worthy woman in the main, but social ambitions swelled her ample bosom. It is true she had never aspired hitherto to anything beyond a few weeks passed in lodgings in Duntreddles in the sea-bathing season, or in the dead of the winter. When her cousin broke his audacious scheme to her, and talked of ousting Smart, and bringing Monykebbocks in for the county, at first she was fairly taken aback, and the crimson bows on her cap vibrated tremulously to her agitation. But she had great respect for Mr

M'Clavers's worldly wisdom ; and when he reminded her how much smaller men than Monykebbocks had been carrying counties all over the country, she began to smooth down the skirts of her rich brown silk dress, and bridle as if she were sailing out of a parlour before Mrs Smart. Briefly the pair arranged their plot, and sprang their mine on the worthy Mr Meiklejohn that very night, as he had mixed his third tumbler after a heavy supper. Meiklejohn, sleek, slow, good-humoured, and weighing over seventeen stone, took as long to turn himself mentally as physically. But slow as he was, he was, perhaps, brought more quickly to the point than a quicker man might have been ; for, being altogether incapable of surmising a joke, he took the proposal *au sérieux* from the very first. Then his wife had long since asserted her legitimate influence over him, and, like her, he believed her cousin M'Clavers to be among the cleverest of mortal men, and the shrewdest of living politicians. It was the suddenness of the suggestion that staggered him ; but when M'Clavers assured him that he possessed all the qualifications for a member, and that his election was not only possible, but eminently probable, Monykebbocks's mind was made easy on these points, and self-esteem and self-complacency came to the aid of the intriguers. Still, there were objections that suggested themselves even to Monykebbocks on short notice. There was the question of ways and means—"it wad cost a hantle of siller"—and where was that to come from ? There was his business that brought in the siller to be thought of. Who was to look after the beasts and the bodies about the place when he was away in the Parliament ? These objections were disposed of by the voluble Mrs Meiklejohn and the silver-tongued

M'Clavers ; for indeed Monykebbocks, honest man, was innocent as a child of what he was undertaking. Still he might not have surrendered so speedily, had it not been for an evil spirit of contradiction that possessed him about his fourth tumbler, and a certain sensitiveness to his own slowness which sometimes prompted him to act with inconsistent precipitation. M'Clavers struck while the iron was hot, produced a rough draft of an address from his pocket, copied it out fairly, and persuaded Monykebbocks to set his hand thereto. It was on the following morning that the 'Telegraph' made its weekly appearance. Monykebbocks was an angry and melancholy man, Mrs Meiklejohn, or Mistress Meiklejohn as she called herself, was a proud woman when they read the address of John Meiklejohn of Monykebbocks to the electors of the county of Muirshire.

He made his appeal as a farmer to farmers : he did not own one single acre of soil : he prided himself on being no speaker, but he had thought profoundly, and professed to interpret the feelings and aspirations of his class. He stood forward to claim restitution of the birthright that had been filched from the occupiers of the soil ; he would have game proscribed in the statute-book as vermin ; hypothec he epigrammatically defined to mean the security of the one and the insecurity of the many, &c. &c.

The address appeared, and at first Mr Smart was almost as much disposed to laugh as the faction of the Comyns had been five years before, when he had made his own political *début*. A man of speech, energy, and education, with sentiments almost as liberal as those put in the mouth of Monykebbocks, he thought the worst that could come of this ill-timed joke was some expense and trouble and a little ridicule, and the

last he lightly regarded. Wylie said little; as he read M'Clavers's leader of the morning, he wished the journalist had had his claims paid him in full. A day or two later and he would gladly have parted with ten times the money so that by-gones might be by-gones. His canvassers in the parishes confirmed the reports of the correspondents of the 'Telegraph;' there was a sad falling away among his nephew's stanchest supporters, while he interpreted in the worst sense the ominous reticence of many of the others. The fact was, the farmers were pleased and flattered at the idea of returning one of themselves, and the brilliancy of Monykebbocks's parts was by no means such as to awake either distrust or jealousy. The remembrance of Smart's pleasantries and playfulness, on the other hand, told rather against him now, and poor Sir Cosmo Comyn was being avenged. Then a property Smart had purchased with the idea of strengthening his hands by increasing his stake in the county hampered him more than it helped him, and was destined to hamper him more. The landowner was standing against the farmer, the light adventurer against the man of weight and consideration. In vain, in a series of public meetings, he cut capital jokes about his competitor. The farmers felt their order insulted in the person of its representative; while, as for their candidate himself, of course he was absolutely impervious to sarcasm. In vain Smart made all manner of concessions and accepted all sort of pledges; sending pheasants and partridges after the hares, and throwing over the lairds altogether; renouncing and denouncing hypothees in language even more unmistakable than Mr Meiklejohn had employed. The lairds withdrew their countenance, while the farmers shook their heads over the suspiciously rapid

progress of his education. Moreover, M'Clavers had kept a card in reserve, and now he used it to trump the enemy's trick. Monykebbocks propounded his views on leases and improvements. All covenants between landlords and tenants should be submitted periodically to a court of revision elected by landlords and tenants in full council assembled, with a view to the modification of rents in accordance with existing prices. Landlords should be bound to improve on summary order of a court similarly constituted, and outgoing tenants should receive full compensation for all the "improvements" it might have pleased them to make. Then Smart realised that the game was lost. As a man who stood on his character for common-sense, he was scarcely ready to go to lengths so extreme; as a landed proprietor, he could not accept confiscation. He fought out the losing battle gallantly. He found that the brief utterances of honest Monykebbocks had more success than his most brilliant speeches. But if victory was hopeless, vengeance might still be his—vengeance on Monykebbocks, as on the class who supported him. Monykebbocks was very much at home among the men of his own stamp, and was sustained by the sense of his self-importance among the crofters and labourers, and the bit bodies in the small towns. But, as Smart had means of knowing, he had a holy horror of being paraded on the pavement of the great and fashionable city of Duntreddles as a public character on his promotion; above all, he shrank from the thought of presenting himself on the hustings to a censorious and critical but promiscuous audience. Smart resolved to carry on the hopeless warfare to the last, and compel his enemy to do both the one and the other. Mrs Monykebbocks had a hard time of it; and

although M'Clavers assured her that the victory was as good as won, already she began to repent her ambition. Her worthy easy-going husband had become another man altogether. The headquarters of his committee had been established in the brand-new station hotel in Dundreddles; and as the day of the nomination drew near, great part of the business had to be transacted in the city, while there was a deal of incidental canvassing to be done in the streets. Morning after morning was he marched off under a strong guard of supporters to his committee rooms, grumbling, and, it is to be feared, swearing *sotto voce*, ruling-elder as he was. Thence he was brought forth later, soothed and somewhat stimulated by sundry stiff ante-meridian tumblers, to be taken on his electioneering rounds; thence he returned, evening after evening, in a mood that was daily making him more unbearable.

These walks at first had only tried his modesty. Carry it off as he would, he could not but feel himself in a false position, when, in his capacity of full-blown candidate, he met one of the real magnates of the county. Stolidly self-possessed as he was by constitution, a twinkle of the eye accompanying a friendly nod would tell on his uneasy consciousness, and throw him into painful confusion. But now things were going from worse to worse. Smart had made the move that was to avenge him on the treacherous party that had thrown him over. At the eleventh hour, founding on an obscure passage in his address, he had flashed out as the advocate of the oppressed cottier and the down-trodden labourer. He declared for the working man and his rights, condemned the hardships and abuses of the bothy system, and expressed his decided personal opinion that labour was inadequately remunerated in Muirshire, and the labourer

very indifferently looked after. He hinted that bloated middlemen enriched themselves at the expense of the classes above and beneath them, and that the fairest hopes of a doubtful future lay in a close combination between the labourer and the lord of the soil, founded on their common interests and enmities. As he anticipated, when he broached these subversive doctrines, he lost a dozen votes for every one he gained. But he consoled himself with the malicious reflection that he had laid a train, and lighted a slow match, which must hurt his enemies' faction before many years were over; it is certain he had shifted the situation in the mean time, to the terrible disadvantage of poor Monykebbocks.

That gentleman might be the popular candidate among the tenant-voters of the county, but he had gone to a very disagreeable discount in the streets of Radical Dundreddles. He had been branded as the representative of the grinders of the poor, in an incisive article or two published in the working man's journal, and in some scathing speeches delivered from the stump. He was mobbed as he walked by flying corps of leather-lunged tatterdemalions, who howled and hooted at him from the close-heads and the corners of the streets. There was no risk of personal outrage, for he had his body-guard of stalwart yeomen and substantial burghers; but he was sorely wounded in his self-respect, and being a man of somewhat gross mental habit, the wounds that were made rankled and festered. His feelings were too ponderous to rally easily, or to leave him happy intervals of reaction when he might brighten to the hopes of his coming victory. His unsusceptible nature was being revolutionised, as he grew more and more nervously apprehensive of the appearance in public on nomination day.

The dreaded day arrived at last. In his nightmares of the previous night, his slumbers had been broken by the hammering of the work-people who were running up the horrible hustings, although he snored stertorously miles away from the market-place. He did not look pale the next morning—that would have been impossible; but his heavy features wore a raised or dazed look, which gave them more expression than they had ever worn before. His committee remarked it, although by no means quick of comprehension for the most part, and his prompter and factotum, M'Clavers, was speedily at his elbow with the whisky-bottle, and whispers of encouragement. But in that supreme moment, when fairly forced face to face with the bugbear that had so long been frightening him, Monykebbocks showed the stuff that was in him. He drained a brimming bumper to the party, and braced himself like a man for the ordeal awaiting him. He led the way out of the hotel, moving slowly, with the resolution and resignation of a martyr. An open landau, with four greys, and postilions in blue and orange, waited him before the door. The springs groaned and yielded, as he flung himself, with stern determination, into his corner: there was a gleam in his eye, as he gazed out on the yelling mob from under his broad hat-brim, that imposed silence on those who were nearest: he looked like a vicious boar who might be roused to an ugly rush, if he broke out of the truck in which he was travelling to the show.

There was a surging, shouting mass surrounding the hustings, as the spacious compartments on either side filled up with the supporters of the candidates. The uproar that greeted the appearance of Monykebbocks might have scared the thoughts and stunned the brain of a far more

practised speaker. To make assurance doubly sure, Mr Smart had packed the front places before the scaffolding with partisans paid to yell to the signal of a fugleman, so that neither Monykebbocks or his friend should have the remotest chance of obtaining a hearing. His tactics answered their purpose so far, that Monykebbocks, mentally, was farther abroad than usual. He saw Mr Smart proposed and seconded: he saw himself proposed and seconded in his turn, but he heard nothing whatever. Mr Smart made a ringing speech, amid silence that was only broken by cheers and laughter, for his points were good, and his hits hard, and Monykebbocks's friends in the crowd a very small minority, and he held his audience fast when he had laid hold of it. Still Monykebbocks heard nothing: he was vaguely dreaming what he should do himself when his turn came, and that fatal hush should isolate him with his own resources.

Smart concluded a blazing peroration amid deafening applause, and the sheriff of the county made a courteous sign to Monykebbocks. Monykebbocks stood motionless and voiceless, which was much more than the mob did: the howl that went up to heaven might have stunned the swallows skimming overhead, as crows are said to have dropped to the shouts of the great Roman assemblies.

"Take off your hat, man," shouted M'Clavers in his principal's ear, and Monykebbocks mechanically obeyed. At this apparent overture towards addressing them, the noise if possible became more demoniacal than before. Monykebbocks stood spell-bound. A brilliant idea came like an inspiration to M'Clavers. He pinched his kinsman's arm with a viciousness that startled that gentleman out of his state of coma, and made him sufficiently wide-awake

for the moment. "Wallop your arms about, man, and waggle with your lips; there's no necessity to say a word—not a mother's son will be a hair the wiser." A grin stole over M'Clavers's face as he saw that of Monykebbocks slowly lightening with dim intelligence. The candidate began to see an easy way out of the wood, and set to the work prescribed him with all the energy of reviving hope. He heaved up those ponderous arms of his and brought them down on the front bar of the hustings; he flung them up towards the chimney-pots opposite, tossing them about like the sails of a windmill; as a noble indignation gained on him at the thought of the treatment he—Monykebbocks—had been subjected to, he clenched his brawny fists and squared wildly at the mob before him. His friends immediately around him, struck with astonishment and admiration, broke out in an approving chorus of cheers, which were led by M'Clavers at his elbow. Smart elbowed his way to the corner of his own compartment, eager to listen to his opponent's eloquence. He was well placed for listening, and his native shrewdness led him to surmise the trick. In vain he signed to the fogleman of his vociferous ragamuffins. The mob had passed beyond that individual's control, and he was altogether powerless to still the tumult he had excited. Monykebbocks, warming to his work, grew more vehemently eloquent. Indeed his head was turning with his extraordinary success, and he might have gone on indefinitely with his telling oration, had not M'Clavers interposed at last and interrupted its vehement flow by friendly pressure on his coat-tails.

Smart had the show of hands this time; but though it was generally admitted in the crowd that he had made "a braw speech and a

bonny yane," the oratorical honours of the day were decidedly with his rival. That opinion was confirmed when the speech of the tenants' candidate was reported next morning at length in a special edition of the 'Duntreddles Telegraph.' On revision, M'Clavers struck out with much regret some felicitous classical quotations that had been introduced in the original draft; but what remained, as he observed in a leader, afforded most gratifying evidence of the strong sense, keen political acumen, and wonderful argumentative power of the future member for Muirshire.

After an effort so remarkable, Mr Meiklejohn had the good taste to return thanks for his health in the highest possible terms, at the great banquet of congratulation subsequently offered him at the station hotel, leaving the honours of speech-making to the others. Nor has he followed up his first success in the House, although he is understood to be high in favour with the whip of his party. Mrs Monykebbocks, who soared so suddenly beyond her ambition's wildest dreams, has been heard to moralise in melancholy mood over the vanity of earthly things. She experienced her first surprise when entering into treaty for Sir Cosmo's modest mansion in Upper Brooke Street,—a but and a ben, a bit kitchen, and two-three bedrooms, as she expressed it. She learned that the rent was £500 a-year, while a premium of £1500 was demanded for an eight years' lease. Subsequent experience has confirmed these disagreeable first impressions as to the difference of prices in West London and East Muirshire. Nor has her success in society been all she anticipated; and the gaities of her first London season began and ended in a crush in the doorways of some crowded *salons* after a scramble up a staircase in ——— Terrace.

THE PARISIANS.

BOOK SIXTH—continued.

CHAPTER VI.

It has now become due to Graham Vane, and to his place in the estimation of my readers, to explain somewhat more distinctly the nature of the quest in prosecution of which he had sought the aid of the Parisian police, and, under an assumed name, made the acquaintance of M. Lebeau.

The best way of discharging this duty will perhaps be to place before the reader the contents of the letter which passed under Graham's eyes on the day in which the heart of the writer ceased to beat.

"Confidential.

"To be opened immediately after my death, and before the perusal of my will.

"Richard King.

"TO GRAHAM VANE, Esq.

"MY DEAR GRAHAM,—By the direction on the envelope of this letter, 'Before the perusal of my will,' I have wished to save you from the disappointment you would naturally experience if you learned my bequest without being prevised of the conditions which I am about to impose upon your honour. You will see ere you conclude this letter that you are the only man living to whom I could intrust the secret it contains and the task it enjoins.

"You are aware that I was not born to the fortune that passed to me by the death of a distant relation, who had, in my earlier youth, children of his own. I was an only son, left an orphan at the age of sixteen with a very slender pittance. My guardians designed me for the

medical profession. I began my studies at Edinburgh, and was sent to Paris to complete them. It so chanced that there I lodged in the same house with an artist named Auguste Duval, who, failing to gain his livelihood as a painter, in what—for his style was ambitious—is termed the Historical School, had accepted the humbler calling of a drawing-master. He had practised in that branch of the profession for several years at Tours, having a good *clientèle* among English families settled there. This *clientèle*, as he frankly confessed, he had lost from some irregularities of conduct. He was not a bad man, but of convivial temper, and easily led into temptation. He had removed to Paris a few months before I made his acquaintance. He obtained a few pupils, and often lost them as soon as gained. He was unpunctual and addicted to drink. But he had a small pension, accorded to him, he was wont to say mysteriously, by some high-born kinsfolk, too proud to own connection with a drawing-master, and on the condition that he should never name them. He never did name them to me, and I do not know to this day whether the story of this noble relationship was true or false. A pension, however, he did receive quarterly from some person or other, and it was an unhappy provision for him. It tended to make him an idler in his proper calling; and whenever he received the payment he spent it in debauch, to the neglect, while it lasted, of his pupils. This man had resided with him a

young daughter, singularly beautiful. You may divine the rest. I fell in love with her—a love deepened by the compassion with which she inspired me. Her father left her so frequently, that, living on the same floor, we saw much of each other. Parent and child were often in great need—lacking even fuel or food. Of course I assisted them to the utmost of my scanty means. Much as I was fascinated by Louise Duval, I was not blind to great defects in her character. She was capricious, vain, aware of her beauty, and sighing for the pleasures or the gauds beyond her reach. I knew that she did not love me—there was little, indeed, to captivate her fancy in a poor, threadbare medical student—and yet I fondly imagined that my own persevering devotion would at length win her affections. I spoke to her father more than once of my hope some day to make Louise my wife. This hope, I must frankly acknowledge, he never encouraged. On the contrary, he treated it with scorn,—‘His child with her beauty would look much higher;’ but he continued all the same to accept my assistance, and to sanction my visits. At length my slender purse was pretty well exhausted, and the luckless drawing-master was so harassed with petty debts that farther credit became impossible. At this time I happened to hear from a fellow-student that his sister, who was the principal of a lady’s school in Cheltenham, had commissioned him to look out for a first-rate teacher of drawing, with whom her elder pupils could converse in French, but who should be sufficiently acquainted with English to make his instructions intelligible to the young. The salary was liberal, the school large and of high repute, and his appointment to it would open to an able teacher no inconsiderable connection among private families. I communicated

this intelligence to Duval. He caught at it eagerly. He had learned at Tours to speak English fluently; and as his professional skill was of high order, and he was popular with several eminent artists, he obtained certificates as to his talents, which my fellow-student forwarded to England with specimens of Duval’s drawings. In a few days the offer of an engagement arrived, was accepted, and Duval and his daughter set out for Cheltenham. At the eve of their departure, Louise, profoundly dejected at the prospect of banishment to a foreign country, and placing no trust in her father’s reform to steady habits, evinced a tenderness for me hitherto new—she wept bitterly. She allowed me to believe that her tears flowed at the thought of parting with me, and even besought me to accompany them to Cheltenham—if only for a few days. You may suppose how delightedly I complied with the request. Duval had been about a week at the watering-place, and was discharging the duties he had undertaken with such unwonted steadiness and regularity that I began sorrowfully to feel I had no longer an excuse for not returning to my studies at Paris, when the poor teacher was seized with a fit of paralysis. He lost the power of movement, and his mind was affected. The medical attendant called in said that he might linger thus for some time, but that, even if he recovered his intellect, which was more than doubtful, he would never be able to resume his profession. I could not leave Louise in circumstances so distressing—I remained. The little money Duval had brought from Paris was now exhausted; and when the day on which he had been in the habit of receiving his quarter’s pension came round, Louise was unable even to conjecture how it was to be applied for.

It seems that he had always gone for it in person, but to whom he went was a secret which he had never divulged. And at this critical juncture his mind was too enfeebled even to comprehend us when we inquired. I had already drawn from the small capital on the interest of which I had maintained myself; I now drew out most of the remainder. But this was a resource that could not last long. Nor could I, without seriously compromising Louise's character, be constantly in the house with a girl so young, and whose sole legitimate protector was thus afflicted. There seemed but one alternative to that of abandoning her altogether—viz., to make her my wife, to conclude the studies necessary to obtain my diploma, and purchase some partnership in a small country practice with the scanty surplus that might be left of my capital. I placed this option before Louise timidly, for I could not bear the thought of forcing her inclinations. She seemed much moved by what she called my generosity: she consented—we were married. I was, as you may conceive, wholly ignorant of French law. We were married according to the English ceremony and the Protestant ritual. Shortly after our marriage we all three returned to Paris, taking an apartment in a quarter remote from that in which we had before lodged, in order to avoid any harassment to which such small creditors as Duval had left behind him might subject us. I resumed my studies with redoubled energy, and Louise was necessarily left much alone with her poor father in the daytime. The defects in her character became more and more visible. She reproached me for the solitude to which I condemned her; our poverty galled her; she had no kind greeting for me when I returned at evening, wearied out. Before marriage she had not loved

me—after marriage, alas! I fear she hated. We had been returned to Paris some months when poor Duval died: he had never recovered his faculties, nor had we ever learned from whom his pension had been received. Very soon after her father's death I observed a singular change in the humour and manner of Louise. She was no longer peevish, irascible, reproachful; but taciturn and thoughtful. She seemed to me under the influence of some suppressed excitement: her cheeks flushed and her eye abstracted. At length, one evening when I returned I found her gone. She did not come back that night nor the next day. It was impossible for me to conjecture what had become of her. She had no friends, so far as I knew—no one had visited at our squalid apartment. The poor house in which we lodged had no *concierge* whom I could question; but the ground-floor was occupied by a small tobacconist's shop, and the woman at the counter told me that for some days before my wife's disappearance, she had observed her pass the shop window in going out in the afternoon and returning towards the evening. Two terrible conjectures beset me: either in her walks she had met some admirer, with whom she had fled; or, unable to bear the companionship and poverty of a union which she had begun to loathe, she had gone forth to drown herself in the Seine. On the third day from her flight I received the letter I enclose. Possibly the handwriting may serve you as a guide in the mission I intrust to you.

‘MONSIEUR,—You have deceived me vilely—taken advantage of my inexperienced youth and friendless position to decoy me into an illegal marriage. My only consolation under my calamity and disgrace is, that I am at least free from a detested

bond. You will not see me again—it is idle to attempt to do so. I have obtained refuge with relations whom I have been fortunate enough to discover, and to whom I intrust my fate. And even if you could learn the shelter I have sought, and have the audacity to molest me, you would but subject yourself to the chastisement you so richly deserve.

‘LOUISE DUVAL.’

“At the perusal of this cold-hearted, ungrateful letter, the love I had felt for this woman—already much shaken by her wayward and perverse temper—vanished from my heart, never to return. But, as an honest man, my conscience was terribly stung. Could it be possible that I had unknowingly deceived her—that our marriage was not legal?”

“When I recovered from the stun which was the first effect of her letter, I sought the opinion of an *avoué* in the neighbourhood, named Sartiges, and, to my dismay, I learned that while I, marrying according to the customs of my own country, was legally bound to Louise in England, and could not marry another, the marriage was in all ways illegal for her,—being without the consent of her relations while she was under age—without the ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church, to which, though I never heard any profession of religious belief from her or her father, it might fairly be presumed that she belonged—and, above all, without the form of civil contract which is indispensable to the legal marriage of a French subject.

“The *avoué* said that the marriage, therefore, in itself was null, and that Louise could, without incurring legal penalties for bigamy, marry again in France according to the French laws; but that under the circumstances it was probable that her next of kin would apply on her behalf to the proper court for the

formal annulment of the marriage, which would be the most effectual mode of saving her from any molestation on my part, and remove all possible question hereafter as to her single state and absolute right to re-marry. I had better remain quiet, and wait for intimation of further proceedings. I knew not what else to do, and necessarily submitted.

“From this wretched listlessness of mind, alternated now by vehement resentment against Louise, now by the reproach of my own sense of honour, in leaving that honour in so questionable a point of view, I was aroused by a letter from the distant kinsman by whom hitherto I had been so neglected. In the previous year he had lost one of his two children; the other was just dead: no nearer relation now surviving stood between me and my chance of inheritance from him. He wrote word of his domestic affliction with a manly sorrow which touched me, said that his health was failing, and begged me, as soon as possible, to come and visit him in Scotland. I went, and continued to reside with him till his death, some months afterwards. By his will I succeeded to his ample fortune on condition of taking his name.

“As soon as the affairs connected with this inheritance permitted, I returned to Paris, and again saw M. Sartiges. I had never heard from Louise, nor from any one connected with her since the letter you have read. No steps had been taken to annul the marriage, and sufficient time had elapsed to render it improbable that such steps would be taken now. But if no such steps were taken, however free from the marriage-bond Louise might be, it clearly remained binding on myself.

“At my request, M. Sartiges took the most vigorous measures that oc-

curred to him to ascertain where Louise was, and what and who was the relation with whom she asserted she had found refuge. The police were employed ; advertisements were issued, concealing names, but sufficiently clear to be intelligible to Louise if they came under her eye, and to the effect that if any informality in our marriage existed, she was implored for her own sake to remove it by a second ceremonial—answer to be addressed to the *avoué*. No answer came ; the police had hitherto failed of discovering her, but were sanguine of success, when a few weeks after these advertisements a packet reached M. Sartiges, enclosing the certificates annexed to this letter, of the death of Louise Duval at Munich. The certificates, as you will see, are to appearance officially attested and unquestionably genuine. So they were considered by M. Sartiges as well as by myself. Here, then, all inquiry ceased—the police were dismissed. I was free. By little and little I overcame the painful impressions which my ill-starred union and the announcement of Louise's early death bequeathed. Rich, and of active mind, I learned to dismiss the trials of my youth as a gloomy dream. I entered into public life ; I made myself a creditable position ; became acquainted with your aunt ; we were wedded, and the beauty of her nature embellished mine. Alas, alas ! two years after our marriage—nearly five years after I had received the certificates of Louise's death—I and your aunt made a summer excursion into the country of the Rhine ; on our return we rested at Aix-la-Chapelle. One day while there I was walking alone in the environs of the town, when, on the road, a little girl, seemingly about five years old, in chase of a butterfly, stumbled and fell just before my feet ; I took her up, and as she was crying more

from the shock of the fall than any actual hurt, I was still trying my best to comfort her, when a lady some paces behind her came up, and in taking the child from my arms as I was bending over her, thanked me in a voice that made my heart stand still ; I looked up, and beheld Louise.

"It was not till I had convulsively clasped her hand and uttered her name that she recognised me. I was, no doubt, the more altered of the two—prosperity and happiness had left little trace of the needy, careworn, threadbare student. But if she were the last to recognise, she was the first to recover self-possession. The expression of her face became hard and set. I cannot pretend to repeat with any verbal accuracy the brief converse that took place between us, as she placed the child on the grass bank beside the path, bade her stay there quietly, and walked on with me some paces as if she did not wish the child to hear what was said.

"The purport of what passed was to this effect : She refused to explain the certificates of her death further than that, becoming aware of what she called the 'persecution' of the advertisements issued and inquiries instituted, she had caused those documents to be sent to the address given in the advertisement, in order to terminate all further molestation. But how they could have been obtained, or by what art so ingeniously forged as to deceive the acuteness of a practised lawyer, I know not to this day. She declared, indeed, that she was now happy, in easy circumstances, and that if I wished to make some reparation for the wrong I had done her, it would be to leave her in peace ; and in case—which was not likely—we ever met again, to regard and treat her as a stranger ; that she, on her part, never would

molest me, and that the certified death of Louise Duval left me as free to marry again as she considered herself to be.

"My mind was so confused, so bewildered, while she thus talked, that I did not attempt to interrupt her. The blow had so crushed me that I scarcely struggled under it; only, as she turned to leave me, I suddenly recollected that the child, when taken from my arms, had called her '*Maman*,' and, judging by the apparent age of the child, it must have been born but a few months after Louise had left me—that it must be mine. And so, in my dreary woe, I faltered out—'but what of your infant? Surely that has on me a claim that you relinquish for yourself. You were not unfaithful to me while you deemed you were my wife?'

"'Heavens! can you insult me by such a doubt. No!' she cried out, impulsively and haughtily. 'But as I was not legally your wife, the child is not legally yours; it is mine, and only mine. Nevertheless, if you wish to claim it,'—here she paused as in doubt. I saw at once that she was prepared to resign to me the child if I had urged her to do so. I must own, with a pang of remorse, that I recoiled from such a proposal. What could I do with the child? How explain to my wife the cause of my interest in it? If only a natural child of mine, I should have shrunk from owning to Janet a youthful error. But, as it was,—the child by a former marriage—the former wife still living!—my blood ran cold with dread. And if I did take the child—invent what story I might as to its parentage, should I not expose myself, expose Janet, to terrible constant danger? The mother's natural affection might urge her at any time to seek tidings of the child, and in so doing she might easily discover my new

name, and, perhaps years hence, establish on me her own claim.

"No, I could not risk such peril. I replied, sullenly, 'You say rightly; the child is yours—only yours.' I was about to add an offer of pecuniary provision for it, but Louise had already turned scornfully towards the bank on which she had left the infant. I saw her snatch from the child's hand some wild-flowers the poor thing had been gathering; and how often have I thought of the rude way in which she did it—not as a mother who loves her child. Just then other passengers appeared on the road—two of them I knew—an English couple very intimate with Lady Janet and myself. They stopped to accost me, while Louise passed by with the infant towards the town. I turned in the opposite direction, and strove to collect my thoughts. Terrible as was the discovery thus suddenly made, it was evident that Louise had as strong an interest as myself to conceal it. There was little chance that it would ever be divulged. Her dress and that of the child were those of persons in the richer classes of life. After all, doubtless, the child needed not pecuniary assistance from me, and was surely best off under the mother's care. Thus I sought to comfort and to delude myself.

"The next day Janet and I left Aix-la-Chapelle and returned to England. But it was impossible for me to banish the dreadful thought that Janet was not legally my wife; that could she even guess the secret lodged in my breast she would be lost to me for ever, even though she died of the separation (you know well how tenderly she loved me). My nature underwent a silent revolution. I had previously cherished the ambition common to most men in public life—the ambition for fame, for place, for power. That

ambition left me ; I shrank from the thought of becoming too well known, lest Louise or her connections, as yet ignorant of my new name, might more easily learn what the world knew—viz., that I had previously borne another name—the name of her husband—and finding me wealthy and honoured, might hereafter be tempted to claim for herself or her daughter the ties she abjured for both while she deemed me poor and despised. But partly my conscience, partly the influence of the angel by my side, compelled me to seek whatever means of doing good to others position and circumstances placed at my disposal. I was alarmed when even such quiet exercise of mind and fortune acquired a sort of celebrity. How painfully I shrank from it ! The world attributed my dread of publicity to unaffected modesty. The world praised me, and I knew myself an impostor. But the years stole on. I heard no more of Louise or her child, and my fears gradually subsided. Yet I was consoled when the two children born to me by Janet died in their infancy. Had they lived, who can tell whether something might not have transpired to prove them illegitimate ?

“ I must hasten on. At last came the great and crushing calamity of my life : I lost the woman who was my all in all. At least she was spared the discovery that would have deprived me of the right of tending her deathbed, and leaving within her tomb a place vacant for myself.

“ But after the first agonies that followed her loss, the conscience I had so long sought to tranquillise became terribly reproachful. Louise had forfeited all right to my consideration, but my guiltless child had not done so. Did it live still ? If so, was it not the heir to my fortunes—the only child left to me ?

True, I have the absolute right to dispose of my wealth : it is not in land ; it is not entailed ; but was not the daughter I had forsaken morally the first claimant ? was no reparation due to her ? You remember that my physician ordered me, some little time after your aunt's death, to seek a temporary change of scene. I obeyed, and went away no one knew whither. Well, I repaired to Paris ; there I sought M. Sartiges, the *avoué*. I found he had been long dead. I discovered his executors, and inquired if any papers or correspondence between Richard Macdonald and himself many years ago were in existence. All such documents, with others not returned to correspondents at his decease, had been burned by his desire. No possible clue to the whereabouts of Louise, should any have been gained since I last saw her, was left. What then to do I knew not. I did not dare to make inquiries through strangers, which, if discovering my child, might also bring to light a marriage that would have dishonoured the memory of my lost saint. I returned to England feeling that my days were numbered. It is to you that I transmit the task of those researches which I could not institute. I bequeath to you, with the exception of trifling legacies and donations to public charities, the whole of my fortune. But you will understand by this letter that it is to be held on a trust which I cannot specify in my will. I could not, without dishonouring the venerated name of your aunt, indicate as the heiress of my wealth a child by a wife living at the time I married Janet. I cannot form any words for such a devise which would not arouse gossip and suspicion, and furnish ultimately a clue to the discovery I would shun. I calculate that, after all deductions, the sum that

will devolve to you will be about £220,000. That which I mean to be absolutely and at once yours is the comparatively trifling legacy of £20,000. If Louise's child be not living, or if you find full reason to suppose that, despite appearances, the child is not mine, the whole of my fortune lapses to you; but should Louise be surviving and need pecuniary aid, you will contrive that she may have such an annuity as you may deem fitting, without learning whence it come. You perceive that it is your object if possible, even more than mine, to preserve free from slur the name and memory of her who was to you a second mother. All ends we desire would be accomplished could you, on discovering my lost child, feel that, without constraining your inclinations, you could make her your *wife*. She would then naturally share with you my fortune, and all claims of justice and duty would be quietly appeased. She would now be of age suitable to yours. When I saw her at Aix she gave promise of inheriting no small share of her mother's beauty. If Louise's assurance of her easy circumstances were true, her daughter has possibly been educated and reared with tenderness and care. You have already assured me that you have no prior attachment. But if, on discovering this child, you find her already married, or one whom you could not love nor esteem, I leave it implicitly to your honour and judgment to determine what share of the £200,000 left in your hands should be consigned to her. She may have been corrupted by her mother's principles. She may—Heaven forbid!—have fallen into evil courses, and wealth would be misspent in her hands. In that case a competence sufficing to save her from further degradation, from the temptations of poverty, would

be all that I desire you to devote from my wealth. On the contrary, you may find in her one who, in all respects, ought to be my chief inheritor. All this I leave in full confidence to you, as being, of all the men I know, the one who unites the highest sense of honour with the largest share of practical sense and knowledge of life. The main difficulty, whatever this lost girl may derive from my substance, will be in devising some means to convey it to her, so that neither she nor those around her may trace the bequest to me. She can never be acknowledged as my child—never! Your reverence for the beloved dead forbids that. This difficulty your clear strong sense must overcome: mine is blinded by the shades of death. You too will deliberately consider how to institute the inquiries after mother and child so as not to betray our secret. This will require great caution. You will probably commence at Paris, through the agency of the police, to whom you will be very guarded in your communications. It is most unfortunate that I have no miniature of Louise, and that any description of her must be so vague that it may not serve to discover her; but such as it is, it may prevent your mistaking for her some other of her name. Louise was above the common height, and looked taller than she was, with the peculiar combination of very dark hair, very fair complexion, and light-grey eyes. She would now be somewhat under the age of forty. She was not without accomplishments, derived from the companionship with her father. She spoke English fluently; she drew with taste, and even with talent. You will see the prudence of confining research at first to Louise, rather than to the child who is the principal object of it; for it is not till you can ascer-

tain what has become of her that you can trust the accuracy of any information respecting the daughter, whom I assume, perhaps after all erroneously, to be mine. Though Louise talked with such levity of holding herself free to marry, the birth of her child might be sufficient injury to her reputation to become a serious obstacle to such second nuptials, not having taken formal steps to annul her marriage with myself. If not thus remarried, there would be no reason why she should not resume her maiden name of Duval, as she did in the signature of her letter to me: finding that I had ceased to molest her by the inquiries, to elude which she had invented the false statement of her death. It seems probable, therefore, that she is residing somewhere in Paris, and in the name of Duval. Of course the burden of uncertainty as to your future cannot be left to oppress you for an indefinite length of time. If at the end, say, of two years, your researches have wholly failed, consider three-fourths of my whole fortune to have passed to you, and put by the fourth to accumulate, should the child afterwards be discovered, and satisfy your judgment as to her claims on me as her father. Should she not, it will be a reserve-fund for your own children. But oh, if my child could be found in time! and oh, if she be all that could win your heart, and be the wife you would select from free choice! I can say no more. Pity me, and judge leniently of Janet's husband.

R. K."

The key to Graham's conduct is now given;—the deep sorrow that took him to the tomb of the aunt he so revered, and whose honoured memory was subjected to so great a risk; the slowness of change in his expenditure and mode of life, after

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an inheritance supposed to be so ample; the abnegation of his political ambition; the subject of his inquiries, and the cautious reserve imposed upon them; above all, the position towards Isaura in which he was so cruelly placed.

Certainly, his first thought in revolving the conditions of his trust had been that of marriage with this lost child of Richard King's, should she be discovered single, disengaged, and not repulsive to his inclinations. Tacitly he subscribed to the reasons for this course alleged by the deceased. It was the simplest and readiest plan of uniting justice to the rightful inheritor with care for a secret so important to the honour of his aunt, of Richard King himself—his benefactor,—of the illustrious house from which Lady Janet had sprung. Perhaps, too, the consideration that by this course a fortune so useful to his career was secured, was not without influence on the mind of a man naturally ambitious. But on that consideration he forbade himself to dwell. He put it away from him as a sin. Yet, to marriage with any one else, until his mission was fulfilled, and the uncertainty as to the extent of his fortune was dispelled, there interposed grave practical obstacles. How could he honestly present himself to a girl and to her parents in the light of a rich man, when in reality he might be but a poor man? how could he refer to any lawyer the conditions which rendered impossible any settlement that touched a shilling of the large sum which at any day he might have to transfer to another? Still, when once fully

conscious how deep was the love with which Isaura had inspired him, the idea of wedlock with the daughter of Richard King, if she yet lived and was single, became inadmissible. The orphan condition of the young Italian

smoothed away the obstacles to proposals of marriage which would have embarrassed his addresses to girls of his own rank, and with parents who would have demanded settlements. And if he had found Isaura alone on that day on which he had seen her last, he would doubtless have yielded to the voice of his heart, avowed his love, wooed her own, and committed both to the tie of betrothal. We have seen how rudely such yearnings of his heart were repelled on that last interview. His English prejudices were so deeply rooted, that, even if he had been wholly free from the trust bequeathed to him, he would have recoiled from marriage with a girl who, in the ardour for notoriety, could link herself with such associates as Gustave Rameau, by habits a Bohemian, and by principles a Socialist.

In flying from Paris, he embraced the resolve to banish all thought of wedding Isaura and to devote himself sternly to the task which had so sacred a claim upon him. Not that he could endure the idea of marrying another, even if the lost heiress should be all that his heart could have worshipped, had that heart been his own to give; but he was impatient of the burden heaped on him,—of the fortune which might not be his, of the uncertainty which paralysed all his ambitious schemes for the future.

Yet, strive as he would—and no man could strive more resolutely—he could not succeed in banishing the image of Isaura. It was with him always; and with it a sense of irreparable loss, of a terrible void, of a pining anguish.

And the success of his inquiries at Aix-la-Chapelle, while sufficient to detain him in the place, was so slight, and advanced by such slow degrees, that it furnished no continued occupation to his restless mind. M. Renard was acute and

painstaking. But it was no easy matter to obtain any trace of a Parisian visitor to so popular a Spa so many years ago. The name Duval, too, was so common, that at Aix, as we have seen at Paris, time was wasted in the chase of a Duval who proved not to be the lost Louise. At last M. Renard chanced on a house in which, in the year 1849, two ladies from Paris had lodged for three weeks. One was named Madame Duval, the other Madame Marigny. They were both young, both very handsome, and much of the same height and colouring. But Madame Marigny was the handsomer of the two. Madame Duval frequented the gaming-tables, and was apparently of very lively temper. Madame Marigny lived very quietly, rarely or never stirred out, and seemed in delicate health. She, however, quitted the apartment somewhat abruptly, and, to the best of the lodging-house-keeper's recollection, took rooms in the country near Aix—she could not remember where. About two months after the departure of Madame Marigny, Madame Duval also left Aix, and in company with a French gentleman who had visited her much of late—a handsome man of striking appearance. The lodging-house-keeper did not know what or who he was. She remembered that he used to be announced to Madame Duval by the name of M. Achille. Madame Duval had never been seen again by the lodging-house-keeper after she had left. But Madame Marigny she had once seen, nearly five years after she had quitted the lodgings—seen her by chance at the railway station, recognised her at once, and accosted her, offering her the old apartment. Madame Marigny had, however, briefly replied that she was only at Aix for a few hours, and should quit it the same day.

The inquiry now turned towards Madame Marigny. The date in which the lodging-house-keeper had last seen her coincided with the year in which Richard King had met Louise. Possibly, therefore, she might have accompanied the latter to Aix at that time, and could, if found, give information as to her subsequent history and present whereabouts.

After a tedious search throughout all the environs of Aix, Graham himself came, by the merest accident, upon the vestiges of Louise's friend. He had been wandering alone in the country round Aix, when a violent thunderstorm drove him to ask shelter in the house of a small farmer, situated in a field, a little off the byway which he had taken. While waiting for the cessation of the storm, and drying his clothes by the fire in a room that adjoined the kitchen, he entered into conversation with the farmer's wife, a pleasant, well-mannered person, and made some complimentary observation on a small sketch of the house in water-colours that hung upon the wall. "Ah," said the farmer's wife, "that was done by a French lady who lodged here many years ago. She drew very prettily, poor thing."

"A lady who lodged here many years ago—how many?"

"Well, I guess somewhere about twenty."

"Ah, indeed! Was it a Madame Marigny?"

"*Bon Dieu!* That was indeed her name. Did you know her? I should be so glad to hear she is well and—I hope—happy."

"I do not know where she is now, and am making inquiries to ascertain. Pray help me. How long did Madame Marigny lodge with you?"

"I think pretty well two months; yes, two months. She left a month after her confinement."

"She was confined here?"

"Yes. When she first came, I had no idea that she was *enceinte*. She had a pretty figure, and no one would have guessed it, in the way she wore her shawl. Indeed I only began to suspect it a few days before it happened; and that was so suddenly, that all was happily over before we could send for the *accoucheur*."

"And the child lived?—A girl or a boy?"

"A girl—the prettiest baby."

"Did she take the child with her when she went?"

"No; it was put out to nurse with a niece of my husband's who was confined about the same time. Madame paid liberally in advance, and continued to send money half-yearly, till she came herself and took away the little girl."

"When was that? a little less than five years after she had left it?"

"Why, you know all about it, monsieur; yes, not quite five years after. She did not come to see me, which I thought unkind, but she sent me, through my niece-in-law, a real gold watch and a shawl. Poor dear lady—for lady she was all over,—with proud ways, and would not bear to be questioned. But I am sure she was none of your French light ones, but an honest wife like myself, though she never said so."

"And have you no idea where she was all the five years she was away, or where she went after reclaiming her child?"

"No, indeed, monsieur."

"But her remittances for the infant must have been made by letters, and the letters would have had post-marks?"

"Well, I daresay: I am no scholar myself. But suppose you see Marie Hubert, that is my niece-in-law, perhaps she has kept the envelopes."

"Where does Madame Hubert live?"

"It is just a league off by the short path; you can't miss the way. Her husband has a bit of land of his own, but he is also a carrier—'Max Hubert, carrier,' written over the door, just opposite the first church you get to. The rain has ceased, but it may be too far for you to-day."

"Not a bit of it. Many thanks."

"But if you find out the dear lady and see her, do tell her how pleased I should be to hear good news of her and the little one."

Graham strode on under the clearing skies to the house indicated. He found Madame Hubert at home, and ready to answer all questions; but, alas! she had not the envelopes. Madame Marigny, on removing the child, had asked for all the envelopes or letters, and carried them away with her. Madame Hubert, who was as little of a scholar as her aunt-in-law was, had never paid much attention to the post-marks on the envelopes; and the only one that she did remember was the first, that contained a bank-note, and that post-mark was 'Vienna.'

"But did not Madame Marigny's letters ever give you an address to which to write with news of her child?"

"I don't think she cared much for her child, monsieur. She kissed it very coldly when she came to take it away. I told the poor infant that that was her own mamma; and Madame said, 'Yes, you may call me maman,' in a tone of voice—well, not at all like that of a mother. She brought with her a little bag which contained some fine clothes for the

child, and was very impatient till the child had got them on."

"Are you quite sure it was the same lady who left the child?"

"Oh, there is no doubt of that. She was certainly *très belle*, but I did not fancy her as aunt did. She carried her head very high, and looked rather scornful. However, I must say she behaved very generously."

"Still you have not answered my question whether her letters contained no address."

"She never wrote more than two letters. One enclosing the first remittance was but a few lines, saying that if the child was well and thriving, I need not write; but if it died or became dangerously ill, I might at any time write a line to Madame M——, *Poste Restante*, Vienna. She was travelling about, but the letter would be sure to reach her sooner or later. The only other letter I had was to apprise me that she was coming to remove the child, and might be expected in three days after the receipt of her letter."

"And all the other communications from her were merely remittances in blank envelopes?"

"Exactly so."

Graham, finding he could learn no more, took his departure. On his way home, meditating the new idea that his adventure that day suggested, he resolved to proceed at once, accompanied by M. Renard, to Munich, and there learn what particulars could be yet ascertained respecting those certificates of the death of Louise Duval, to which (sharing Richard King's very natural belief that they had been skillfully forged) he had hitherto attached no importance.

CHAPTER VII.

No satisfactory result attended the inquiries made at Munich save in-

deed this certainty—the certificates attesting the decease of some person

calling herself Louise Duval had not been forged. They were indubitably genuine. A lady bearing that name had arrived at one of the principal hotels late in the evening, and had there taken handsome rooms. She was attended by no servant, but accompanied by a gentleman, who, however, left the hotel as soon as he had seen her lodged to her satisfaction. The books of the hotel still retained the entry of her name—Madame Duval, *Française, rentière*. On comparing the handwriting of this entry with the letter from Richard King's first wife, Graham found it differ; but then it was not certain, though probable, that the entry had been written by the alleged Madame Duval herself. She was visited the next day by the same gentleman who had accompanied her on arriving. He dined and spent the evening with her. But no one at the hotel could remember what was the gentleman's name, nor even if he were announced by any name. He never called again. Two days afterwards, Madame Duval was taken ill; a doctor was sent for, and attended her till her death. This doctor was easily found. He remembered the case perfectly—congestion of the lungs, apparently caused by cold caught on her journey. Fatal symptoms rapidly manifested themselves, and she died on the third day from the seizure. She was a young and handsome woman. He had asked her during her short illness if he should not write to her friends—if there were no one she would wish to be sent for. She replied that there was only one friend, to whom she had already written, and who would arrive in a day or two. And on inquiring, it appeared that she had written such a letter, and taken it herself to the post on the morning of the day she was taken ill.

She had in her purse not a large

sum, but money enough to cover all her expenses, including those of her funeral, which, according to the law in force at the place, followed very quickly on her decease. The arrival of the friend to whom she had written being expected, her effects were, in the meanwhile, sealed up. The day after her death a letter arrived for her, which was opened. It was evidently written by a man, and apparently by a lover. It expressed an impassioned regret that the writer was unavoidably prevented returning to Munich so soon as he had hoped, but trusted to see his dear *bouton de rose* in the course of the following week; it was only signed Achilles, and gave no address. Two or three days after, a lady, also young and handsome, arrived at the hotel, and inquired for Madame Duval. She was greatly shocked at hearing of her decease. When sufficiently recovered to bear being questioned as to Madame Duval's relations and position, she appeared confused; said, after much pressing, that she was no relation to the deceased; that she believed Madame Duval had no relations with whom she was on friendly terms, at least she had never heard her speak of any; and that her own acquaintance with the deceased, though cordial, was very recent. She could or would not give any clue to the writer of the letter signed Achilles, and she herself quitted Munich that evening, leaving the impression that Madame Duval had been one of those ladies who, in adopting a course of life at variance with conventional regulations, are repudiated by their relations, and probably drop even their rightful names.

Achille never appeared; but a few days after, a lawyer at Munich received a letter from another at Vienna requesting, in compliance with a client's instructions, the formal certificates of Louise Duval's

death. These were sent as directed, and nothing more about the ill-fated woman was heard of. After the expiration of the time required by law, the seals were removed from the effects, which consisted of two *malles* and a dressing-case. But they only contained the articles appertaining to a lady's wardrobe or toilet. No letters—not even another note from Achille—no clue, in short, to the family or antecedents of the deceased. What then had become of these effects, no one at the hotel could give a clear or satisfactory account. It was said by the mistress of the hotel, rather sullenly, that they had, she supposed, been sold by her predecessor, and by order of the authorities, for the benefit of the poor.

If the lady who had represented herself as Louise Duval's acquaintance had given her own name, which doubtless she did, no one recollected it. It was not entered in the books of the hotel, for she had not lodged there; nor did it appear that she had allowed time for formal examination by the civil authorities. In fact, it was clear that poor Louise

Duval had been considered as an adventuress by the hotel-keeper and the medical attendant at Munich; and her death had excited so little interest, that it was strange that even so many particulars respecting it could be gleaned.

After a prolonged but fruitless stay at Munich, Graham and M. Renard repaired to Vienna; there, at least, Madame Marigny had given an address, and there she might be heard of.

At Vienna, however, no research availed to discover a trace of any such person, and in despair Graham returned to England in the January of 1870, and left the further prosecution of his inquiries to M. Renard, who, though obliged to transfer himself to Paris for a time, promised that he would leave no stone unturned for the discovery of Madame Marigny; and Graham trusted to that assurance when M. Renard, rejecting half of the large gratuity offered him, added, "*Je suis Français*; this with me has ceased to be an affair of money; it has become an affair that involves my *amour propre*."

CHAPTER VIII.

If Graham Vane had been before caressed and courted for himself, he was more than ever appreciated by polite society, now that he added the positive repute of wealth to that of a promising intellect. Fine ladies said that Graham Vane was a match for any girl. Eminent politicians listened to him with a more attentive respect, and invited him to selecter dinner-parties. His cousin the Duke urged him to announce his candidature for the county, and purchase back, at least, the old *Stamm-schloss*. But Graham obstinately refused to entertain either proposal, continued to live

as economically as before in his old apartments, and bore with an astonishing meekness of resignation the unsolicited load of fashion heaped upon his shoulders. At heart he was restless and unhappy. The mission bequeathed to him by Richard King haunted his thoughts like a spectre not to be exorcised. Was his whole life to be passed in the weary sustainment of an imposture which in itself was gall and wormwood to a nature constitutionally frank and open? Was he for ever to appear a rich man and live as a poor one? Was he till his deathbed to be deemed a sordid miser

whenever he refused a just claim on his supposed wealth, and to feel his ambition excluded from the objects it earnestly coveted, and which he was forced to appear too much of an Epicurean philosopher to prize?

More torturing than all else to the man's innermost heart was the consciousness that he had not conquered, could not conquer, the yearning love with which Isaura had inspired him, and yet that against such love all his reasonings, all his prejudices, more stubbornly than ever were combined. In the French newspapers which he had glanced over while engaged in his researches in Germany—nay, in German critical journals themselves—he had seen so many notices of the young author—highly eulogistic, it is true, but which to his peculiar notions were more offensive than if they had been sufficiently condemnatory of her work to discourage her from its repetition,—notices which seemed to him the supreme impertinences which no man likes exhibited towards the woman to whom he would render the chivalrous homage of respect. Evidently this girl had become as much public property as if she had gone on the stage. Minute details of her personal appearance—of the dimples on her cheek—of the whiteness of her arms—of her peculiar way of dressing her hair—anecdotes of her from childhood (of course invented, but how could Graham know that?)—of the reasons why she had adopted the profession of author instead of that of the singer—of the sensation she had created in certain *salons* (to

Graham, who knew Paris so well, *salons* in which he would not have liked his wife to appear)—of the compliments paid to her by *grands seigneurs* noted for their *liaisons* with ballet-dancers, or by authors whose genius soared far beyond the *flammanitia mœnia* of a world confined by respect for one's neighbours' land-marks,—all this, which belongs to ground of personal gossip untouched by English critics of female writers—ground especially favoured by Continental, and, I am grieved to say, by American journalists,—all this was to the sensitive Englishman much what the minute inventory of Egeria's charms would have been to Numa Pompilius. The Nymph, hallowed to him by secret devotion, was vulgarised by the noisy hands of the mob, and by the popular voices, which said, "We know more about Egeria than you do." And when he returned to England, and met with old friends familiar to Parisian life, who said, "Of course you have read the Cicogna's *roman*. What do you think of it? Very fine writing, I daresay, but above me. I go in for 'Les Mystères de Paris' or 'Monte Christo.' But I even find Georges Sand a bore,"—then as a critic Graham Vane fired up, extolled the *roman* he would have given his ears for Isaura never to have written; but retired from the contest muttering only, "How can I—I, Graham Vane—how can I be such an idiot—how can I in every hour of the twenty-four sigh to myself, 'What are other women to me?—Isaura, Isaura!'"

TWO ACTS OF SELF-DEVOTION.

THERE is little need to explain at any length why death-scenes, so sad to witness, are so interesting to read of. The fact is at any rate well known, and has been abundantly traded on by second-rate poets and novelists. Their favourite plan of introducing us to an innocent young victim whose chief use (if rather tedious in life) is to beguile us of our tears on a sentimental death-bed, has been often justly censured. This device, too, defeats its own end; for a thing which has scarcely *lived* cannot with any propriety of language be said to die. But when we are reading the description of a statesman's demeanour on the scaffold, or of a warrior breathing his last on a hardly-conquered field, the added interest with which we view the close of that career which we have been surveying throughout its progress, is perfectly legitimate. Nor can historian or biographer engrave their words at any time more deeply on our memories than when they are placing before us a man who is about (as Plutarch says*) to flee from that altar of Life which has ceased to afford him protection, in order to seek shelter at the more awful inner shrine of Death. This interest we do right to extend to similar passages in great works of fiction, whether prose or verse, because they are as true to the facts of nature as history and biography, —often far truer. Thus most men could sooner forget the stirring fights of the *Iliad* than the death of Hector, the gardens of Armida than the baptism of the dying Clorinda. For a death-scene, not sentimentally tricked out with

affected prettinesses, but truthfully and powerfully painted, stirs in us that sense of the sublime which belongs to the terrible when not near enough to alarm; it awakens reverential pity in our breasts; above all, it makes its appeal to one of man's strongest desires, his insatiable curiosity about the unknown. As we read we pursue with our eyes a traveller along that road where every footprint points forward; we know that he cannot turn back to tell us what the journey feels like, and yet we are assured that where we see him now standing we shall one day stand ourselves: no wonder, then, that we watch his every movement. That last march admits, properly speaking, of no rehearsals; if ill executed, it cannot be recommenced with a view to its better performance; and so we like to rehearse it in imagination, and feel a strange excitement in studying our part beforehand.

No writer of fiction gratifies this desire with sounder judgment than Shakespeare. Grave, manly, yet full of human pity, his death-scenes arouse no maudlin sensibility; they instruct while they affect us. In them we study the emotions called forth by death's approach in very various characters—the dull and commonplace man and the genius—the unusually guilty and the singularly good. We mark how, as the great teacher draws near him, the rude and thoughtless Hotspur becomes suddenly enlightened; how Hamlet's overweighted mind is cleared of its perplexities by his touch. Who can read many of Shakespeare's finest

* Life of Demosthenes.

passages without being reminded of his own words—

"The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest
last—
Writ in remembrance, more than things
long past"?

And yet there is one omission in Shakespeare's death-scenes which, when we come to think of it, strikes us as hard to account for. None of his plays represents to us the noblest death of all—the free-will offering of a life on the altar of faith, home, or country. His plays abound with fair types of maiden modesty and grace; but he neither emulates Euripides by making one of his young girls stand forth, timid yet resolute, to die for her fatherland, nor yet does he lead the way in which Calderon and Massinger were to follow, by picturing a virgin's readiness to die for her God. Shakespeare's wives are models, many of them, of submissive and loving devotion to their husbands; but there is among them no Alcestis who ransoms her lord's life with her own. Lady Macbeth by her fierce and unscrupulous courage, Hamlet by the task of vengeance imposed upon him, recall to us the Clytemnestra and the Orestes of Æschylus; but Prometheus, the willing sufferer for the benefit of mankind, finds no counterpart in the Shakespearian drama. Lear and Cordelia remind us of the blind king at Colonos and his dutiful daughter, but there the resemblance stops; the Antigone of Sophocles has no parallel among Shakespeare's tragedies. Nor has our great dramatist conceded to a man's brow the crown which he has refused to place upon a woman's. The forgotten Latin bards, whose ballads survive for us in Livy's exquisite prose, fired the young Roman's imagination by many a story of how his ancestors had de-

voted themselves to death for their country. But the tale of early Rome which Shakespeare dramatises is a history of selfishness rather than of self-sacrifice; he depicts to us Coriolanus marching against his country, not Regulus calmly going to certain death at Carthage for its sake.

It is impossible to assign with any certainty the reason why the greatest of dramatists thus turns away from what would seem the noblest of tragic subjects. Shall we say that it was a mere accident; that conspicuous acts of self-sacrifice were infrequent in those popular histories and tales of Shakespeare's day which were selected by circumstances rather than by his own deliberate choice as the groundwork of his plays? so judging, shall we deem that had the poet in his retirement at Stratford seen the years of the two great Greek tragedians, his lengthened leisure might (among other precious fruits) have rivalled or outdone their two masterpieces? Or shall we look deeper for a reason, and say instead, that self-devotion in its noblest form had been exemplified in England too recently when Shakespeare wrote, for him to find pleasure in depicting its lower manifestations; while those fires which his father may have seen blazing in Smithfield, had consumed sacrifices too holy to be represented on the English stage? and that thus it was that innate reverence of the poet for sacred things which his readers must thankfully acknowledge, which fenced round from him the most awful grove of all the Muses' haunts, and bade him beware how he trespassed there, as profaner feet have since? Besides, is it not possible that even Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature failed him when he tried to picture to himself the unfolding of the

aloe-blossoms of the world's garden, the feelings of nobly exceptional men and women in hours which were exceptional even in their own good lives? Not content with such a comparatively external delineation as would have satisfied the Greek stage, may not Shakespeare, with the modesty of true genius, have owned to himself that he did not yet possess the materials requisite for the fuller portraiture? Let us hope that to the greatest uninspired student of human nature such rare instances of its excellence did not seem incredible. Let us feel assured that he did not deliberately reject them as subjects for his art, because he thought them uninteresting compared with creatures

"Not too bright or good

For human nature's daily food ;"

since, had Shakespeare undertaken the task, he would have performed it with such due regard to the mingling of weakness with man's strength as to retain our fellow-feeling for a being still, however exalted, "of like passions with ourselves." But be the cause what it may, the fact is certain, that none of Shakespeare's plays turns on a death voluntarily endured for some great object; the English tragedies on such subjects are by inferior hands to his.

Not such has been the fate of themes of self-sacrifice in the two other great national European dramas, the Greek and the Spanish. In them they have engaged the attention of the greatest poets. As we have already said, of the few surviving tragedies of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, in each case one represents an act of self-devotion. In the more numerous remains of *Euripides*, such subjects are only too common; they are made cheap by frequent repetition.

Like the Greek, the Spanish stage

was founded on its country's religion. Each alike does not shrink from presenting to its spectators the most sacred personages of its creed. What Shakespeare generally is content with implying, the Spanish, like the Hellenic dramatists, openly express; the deepest truths known to them, the beliefs most cherished by their audience. That lively faith in the unseen, in which alone genuine self-sacrifice can have its root, is strong in *Calderon* as in *Sophocles*. The truths on which each based his tragedy were universally accepted by the spectators, and the assurance of their unfaltering sympathy supported the poet in his task. We can therefore place '*The Steadfast Prince*' of *Calderon* by the side of the '*Antigone*' of *Sophocles*, as the product of the same spirit in the romantic, as his in the classic, drama. Nor shall we do amiss, when seeking to imagine how Shakespeare would have treated a similar subject, if we take our idea of the plot from *Calderon*, and of the characters from *Sophocles*, prophetic as he often is of Shakespeare in his turns of thought. We must remember, however, that neither the Greek nor the Spaniard can give us any notion of that wit and humour which are the unique heritage of the English dramatist; playing, as they do in '*Lear*' or '*Hamlet*,' like summer lightning before the advancing storm, only to enhance by contrast its awful and gloomy grandeur.

The '*Antigone*' is last, in order of time, of the three plays founded by *Sophocles* on the misfortunes of *Œdipus* and his house. Excelled by the first (the most complete of all tales of woe) in tragic horror, it is yet the most pathetic of the three in this, that it represents the sufferings of a perfectly innocent victim. *Œdipus* is the cause of his own miseries, by the rash blow which he

aims at the unknown Laius. His daughter's sorrows are the result of her own right-doing. The 'Antigone' does not, like the 'King Œdipus,' astonish the mind by an amazing reverse from the greatest outward prosperity to the most hopeless misery; it begins, as it ends, in woe. Its predecessors run through a longer scale of emotions, the first descending, the second in ascent; and therefore impress the mind more strongly. But to the original audience the 'Antigone' would appear as the sequel to all that had gone before, as the concluding acts of that great Theban tragedy with which Æschylus and Sophocles had previously made their stage resound. And to judge it rightly now, we must recall those former plays to our remembrance; the anguished despair of Œdipus on discovering the two crimes which he has unwittingly committed, the curse on his two sons, the gallant advance and downfall of the 'Seven against Thebes,' and the wail of the two sisters when Eteocles and Polynices have fallen by each other's hands—when "the Chorus echo the beat of the oars in that ship which is moving with the fallen chieftains' souls"* over the waves of Acheron to the unseen land.† That funeral procession was disturbed by the entrance of the herald forbidding the burial of Polynices, as an enemy to his

country. And the 'Antigone' opens (as the 'Seven against Thebes' closes) with the resolution of the heroine to resist that decree to the utmost. It proceeds from the new ruler of Thebes, Creon‡, brother to the wretched Iocaste, whose own life (prolonged by Euripides in his 'Phœnissæ' to the time of her sons' death) Sophocles has followed Homer by terminating as soon as she has discovered the fatal secret of her second marriage. The great question on which the play turns is the righteousness of such a decree; whether it can ever be just to punish the dead, or whether all vengeance directed against those who now stand before a higher tribunal than man's is not an impious thing. This question being decided against Creon, by the common feeling of the tragedian and his audience, the second question is raised: how far active resistance to an unrighteous law is to be justified. An extreme case is purposely set forth; that of a subject withstanding the ruler of the state, of a woman disobeying the man who has over her the authority of a father. And so the true justification of such disobedience is placed in the clearer light, as reverence to the higher law, through fear of transgressing which alone the lower is broken. Thus the irony of Sophocles (to use Bishop Thirlwall's phrase) is as conspicuous in the 'Antigone'

* Copleston's 'Æschylus' ('Ancient Classics for English Readers').

† "Stirred by wind of wailing cries,
Beat your heads in strokes that fall
Tuned to oars sad, musical,
Which o'er Acheron ceaseless rise
From that ship black-sailed and mourning;
(Ship Apollo may not tread,
By no sunbeam visited;
Ship which opens her hold to all)
To the unseen shore returning."

—Seven against Thebes, line 529, &c.

‡ This stern tyrant of the Greek stage appears in a more amiable, though supremely ludicrous light, in a juvenile production of Racine's, 'Les Frères Ennemis,' where, transported with love for his niece, he readily reconciles himself to his son's death, with the exclamation, "J'étais père et sujet, je suis amant et roi."

as in his other dramas. That strong sense of the startling contrasts frequent in human life between the apparent and the real, which in the 'Philoctetes' delights to show us in a weak and suffering man the arm on which the fall of Troy, in truth, depends, sets before us here, in the king (the seeming asserter of the majesty of the law), a tyrant whose edicts violate that true Law which is the foundation of all the rest; in the maiden, who defies his authority and suffers for her crime, the real reverencer of that higher Law for the sake of keeping which she dies a martyr.

Sophocles does not depict his heroine as perplexed by any conflicting thoughts of the duties of citizenship and kindred. He ascribes to her that "honest heart which is the best casuist;" that intuitive sense of right, which may find it hard (as Antigone does afterwards) to justify its own convictions to others, but which never falters in them itself. Never afterwards, not even when the gods seem to have declared against her, does Antigone wish her deed undone. The moral government of the universe, the after-consequences of right-doing, may seem to her for a moment painfully uncertain; but she never allows herself to think that she *could* have acted differently. With this strong and noble maiden is contrasted a gentle, weaker sister, Ismene, who clings to her with a passionate attachment, which after a time lifts up her own feebleness to a momentary heroism, but who is incapable of sharing Antigone's lofty purpose. She thus provokes her sister's greater but sorely-tried spirit, to treat her with scarcely warrantable harshness in the two critical moments in which alone we see them together; that such harshness was the exception, not the rule, of their intercourse, we have the ful-

lest assurance afterwards, when we see Ismene, timid as she is, prefer death with her sister to life without her.

But in the first scene of the play the altercation waxes hot:—

Ismene. Mean'st thou to bury him against the law?

Antigone. My brother and thine also! Yea, even if

Thou aid not; ne'er will I be found a traitor.

Then Ismene raises her voice in behalf of prudence and caution. Women cannot be expected to fight against men; the calamities of their house may well warn its two last survivors against rashness: "May my dead kindred forgive me," is her conclusion, "since I neglect them not by free-will, but by constraint; but I shall obey the law: to act otherwise would show no good sense."

Ant. I would not bid thee do it; if thine aid

Were freely offered now, I would not have it.

Go where thou wilt, I go that man to bury.

If for such deed I die, I die with honour, To lie, beloved, beside my brother loved, Righteous in my transgression; since 'twill profit

Longer to please the dead than please the living;

For with them I shall ever rest; but thou

Despise (if such thy choice) what gods reverse.

Ismene confesses herself too weak to share in the exploit, which she at once blames and admires her sister for performing; and Antigone departs alone. When she is gone, the Chorus of citizens occupy the vacant stage. They sing of the recent deliverance of Thebes; of the peril brought on his hapless country by Polynices, the chieftain whose body now lies unburied outside their gates; the eagle about to swoop upon them, and rend them with his tal-

ons, but disappointed of his prey by the patron deity of their city : how

Seven chieftains fierce against the seven
gates fighting
Found each his match, and lost their
brazen arms,
Zeus at his will their manly hearts
affrighting.
But the two, brothers in their hate severe,
Raised weapons, fraught for each with
deadly harms,
And (common lot of death on both
alighting)
Fell each by brother's spear.

Presently Creon enters, to explain and glory in his law against the burial of Polynices before the assembled citizens. They assure him, with trembling lips, that no one will dare to break it; and while they are doing so, the frightened guardian of the corpse appears with the news that it has been transgressed. He details the tokens which prove that there has been a performance of sepulchral rites, hasty indeed, and imperfect, but sufficient, according to Greek ideas, to avert those penalties which await the unburied in the under-world. Creon is very angry, and dismisses the watchman with the command to discover the transgressor or to suffer in his room. The interval caused by his absence is filled up, as usual, by a Choric Ode. But the suspense of the audience is not of long duration. It is soon terminated by the watchman's reappearance with the captive Antigone, whom he had seized while visiting her brother's body for the second time. He gives the king a circumstantial account of the maiden's horror on seeing it cruelly despoiled of the earth which her pitying hand had cast upon it; of her "shrill and bitter cry, like a bird that has found her nest emptied of its young;" of her attempt to renew her offerings, and of her capture, undismayed and owning the whole charge. Then

the tyrant and the maiden confront one another : the asserter of arbitrary power, and the maintainer of the justice of heaven.

Cr. Thou, thou who standest with eyes bent on earth,
Dost thou confess these deeds, or else deny ?

Ant. I own I did them and deny them not.

Cr. (to the Watchman.)

Thou then betake thee where thou listest, free,

By this acquittal, of a heavy charge.

(To Antigone.)

But thou, say briefly, not in long harangue,

Knew'st thou this act had been proclaimed unlawful ?

Ant. I did; how could I else ? The law was public.

Cr. And yet hadst boldness to transgress the law ?

Ant. Yea, for it was not Zeus who published it ;

Nor Justice, dweller with the gods beneath,—

They never made such laws for men to keep.

Nor could I see strength in thy proclamations,

Being mortal, such as to o'erstep the unwritten

And never-to-be-shaken laws of gods.

For these began not now nor yesterday,
But ever live, none having seen their birth.

For breaking these, through fear of any man,

I will not be condemned before the gods.

Full well I know that I must die (who does not ?)

E'en hadst thou held thy peace ; but if for this

I die before my time I count it gain.

For who, as I, can live in many griefs

And not by death be gainer ? Thus to me
To meet such fate shall not cause any pain.

But had I left my mother's son, when dead,

To lie a corpse unburied, then my heart
Had pained me, as it does not pain me now.

If still thou count my deed for foolishness
Haply a fool of folly finds me guilty.

The Chorus are terrified, Creon is irritated by this display of courage. He threatens instant death to Antigone and to her sister, her presumed

accomplice. The same want of self-control which leaves him at the close of the play to sink beneath the burden of adversity, makes him now powerless in prosperity to bear opposition to his will. Furious at the thought of a woman's having dared to disobey him, he is even yet more enraged at her for afterwards glorying in the deed. To deprive her of that boast, he condescends for a moment to employ argument. He charges her with impiety towards her other brother, Eteocles, by paying honours to his slayer's corpse. Her answers are fine and pathetic.

Ant. It was no slave who perished,
'twas a brother.

Cr. Wasting this land—for which the other fought.

Ant. Still death demands that both have equal rites.

Cr. Not that the bad be equalled with the good.

Ant. Who knows if good be *there* the same as here?

Cr. Not even death can make our foe our friend.

Ant. Sharer of love, not hatred, was I born.

Cr. If thou must love our foe, go seek him out
Beneath the earth, and love him in his grave.

Ismene's entrance follows this brutal rejoinder. She stands as a mourner, bathed in tears, to plead for her sister's life; or, if that may not be, for leave to share her death. Her temporary courage, which is born of affection only, throws into stronger relief the higher and more enduring courage of Antigone, sprung, as it is, not more from affection than from duty. No wonder that in the heroine's sight it is almost contemptible; that she can scarcely believe in the sincerity of this late offer to share in the glory and the danger of the deed which Ismene left itself unperformed; and that a proud satisfaction in knowing that Polynices' burial by one sister

only, and that herself, will be the theme of future song, mingles with Antigone's softer gladness at the thought that, though *she* must die, yet her gentle young sister may live. But to us the timid, shrinking Ismene is an interesting figure; we are glad that her generous offer to share the responsibility of the deed from which she dissuaded her sister is rejected,—partly, indeed, because we fear that her brief courage might have failed her after all—but partly, also, because we could not bear to see such a fair young thing subjected to the terrible ordeal through which all Antigone's fortitude has much ado to bear her. It is thus that Ismene's entreaty for an after-share in her sister's glorious crime is rejected.

Ant. Seek not to die with me, nor
make thine own
The work thou didst not touch: my
death suffices.

Is. What life can ever please me 'reft of thee?

Ant. Ask Creon, to whose son thou art betrothed.

Is. Woe is me! Am I not to share thy fate?

Ant. Yea; for thy choice was life, but mine was death.

Is. But not without a warning word from me.

Ant. Thy words to thee seemed right, mine wise to me.

Is. Our error was alike.

Ant. Be of good cheer,
For life is thine; but I died long ago,
If so I might do service to the dead.

It is here that Creon interrupts the dialogue by sternly chiding Ismene for her madness in trying to cast in her lot with her sister; of whom he bids her speak as no longer living, but already dead. Ismene tries, as a last resource, the name of Hæmon, Creon's own son, and, in happier days, the betrothed of Antigone. "Hades shall stop that marriage," is the king's reply, as he commands his prisoners to be

removed. But, after the Chorus have raised a strain of lamentation over the miseries of the house of *Edipus*, over the scythe now uplifted to mow down its last hope, and over man's general infelicity, *Hæmon* himself enters; and the audience turn eagerly to watch the success of the latest effort for *Antigone's* deliverance.

The youth fears to provoke his father by freely showing the affection which he feels. He tries at first to disclaim personal interest in the matter, and to represent calmly that *Antigone's* execution would be a false step, shocking the citizens who have admired her action. But after each harsh reply of the father, the son becomes less able to restrain his feelings. Then *Creon's* wrath blazes out, and he threatens to slay the maiden before *Hæmon's* eyes. The youth swears that he will not survive her, and rushes forth, warning his father that he will see him again no more. *Creon* is too angry to give serious heed to these threats, and provoked by them to greater fury, pronounces his hasty sentence. *Antigone* is to be led outside the city, and buried alive in a rocky cell; a little food beside her to make her death gradual enough to avert pollution from the state. "There let her call," the king savagely says, "on *Hades*, the only god she honours. Perchance he may deliver her; if not, she will be convinced of the vanity of her worship."

The Chorus begin to sing the overmastering power of love, in compassion for the hapless youth who is about to fall a victim to it. Ere their song is done, the guards appear, leading *Antigone* to die. Then, in a grand lyric outburst of passionate sorrow, the ill-fated maiden utters her last farewells to life; the Chorus responding in feebler notes,

expressive of their admiration (mixed with some disapproval) of her noble rashness, and of their pity. *Antigone* goes forth, the innocent victim of her parents' crime, and bewails, as she goes, like *Jephthah's* daughter, the lost delight of youth, "the promise of her bridal bower." But it is the marriage to which she had looked in the abstract as the needful completion of her young life, not any special husband that she regrets. No word escapes her lips which tells us whether she in any degree returns that mighty passion, the full effects of which we have yet to see in her lover. Rather it would seem that in *Antigone's* mind, as in *Hamlet's*, the thoughts of love which may have delighted it in peaceful times, have been driven backward, far out of sight, by the onward rush of an overpowering calamity, and obliterated by solemn communion with the dead.

Ant. Look on me, dwellers in my native land,
Treading the last dread way,
Gazing my last on the sun's light,
No more to see the day.
For me, still living, down to *Acheron's* strand

(Closer of all eyes in night),
Hades leads along,
Before the day when I should wed,¹
Unheard as yet my nuptial song,—
Another bridegroom, Death, waits for the bride instead.

Cho. Glorious and well praised of man
Thou departest to the tomb,
Not by sickness wasted wan,
Not by sword-stroke smitten, still
Full of life, thou only of free-will
Goest down to *Hades' gloom*.

Ant. Mournful the story which I heard of old

How *Phrygian Niobe*
Perished beside Mount *Sipylos*:
Perpetual captive she,
To rocky clasp more tight than ivy's hold.
Men report she ever thus
Wastes away in rain
And ceaseless snow, which eyes despairing
Drop down her neck. Such bed of pain

As hers, a god's stern hand is now for me preparing.

Cho. Yet she was sprung of gods, herself divine :

We are but men of mortal line.

A lot with children of the gods allowed,
Might make a mortal maiden proud.

Ant. They mock me. By our father's gods, ah ! why

Insult ye me,

Not dead yet living, by your mocking cry !

Oh, city ! fellow-countrymen

Whose houses many treasures hide !

Waters from Dirce's fount that gently glide !

Thou woodland haunted glen

Of Thebe, the fair-charioted !

I call you all my witnesses to be,

How, without tear from friend,

Enforced I to my tomb descend,

My new-piled prison dread.

Ah me unhappy ! denizen

Of neither world—the living nor the dead !

Cho. Boldly thou didst force thy way,

Up to Justice' threshold high ;

Stumbling there, child, hopelessly,

Like thy sire a debt to pay.

Ant. Ah ! thou hast touched upon my sorest woe,

The thrice-renowned

Doom of my fathers ; doom which all must know

Who spring from Labdacus the Great.

Woe for the furies of our house !

Most wretched mother of thy son the spouse

Appointed by stern fate !

Ah ! of what parents unto sorrow born

I now depart from hence, by curses bound,

Deprived of marriage rite,

To dwell with them remote from light !

Well, brother, may I mourn

That thou in evil hour didst mate :

Me living thy dead hand from life has torn.

Cho. The dead revering thou didst well revere ;

But might to monarch's hand assigned,

Let none defying cast off fear.

Thou diest for thy wilful mind.

Ant. Unwept, unfriended, and unwept,

Along the fated way,

I, hapless maid, am led,

The holy eye of yon bright torch of day,

Never, ah, never more to see !

Over my evil lot no tears are shed,

There wails no friend for me.

No version of this celebrated passage can place it adequately before the English reader. We merely offer our own as one more contribution added to the many efforts which have been made already to reproduce some portion of its unrivalled pathos for those who cannot read it in the original. Only those who can do so can fully enter into Antigone's touching lamentation over her early-blighted youth, and over its cause—the curse which, resting on her ill-fated house, forbids any child of Oedipus and Iocaste to die otherwise than by a strange and fearful death. To one of such a race there can be no safe refuge but the grave. And yet, mingled with the shame and the anguish of such thoughts, comes a mysterious sense of a greatness in unparalleled misery, which bids the maiden seek out a likeness for herself amid the suffering children of the gods. The Chorus, representing, as usual, the average commonplace sentiments of the many, add to her pain by failing to enter into her lofty thoughts, and wound her by their want of sympathy. Their censure of her daring deed suggests the terrible thought to her that it may have been uncalled for after all. At the moment when she feels all the bitterness of her sacrifice, she especially needs to assure herself that she has not risked and lost her life without adequate cause. Hence, when Creon bids the lamentations to cease, and commands the guard to hasten to the place of execution, Antigone makes one last effort to place on record the motives of her conduct. A part of her reasoning, the cause assigned by her (as by the wife of Intaphernes in Herodotus) for a woman's preference*

* The speech of Althea in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," is an English version of these sentiments.

of her brother to her husband and children, sounds to us strange and far-fetched. But (to say nothing of the possibility that in the degradation of the idea of marriage through paganism, fraternal might seem a holier sentiment than conjugal affection) this argument, by its very sophistry, supplies at once an example of a woman's aptness to act rightly and to reason wrongly, and, again, of that bewilderment which sometimes besets even a clear mind when suddenly called, in a moment of agony, to justify its own instincts to others and to itself. There is something inexpressibly touching in the rest of the speech; the uncertainty which its close reveals as to the approbation of the gods exalts yet more the heroism of the speaker; while her appeal from the injustice of the living to the affectionate applause of the dead, gives an additional grandeur to her departing form, as with one last outcry against the wrong which she is enduring, she vanishes from our eyes.

Ant. O tomb! O bridal chamber! O abode!
Dug to hold fast for ever! Thee I enter
To join my kindred, of whom most already
Persephone has numbered with her dead.
Last of whom I, and with worst end by far,
Go down, not having filled my time allotted.
Yet go I with good hope to meet my father
Pleased with me; thee, my mother, too well pleased;
And thee, my brother, most of all content.
For you, in death, my parents, with this hand
I washed and decked for burial, and libations
Poured on your tombs; thy limbs but now composed
For burial, Polynices, death have earned me.
That I did well thus honouring thee the wise
Will own; for had I mother been of children,

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Neither for them, nor for my spouse in death,
Had I discharged this office 'gainst the state.
Ask ye what rule I follow speaking so?
A living husband may the dead succeed,
A child born to him take the lost one's place;
But, now my parents both in Hades sleep,
Who a fresh brother can bring forth for me!
Therefore I paid thee honour before all,
And thought it righteous to break Creon's law,
And to dare very greatly, O my brother!
For this cause seizing me, to death he leads
Thus spouseless, without nuptials, ere I know
A wife's delight, or mother's care for son.
So go I forth ill-fated, desolate,
Through living burial, those I love to meet,
Having transgressed what order of the gods!
Ah! why should I, unhappy, to the gods
Look any longer, or invoke their aid,
Since to me piety for sin is reckoned?
But if the gods approve such deeds, then when
They strike, I needs must own that I have erred.
If they blame Creon, still let him nought worse
Bear than he wrongfully inflicts on me.
Cho. Yet is her soul stirred by the same
Blasts as before.
Cr. Your tarrying longer here, with footstep lame,
Ye shall deplore.
Ant. Alas! that word is spoken to proclaim
My life is o'er.
Cho. We cannot say, be of good cheer.
His deed makes good his word severe.
Ant. Oh, city of my Theban fatherland!
Gods of my fathers' line!
They lead me forth to die, none stays their hand.
Ye, chiefs of Thebes divine,
Behold me, of your royal house the last,
What things I of what men endure,
Because with holy hand and pure
I hallowed things hold fast!

This last appeal, disregarded below, is heard on high. The heroine has disappeared from sight, and the Chorus are trying to soothe their own sorrow by fantastic parallels between

her sufferings and those of famous ladies of old (perhaps with some latent hope that she may yet be delivered as they were), when another form is seen advancing from the opposite side of the stage. It is that of the blind old Teiresias, the mighty soothsayer, who first warned (Edipus of his coming woe—the prophet at whose ever-true words even tyrants tremble. He has been warned by sure tokens of heaven's wrath to bid Creon cease from his unnatural warfare against the dead. And, after describing them, he closes his address to him by the significant words:—

These things, my son, consider; for to
err

Is common unto all men, and that man
Is neither void of counsel nor unhappy
Who, when he *has* sinned, straightway
remedies

The ill incurred, nor shows a stubborn
mind.

Creon derides the warning, and refuses the proffered advice. Then the insulted prophet bids him prepare to give a son's life in exchange for the unburied dead and the entombed living. And hinting at yet further calamities, he adds, "Soon shall wailings fill thine own house, and hostile armies surround this city." Having said this, he turns wrathfully from the misguided king, and retires to his own house in displeasure.

And now, to make the beholders' sorrow yet greater, a deliverance, which they feel assured will come too late, is procured for Antigone. Creon's soul is shaken by the fearful predictions of Teiresias; he yields to the persuasions of the Chorus, and departs to release his victim. But the passionate supplications which they pour forth after his departure to Bacchus, the Theban god, for aid in this sore

extremity, prove vain. A messenger approaches, and Eurydice, Hæmon's mother, comes forth to receive from his lips the tidings of her son's death. A classic Romeo, Hæmon has slain himself in the grave of Antigone, into the recesses of which he had penetrated a moment too late. For no sooner had its dreaded walls closed round the hapless maid, than, hopeless of rescue, she deemed it best to abridge her sufferings by strangling herself. To a Greek audience such an expedient would seem natural; a modern reader will always wish that Sophocles had brought about his catastrophe by some other means, and spared his pious heroine the noose which more appropriately terminates the miseries of Iocaste, or the crimes of the wretched Phædra. But when Hæmon directly afterwards forces his way into the tomb, only to find there the lifeless body of Antigone, his shrieks of despair strike his father's ear, as, bound on a similar errand, he is pausing to direct the long-delayed burial of Polynices. Hurrying forward at the sound, Creon finds his son maddened by his grief; who at first turns his sword against his father, but on second thoughts with surer aim sheathes it in his own breast. Then casting his arm round the dead maiden, the hapless Hæmon breathes his last breath forth on the cheek which he was not suffered to kiss in life, and (so the messenger concludes his doleful history)

There lies he dead, clasping the dead;
receives

His bride, poor wretched youth! in
Hades' house.*

The miserable Eurydice hears this sad tale in silence, and then departs, still without a word, to follow her son down to his doleful marriage-chamber. Her suicide accomplish-

* "Ciò che'l viver non ebbe, abbia la morte."—Tasso.

es the prophecy of Teiresias, by paying from Creon's own house a woman's life for the woman, a man's for the man, whom he had wronged. Creon's bitter cup is now full; and the play closes leaving him "a living corpse bereft of the life of life, joy," accusing himself as the murderer of his own son, and crying in the anguish of his soul for death.

The claims of poetic justice, as commonly understood, are thus satisfied, and Antigone is amply avenged. Nor has she died in vain, since in death she obtains for her brother those full burial-rites which she could not succeed in bestowing on him in life. To give any other reward to her lofty and pure devotion, the tragic Muse (waiting as yet amid darkness for the coming dawn) significantly owns herself incompetent. It is not in *her* power to explain or to justify Antigone's assurance that a welcome awaits her piety in the unseen world, compared with which earthly love is as nothing. She cannot produce the same proof of the gods' approval of the maiden's self-devotion, as she can of their disapprobation of Creon. The 'Antigone' of Sophocles suggests a question which it does not answer: it leaves the beholder with a chilling fear in his breast that, after all, the gods may not greatly regard man's struggles to hold fast the right; and yet not without a hope that "some better thing" has been provided for those who in comparison with righteous dealing have held earth's rewards cheap.

To descend to subordinate points. The death of Hæmon is the precursor of many a touching scene in romantic fiction, to which, rather than to classic, it seems to belong. Compared with the other extant remains of the Greek poets, it has a decidedly modern air. No other man in ancient poetry so much as offers to die

for a woman's sake, even for a woman who loves him. The peerless pre-eminence of Antigone is indicated, as by other means, so by the youth's despair, to whom (unlike the Theban Princess in the plays of Racine and of Alfieri) she speaks no word of love, but who, nevertheless, cannot endure to survive her. We are the more impressed by the way in which Sophocles here makes the whole interest of his play to centre in his heroine, dwarfing all its other personages by comparison with her grand character, because in his other surviving dramas women are seldom prominent—one of them, the 'Philoctetes,' containing no female part at all. Did we possess, for example, his lost Iphigenia and his Polyxena, his Antigone might have had rivals in our esteem more formidable than she now has in Deianeira or in the submissive Tecmessa. Yet it is hard to imagine what picture, even from the hand of Sophocles himself, could have matched the one we have been contemplating; a sufferer at once so innocent and so majestic; a woman so masculine in her courage and yet so feminine in the source of that courage, her reverence for the charities of kindred and the sanctities of home.

The 'Electra' of Sophocles challenges comparison in some points with his 'Antigone;' but the sterner features are there deepened, and have less to relieve them; the heroine's object (to revenge her father's murder on her own mother) is a fearful kind of reverence for the dead when placed beside Antigone's; most of all, the halo of the martyr's crown which encircles the Theban maiden's head, is lacking to that of the haughty and successful Electra.

Last of a fated house, each stands alone
Mourning a father's wrongs, yet proud
defies
A tyrant; each bewails with streaming eyes

A brother, to the dead untimely gone.
 But in the urn o'er which One makes her
 moan
 Life stirs; o'erjoyed she sees the dead arise
 To slay the slayers,—and her eager cries
 To vengeance spur him,—and the work
 is done.
 The Other all in vain bends o'er her dead,
 His cold grasp draws her down his tomb
 to share;
 One dies, one triumphs; but the dead
 are free,
 After the living stalk Avengers dread.
 Better still glooms than snake-wreathed
 torches' glare,
 More than Electra blessed, Antigone!

This reflection, which prompts every reader of the two plays to say, "Rather let me fail with Antigone, than succeed with Electra," testifies to the moral and spiritual beauty of the drama which we have been considering. One respect in which it exemplifies the "irony" of Sophocles, has already been referred to. With the mention of another we may conclude our somewhat imperfect sketch* of the most beautiful of Hellenic tragedies.† In Creon's case the irony of fate is seen by making a man strong outwardly who is weak within; by removing from one who has no power to place restraint on his own passions all external restraint from circumstances; till (to use Plato's language) the tyrant, inwardly tyrannised over

by the lawless inmates of his own breast, rushes to that hopeless ruin from before which his very prosperity has removed all the interposing barriers. In Antigone's case, the outward failure is as complete as in Creon's the success. Even her stealthy and scanty offering of earth is not suffered to remain on her brother's corpse; and she is herself removed to endure the punishment of the impious. She is the just sufferer of Plato's celebrated Dialogue. And yet, as he is pronounced happy by a sublime paradox which had to await its logical justification from revelation, so must she have been by the instincts of even a heathen audience. And thus the most startling and instructive of the Sophoclean contrasts is arrived at; that of misery without, enshrining goodness (which is virtually blessedness) within.

When we prepare to contrast a tragedy like the 'Antigone' with any romantic drama, we must not forget that although they belong to the same genus, yet they are specimens of widely different species. The choric song, the lyric utterances of minds strung too high for ordinary speech in the classic, are hushed in the romantic drama; and instead, we hear the hum of

* We need scarcely say that a fuller account of several of the scenes, and specimens of the best translations of the 'Antigone' will be found, along with many interesting observations on the play, in Mr Collins's excellent 'Sophocles,' one of the now universally known series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers."

† Since this was written we have had the pleasure of reading Professor Campbell's (in many respects) excellent version of "Three Plays of Sophocles." He will pardon us for saying that, in our judgment, he has succeeded better with the 'Electra' and the 'Trachiniae' than with the 'Antigone'—as might be expected, from the nature of his task. Of the two latter, we incline to prefer the last named; for though he has mostly well caught the pathos of the 'Electra,' the translator has not been always so fortunate as to escape commonplace—a. g., in such passages as the disguised messenger's introduction to Clytemnestra, or even in the finest scene. One cause of this is the introduction of rhymed couplets in the iambic dialogue, which are out of place in a classic drama, and would be better excluded in a future edition from the few scenes in which they occur in all these three plays. Deianira's most sad story is particularly well rendered by Mr Campbell; and he has been especially happy in the first and last chorus, lines 94 and 823—and (in most respects) with the difficult speeches of the dying Heracles.

more numerous and more natural voices. Each fair cold statue descends from its pedestal, like Hermione in the 'Winter's Tale,' and stands less stately, perhaps less graceful, than before, in warm and breathing life by our side. If we were to conceive of an Antigone as written by Shakespeare, we cannot imagine anything more grand than her speech on the majesty of law, or more beautiful than her pathetic lamentations, as proceeding even from him. But we should expect to be brought into more intimate acquaintance with the heroine under his guidance, instead of admiring her, as we now do, from a respectful distance; by a thousand little touches Shakespeare would have filled in the noble sketch till the portrait glowed life-like before us. The length of a play of Shakespeare's—nearly double that of one by Sophocles, and more than double when the dialogues are compared alone—gives added scope for this. But, alas! it is with no play of Shakespeare that we can propose to compare the 'Antigone.' We have instead to turn from this noble group of antique sculpture to the brilliant colours but often weak drawing of Calderon's long picture-gallery, and we take our stand before his 'Steadfast Prince;' attracted thither, as in that well-known Spanish picture, "Padilla's Execution," by the grave, earnest face, stooping in manly grief over the fallen comrades for whom he sorrows more than for himself. Calderon is, as our readers probably know, a very great dramatist; we need scarcely add that his is not the genius of a Shakespeare. After the simple severity of the Greek drama especially, the Spanish tragedian seems somewhat overflorid, his language rather hyperbolic than forcible; his metaphors strike us as too lavishly scattered,

his long harangues as requiring cutting down to more reasonable size. But these things belong to, and harmonise with, the semi-oriental genius of his nation; they are a part of the traditions of the Spanish, as the Chorus is of the Greek, stage. The speech of the dying hero, with its piles of similes and its interminable rush of verse, is conventional, like the solemn song of the dying heroine.

Some of Calderon's gifts as a dramatist are not displayed in his 'Steadfast Prince;' of others, and those his highest, it gives full proof. Certainly, its simple story affords little space for that singular dexterity with which, in some of his other plays, he weaves and unravels the most complicated entanglements. Its want, also, of a Christian heroine, which leaves the play destitute of any love-scenes, save those which belong to a very secondary underplot, deprives us of that dignified yet passionate love-making in which Calderon's romantic cavaliers generally distinguish themselves. But, on the other hand, we are gainers by the absence of most of those tedious attempts at wit, which in many of his other plays only make Calderon's deficient sense of humour the more conspicuous. The subject, too, of this tragedy, sufficiently remote both in time and place to allow the softening lights of poetry to play upon its personages, was still happily near enough in both to preserve its author from those astounding mistakes as to history and geography which often provoke a smile in his classic dramas; and of which the first instance which we remember, the march of Alexander the Great over the Peloponnesus, a *mountain* in *Asia*, may serve as a sample. More than that, it was a subject alike interesting to the author and to the audience. Sure of their sympathy,

Calderon could not fail to set forth, with all the splendour at his command, a Crusade against the Infidel ; prison and death braved and endured by a Christian prince in defence of the true faith. We here reach the source of the Spanish as of the Hellenic drama's strength—the tragedian's absolute certainty of a response when he touched certain chords. No Greek would doubt the sinfulness of leaving a brother's body unburied ; no Spaniard that of abandoning Christian churches to the unbeliever : each would applaud the heroism which dies rather than prove false to such sacred obligations. Thus Sophocles and Calderon could alike feel strong in the strength of the foundation of their drama—the religious sentiment of their own nation. And thus, amidst the greatest diversity of form, their plays have a similarity of spirit. Like the heroine of Sophocles, Calderon's hero suffers apparent defeat, and gains a real victory : like her he makes good with his life the sacred trust committed to him : for him, as for her, Heaven interposes in death, though human succour comes too late. But, happier far than she is, his calm serenity is perturbed by no doubts of his unseen Helper. The noblest heathens could but feel after an unknown God "like children crying for the light." Calderon's Portuguese hero "has the light, and fears no dark at all." He offers his life, with all a Christian's humility and a true knight's intrepid courage, as a willing sacrifice to his God and Saviour ; and no fears perplex him as to how that sacrifice may be accepted.

The story of this Christian Regulus will be understood from a brief abstract of Calderon's play, which we need only preface by saying that in all its main outline it is true : Don Fernando, of Portugal

(grandson, through his mother, to our own John of Gaunt), having been taken captive (as is here told) in an unfortunate African expedition, having refused liberty on the Moorish king's terms, and having died of the ill-treatment which he endured in consequence, though after more protracted sufferings than those which Calderon describes. In our extracts we shall exactly follow Calderon's structure of verse ; his usual rhymed metre being the singularly graceful one peculiar to Spanish plays, diversified by occasional sonnets and by passages in triple, in octave, and in a broken heroic verse.

We shall only change (at least in the most important speech) the assonants—which, as in many Spanish ballads, give an imperfect rhyme to the remaining portions of the play—for full rhymes ; being moved so to do by the consideration that in Spanish the vowels have an unchanging, in English a varying sound ; and that therefore while *a* and *e*, for example, will strike the ear in line after line of a Spanish ballad—the altering consonants with which they recur preserving us from too great monotony—the same vowel in English changes its sound too much (as, for instance, in "angel," "wander," "handed," "father,") to do more than appeal to the eye, while it leaves the ear unsatisfied.

'The Steadfast Prince,' begins by a scene at Fez, in the king's gardens ; where the song of the Christian captives strikes the first note of the sad strain which we are to hear so frequently during its course. They are singing to the mournful accompaniment of their clanking chains, for the gratification of Phoenix, the king's daughter. After their dismissal her father enters to prepare her for her intended marriage with the King of Morocco,

whose portrait he places in her unwilling hand ; her heart being secretly given already to Muley, the general of her father's army. That devoted lover, entering to make his report to the king on the proposed expedition against Ceuta, surprises the princess with the portrait in her hand. He stifles his jealousy till he has announced that the Portuguese have themselves taken the initiative, and instead of merely preparing to defend Ceuta, are about to attack Tangiers. Their leaders are the King of Portugal's brothers, Henry and Ferdinand, Grand Master of the Order of Avis. The King of Fez receives this news with defiant pride, and declares his purpose to keep Tangiers and storm Ceuta, in spite of any masters and princes in the world. He goes away ; and then Muley's jealousy overcomes his respect for his princess, and he asks her angrily whose the portrait is. Phoenix at first replies that though she has condescended to allow Muley to love, yet she has given him no permission to insult her. Presently, however, she enters on a further explanation, and then asks—

How then sinned I, if my father
Treats this marriage ?

Muley. How ! by breaking
Faith with me ; that portrait taking
And not saying, " Kill me rather."

Phoenix. Could I help it ?

Mu. Easily.

Ph. How ?

Mu. Inventions hast thou tried ?

Ph. Which ?

Mu. At least thou couldst have died :
I would gladly die for thee.

The scene changes. For a time we leave the Moorish palace for the Christian army, and witness the disembarkation of the Portuguese princes on the African coast. Prince Henry falls as he takes his first step on land, and other previous evil omens combine to dismay his mind. Ferdinand, whom these in truth con-

cern, bids him be of good courage. Like Hector, and like Hamlet, the young champion of the Cross defies auguries ; and alas ! as we shall see, with the same evil result, as far as temporal success goes. He says—

These common portents and these terrors
vain

Come to win credence from our Moorish
foes,

Not to dismay the knights of Christ's
own train :

We two are such ; not here in fight we
close

From vain desire of proud memorial

Which in the scroll of history brightly
shows

When human eyes upon the record fall ;

The faith of God we come to magnify :

His be the honour, His the glory all,

If we with good success shall live and die.

Fearing God's chastisements, we fear
aright ;

But them no vain fears wrap when forth
they dart ;

We come to serve, not trespass in His
sight,

Christians are ye, as Christians act your
part.

Disappointment swallows up these high hopes. All indeed goes well in the first encounter with the Moors : their general, Muley, is taken prisoner by Ferdinand, though set free with romantic generosity, when his captor beholds him weeping for his absent and perhaps faithless ladye. But the small Christian army is surprised after its advance to Tangiers, by the combined forces of the kings of Fez and Morocco : hopelessly outnumbered, it gives way in spite of prodigies of valour performed by its leaders—one of whom, Don Ferdinand, instead of dying for the faith as he had wished, is constrained to yield his sword to the King of Fez. That monarch has a parley with Prince Henry, in which he bids him go to Portugal and return with full powers to effect Ferdinand's release. Ceuta (so he bids him tell his royal brother) is the only ran-

som which will be accepted for the captive prince. "Tell him," says the prisoner significantly, "to see that he act in this calamity as a Christian king should." The full sense of these words appears later on. The tears by which they are accompanied, reveal in them to the discerning spectators Ferdinand's last farewell to freedom and to life.

In the second act, we are again at Fez, where the king treats his captive with great respect, and permits him the diversion of the chase. The Christian prisoners gather round him as their consolation and their hope, since they know of his intention to stipulate for their liberty along with his own. But dark forebodings oppress Ferdinand's mind as he awaits his brother's return; and studies, as he says, in the captives' sorrows how to bear those misfortunes which he may one day feel himself. At length the expected ship approaches: its sails are black, and Prince Henry lands, himself in mourning weeds, and announces his royal brother's death; hastened by grief for his army's defeat and for Ferdinand's capture. His last thoughts have been directed to his brother's release; and Henry bears a mandate for the surrender of Ceuta to the King of Fez, in exchange for his deliverance. But he has no sooner said so than Ferdinand interrupts his speech, and forbids him to execute his commission. "What!" he exclaims with indignation; "shall the king abandon to the Moors the city which he gained with his own blood? Is it an action fit for a Portuguese, a Catholic, a Christian, to let the Crescent eclipse in its churches the light of the true Sun? to suffer those temples which have been so solemnly consecrated to Christ to be turned once more into mosques? How can we answer for the souls of those Christian inhabi-

tants of the place, who, with their children, may be perverted from the truth? Why sacrifice so many to one? And to whom? To a prince? That name perished when I was taken captive. A slave (and such I now am) has no rights beyond other men. I am civilly dead: then why destroy the living for my sake? Let me tear the paper which authorises such a deed. Let not the world even know that a Portuguese king and nobles had ever such a purpose." With these words the prince destroys the warrant for the surrender of Ceuta, and bids his brother go home to report that he has left him buried in Africa. The captives have gained a fresh companion in sorrow; the King of Fez another slave. "Do you call yourself my slave, and yet refuse me obedience in the thing on which my heart is set?" rejoins the king; "then as a slave will I treat you. Do you despise death—nay, even desire it? then live a life than death more bitter." He gives the order,—and the prince is clothed in a slave's common dress, loaded with fetters, and set to work among the other (now hopeless) captives; while his brother is scornfully bidden to return to Portugal, and there tell the state in which he has seen him. Don Henry mournfully departs, intending to come back in arms for Ferdinand's deliverance. But meanwhile the noble captive's sufferings grow daily more intense. He bears them without a murmur, grieving chiefly for the sorrows which he has added to those of his companions in misfortune. One day as he labours in the king's gardens, the princess bids him gather her some flowers, which he presents to her as symbols of his own fast approaching fate, with these words, which form one of the sonnets occasionally

scattered by Calderon among his dramas :—

These which, at early dawn's first brightness waking,
Arose a gladness and an exultation,
Shall be at eve an empty lamentation,
In arms of chilly night their last sleep taking.
These tints, which vie with heaven in light outbreathing,
Rainbows of gold, and snow, and red carnation,
Shall teach us much in one day's brief duration
For short-lived man a warning picture making.
The roses sprang up early, fair to bloom ;
But, as they bloomed, old age came on apace ;
They, in one bud, their cradle found and tomb.
Even suchlike fortune waits the human race,
In one day to be born and die their doom ;
For ages passed and hours leave self-same trace.

There are still gleams of hope. Muley, grateful for Ferdinand's former kindness to him, wishes to plot his escape. But the generous prince refuses to expose him to his master's vengeance, and goes on suffering patiently.

When the third act begins (Calderon's plays only consist of three), that suffering is nearly at an end. Hunger, weariness, and ill-treatment have broken the strength, but not the spirit, of the Steadfast Prince. We hear how he lies, like Lazarus at the rich man's gates, before the king's palace, dying of a mortal disease ; still attended, in spite of the king's prohibition, by two faithful friends. Like Sophocles in his ' Philoctetes,' Calderon dwells more here on the physical details of his hero's sufferings, which render him an object at once of horror and compassion to the beholders, than modern taste approves of. There is, however, this important difference, that whereas Philoctetes shrieks forth

his own complaints, Ferdinand endures his anguish in silence. The lips of others report it to the king, in the vain hope of moving him to pity. He has just listened to the sad tale, and rejected his own daughter's entreaties for the noble prisoner's relief, when an ambassador is announced, who offers a rich ransom in gold, in place of the town which has been refused, for Ferdinand's liberty. " Ceuta, or nothing," is the king's answer ; and the ambassador, who is in truth the prisoner's nephew, Alphonso, the new King of Portugal, disguised as his own messenger, retires to hasten on the advance of his troops.

On the morning after his departure, the poor captives discharge their usual kind office of bearing Ferdinand forth into the sunshine from the wretched place where he has passed the night, before they hasten to their daily toil. Reduced to the last degree of weakness, he sees the end of his sufferings now near at hand, and his accents are those not merely of resignation, but of thankfulness at having been permitted to endure so much for the glory of God.

Ferd. Lay me in this place reclining
To enjoy, in fulness poured,
Light that heaven distributes shining.
Infinite and tender Lord,
Thanks I owe Thee unrepining !
When, as I, Job wretched lay,
Cursed he of his birth the day ;
But he meant to curse the sin
Whence his life did first begin.
I instead will bless each ray
Of the light which God bestows
For the grace that with it flows ;
Unto Him, each sunbeam sent
(Brightness of His firmament)
Shall a fiery tongue disclose
Praise and thanks from me to send.

Bruto. Is it well thus, lord, with thee !

Ferd. Better than I merit, friend !—
How Thy succour graciously
Thou, O Lord, to me dost lend !
From chill dungeon when they lift me,
Thou, to warm my frozen blood

With Thy glorious sun dost gift me ;
Bounteous art Thou, Lord, and good !

The captives leave him, much against their will, to perform their daily labour : his faithful friend, Juan, goes to look for food for him, now hardly to be obtained ; Muley, the only person who dared to provide it in spite of the king's edict to the contrary, having been despatched to prepare an escort for the princess on her way to her intended marriage. Soon after the king is seen approaching with his train to feast his eyes on his victim's anguish ; perhaps, too, with a lingering hope that it may at last have subdued his resolution. The contrast between the two reminds us of those which Sophocles loved to depict. The mighty king is powerless to shake his prisoner's steadfast will ; the weak grasp of the dying man is strong enough to resist his tyrant's utmost efforts to wrest the Christian city from his hold. Only over this picture of antique heroism play lights from the eternal world. Ferdinand is not merely a brave man, withstanding injustice to the end. He is this because he is also a servant of God, who, having been appointed to glorify his Master by suffering rather than by acting for Him, has learned to rejoice in the task. To him has come that sacred thirst for martyrdom which led Ignatius of old to pant for the fierce wild beasts of the arena ; he will ask for food because he knows that he has no right to abridge his own sufferings by a single moment ; he will implore the king to let him have the honour of actually shedding his last drops of blood for the faith ; and then, when both requests are denied him, thankfully stretch out his hand for the last bitter cup,—ready even to kiss the cruel hand which presents it to him, as the unintentional opener of the gate of heaven.

The KING, after contemplating FERDINAND in silence.

Faith retained in this sad state,
Wretched and unfortunate,
Grieves, insults me more than all.
Master ! Prince !

Brito.

The King doth call.
Ferd. Me ? thou sure dost err ; of late
Neither Prince nor Master, nay,
But the corpse of both am I,
Which in earth long buried lay ;
Prince and Master formerly,—
Neither is my name to-day.

The King. If not Prince nor Master,
here

Answer me as Ferdinand.

Ferd. At that summons I appear,
Drag my frame, too weak to stand,
Here to kiss thy foot.

The King.

My fear
Moves thee not ; thus, bending low,
Mean'st thou to submit, or brave
My commandment !

Ferd.

Thus I show
All the reverence which I owe
To my master as his slave.

At this point the structure of the verse changes ; the linked sweetness of its peculiar rhyme is replaced by the ordinary Spanish ballad measure, the groundwork of Calderon's plays, as the choric ode is of those of Sophocles. With a bold disregard of probability, near two hundred lines are assigned to the dying man's speech : its earnest petition for death is prefaced by reflections on its certainty, which to us sound commonplace, and by a repetition of one truth under different and boldly imaginative metaphors, to appreciate which at all duly we must remember that they are not addressed to a matter-of-fact European mind, but to a semi-barbarian African despot. Ferdinand conjures the king to grant him the favour which he is about to implore, by the sacredness of that kingly office which can impart a certain consecration even to an unbaptised head. Kingship, he says, makes even brute creatures magnanimous. The lion will not tear an unresisting prey, the dolphin has rescued the ship-

wrecked, the eagle has been known to hinder the traveller from drinking of a poisoned spring, the pomegranate (queen of fruits) will not let itself be made the vehicle for mischief without giving warning, the diamond (sovereign of the mineral kingdom) shivers at treason. He then proceeds :—

If then beasts and birds and fishes,
plant and even lifeless stone,
Each, enthroned in office kingly, has a
heart of pity shown,
Man, my lord, may show it; neither is
thy differing creed a bar,
For each faith forbids that cruel God's
own work in man we mar.
Yet I would not move thy pity by my
anguish and lament,
Life to gain by earnest pleading, ah! not
such my words' intent.
For well know I that this sickness, which
perturbing every thought
Through my limbs runs chill and faintly,
unto me with death is fraught.
Well I know my wound is deadly, since
my tongue no word can say
But the breath, like sharp sword cutting,
forth in anguish finds its way.
Well I know that I am mortal, that no
hour is safe to man,
And that wisdom, therefore, moulded of
one substance and one plan,
Coffin in the cradle's likeness. Men when
they receive a gift,
Hands held close together, this wise, by
a natural gesture lift.
That same gesture, when it likes them
gift received away to cast,
Still they use; their hands turned down-
ward empty of their contents fast.
Thus the world at birth receives us, of
its welcome giving sign,
Where 'twixt cradle-sides turned upward
little children safe recline.
But when wrathful or disdainful it would
fling us from its hold,
Then it turns its hands united the same
shape reversed to mould,
Since what, upward turned, was cradle,
downward turned becomes a tomb.
Close as this we live to death, even thus
near our last strait room
To our cradle lies from birth-hour. Who
hears this? what waits he for?
What shall he who knows this seek for?
Past a doubt, for life no more;
Death, 'tis death for which I ask thee,
that heaven so may gratify
My desire, long dearly cherished, for our
Holy Faith to die:

Not despairing or life-wearied, nay, but
longing life to give
As a righteous champion fighting for that
faith by which we live,
And to yield both life and soul up unto
God, an offering meet:
Thus my motive makes it blameless if for
death I now entreat.
And if pity cannot bend thee, then let
rigour. Lion, rise,
Rend with mighty roar thy foeman, thus
avenge thine injuries;
Eagle, with thy beak and talon, me, thy
nest's despoiler, tear;
Dolphin of the world's sea, tempest to the
seaman rash declare;
Royal tree, with branches leafless, show
of God in storm the ire;
Diamond, turned to dust, burn in me,
raging with envenomed fire:
Vainly all, for I, though greater torments
suffering, greater pain,
Though more anguish, though more mis-
eries yet to call my tears remain,
Though I bear more evil fortunes, greater
hunger yet endure,
Clothed in rags, on dunghill seated, yet
my faith I hold secure;
Faith, the sun which lights and guides me,
—faith, my crown of laurel pure.
Ride in triumph, proud, insulting, o'er
the Church that shalt thou never;
Over me, if so it likes thee, triumph on,
but not for ever;
God, my cause, one day, uprising, shall,
most surely, take in hand,
Since, though weak, His cause defending
to my latest breath, I stand.

The king's answer is natural
enough, from his own point of
view. He replies :—

Canst thou boast, and consolation
In thy very sufferings find?
How then speak my condemnation,
If they stir not my compassion,
Stirring none in thine own mind?
Since thy death from thine own hand
Comes, and not from my command,
Hope not any help from me;
Pity first thyself, then see
How I pity, Ferdinand!

With these words the king departs.
The court follow him, pitying, hor-
rified, but not daring to give help.
When they are gone Juan enters,
bringing to his friend the bread
which it has cost him cruel blows
from the Moors to obtain.

Juan. Take it.
Ferd. Faithful friend, too late
 Thou art come, for now my state
 Draws to death.

Juan. High heaven, bestow
 Comfort on me in such woe!
Ferd. But whereon doth death not
 wait?

Since man ever walks near death,
 And in this perplexity
 Must his own infirmity
 Come one day to stop his breath.
 Man beware! the sky beneath
 Live not careless, truth pursue,
 Endless time keep full in view,
 Wait not till some other ill
 Warn thee; surest far to kill
 Is that weakness aye thy due.
 Treading on the solid ground
 Man perpetual movement makes,
 And each footstep that he takes
 Falls on his sepulchral mound.
 Sentence, that may well confound
 Every heart, it is to know
 That each step must forward go,
 And that onward step once taken
 By stern law must stand unshaken,—
 God Himself cannot say No.
 Friends, mine end is coming fast;
 Lift and bear me from this place.

Juan. This shall be my last embrace.

Ferd. Juan, hear one prayer,—my
 last;—

When my agony is past
 Strip me of these rags unmeet,
 Search the hut, our poor retreat,
 For my order's mantle, long
 Borne by me 'mid fighting throng,
 Use it for my winding-sheet.
 So inter me openly,
 Should the king from wrath relent
 And to burial-rites consent:
 Mark the place; my hope is high
 That, though captive here I die,
 Ransomed I shall share one day
 Prayers our priests at altars say;
 For since I, my God, to Thee
 Gave so many churches free
 One to me Thou must repay.

[*They bear him out.*]

The next scene sets before us the
 disembarkation of Alphonso's army,
 ready to accomplish this last desire.
 But as yet they hope to save the
 living, not to bury the dead. Their
 first encounter is with the troops

of the King of Morocco, and a mystic form appears to cheer them on. The new-made martyr is suffered, as a distinguished sign of heaven's approbation, to do for his native troops all that S. Iago was wont to do for the Spanish hosts. The more experienced Henry is striving to dissuade his nephew from too rash an advance against the Moors.

*Pr. H.** Do not forget that night,
 The gloomy-shadowed, has day's chariot
 bright

In darkness hidden from our eyes away.

K. Al. Then in the dark begin the
 affray;

Harkening to faith's clear call,
 No force, no season shall my heart appal
 If, Ferdinand, thy panga, borne with intent

To honour God, thou unto Him present,
 Sure is our victory,—

The glory His, the honour mine to be.

Pr. H. Pride may thy prudence mar.

FERDINAND (*heard from within*).
 Attack them, brave Alphonso! on to
 war!

[*A trumpet sounds*
K. Al. Heard'st thou a muffled cry
 Piercing the winds which sad and swift
 sweep by?

Pr. H. Yes. And I likewise heard
 Trumpets, that to an instant onset stirred.

K. Al. Let us set on them, Henry, undismayed,
 Not doubting of Heaven's help.

FERDINAND (*appears in the mantle of his
 order, holding a torch*).

Yes: Heaven will aid
 For God's high favour gained
 By zeal, devotion, and by faith unstained,
 To-day thy cause defends;
 To set me free from chains He succour
 sends,

And, by mysterious ways,
 My many churches with one church re-
 pays:

I with this torch am sent
 Clear-shining, lit at fountain orient,
 Ever to march before
 And light thine army till the strife is
 o'er,
 And thou before Fez stand
 Victorious to thy wish, and reach thy
 hand

* Calderon's poetic feeling here guides him to an alteration in the structure of his verse, well qualified to express martial resolution, and to prepare the mind for the solemn awe of the coming apparition.

Not where the sun-rise glows to crown
thy head,
But thence to free the ashes of the dead.

Thus encouraged, the Portuguese
army attack and defeat the enemy.

Meantime, within the walls of
Fez, to which they swiftly advance,
Don Juan bears the dead prince in his
open coffin into the old king's pres-
ence, who, enraged at the final loss
of Ceuta, takes such vengeance as
he can by sentencing the corpse to
remain unrestored, unburied, and
exposed to the insults of the passers-
by. But scarcely has he proclaimed
this barbarous determination, when
the approach of the Christian sol-
diers is announced by their drums ;
and the King of Fez, summoned to
a parley, beholds with horror from
his battlements his daughter and
his intended son-in-law in the power
of the victorious army. Just before
the king's appearance, the mystic
form, whose saintly protection has
led the army swiftly and surely to
its desired end, disappears from
sight as the sun rises, with these
words :—

FERDINAND (torch in hand).

I have guided thee in safety
Through the horror of night's darkness
By a path which no man knows ;
Now by sunrise mists are parted.
Thou hast marched to Fez a conqueror, !
Great Alphonso ! by me guarded ;
Lo, there stands the wall of Fez,—
There to treat my ransom hasten.

[Vanishes.]

Uncertain as to the vision's mean-
ing, Alphonso proposes an exchange
of prisoners, threatening the prin-
cess with death if it is refused. Her
father answers sadly that it is no
longer practicable : the noble hos-
tage for his daughter's life is dead,
and he must prepare to see her blood
flow to revenge him.

The Christian king's reply is wor-
thy of his great kinsman :—

King of Fez, lest thou imagine
Ferdinand even dead, with rarest

Beauty matched in sight, less precious,
For his corpse I here exchange her.
Hasten, therefore, and send to us
Cold snow for this crystal's sparkle,
January for May's sunshine,
Faded rose for diamond's flashes,
A dead form in death unhappy
For a godlike shape of fairness.

The king, surprised and delighted,
has the coffin lowered down the
walls, releases his other prisoners,
and hastens below to receive his
daughter, and to thank her gener-
ous captor. The two princes em-
brace their martyred kinsman with
awe and veneration. The King of
Portugal praises Juan's fidelity to
the dead, receiving for answer :—

Juan. Till he departed
I stood by him, nor forsook him
Till he freedom gained ; I guarded
Both in life and death his body,—
Look, there lies he.

K. Alphonso (turning to the corpse).

Uncle, grant me
Thy dear hand ; for, though unknowing
All too late I came to save thee,
Yet in death is proof of friendship.
I, to place—a trust most sacred—
In a stately high cathedral :
Thy blest precious relics, hasten.

Then the sad procession forms.
The young king places himself at
its head, after first stipulating for
the marriage of the restored princess
with the general who had been
honoured by the martyr's friend-
ship ; the captives carry their dead
liberator's coffin forward, and the
soldiers follow with arms reversed,
and muffled drums sounding.

Thus, like the close of the 'Anti-
gone,' the conclusion of 'The Stead-
fast Prince' satisfies the claims of
poetic justice. The proud oppres-
sor is bowed down to bend low
before his victim's bier, and left in
humiliation and defeat. But Cal-
deron's justice is here tempered with
mercy as that of Sophocles is not.
The stroke which abases the pride
of the African tyrant is nothing to
the series of crushing blows which

descend on the Theban ruler. No cheerful note mixes with the hopeless lamentations which resound through the house of Creon; but the Steadfast Prince's funeral-march has an undersong of gladness from the captives whom he has rescued, and the faithful pair of lovers whom he has united in his death. And this gleam of light, shot through that gloomy cloud in the one play, which in the other remains unparted to the end, is the symbol of the most essential difference between this ancient and this modern presentment of an act of self-devotion: it is, as it were, a ray from that Light of Life and Immortality which the one possesses and the other does not. Otherwise through all the vast diversities which these two dramas exemplify,—the opposition between medieval Christendom and antique Paganism, in politics, in art, in the domestic relations and in religion, the different conceptions of dramatic art on which they proceed, and the vast inequality in genius of the men by whom those conceptions are here embodied,—the central thought of these two productions of such differing eras and such diverse powers is nevertheless the same, and their resemblances, even in minor points, most striking. Each concentrates our interest on one noble sufferer, presented to us by no complex delineation full of light and shade, but in grand and simple outline. The protagonists of each are absorbed in one high mission which leaves no room in their hearts for the free play of human affection; for when Antigone first stands before us, she has ceased to have any concern with the gods of the living*—Love among the rest: and Ferdinand shows amid Calderon's crowd of amorous cavaliers like a new Sir

Galahad, who could say as truly as his prototype—

"All my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will."

Both, by dying for the highest truth they know, impress on the spectators the ennobling lesson that there are things which are better worth having than life; things losing which a generous mind finds life even intolerable. Each of these two plays is pervaded by the spirit of the second of Goethe's "Three Reverences;" exhibiting as it does to us a weakness which is stronger than mortal strength, a pain which is better than earthly pleasure. Both tragedies witness to man's instinctive anxiety about the fate of the dying mansion of his undying spirit: for Antigone gives her own life to secure funeral honours to her brother; Ferdinand's last desire is for burial in a Christian church. But here we encounter the contrast between a Pagan's uncertainty and a Christian's certainty. Antigone can only hope to smooth her brother's passage to the land where he can, after all, but "move among shadows a shadow and wail by impassable streams." But the Steadfast Prince expects the prayer of the faithful at the altar to remove the last interposing barriers between himself and the Vision of God. Accordingly the one is sad and desponding, where the other is hopeful and exulting. Antigone goes to death mourning—

"Emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song."

Ferdinand gladly meets a fate from which an ancient hero would have recoiled as from a degradation:

* Soph., Ajax, 590.

Not with cleaving of shields
 And their clash in thine ear
 When the lord of fought fields
 Breaketh spear-shaft from spear,
 Thou art broken, our lord, thou art broken,
 with travail, and labour, and fear.

Not from his lips comes the cry, so
 natural to a dying sufferer who only
 knew one kind of heroism—

I would that in clamour of battle my
 hands had laid hold upon death ;

for he well knows that he has fought
 a harder fight and gained a nobler
 victory, than those he came to seek.
 And when all is over, Antigone vanishes
 into silence : we strain eye
 and ear for a token that her offering
 has been an acceptable one, and only
 dim and uncertain indications struggle
 back to us through the gloom ;
 but we are permitted to follow Ferdinand's
 noble spirit, freed from the burden of the
 flesh, into the realms of light, up to his
 place among those champions of the faith
 who rest from their labours on the thrones
 of the Church triumphant.

Thus dramatists exemplify the
 "irony of fate" in their own persons
 as well as in those of their tragedies.
 The almost superhuman genius of
 Sophocles has less divine material

laid before it than the more ordinary
 mind of Calderon, who is permitted
 to exhibit his characters with a
 background of infinity which the
 grander personages of the other lack.
 And Shakespeare, with more than
 the genius of Sophocles, with a
 purer religion than Calderon, lacks
 the score of years so liberally bestowed
 on common men, and dies at Stratford
 before he can approach the most
 supreme of the themes of dramatic art.
 Had he lived longer and girded
 himself to the task, how might his
 work have illustrated the saying of his
 contemporary Bacon, that "man, when
 he resteth and assureth himself upon
 divine protection and favour, gathereth
 a force and faith which human nature
 in itself could not attain"! How might
 the principal personage of *his* "act
 of self-devotion," religious and constant
 as the Steadfast Prince, grand and
 majestic as Antigone, have proved to
 us the truth of that other saying of
 Bacon's : "A mind fixed and bent upon
 somewhat that is good doth avert the
 dolours of death ; but, above all, believe
 it, the sweetest canticle is 'Nunc dimittis,'
 when a man hath obtained worthy ends
 and expectations!"

TO LINA O——.

WITH A BIRTHDAY LOCKET.)

YOUR Sun is in brightest apparel,
 Your birds and your blossoms are gay,
 But where is my jubilant carol
 To welcome so joyous a day ?
 I sang for you when you were smaller,
 As fair as a fawn, and as wild :
 Now, Lina, you're ten and you're taller—
 You elderly child !

I knew you in shadowless hours,
 When thought never came with a smart ;
 You then were the pet of your flowers,
 And joy was the child of your heart.
 I ever shall love you, and dearly !
 I think when you're even thirteen
 You'll still have a heart, and not merely
 A flirting machine.

And when time shall have spoiled you of passion,—
 Discrowned what you now think sublime,
 Oh, I swear that you'll still be the fashion,
 And laugh at the antics of time.
 To love you will then be no duty,
 But happiness nothing can buy—
 There's a bud in your garland, my beauty,
 That never can die !

A heart may be bruised and not broken,
 A soul may despair and still reck ;
 I send you, dear child, a poor token
 Of love, for your dear little neck.
 The heart that will beat just below it
 Is candid and pure as your brow—
 May that heart, when you come to bestow it,
 Be happy as now.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

SOME ONE PAYS.

CHAPTER I.

"BRINDISI, *August.*

"DEAR HARRY,—Our plans are all formed. We start from this on Tuesday for Corfu, where we have secured a small cutter of some thirty tons, by which we mean to drop down the Albanian coast, making woodcocks our object on all the days pigs do not offer. We are four—Gerard, Hope, Lascelles, and myself—of whom you know all but Lascelles, but are sure to like when you meet him. We want you, and will take no refusal. Hope declares on his honour that he will never pay you a hundred you lent him if you fail us; and he will—which is more remarkable still—book up the day you join us. Seriously, however, I entreat you to be one of us. Take no trouble about guns, &c. We are amply provided. We only ask yourself. Yours ever,

"GEORGE OGLE.

"If you cannot join at Corfu, we shall rendezvous at Prevesa, a little town on the Turkish side, where you can address us, to the care of the Vice-consul Lydyard."

This note reached me one day in the late autumn, while I was sojourning at the Lamm, at Innspruck. It had followed me from Paris to Munich, to Baden, the Ammergau, and at last overtook me at Innspruck, some four weeks after it had been written. If I was annoyed at the delay which lost me such a pleasant companionship, for three of the four were old friends, a glance at the postscript reconciled me at once to the disappointment—Prevesa, and the name Lydyard, awoke very sad memories; and I do not know what would have induced me to

refresh them by seeing either again. It is not a story, nor is it a scene, that I am about to relate. It is one of those little incidents which are ever occurring through life, and which serve to remind us how our moral health, like our physical, is the sport of accident; and that just as the passing breeze may carry on its breast a pleurisy, the chance meetings in the world may be scarcely less fatal!

I have been an idler and a wanderer for years. I left the army after a short experience of military life, imagining that I could not endure the restraints of discipline, and slowly discovered afterwards that there is no such slavery as an untrammelled will, and that the most irksome bondage is nothing in comparison with the vacillations and uncertainties of a purposeless existence.

I was left early in life my own master, with no relatives except distant ones, and with means, not exactly ample, but quite sufficient for the ordinary needs of a gentleman. I was free to go anywhere or do anything, which, in my case at least, meant to be everlastingly projecting and abandoning—now determining on some pursuit that should give me an object or a goal in life, and now assuring myself that all such determinations were slaveries, and that to conform to the usages by which men sought success in public or professional life was an ignoble drudgery, and unworthy of him who could live without it.

In this unsettled frame of mind I travelled about the world for years—at first over the cognate

parts of the Continent, with which I became thoroughly familiar—knowing Rome, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, as I knew London. I then ran all over the States, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and spending above a year on the Pacific coast. I visited China and India. I came—I will not say home, for I have none—by Constantinople, and thence to Belgrade, where I made the acquaintance of a Turkish Pacha, then governor of Scutari in Albania, and returned along with him to his seat of government. A Vice-governor of Prevesa induced me to go back with him to that unpromising spot, assuring me how easy I should always find means of reaching Corfu or Italy; and that, meanwhile, the quail-shooting, which was then beginning, would amply reward me for my stay.

Prevesa was about as wretched a village as poverty, sloth, and Turkish indifference could accomplish. The inhabitants, who combined trade and fishing ostensibly, really lived by smuggling, and only needed the opportunity to be brigands on shore. Their wretched “bazaar” displayed only the commonest wares of Manchester or Glasgow, with Belgian cutlery or cheap imitation jewellery. But even these had no buyers; and the little stir and life of the place was in the *cafés*, where the brawny natives, armed to the teeth, smoked and lounged the live-long day, and, to all seeming, fulfilled no other duty in existence.

I suspect I have an actual liking for dreary and tiresome places. I believe they somehow accommodate themselves to a something in my temperament which is not misanthropy, nor mental depression, nor yet romance, but is compounded of all three. I feel, besides, that my imagination soars the more freely the fewer the distractions that surround me; but that I require just that small amount of stimulant hu-

man life and its daily cares suggest to prevent stagnation.

I was at least six days at Prevesa before I was aware that her Britannic Majesty had a representative there. It was in a chance ramble down a little alley that led to the bay I came upon the British arms over a low doorway. It was a very poor-looking tumble-down house, with a very frail wooden balcony over the door, distinguished by a flagstaff, to be doubtless decorated on occasion by the proud flag of England.

Framing I forget what imaginary reason for inquiry, I entered and knocked at a door inscribed “Consular hours from——” and then a smudge of paint obliterating the rest and leaving the import in doubt. Not receiving any answer to my summons, I pushed open the door and entered. A man in his shirt-sleeves and slippers was asleep on a very dirty sofa, and so soundly that my entrance did not disturb him. A desk with some much-worn books and scattered papers, a massive leaden inkstand, and a large official seal, were in front of him; but a paper of Turkish tobacco, and a glass of what smelt to be gin, were also present, and from the flushed cheek and heavy breathing of the sleeper, appeared to have been amongst his latest occupations.

It is not necessary I should record our conversation. In his half-waking and not all sober state he had mistaken me for a British sailor who had been left behind somewhere, and was importuning to be sent on to England, but whose case evidently had inspired scant sympathy.

“I’ll not do it!” grumbled out the Consul, with his eyes more than half closed. “You were drunk, or a deserter—I don’t care which. My instructions are positive, and you may go to the d—— for me. There now, that’s your answer, and you’ll not get any other if you stayed there till dusk.”

"I suspect you mistake me, sir," said I, mildly. "I am a traveller, and an English gentleman."

"I hate gentlemen, and I don't love travellers," said he, in the same drowsy voice as before.

"Sorry for that, but must ask you all the same if my passport permits me to go into Italy?"

"Of course it does. What sort of traveller are you that does not know that much, and that if you wanted a *visa*, it's the Italian should give it, and there's no Italian or Frenchman here. There's no one here but a Prussian, Strantopsky—d—— his eyes—good morning;" and he again turned his face to the wall. I cannot say what curiosity prompted me to continue our little-promising conversation, but there was something so strange in the man's manner at moments—something that seemed to indicate a very different condition from the present—that I determined at all hazards to linger on.

"I don't suppose the sight of a countryman can be a very common event in these regions," said I, "and I might almost hope it was not an unpleasant one!"

"Who told you that, my good fellow?" said he, with more animation than before. "Who said that it gave me any peculiar pleasure to see one of those people that remind me of other times and very different habits?"

"At all events I, as an individual, cannot open these ungracious recollections, for I never saw you before,—I do not even now know your name."

"The F. O. list has the whole biography. 'Thomas Gardner Lydyard, educated at All Souls, Oxford, where he took first-class in classics and law; was appointed cornet in the 2d Life Guards, 6th — 18—; sent with Lord Raycroft's Mission to Denmark to invest His Christian Majesty with the insignia of the

Most Noble Order of the Garter. Contested Marcheston, — 18—, and was returned on a petition.' I'll finish what's not in the book—backed Queen Mab at seven to two—got a regular cropper—had to bolt, and live three years in Sweden—took to corn-brandy and strong cavendish, and ended as you see — V.C. at Prevesa. Is not that a brilliant ending for a youth of promise? do you remember in your experience, as a man of travel, that you can match it?"

By this time he had risen to the sitting posture, and with his hair rudely pushed back by his hands, and his face grown red with passion, looked as fierce and passionate as high excitement could make a man.

"I've heard your name very often," said I, calmly; "Close and St John used to talk of you constantly; and I remember Moresby saying you were the best rider of a flat race amongst the gentlemen of England."

"I was better, ten times better, across country. I could get more out of my horse than any of the so-called steeplechase-riders; and as I seldom punished, the betting men never knew when my horse was distressed. Close could have told you that. Did he ever tell you that I was the best cricketer at Lord's? What's that?" cried he, suddenly, as a small door at the end of the room opened and closed again, almost instantly. "Oh, it's dinner! —I suppose if I had any shame I should say luncheon, for it's only two o'clock, not to say that the meal itself will have small pretensions to be called a dinner. Will you come and look at it?"

There was nothing very hearty in the invitation, as little was there any courtesy; but the strange contrast of this man's shabby exterior, and the tone in which of a sudden he had burst out to speak, excited an intense curiosity in me to see

more of him ; and though I was not without some scruple as to my right to be there at all, I followed him as we walked into the inner room.

A young girl, whose pale careworn face and gentle look struck me more than the elegance of features I afterwards recognised, curtsied slightly as we entered.

"A distressed B. S., Marion," said the Consul, introducing me ; "my daughter, sir—I'm not aware of your name."

"Lowther."

"Lowther, then—Mr Lowther, Miss Lydyard ; that's the regular form, I believe. Sit down and let us have our soup ;" and as he spoke he proceeded to ladle out a smoky compound in which rice and fragments of lamb were freely mingled.

"This is all you will get for dinner, Mr Lowther, and so secure what solids come to your share ; and here is such wine as we drink here. It comes from Patras, and has its fine flavour of resin."

I ate and drank freely, and talked away about the place and the people, and at last induced my host to speak of himself and his own habits. He fished and shot, he said, some years before, but he had given up both ; he also had an Arab nag or two, but he sold them—in fact, as time wore on, he had abandoned everything like pastime or amusement, and now droned away life in a semi-stupor, or between gin and sleep.

"Capital fellows these Albanian brutes for letting a man have his way. No one asks how you live, or with whom. The hogs in a sty are not less troubled with a public opinion. Except once that the Pacha sent me an offer for Marion, I don't know that I have ever had a state communication since I took up my post."

The young girl's face flushed crimson, but she never spoke, nor

had I yet heard the sound of her voice.

"My Russian colleague," continued he, with a savage laugh, "grew half terrified at the thought of my influence here if my daughter became a Sultana, and got some fellow to write a letter in a Paris newspaper to denounce the British intrigue, and declare that I had become a Mussulman : and the F. O. people wrote out to me to inquire if it were true ; and I replied that, as I had not owned a hat for five-and-thirty years, I wore a turban when I went out, but as that was an event that didn't happen above twice or thrice a-year, they needn't mind it, and that if her Majesty made a point of it, I'd not go out any more.

"After that the official fellows, who seemed to have forgotten me before, never gave me any peace—asking for returns of this and reports of that. How many piastres the Pacha gave his cook—how many kids went to a pilaff—how many wives to a small harem—what was the least a man could live on in the English service—and whether keeping men poor and on the prowl was not a sure measure to secure them of an inquiring and inquisitive disposition.

"I take it, they must have liked my despatches, for not a month passed that they did not poke me up. At last there came a young fellow this way ; he was on a walk down to Thessaly, he said, to see Mount Olympus ; he hurt his foot, and he stayed here several weeks, and he wrote them a despatch in my name, and said what a stunning fine thing it would be to make all this country and the Epirus Greek ; and that we should checkmate the Russians by erecting a rival state and a heterodox church, and I don't know what else. He got up his Greek theology from Marion, here—her mother was from Attica—and

he made believe that he knew all the dogmas."

I stole a look at Marion, but as quickly withdrew it, for she was deadly pale, and looked as if about to faint.

"Marion knows," continued he, "all the fine reasons he gave for the policy, and how it was not to be confounded with what the Greeks call the *Grande Idée*—no Byzantine renaissance humbug at all, but some sort of protectorate state, with England, France, and Italy, I think, as the protecting powers; and, in fact, he got to be so plausible, and quoted such marvellous names, that F. O. rose to the bait, and asked to have further information; but, by that time, he had gone away, and we never saw more of him."

The young girl rocked to and fro in her chair, and fearing she would fall off in a faint, I half arose to catch her, when a look so imploringly sad as to go to my heart arrested me, and I sat still, and to avert attention from her, asked the Consul some questions as to the value of the project he had written about.

"I suppose it was about as wise as such things generally are," continued he; "it may have had its little grain of sense somewhere, and all its disadvantages required time to develop. He was a shrewd sort of fellow that William Hope—that was his name; he borrowed twenty pounds of me, and he sent it back too, and a very pretty writing-desk to Marion, and a box of books; and he said he'd come back some fine day and see us, but he has apparently forgotten that, and it's now two years and a half we have never heard of him. Is it not, Marion?"

"Two years and eight months," said she, calmly; but her lips trembled in spite of her.

I was not sorry when our chiboucks were introduced, and the young girl had a fair pretext to steal away; for I saw with what a struggle she was

controlling her emotion, and what a relief it would be to her to escape notice.

The Consul was so pleased to have any opportunity to relieve his mind that he talked away for hours, and of his most intimate concerns. In inveighing against the hard lot that sentenced his wearing out his last years of life in such a place, he told me his whole history. There was but one point of any doubt; whether Marion's mother had been a wedded wife or not I could not discover. She was dead some years, and he spoke of her with more feeling than he seemed well capable of showing. She had died of that peculiar form of disease which is found in the low-lying lands of Greece, and the seeds of the disorder he had already detected in Marion. "There is a little short cough, without effort, but when I hear it it goes to my heart," said he, "for I know well that there lurks an enemy nothing can dislodge. You hear it now, listen!" cried he—and he held up his hands to impose silence, but I heard nothing.

I sat on till evening, chatting as smokers will do in that broken and unconnected fashion that admits of anything being taken up, and as lightly abandoned. There was not a little to interest in a man whose mere incongruity with his station imparted a strange turn to all his opinions and judgments, and who even in his banishment tried to follow the events of a world he was destined never to share in. For many a year he had thought of nothing but how to escape from this dreary spot—to exchange with any one and for anything; but now with something like a dread of civilisation he hugged himself in the thought of his exile, where he could be as barbarous, as neglectful, and as degenerate as he pleased.

Of this same savagery one trait will suffice to indicate the extent.

Prevesa was formerly a yacht station where men frequently came in the woodcock season or for the quails; but a terrible brigand outrage, in which two Germans and an English naval officer were killed, put an end to all such visits. Lydyard declared that he never regretted an incident that freed him from all intrusion of strangers, and aver-

red that he at least owed a debt of gratitude to the Klephts.

When I wished him good-night he was far too deep in the gin-flask to make his words impressive; but as he told me he'd like me to come up often and sit with him, I determined to accept his invitation so long as I lingered in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER II.

I stayed on five weeks at Prevesa, for though I gave my evenings to the Consul, I passed every morning with Marion. I never saw a girl whose society had the same charm for me. Heaven knows there could scarcely have been so dreary a spot, nor one where life had fewer pleasures; but there seemed a capacity for enjoyment in her mind, which, whether for sun or sky or shore, for breezy mountain or dark nestling wood, could extract its own delight and be happy.

I had seen enough even on the first day I met her to be aware that Hope had not made a merely passing impression upon her heart, and I was cautious to avoid all that might revive the memory of his name. This reserve on my part seemed actually at length too much for her patience, for in one of our long walks she suddenly asked me if I had never known him.

"No," replied I, "never; and I have been guardedly careful not to ask you about one of whose intimacy with you I feel jealous."

"How do you mean jealous?" asked she, turning on me those large full eyes that reminded of the Homeric simile, the "ox-eyed."

"Perhaps my word was ill chosen," said I, in some confusion; "but what I tried to convey was the discomfiture I felt on thinking that there had been one who walked with you where we are walking, and whose

words, it might be, interested you as much, or more, than mine."

"Yes, it is true," said she, softly.

"Which is true?" asked I, in a low voice.

"That he loved me!" said she, in the same unaltered tone.

"And you——;" but I caught myself at once, and, shocked at the ungenerous daring, turned it off by saying, "I should like to hear more of him; tell me what you know of his history or belongings."

"I know nothing, except that he was poor as ourselves; that whatever he should become in life must be his own achievement; that he was friendless and alone."

"He was a gentleman?" said I, inquiring.

"Was he not a gentleman! Was not every word, every opinion he uttered, the soul of honour and high feeling! When he spoke of what he read, he knew how to praise all that was noble, and truthful, and worthy, and to decry whatever was ignoble or mean. When he helped a beggar on the road, he gave his alms like one whose happier fortune it was to aid a brother, and who might himself accept assistance to-morrow. And so through all he did, the world seemed like some flowery meadow, where, if we would, we might stroll or stretch at ease, each happy with each."

"Was he ambitious?"

"If you mean of honour, fame,

and good repute, yes, as I never heard of any one; but of that success that includes wealth and state, luxurious living, and the rest of it, he could not have been, for he has said over and over at our homely board, 'This is indeed what delights me! It is here I begin to feel how unworthy are the vulgar slaveries rich men submit to.'

"He had, then, some experiences of the life he censured?"

"I don't know that he had, except from hearsay; but he had read, and conversed almost as much as he had read."

"Had he served as a soldier?"

"No, he could not bear any settled career; he called it a bondage, and that all men who followed any distinct calling lost their identity in the craft: he would laughingly say, 'they become smaller than women.'"

"He loved you very much, Marion, and——"

"Why has he not returned?" said she, as her eyes flashed fiercely.

"Say out your words, or if you have no courage for them, let me say them. It was this you would have asked."

"I had not any right."

"Of course you had not, but I will give the right, that I may shame the questioner. If he has not come back, will you be prepared to say he may not come to-morrow? this very night? At first in every footfall on the road, in every voice I heard—I have grown wiser now, and I can wait."

"Such trustfulness honours you," said I, thoughtfully.

"It is no more than what I owe him. There, look there!" said she,—"there is a Levanter coming in already, and but a moment back that sea was like a mirror! Is not life just such another ocean, and can he who plans a voyage be more certain of his weather? How can I know what difficulties he is now combating, what barriers oppose him?"

"I should be glad to feel that some one would, one day, trust *me* in that fashion."

"So she will, if you inspire her with the same love. A woman's heart can be as good or as bad as you like to make it; she has but the keeping of it—the culture is another's."

This was the tone of many a conversation we had together, through all of which I could gather how a girl of a strong will and an untried nature had been gradually moulded to opinions so new and strange to her by one whose temperament and character were stronger than her own.

That she loved him with her whole heart—that she felt towards him that almost worship with which a fervid imagination will inspire its object of devotion—was clear enough. But I own that my greater anxiety was to learn, if I could, who was this man, what was he, and how came he here? It was not difficult to believe that even a man of culture and refinement might have fallen in love with this girl. She was, with certain traits of delicate health and pallor, of great beauty; her large lustrous eyes, more expressive from the dark colour of the orbits round them, could change from a melting softness to a glance of wild defiance; and her mouth, of which the teeth inclined slightly inwards, had a character of winning sweetness there was no resisting. Her figure might be called faultless; all I had ever seen of statuesque in symmetry was realised in that lithe and graceful form, which, even under the coarse drapery she wore, betrayed in every pose and movement the perfection of form. And just as the conscious grace of the beautiful woman blended with the bounding elasticity of the happy girl, so in temperament she united all the thoughtful moods of a reflective mind with the fresh, wild impulses of the child.

"I know," said she to me one day, "I see it; you are puzzled about William Hope."

"I own it," said I, half sorrowfully.

"And you cannot imagine how this man of refinement—this creature of gifts and graces, this eminent *gentleman*, for I know your comprehensive phrase—could have loved such as *me*."

"Far from it, Marion; my wonder is how he could tear himself away from you, even for a season."

"That was duty."

"But what kind of duty? He had no ties—no cares of any calling; you say he had no relatives to dictate to him: how could he explain a necessity where there was no pressure?"

"What he said was enough for me. And," added she, after a pause, "it would have been a bolder than either you or me would have dared to question him."

This chance speech explained in full the ascendancy that his more powerful nature had gained over her, and how it was easier to her to believe than to distrust him.

"Does *he* write to you?"

"No."

"Nor you to *him*?"

"No; he did not ask it!"

"And still you know he will come back?"

"I know it;" and she nodded twice, with a little smile that seemed to say how assured she felt in the avowal.

If there seems scant delicacy in the way I dared to question her, let me hasten to say that our intimacy warranted the freedom, which her manner besides invited; for I have not given here the details of those conversations that occurred between us, nor told how we were led on from word to word to closest confessions.

Strange girl in every way! she would suffer me to walk with my

arm around her waist, and yet would fire indignantly if I dared to call her "*Marion mon*," as in Greek phrase Hope had called her.

Anything more hopeless than the attempt to gain her affections I could not imagine; but the conviction, strong as it was, did not save me from feeling desperately in love with her. In honest fact, the glimpses I had caught of her nature, when revealing to me her love for another, had completely enraptured me; her warm fidelity, her unswerving faith, and her sustaining pride in the man she loved, needed less loveliness than hers to make her a prize to be striven for.

And so it was, I did love her, dreamed of her by night and canvassed in my mind by day what way to win her. There was not living a man who had less count to render to his fellows than myself; I was actually without kith or kin or belongings of any kind. That I should marry a girl in the humblest condition was purely my own affair. There was not one to question me; but, above all this and beyond it, I owned the one great difficulty, how should I gain her love? The very mode in which my intimacy with her had been effected, would make it a sort of treason were I to try to win her affections; and I could fancy that scornful banter in which she would meet my addresses, and ask me what sort of memory was mine? I could picture her raillery too on the nature that could deliberately raise its hopes on the foundation of affection laid by another, and make what, to an honest mind, would be jealousy, minister to his own passion.

It was all true, and except some advantages of a purely worldly kind, and for which I knew she would have little value, I had nothing in my favour. The only question then that remained was, should I better break the spell that was on me by

incurring a distinct refusal; or should I fly at once, and leave the place for ever?

The latter seemed the wiser resolve, and I came to it as I slowly walked homeward to my inn at night. Instead of going to bed I sent for the landlord, and engaged with him to furnish me horses and a guide to anywhere on the coast by which I might take shipping for Italy or the shores of the Adriatic. There was a return caravan with a strong armed party bound for Salonica to start at midnight. I made my bargain, and within two hours after was on the road.

I have little more to add. We were nearly three weeks on the way, and I was thoroughly exhausted, weather-worn, and very ragged, when I entered at nightfall that dirty seaport which I am now told is to become the greatest commercial mart of the Levant.

One of the first sights that struck me as I came in was a party of yacht sailors with the word "Marmion" on their glazed habits.

The Marmion was the crack yacht of Cowes—the fastest cutter, it was supposed, ever built, and lately bought by the Duke of R——, whom I had known intimately at All Souls. Having learned that he was bound for the Piræus, I sent off a few lines, asking, if not utterly inconvenient, that he would give me a passage to Greece.

A letter from the Duke, with a most cordial invitation, answered me within an hour. He was on his wedding-tour, and had a small party of friends, but ample room, and a hearty welcome for me.

If I were painting a picture *de genre*, I might linger to sketch some of the scenes, and one or two of the characters, of that yacht party; but though there was a very pretty and attractive bride, and more than one bridesmaid of striking beauty, and some half-dozen very assiduous

young men of great fascination and faultless costume, I was too much under the shadow of my late discomfiture to emerge into the broad sunlight of their gay converse.

"What is the matter with you?" said R—— to me one night, as we walked the deck alone; "I never saw you before in such low spirits."

I made some pretext of health, and changed the theme, when he asked me where I had been, and how I had come to that little-visited spot—Salonica.

"As for that," I said, "I have been sojourning in scores of places not fit to compare with it; places you never so much as heard of—Yanina, Arta, Corstatacu, and Prevesa."

"Prevesa! the little bay opposite Corfu?"

"Yes; how do you know it?"

"Because I passed three months there. It was in that little dreary fishing village where I lived on sardines and boiled rice. I wrote a marvellous State paper, that the fellows at F. O. used to say made it a crying shame for me to leave diplomacy. I was then attached to my uncle's Embassy at Constantinople."

"What year was that?"

"In 18—. I seldom can recall a date, but I have a clue to this one." He paused for some seconds and added—"There was a good-looking girl there that I 'spooned' and got very fond of too. That's the confounded part of those barbarous places. It is not only the onions and the black bread you get used to, but you conform to the women too, and if you remain over long you end by marrying one of them. Shake your head, old fellow, but it might happen all the same." He paused for a moment or two, gave a faint sigh, and then, with a sort of shake, like one throwing off a load, said—"Come down below and let's have a glass of brandy-and-water."

HOME-SPUN SONGS.

BY SAMUEL SLICK, JUNR.

No. I.

THE BLAZE* ON THE HEART.

THEN good-bye, Joe ; you've gone, I'm told,
Away to the far-off West ;
And the old folks say, and the Deacon, too,
They're sure it's all for the best,
For the cursed dram-shop spoiled you, Joe,
And I never could be your wife ;
Yet I'm 'most afeared, in spite of myself,
I'll love you all my life.
Day and night,
Night and day,
Ever in sight,
Never away,
Joe, dear Joe !

I often think of the days of old,
When we tapped the maple-tree,
And you swore the sap war'nt half as sweet
As the kiss you stole from me.
I think of the walks through the hemlock woods
To the meetin'-house with you ;
But the stars, somehow, don't shine so bright,
And the sky don't seem so blue.
Day and night,
Night and day,
Ever in sight,
Never away,
Joe, dear Joe !

The blaze you made on the juniper-tree
Long years will wear away,
But the blaze you've left on my heart will last
Till age has turned me grey,
For I can't forget ; when I shut my eyes,
You're sure to come to view,
Till I kinder wish for an endless sleep,
One last, long dream of you.
Day and night,
Night and day,
Ever in sight,
Never away,
Joe, dear Joe !

* A backwoodsman's mark on a tree,—shows that some chap's been along that way before.

No. II.

THE BLUEBERRY FROLIC.*

OH, Barbara dear, you'll come with me,
And Siss will go with Bly ;
We're off to the blueberry frolic to-day,
With hay-cart, buggy, and fly.
Old Jake's to the fore, with his fiddle and bow,
And Jonathan brings his horn ;
We'll end with a dance at the room in the mill,
Then home at the peep of dawn.
Then come, come, come !
Though Margery, Bess, and Sue,
Jenny, and Kate, will all be there,
They ain't a touch to you !

My sakes ! you'd make an angel cuss,
You've got such a lot of airs ;
Mebbe the Governor's good enough,
If we're such small affairs.
I'm blessed if I don't ask Bella to come,
She'd give her eyes to go ;
Her eyes ain't bad—you know they ain't—
And her neck is like the snow.
Then come, come, come !
Though Margery, Bess, and Sue,
Jenny, and Kate, will all be there,
They ain't a touch to you !

Now don't you cry ! I only joked :
I knew yer meant to go.
It's 'cause I love you, Barbara dear,
I sometimes hate you so.
Come, let's get spliced ; it's time, I guess :
Let's drop these pets for life.
I'd like some pets of a different sort,
With Barbara for my wife.
Then come, come, come !
Though Margery, Bess, and Sue,
Jenny, and Kate, will all be there,
They ain't a touch to you !

* In the North-Eastern States, and in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, there are extensive tracts, called "Barrens," over which fires have swept that have burned up the very soil itself, and have left nothing behind them but bare rocks, lofty rampikes (the blackened stems of pine-trees), and blueberries. At the end of August all creation begins to think that blueberries taste nice. The bears camp out on the barrens, and grow fat and saucy. Clouds of wild pigeons cluster on the old rampikes as thick as blackberries ; and the boys and girls hitch their horses into hay-waggons half filled with hay, and off they go "a-berryin'," and pick barrels of blueberries, which mother afterwards dries and preserves for winter's use. It's great fun, I tell you. Boys, girls, birds, and bears—all nature goes in for one big "blueberry frolic ;" and if they haven't a good time, I just want to know.—S. S., Jr.

No. III.

WAITING FOR YOU, JOCK.

WINTER's agoing ;
The streams are a-flowing ;
The May flowers blowing
 Will soon be in view.
But all things seem faded,
For my heart it is jaded,
 Waiting for you, Jock,
 Waiting for you ;
Oh, but it's weary work,
 Waiting for you !

As soon as the day's done, '
My thoughts to the west run ;
I envy the red sun,
 That sinks from my view.
On you it's a-shining,
While here I am pining,
 Waiting for you, Jock,
 Waiting for you ;
Oh, but it's weary work,
 Waiting for you !

I sigh when the day beams,
The pitiful night seems
To cheer me with sweet dreams,
 That bear me to you.
Each morn as you flee me,
The fading stars see me,
 Waiting for you, Jock,
 Waiting for you ;
Oh, but it's weary work,
 Waiting for you !

Go, robin,* fly to him,
Sing ever nigh to him ;
Summer winds, sigh to him ;
 Bid him be true !
Where he sleeps on the prairies,
Oh, whisper, kind fairies,
 " Waiting for you, Jock,
 Waiting for you !
Oh, but it's weary work,
 Waiting for you ! "

* The American thrush.

No. IV.

THE LONG VOYAGE.

THE mackerel boats sailed slowly out
Into the darkening sea,
But the grey gull's flight was landward,
The kestrel skimmed the lea.

Strange whisperings were in the air ;
And though no leaflet stirred,
The echo of the distant storm,
The moaning sough, was heard.

It came—the swift-winged hurricane,
Bursting upon the shore,
Till the wild bird's nest, and the fisher's cot,
All trembled at its roar.

And women wept, and watched, and wept,
And prayed for the night to wane ;
And watched and prayed, though the setting sun
Lit up the window-pane.

“ A sail ! ”

That sail is not for you ;
It slowly fades away.
The sun may set ; the moon may rise ;
The night may turn to day ;

Slow years roll by, and the solemn stars
Glide on—but all in vain !
They have sailed away on a long, long voyage ;
They'll never come back again.

No. V.

AFEARED OF A GALL.

OH, darn * it all !—afeared of her,
And such a mite of a gall !
Why, two of her size rolled into one
Won't ditto sister Sall.
Her voice is sweet as the whipporwill's,
And the sunshine's in her hair ;
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.

* Sister Sall don't like this word. Says it's only fit for stockings, and suchlike. But it can't be helped. The country folks are great at darning. They will “darn,” and that's all about it.—S. S., Jr.

Yet Sall says, "Why, she's such a dear,
She's just the one for you."
Oh, darn it all !—afeared of a gall,
And me just six feet two !

Though she ain't any size, while I'm
Considerable tall,
I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,
She makes me feel so small.
My face grows red ; my tongue gets hitched,
The cussed thing won't go ;
It riles me, 'cause it makes her think
I'm most tarnation slow.
And though folks say she's sweet on me,
I guess it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all !—afeared of a gall,
And me just six feet two !

My sakes ! just 'spose if what the folks
Is saying should be so !
Go, cousin Jane, and speak to her,
Find out, and let me know ;
Tell her the galls should court the men,
For isn't this leap year ?
That's why I'm kinder bashful like,
Awaiting for her here.
And should she hear I'm scared of her,
You'll swear it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all !—afeared of a gall,
And me just six feet two !

KENELM CHILLINGLY.

THE last words of any man are interesting—we had almost said—to all men; and though fact may not confirm so broad a general statement, yet in sentiment and essence it remains true. No doubt, that great conclusion of visible existence from which we all have an instinctive shrinking, often seems to lose a great deal of its solemnity as it approaches; and the last utterances of most men are trivial, betraying rather the languor and weakness of worn-out humanity, than any serious consciousness of that mysterious and solemn position between the seen and unseen, which a man can occupy but once, and from which, according to universal human superstition, his words ought to come with a moral force and significance which no other can give. But when it does so happen that those who are on the eve of leaving this world have really said something worth remembering, how anxiously we dwell upon and cherish their words. To those who love the dying man, they are more precious than anything else he leaves behind him; and all mankind is more or less touched and interested by every utterance which is worthy of the dignity and importance of the last moment. The race is grateful to every mortal who steps out of the warm precincts of the cheerful day with such a mien as does humanity credit. We accept his testimony that life has been worth living, and that death has nothing to appal the pious and courageous spirit, with perhaps a deeper and more heartfelt satisfaction than accompanies any other witness-bearing in life.

The same natural sentiment prompts us to regard with double eagerness—with a feeling, which we may describe as intense and wistful curiosity, mingling in our interest—every last work in literature. Did the man know that this was the last time he should stand between us and the unknown, interpreting to us the invisible? Were all these reflections of his—these suggestions which awaken our own thoughts—overshadowed by some consciousness within him that to us he should never speak more? A last work with such a conscious inspiration is rare; and perhaps it is well that it is so. Even Addison's invitation to 'come and see how a Christian could die, jars upon the listener; and we doubt whether it would be possible to put up with productions which took us at such a disadvantage, and in which the didactic impulse natural to humanity would have such enormous leverage. But yet that writer must have made small impression on the mind of his time whose last production is not received with an interest, and treated with an importance, peculiar to itself. The two great contemporaries who shared with Lord Lytton the applause of his generation both left fragments behind them, works half—nay, less than half—completed; both of which their admirers tell us would have been remarkable among the works of the master, but neither of which could by any exercise of ingenuity be made to mean more than their author had been accustomed to mean, or to possess greater moral weight than their predecessors. When any special impulse of re-

spect or regard moves the mind of a reader towards Dickens or Thackeray, it will certainly not be either to 'Edwin Drood' or to 'Denis Duval' that he will turn. These scraps of unfinished work might have been, so far as their internal evidence goes, produced at any period of their authors' lives. There is nothing in them to attract specially even the eye of affection.

Lord Lytton has been more fortunate; he has not only completed his last work, but he has done so as a man naturally would, who, without taking upon him anything of the solemnity of a final utterance, has yet felt himself in that stage of life which every reasonable mind must know to be the last, and in which the impulse to sum up and compare all human thoughts and projects, is stronger than any other intellectual motive. He has added to the curious completeness with which his last book finishes his literary career, by mingling in it the old modes of working, to which he was always faithful, with the new modes of thinking, which he half accepted and half resisted; which belonged neither to his generation nor to his temperament, but which his ever-ambitious and all-embracing mind could not consent to have no share in. 'Kenelm Chillingly' is framed on the same model as most of his previous works, and resembles them curiously in all the family features that mark a common parentage; and yet it is strangely, touchingly different from all its predecessors. Nothing has been more common than to say that Lord Lytton himself was his own hero—that even the age of heroism changed as the author grew older, and that from the young Pelham to the middle-aged philosopher of his later works, he himself was always, more or less visibly, the original of the picture. We need not stay to inquire how much actual truth there was in this

assertion; or, indeed, we may allow, as he himself said on many occasions, that there was no actual fact in it at all. But yet such an impression is never made without a certain amount of cause; and while we believe that Bulwer never consciously drew from himself, we are convinced that his own unconscious personality was continually shadowed forth in the figures of his heroes: he struggled with them, conquered with them, and repeated in them his own triumphs; while they, on their side, thought as he did, and were actuated wholly by his motives and traditions. Through all these graceful, witty, polished, insinuating, and successful young men there ran this thread of identity with the graceful polish, the high culture, the versatile genius, and the wide successes of their author. They were not portraits of himself, any more than the type of manly perfection from whose fine proportions a great painter draws all his greatest figures, is the absolute original of the historical or poetical heroes whom he places on his canvas. Lord Lytton painted from himself only as Michael Angelo might have done. The marked and curious difference which we note in 'Kenelm Chillingly' is that the painter has ceased to be able to use himself for his model. He has looked in his glass for this last time, and he has seen that the courtly gentleman therein reflected was no longer the type which a new generation would recognise. Perhaps it was with a certain shock of natural pain that the artist recognised this fact; but it seems very clear to us that he did recognise it. The new picture is from a new model, conceived perhaps something after the old traditions, but yet visibly and confessedly another manner of man. And this change affects the whole structure of the book. Instead of having the confidence of certainty (to keep up our

metaphor) as to the working of certain muscles, the pose of the limbs, the action of the figure, there may be detected in the picture an occasional vagueness and an occasional rigidity, according as the artist reproduced too exactly, or for a moment forgot to follow the lines of his new model. The change confuses him. Sometimes he forgets himself, and puts in unawares one of the old strongly-marked and certain outlines; then bethinks himself, and his hand wavers. The same effect is visible in the moral as well as the structural composition of the book. Instead of the old unfailing and exuberant fellow-feeling with which he threw himself into all his former hero said or did, Lord Lytton follows his new hero with an interest which is almost wistful. He himself is not sure that he quite comprehends what the young man would be at; he is anxious, watching him as he moves, doubtful what he will make of it; and by times interposes in his own person by a *tour de force*, which we feel must have been almost conscious, to get his Frankenstein out of trouble. In the old days he left the hero gaily to those manifold and unfailing resources which he knew so well, conscious that no emergency, however unforeseen, would find his Pelham or his Pisistratus at a loss. But he is by no means sure that his new-fangled Kenelm will know how to take care of himself when difficulties come in the way.

This curious difference runs through all the book; and there is another difference which separates it equally from the others, and in which we find a characteristic homage to the changed character of the times. Lord Lytton's heroes are all adventurers more or less, bent upon conquering the world, and winning for themselves either wealth or glory, or elevation of one kind or another. But the new

hero, though he has one strand of the old web so knitted into his character, that we feel sure he will be led eventually into public life and the service of his country, as certainly as any Pelham of them all, differs totally from all those brilliant young neophytes, in so far that his early adventures do nothing at all for his own advancement, but are spent in aimless philosophical wanderings and efforts for the good of others. Kenelm is more than "viewy," he is the victim of advanced ideas and new theories of life—theories which his instructors make trade and capital of, but which he, in the seriousness of his nature, takes for real, and endeavours manfully to work out, to the much tribulation of all his friends, and confusion of his own existence. No hero of Lord Lytton's ever got through three volumes before without striking some stroke on his own account, or winning some dazzling personal success; and we are not sure that Kenelm's disinterestedness, his indifference to personal advantage and to his own position, are not in themselves a proof that something has been gained by that very progress and those very advanced ideas which it is the author's aim to hold up to general contempt. It is true that a great part of Lord Lytton's purpose is to show that the indifference of his hero is a reaction against the supreme and active selfishness on principle, of such characters as that of young Chillingly Gordon, the clever, cold, and unscrupulous disciple of the new ideas; but this reaction is at first unconscious, and only takes form and shape as Kenelm becomes convinced of the impossibility of life, such life as he could live, under the conditions prescribed to him by his teachers. His quaint desire "to get out of his own skin" into some other man's, for the sake of getting somehow at

a life which shall be real, grows out of the natural weariness and disgust of a generous temperament with the new canons, which nevertheless bind him mentally, until experience and some considerable sowing of philanthropical wild oats opens his eyes. Lord Lytton is very severe upon his age—upon its elaborate unrealities, and the huge system of shams in which everything most important in the world is gradually getting involved; but he shows, at the same time, his appreciation of the fact, that the better spirits of the age strive through all the falsehoods—which they discover to be false, one by one—towards a better and a higher aim than would, fifty years ago, have been supposed to move a young man's fancy. In Pelham's day selfishness was also very common, and it is very distinctly set forth in that charming chronicle of fashionable and political struggles for the pre-eminence. Pelham, however, takes advantage of it gaily; he is not driven distraught by it like Kenelm; and thus, if the evil is darker as being more elaborately systematised, the exceptional good, which always holds its place, is proportionately brighter. A gentleman who adventured himself in the guise of a workman among common people fifty years ago would have been at once credited with an evil motive; and even the benevolence of fiction could have attempted nothing better for him than such an excuse for his conduct as incipient madness, or at the least a bad disappointment and broken heart could give. But in these days we have grown familiar with the notion that a man may think of studying "life" in peaceful scenes of industry as well as in casinos or disreputable haunts about town; and have learned to believe that dissatisfaction with the inequalities of existence is not to be found alone in the workman's lodging, but may wake a weary discon-

tent even in heads that wear coronets. The impracticable and unmanageable Kenelm is in this way a certificate of character to the age which his author assails through him. An evil age, and the times all out of joint; yet with the best in it struggling painfully still towards a higher best, if that may be got at anyhow; and by very force of their dissatisfaction proving that they possess an elevated standard of good and evil, a sense of some good not yet attained, which perhaps is unattainable, but towards which they are still in the attitude, not of despair, but of hope.

The beginning of this book is one of Lord Lytton's happiest efforts. It is clear and terse and bright, and full of delicate fun and humour; and though the Chillingly family are perhaps put on the canvas with more elaboration and fulness of detail than is quite necessary, seeing we are to know so very little more about them, the picture is both charming and amusing. Sir Peter himself is an example of Lord Lytton's favourite mixture of philosophy and learning with good sense and warm affections, toned down to the sober level befitting an unambitious country gentleman. He is, besides, another and final instance of that very touching and charming embodiment of paternal love which so often recurs in Lord Lytton's works, and which it is always delightful to meet with. We do not know any other author who has given so much prominence to the relationship between father and son, or who has exhibited in so beautiful a light this warmest link of love which can exist between two men with all the charm which it possesses. The mutual respect of the young man and the old man, the reverence of the son for his father's opinions, the indulgent consideration of the father for the son's, the sense of mutual support, understanding, and

consolation which bridges over even these chasms between one generation and another, which cannot be otherwise surmounted,—are always beautifully rendered, and never have been more so than in the relationship between Sir Peter and his son. This is evidently a phase of life which our author thoroughly entered into and comprehended. Sir Peter, excellent man, is infinitely confused by his boy's odd ways and odder fancies from the beginning to the end of his youthful career, but never for a moment loses his confidence in the honour as gentleman, and the love as son, of the young man to whom he permits so liberal a range, and whose movements he follows, from the home which he feels certain Kenelm will never disgrace, with so much amusing bewilderment mingling in his perfect trust. This is a very beautiful picture. It is, we think, more wholly satisfactory to the reader than any other of the ties of life as rendered by Lord Lytton; and the relations between father and son are so often difficult, and so seldom entirely successful, that such an exhibition of their very best and most delightful possibilities is a moral advantage, as well as a high and thoroughly noble success in art.

We advance, however, too rapidly. There is, perhaps, nothing in the book so perfect as the first putting in of the Chillingly group, which is done with all that wonderful mastery of words which can be possessed only by an accomplished and experienced artist. The dignified perfection of Lady Chillingly, who is never more than the merest shadow in the background of the picture, yet is quite delicately defined in her vague and colourless monotony, is indicated in a few words. She has been "very well taught" in everything—a finished production by the best masters. One feels that something more might have been afforded

to the good Sir Peter, but it is doubtful whether he wanted more. The match was unexceptionable on both sides, and the pair lived together in perfect, if tame, content and satisfaction. "It was an exceedingly happy marriage, as marriages go," says Lord Lytton; "Lady Chillingly had her way in small things, Sir Peter his way in great. Small things happen every day, great things once in three years. Once in three years Lady Chillingly gave way to Sir Peter: households so managed go on regularly. He lived for nine months of the year at Exmundham, going to town for the other three months. Lady Chillingly and himself were both very glad to go to town, being bored at Exmundham; and very glad to go back to Exmundham, being bored in town." Round this mild centre of the baronet and his she-baronet, group the other relations, all alike cool and calm in due Chillingly moderation of sentiment. There are Sir Peter's three sisters, all admirable women, pale, and somewhat bloodless, like the three fishes on the family scutcheon, but perfect in every propriety; they were "very well behaved, with proper notions of female decorum, very distant and reserved in manner to strangers, very affectionate to each other and their relations and favourites, very good to the poor, whom they looked upon as a different order of creation, and treated with that sort of benevolence which humane people bestow upon dumb animals. Their minds had been nourished upon the same books—what one read the others had read. The books were mainly divided into two classes—novels, and what they called 'good books.' They had a habit of taking a specimen of each alternately—one day a novel, then a good book, then a novel again, and so on. Thus, if the imagination was overwarmed on Monday, on Tuesday it was cooled

down to a proper temperature ; and if frostbitten on Tuesday it took a tepid bath on Wednesday."

Then comes the heir-at-law, an objectionable personage, whose Chillingly blood has been still further chilled, according to Lord Lytton, by being derived through a Scotch branch. Though Sir Peter was younger than himself, and in perfect health, this individual (of course before the birth of Kenelm) "made his expectations of a speedy succession unpleasantly conspicuous." He refused his consent to a proposed exchange of land by which Sir Peter would have gained good fields in place of a copsewood full of rabbits—"with the blunt declaration that he, the heir-at-law, was fond of rabbit-shooting, and that the wood would be convenient to him next season, if he came into the property by that time, which he very possibly might"! "Mr Chillingly Gordon," adds Lord Lytton, "was one of those men who get on in the world without any one being able to discover why. . . . He was considered a man of solid judgment, and his opinion upon all matters, private and public, carried weight. The opinion itself, critically examined, was not worth much, but the way he announced it was imposing. . . . He had another advantage for acquiring grave reputation. He was a very unpleasant man—he could be very rude if you contradicted him ; and as few persons wish to provoke rudeness, so he was seldom contradicted." The other members of the Chillingly family are the Rev. John, a muscular Christian of a not uncommon order, who "would have knocked down a deist as soon as look at him," and who trained the youthful Kenelm in the noble science of self-defence ; and the much more important figure of Mr Chillingly Mivers, that man of the world, whom Lord Lytton delights to paint, and excels in painting. This polished cynic is the

proprietor of the famous journal called 'The Londoner,' and gives the author occasion for—may we dare to say it!—a sharp and well-deserved assault upon the press in general. Nothing can be more effective than the sketch of the man of society, the man about town, the anonymous writer mighty in the power of his editorial "we," and preserving his literary reputation by the famous and admirable method of never committing himself to an important publication—a method infinitely to be recommended, and which many gentlemen at the universities and elsewhere practise, as all the world knows, with consummate success. "Mr Chillingly Mivers was regarded by himself and by others as a man who might have achieved the highest success in any branch of literature if he had deigned to exhibit his talents therein. But he did not so deign ; and therefore he had full right to imply that, if he had written an epic, a drama, a novel, a history, a metaphysical treatise, Milton, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Hume, Berkeley would have been nowhere." Mr Chillingly Mivers is indeed one of the best hits in the work, which, though inspired by a charming and touching tenderness for all that is good, is full of subtle assaults upon the men and the views of the day. We cannot do better than quote at length the following admirable exposition of the character, maxims, and ways of thinking of this man of the time :—

"The sixteen years that had elapsed since he was first introduced to the reader, had made no perceptible change in his appearance. It was one of his maxims that in youth a man of the world should appear older than he is ; and in middle age, and thence to his dying day, younger. And he announced one secret for attaining that art in these words : 'Begin your wig early, thus you never become grey.'

"Unlike most philosophers, Mivers made his practice conform to his pre-

cepts; and while in the prime of youth inaugurated a wig in a fashion that defied the flight of time, not curly and hyacinthine, but straight-haired and unassuming. He looked five-and-thirty from the day he put on that wig at the age of twenty-five. He looked five-and-thirty now at the age of fifty-one.

"I mean," said he, "to remain thirty-five all my life. No better age to stick at. People may choose to say I am more, but I shall not own it. No one is bound to criminate himself."

"Mr Mivers had some other aphorisms on this important subject. One was, 'Refuse to be ill. Never tell people you are ill; never own it to yourself. Illness is one of those things which a man should resist on principle at the onset. It should never be allowed to get in the thin end of the wedge. But take care of your constitution, and, having ascertained the best habits for it, keep to them like clockwork.' Mr Mivers would not have missed his constitutional walk in the Park before breakfast, if, by going in a cab to St Giles's, he could have saved the city of London from conflagration.

"Another aphorism of his was, 'If you want to keep young, live in a metropolis; never stay above a few weeks at a time in the country. Take two men of similar constitution at the age of twenty-five; let one live in London and enjoy a regular sort of club-life; send the other to some rural district; preposterously called "salubrious." Look at these men when they have both reached the age of forty-five. The London man has preserved his figure, the rural man has a paunch. The London man has an interesting delicacy of complexion; the face of the rural man is coarse-grained and perhaps jowly.'

"A third axiom was, 'Don't be a family man; nothing ages one like matrimonial felicity and paternal ties. Never multiply cares, and pack up your life in the briefest compass you can. Why add to your carpet-bag of troubles the contents of a lady's imperials and bonnet-boxes, and the travelling *fourgon* required by the nursery? Shun ambition—it is so gouty. It takes a great deal out of a man's life, and gives him nothing worth having till he has ceased to enjoy it.'

"Another of his aphorisms was this, 'A fresh mind keeps the body fresh. Take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday. As to the morrow, time enough to consider it when it becomes to-day.'

"Preserving himself by attention to these rules, Mr Mivers appeared at Exmundham *totus, tereus*, but not *rotundus*—a man of middle height, slender, upright, with well-cut, small, slight features, thin lips, enclosing an excellent set of teeth, even, white, and not indebted to the dentist. For the sake of those teeth he shunned acid wines, especially hock in all its varieties, culinary sweets, and hot drinks. He drank even his tea cold. 'There are,' he said, 'two things in life that a sage must preserve at every sacrifice, the coats of his stomach and the enamel of his teeth. Some evils admit of consolations: there are no comforters for dyspepsia and toothache.' A man of letters, but a man of the world, he had so cultivated his mind as both, that he was feared as the one, and liked as the other. As a man of letters he despised the world; as a man of the world he despised letters. As the representative of both he revered himself."

The relatives thus described meet in solemn conclave to select a name for the solemn and melancholy baby who, after fourteen years of childless wedlock, is at length born to the Chillinglys. The scene in which this is done—in which the sour and disappointed Gordon suggests cheerfully that "a large percentage of infants die before attaining the age of twenty-one," and the genial Parson John discovers that the name of Kenelm unites in it all that can be desired in the way of baptismal appellative—is very clever, but space does not permit us to enter upon it; neither can we follow the grave youngster thus christened through his earliest progress in metaphysics and pugilism. More momentous than his christening is the consultation as to what is to be done with him when he leaves school. By this time the ladies of the party have

been eliminated from the novel, and so has the heir-presumptive, who had gone to law with Sir Peter about the cutting of the timber on the estate; in respect to which, notwithstanding his cousin's possession of an heir of his own, that disagreeable person had endeavoured to restrain the reigning Chillingly. The council of education consisted, accordingly, of the Rev. John, and of Mr Chillingly Mivers, whose opinions are expressed as follows:—

"The Parson laid aside his cutty-pipe, and emptied his fourth tumbler of toddy, then, throwing back his head in the dreamy fashion of the great Coleridge when he indulged in a monologue, he thus began, speaking somewhat through his nose—

"*'At the morning of life—'*

"Here Mivers shrugged his shoulders, turned round on his couch, and closed his eyes with the sigh of a man resigning himself to a homily.

"*'At the morning of life, when the dews—'*

"*'I knew the dews were coming,'* said Mivers. *'Dry them, if you please; nothing so unwholesome. We anticipate what you mean to say, which is plainly this—When a fellow is sixteen he is very fresh; so he is—pass on—what then?'*

"*'If you mean to interrupt me with your habitual cynicism,'* said the Parson, *'why did you ask to hear me?'*

"*'That was a mistake, I grant; but who on earth would conceive that you were going to commence in that florid style. Morning of life indeed!—boah!'*

"*'Cousin Mivers,'* said Sir Peter, *'you are not reviewing John's style in "The Londoner"; and I will beg you to remember that my son's morning of life is a serious thing to his father, and not to be nipped in its bud by a cousin. Proceed, John!'*

"*'Quoth the Parson, good-humouredly, "I will adapt my style to the taste of my critic. When a fellow is at the age of sixteen, and very fresh to life, the question is whether he should begin thus prematurely to exchange the ideas that belong to youth for the ideas that properly belong to middle age,—whether he should begin*

to acquire that knowledge of the world which middle-aged men have acquired and can teach. I think not. I would rather leave him yet awhile in the company of the poets—in the indulgence of glorious hopes and beautiful dreams, forming to himself some type of the Heroic, which he will keep before his eyes as a standard when he goes into the world as man. There are two schools of thought for the formation of character—the Real and Ideal. I would form the character in the Ideal school, in order to make it bolder and grander and lovelier when it takes its place in that everyday life which is called the Real. And therefore I am not for placing the descendant of Sir Kenelm Digby, in the interval between school and college, with a man of the world, probably as cynical as cousin Mivers, and living in the stony thoroughfares of London.'

"Mr Mivers (rousing himself).—*'Before we plunge into that Serbonian bog—the controversy between the Realistic and the Idealistic academicians—I think the first thing to decide is what you want Kenelm to be hereafter. When I order a pair of shoes, I decide beforehand what kind of shoes they are to be—court pumps or strong walking-shoes; and I don't ask the shoemaker to give me a preliminary lecture upon the different purposes of locomotion to which leather can be applied. If, Sir Peter, you want Kenelm to scribble lackadaisical poems, listen to Parson John; if you want to fill his head with pastoral rubbish about innocent love, which may end in marrying the Miller's Daughter, listen to Parson John; if you want him to enter life a soft-headed greenhorn, who will sign any bill carrying 50 per cent to which a young scamp asks him to be security, listen to Parson John; in fine, if you wish a clever lad to become either a pigeon or a ring-dove, a credulous booby or a sentimental milk-sop, Parson John is the best adviser you can have.'*

"*'But I don't want my son to ripen into either of those imbecile developments of species.'*

"*'Then don't listen to Parson John; and there's an end of the discussion.'*

"*'No, there is not. I have not heard your advice what to do if John's advice is not to be taken.'*

"Mr Mivers hesitated. He seemed puzzled.

"The fact is,' said the Parson, 'that Mivers got up "The Londoner" upon a principle that regulates his own mind,—find fault with the way everything is done, but never commit yourself by saying how anything can be done better.'

"That is true,' said Mivers, candidly."

Mr Mivers's own advice, which he gives later, on the condition that nobody shall know he has been beguiled into giving it, and nobody shall blame him "if it turns out very ill, as most advice does,"—is of a very different description from that of Parson John.

"With every new generation," he says, "there springs up a new order of ideas. The earlier the age at which a man seizes the ideas that will influence his own generation, the more he has a start in the race with his contemporaries. If Kenelm comprehends at sixteen those intellectual signs of the time which, when he goes up to college, he will find young men of eighteen and twenty only just prepared to comprehend, he will produce a deep impression of his powers for reasoning, and their adaptation to actual life, which will be of great service to him later. Now the ideas that influence the mass of the rising generation never have their well-head in the generation itself. They have their source in the generation before them, generally in a small minority, neglected or contemned by the great majority which adopt them later. Therefore a lad at the age of sixteen, if he wants to get at such ideas, must come into close contact with some superior mind in which they were conceived twenty or thirty years before. I am consequently for placing Kenelm with a person from whom the new ideas can be learned. I am also for his being placed in the metropolis during the process of this initiation. With such introductions as are at our command, he may come in contact not only with new ideas, but with eminent men in all vocations. It is a great thing to mix betimes with clever people. One picks their brains unconsciously. There is another advantage, and not a small one, in this early

entrance into good society. A youth learns manners, self-possession, readiness of resource."

The result of this advice is that Kenelm is confided to the charge of Mr Welby, another good-humoured and highly-cultured social philosopher, a man of letters, who, having once paid his footing by the loss of the greater part of his fortune, is not to be taken in, in any way. "He was not, like Mivers, a despiser of all men and all things; but he regarded men and things as an indifferent though good-natured spectator regards the thronging streets from a drawing-room window. He could not be called *blasé*, but he was thoroughly *désillusionné*." The young man, brought up under these auspices, develops into a very singular being. He ought to be the very model specimen of an old head on young shoulders, and indeed on one occasion whimsically describes himself as such; but yet, with all his worldly training and the over-maturity of his intelligence, he preserves bits of foolish youthfulness and crazy enthusiasms, which are worked in most amusingly into the artificial calm of his character as created by Mivers and Welby. Educated specially to make his way in the world, but feeling in himself an utter absence of all the selfish motives appealed to in his training, he becomes absolutely indifferent to everything the world can give him, contemptuous of reputation, careless of applause, desiring nothing, and hoping nothing. Yet a certain amount of fanaticism is mingled with this strange blank of feeling: on certain points he is wildly obstinate in his theories,—one of which is that celibacy is the highest state of man; that love is "an unaccountable aberration," and marriage an invention of the Evil One. This theory he has derived from "a very eloquent book in praise of celibacy, entitled 'The Approach to the

Angels,' written by that eminent Oxford scholar Decimus Roach;" and for it he is ready to go to the stake at any moment. This very odd young man makes his *début* very naturally at the dinner given to the tenantry in honour of his coming of age; but his speech on that occasion is extremely unlike the ordinary speech of a young heir glorious in youth and good fortune. In replying to the congratulations and happy predictions of the speaker who proposed his health, and who promised him unbounded honour and success as the descendant of a long line of fortunate ancestors, and of a popular and excellent father, the heir of the Chillinglys replied in truthful but remarkable strain, that his forefathers had really deserved very little of a world which was none the wiser or better for their existence. His father he allows to be worthy of all that can be said by man in favour of man. But what, at the best, is man? he adds, with mournful solemnity. He then proceeds to show the gaping multitude how little their praises of Sir Peter's qualities as a proprietor of land were justifiable, and how unlikely their kind anticipations in respect to himself were to be realised.

"As for the merits assigned to my father as landlord, I must respectfully dissent from the panegyrics so rashly bestowed on him. For all sound reasoners must concur in this, that the first duty of an owner of land is not to the occupiers to whom he leases it, but to the nation at large. It is his duty to see that the land yields to the community the utmost it can yield. In order to effect this object a landlord should put up his farms to competition, exacting the highest rent he can possibly get from responsible competitors. Competitive examination is the enlightened order of the day, even in professions in which the best men would have qualities that defy examination. In agriculture, happily, the principle of competitive examination is not so hostile to the choice of the

best man as it must be, for instance, in diplomacy, where a Talleyrand would be excluded for knowing no language but his own; and still more in the army, where promotion would be denied to an officer who, like Marlborough, could not spell. But in agriculture a landlord has only to inquire who can give the highest rent, having the largest capital, subject by the strictest penalties of law to the conditions of a lease dictated by the most scientific agriculturists under penalties fixed by the most cautious conveyancers. By this mode of procedure, recommended by the most liberal economists of our age—barring those still more liberal who deny that property in land is any property at all—by this mode of procedure, I say, a landlord does his duty to his country. He secures tenants who can produce the most to the community by their capital, tested through competitive examination into their bankers' accounts and the security they can give, and through the rigidity of covenants suggested by a Liebig and reduced into law by a Chitty. But on my father's land I see a great many tenants with little skill and less capital, ignorant of a Liebig and revolting from a Chitty, and no filial enthusiasm can induce me honestly to say that my father is a good landlord. He has preferred his affection for individuals to his duties to the community. It is not, my friends, a question whether a handful of farmers like yourselves go to the workhouse or not. It is a consumer's question. Do you produce the maximum of corn to the consumer?

"With respect to myself," continued the orator, warming, as the cold he had engendered in his audience became more freezingly felt—"with respect to myself, I do not deny that, owing to the accident of training for a very faulty and contracted course of education, I have obtained what are called "honours" at the University of Cambridge; but you must not regard that fact as a promise of any worth in my future passage through life. Some of the most useless persons—especially narrow-minded and bigoted—have acquired far higher honours at the university than have fallen to my lot.

"I thank you no less for the civil things you have said of me and of my

family; but I shall endeavour to walk to that grave to which we are all bound with a tranquil indifference as to what people may say of me in so short a journey. And the sooner, my friends, we get to our journey's end, the better our chance of escaping a great many pains, troubles, sins, and diseases. So that when I drink to your good healths, you must feel that in reality I wish you an early deliverance from the ills to which flesh is exposed, and which so generally increase with our years, that good health is scarcely compatible with the decaying faculties of old age. Gentlemen, your good healths!"

It may be supposed with what amazement these sentiments are received by the rural party assembled, and by the father and mother, who listen aghast to these cheerful sentiments of their heir. These sentiments are, however, gravely explained by the young offender next day, in a most amusing conversation with his parents, to be the plain expression of the new ideas in which he had been so carefully trained. The consequence is, that Sir Peter resolves to send him off to travel—a resolution which he agrees in with his habitual calm. In this project, however, as in every other, the mind of Kenelm works in its own individual way; and having immediately after a chance *rencontre* with an amusing and philosophical vagrant on the road, he anticipates his father's solemn preparations, and interrupts the search for an accomplished courier and the collection of letters of introduction which Sir Peter is making on his behalf, by leaving home suddenly, and setting out after his own wild fashion of travel. This is as peculiar as is the hero who adopts it. He sets out on foot in such a dress "as might be worn on Sundays by a small country yeoman or tenant-farmer of a petty holding," with a knapsack on his shoulders, all of which accoutrements he buys, in true adventurous fashion, in the

first town he comes to. "It is," he says to himself, as he begins his journey, "a strange yearning I have long felt to get out of myself—to get, as it were, into another man's skin—and have a little variety of thought and emotion. One's self is always the same self, and that is why I yawn so often. . . . Myself is Kenelm Chillingly, son and heir to a rich gentleman. But a fellow with a knapsack on his back, sleeping at wayside inns, is not at all like Kenelm Chillingly, especially if he is very short of money, and may come to want a dinner. Perhaps that sort of fellow may take a livelier view of things—he can't take a duller one." After he has changed his dress, and, according to the immemorial traditions of fiction, sunk his own clothes in a pool, he concludes with satisfaction—"Now I really begin to think that I have got out of myself: I am in another man's skin."

Is it needful to add that the young man thus setting out plunges immediately into the strangest adventures? In the first of these he carries off, or rather is carried off by, a boy who is really a girl, and who makes him drive her in "a neat-looking gig drawn by a pensive grey cob," which is also carried off between them from its lawful owner, to a town twenty miles off, in which there is an actor whom she has foolishly fallen in love with. To add that Kenelm conducts himself in this delicate business like the flower of chivalry whose name he bears, is unnecessary; and the whole incident is told with a whimsical humour which redeems its extreme unlikelihood. Having, however, extricated himself, safe and sound, from a very ugly complication of affairs with a facility only belonging to romance, Kenelm loses no time in falling into another adventure, and one which more or less affects his whole remaining

career. He begins this by engaging himself to help towards the getting in of the hay-harvest at the request of a farmer, whose workmen have failed him. Here, after winning, with appropriate reflections, a two-shilling piece for an afternoon's work (good pay, but the circumstances were desperate), he establishes himself in the farmer's house, where his thin disguise is easily seen through, and where his imagination is suddenly set on fire by a village story of a pair of lovers persecuted by the village bully, a gigantic farrier, who loves the rustic beauty, who detests him, and will let nobody else approach her. Kenelm, a pugilist from his earliest years, pricks up his ears at the description of Tom Bowles, and thrusting himself, without the slightest warrant, into the quarrel, beats the bully, and clears the way to the marriage of the lovers. This is the weak point in the story. The farmer's house, with its semi-refined daughters, and the presumptuous little snob of a son, whom his father begs Kenelm to "let down a peg or two," is very well painted—a pretty bit of rural life, in which our whimsical hero is no more out of place than a humorist might chance to be on occasion; but when we get into the village, to Jessie Wiles, and Will Somers, and Tom Bowles, we get into regions of pure fiction, an operatic village with a chorus, and a fine part for the first bass. Tom Bowles, whom Kenelm licks, as a matter of course, is as unreal as a villain in a melodrama, or peasant hero from Arcadia. He is not only licked and carried off out of the way, but converted in the most marvellous and sudden manner, by arguments and exhortations, which do not seem to us, looking at them calmly, to have any intrinsic merit which justifies their success; and by dint of these addresses, and the sound of the church bells, and other such gentle influences, be-

comes at a stroke the most gentlemanly, the most refined, and cultivated of farriers, and in his turn the consoler and sympathising friend of Kenelm himself.

This part of the work is *par trop fort*. To tell the truth, the lower classes of society have always been out of Lord Lytton's way. He has made various efforts to understand them, but we do not think he has ever accomplished anything like a great success. They remain to him always more or less operatic stage peasants, happy villagers from the orthodox drama—people quite outside of those complications and difficulties of life with which the author is really acquainted. The intense and somewhat imbecile happiness of the Somerses, and the sudden change of Tom Bowles, would be much too violent effects to be employed by so accomplished an artist on ground where he was familiar. Quite unconsciously indeed he treats the specimens of humanity which he culls from those lower levels, as the spinsters of the Chillingly family, according to his own description, treated the poor, "whom they looked upon as a different order of creation." No sort of class-feeling, however, no vulgar sense of social superiority, is in this incomprehension. It is rather the strain of the effort to comprehend which carries him too far.

It is amusing, and affects us with a tender sense of old friendship and identity, to find the new hero Kenelm proving his brotherhood with the old heroes, by the delightful and unfailing success he meets with everywhere among all sorts and conditions of men and women. Though all his principles differ from those of his brilliant predecessors—though his temperament, manners, and mode of speech are framed by different rules—yet here he takes up their prerogative and proves himself of their family. In argu-

ment, as in fight, he has always the best of it; mollifying and winning over to his will the resentful mother of the man whom he has beaten, as well as the Squire who refuses the request of the romantic youth, until the romantic youth subdues him by the charm of his reasoning. Everybody takes an interest in Kenelm—everybody recognises him as a superior being—his disguise tells for nothing, neither does the more artful disguises of his indolence and indifference. His native greatness peeps out and gains a universal appreciation. In society and out of it—in the house of the farmer, in the shop of the tradesman, in the nursery party, the young philosopher carries all before him, just as our Pelhams used to do in other days. Though he aims at nothing but philosophy and the good of others, he has all that honour, applause, and appreciation can give him. This old familiar touch comes in with a gentle weakness which disarms all criticism. Lord Lytton has consented to make his last hero unambitious, indifferent, apathetic, out of deference to the fancy of the times—but he cannot allow him to be unsuccessful. No amount of complaisance will carry him so far as this. That his hero's success should be merely personal, not affecting his career, may be permitted, but failure is as far as ever from the author's possibilities or thoughts.

After many wanderings, however, and many philosophisings, the moment arrives, as arrive it must, when Kenelm at last falls in love. He does so with characteristic suddenness and vehemence, without any preliminaries, all at once, with a fairy creature, wondrously beautiful we need not say, and in that condition of natural poetry unmarred by artificial education, of which Lord Lytton is fond. Lily is the quintessence of his abstract idea of womanhood, just as Cecilia

Travers is the type of his gracious and graceful lady. Kenelm, we are glad to find, acknowledges to himself the very first day he sees her that something has happened which oversets all his theories, and with a practical energy which cannot be too much applauded, he takes action at once in the matter. Before he allows himself to fall further into the quagmire of love, or to commit himself to a principle diametrically opposed to all those which he has hitherto professed, he sets off post-haste, over brake and brier, on foot, to Oxford, to consult the famous scholar, Decimus Roach, the author of the "Approach to the Angels," as to whether any divergence from the theory of that work may be logically permissible. The scene is too amusing to be left out.

"Mr Roach was somewhere about fifty—a good-looking man, and evidently thought himself so, for he wore his hair long behind and parted in the middle; which is not done by men who form modest estimates of their personal appearance.

"Kenelm was not long in drawing out his host on the subject to which that profound thinker had devoted so much meditation.

"I can scarcely convey to you," said Kenelm, 'the intense admiration with which I have studied your noble work, "Approach to the Angels." It produced a great effect on me in the age between boyhood and youth. But of late some doubts on the universal application of your doctrine have crept into my mind.'

"Ay, indeed?' said Mr Roach, with an expression of interest in his face.

"And I come to you for the solution."

"Mr Roach turned away his head, and pushed the bottle to Kenelm.

"I am quite willing to concede," resumed the heir of the Chillinglys, 'that a priesthood should stand apart from the distracting cares of a family, and pure from all carnal affections.'

"Hem, hem," grunted Mr Roach, taking his knee on his lap and caressing it.

"I go farther," continued Kenelm, 'and supposing with you that the Confessional has all the importance,

whether in its monitory or its cheering effects upon repentant sinners, which is attached to it by the Roman Catholics, and that it ought to be no less cultivated by the Reformed Church, it seems to me essential that the Confessor should have no better half to whom it can be even suspected he may, in an unguarded moment, hint at the frailties of one of her female acquaintances.

"I pushed that argument too far," murmured Roach.

"Not a bit of it. Celibacy in the Confessor stands or falls with the Confessional. Your argument there is as sound as a bell. But when it comes to the layman, I think I detect a difference."

"Mr Roach shook his head, and replied stoutly, 'No; if celibacy be incumbent on the one, it is equally incumbent on the other. I say "if"."

"Permit me to deny that assertion."

Mr Roach, the reader will perceive, becomes uneasy under this cross-examination—he becomes more and more uneasy as Kenelm goes on re-stating his own triumphant arguments; and though he plucks up a little heart as his embarrassing disciple states the difficulties to which he expects "such answers as will fully convince my reason," it becomes more and more apparent that he is being pushed into a moral corner, from which there is no escape. He has just falteringly allowed that "Love, Mr Chillingly, has its good side as well as its bad," when the argument thus comes to its inevitable conclusion:

"KENELM (passing the bottle).—'Yes, yes; you are quite right in putting the adversary's case strongly before you demolish it—all good rhetoricians do that. Pardon me if I am up to that trick in argument. Assume that I know all that can be said in favour of the abnegation of common-sense, euphoniouly called "love," and proceed to the demolition of the case.'

"THE REV. DECIMUS ROACH (hesitatingly).—'The demolition of the case? humph! The passions are ingrafted in the human system as part and parcel of it, and are not to be de-

molished so easily as you seem to think. Love, taken rationally and morally by a man of good education and sound principles, is—is—'

"KENELM.—'Well, is what?'

"THE REV. DECIMUS ROACH.—'A—a—a—thing not to be despised. Like the sun, it is the great colourist of life, Mr Chillingly. And you are so right—the moral system does require daily exercise. What can give that exercise to a solitary man, when he arrives at the practical age in which he cannot sit for six hours at a stretch musing on the divine essence; and rheumatism or other ailments forbid his adventure into the wilds of Africa as a missionary? At that age, Nature, which will be heard, Mr Chillingly, demands her rights. A sympathising female companion by one's side; innocent little children climbing one's knee—lovely, bewitching picture! Who can be Goth enough to rub it out, who fanatic enough to paint over it the image of a St Simon sitting alone on a pillar! Take another glass. You don't drink enough, Mr Chillingly.'

"I have drunk enough," replied Kenelm, in a sullen voice, 'to think I see double. I imagined that before me sat the austere adversary of the insanity of love and the miseries of wedlock. Now, I fancy I listen to a puling sentimentalist uttering the platitudes which the other Decimus Roach had already refuted. Certainly either I see double, or you amuse yourself with mocking my appeal to your wisdom.'

"Not so, Mr Chillingly. But the fact is, that when I wrote that book of which you speak, I was young, and youth is enthusiastic and one-sided. Now, with the same disdain of the excesses to which love may hurry weak intellects, I recognise its benignant effects when taken, as I before said, rationally—taken rationally, my young friend. At that period of life when the judgment is matured, the soothing companionship of an amiable female cannot but cheer the mind, and prevent that morose hoar-frost into which solitude is chilled and made rigid by increasing years. In short, Mr Chillingly, having convinced myself that I erred in the opinion once too rashly put forth, I owe it to Truth, I owe it to Mankind, to make my conversion known to the world. And I am about

to enter into the matrimonial state with a young lady who——'

"Say no more, say no more, Mr Roach. It must be a painful subject to you. Let us drop it."

"It is not a painful subject at all!" exclaimed Mr Roach, with warmth. "I look forward to the fulfilment of my duty with the pleasure which a well-trained mind always ought to feel in recanting a fallacious doctrine. But you do me the justice to understand that of course I do not take this step I propose—for my personal satisfaction. No, sir, it is the value of my example to others, which purifies my motives and animates my soul."

"After this concluding and noble sentence, the conversation dropped. Host and guest both felt they had had enough of each other. Kenelm soon rose to depart."

"Mr Roach, on taking leave of him at the door, said, with marked emphasis:

"Not for my personal satisfaction—remember that. Whenever you hear my conversion discussed in the world, say that from my own lips you heard these words—NOT FOR MY PERSONAL SATISFACTION. No! My kind regards to Welby—a married man himself, and a father; *he* will understand me."

How Kenelm returned after this to the side of the fairy girl who had bewitched him, and how the brief beautiful little idyl came to an end, need not be described here—the reader knows it by this time, or if not, will make haste to know it for himself. With a considerable mixture of the artificial in the story,—in the morbid terror of the aunt Mrs Cameron for any revelation of the secret of family disgrace upon which she has brooded all her life—and in the very fantastic and unreal personage known to us in the earlier part of the tale as the Wandering Minstrel, who thrusts himself in the way of Kenelm's happiness,—it is a very touching story, and Kenelm's grief is real and manly, and his conduct is always that of a chivalrous knight and gentleman. The sensible reader who takes the facts of life into consideration, will feel

that, on the whole, it was better to get rid of poor Lily in consideration of the final gravitation of the impracticable Kenelm towards real life, Parliament, and Cecilia, which we see slowly taking place in the end of the third volume; but the young and romantic, we fear, will, as always, weep over the impossible love, and feel a half-spiteful aversion to the compromise of real existence which elevates the Lady Rowena, and casts aside the more beloved heroine. Such, however, is the result; not tragedy, but that compromised tragedy which leaves a moderate happiness to all survivors, and buries away the romantic and ineffable in prettily-decorated, flower-bestrewn graves.

The concluding pages of Kenelm Chillingly are very characteristic of Lord Lytton, and touching to the last degree, to the reader who reflects how very soon the man who wrote these lines was carried solemnly to that splendid resting-place which he points out as the last and noblest reward of a noble ambition. This last book is in itself a contradiction to the theory which has been advanced, with reference to its touching close, that Lord Lytton set applause above all more spiritual and moral rewards, or, indeed, that the idea of reward at all lies at the bottom of his philosophy. Throughout all his writings, and not least in this, the last, a strong and noble sense of duty, and a very lofty, almost high-flown generosity, have ever been the very life-springs of the characters he has created. The intensity of his desire to give fitting form to this high ideal, the central idea in his mind, lies at the root, we believe, of much of that overstrain of sentiment and high-flown expression which in his earlier days were characteristic of Bulwer. His contemporary, Thackeray, partly driven to it, no doubt, by that very strain of enthusiastic effort, gave it forth as his professed intention to

dispense with a hero, and by his witty and pungent badinage on the subject gained for himself that stigma of cynic, which is really so little appropriate to him. But Lord Lytton never throughout his life relinquished his hero, and never gave up the certainly nobler purpose of embodying ideal excellence in the persons of his chief characters. We do not know that we can better sum up his work than by saying that his literary life was spent in a repeated and continual effort to represent, in ever nobler and brighter hues, the life and motives of a gentleman; we might add, taking his latest works into special account, of a Christian gentleman; but even if we do not insist upon this point the other is incontestable. That gentleman who is the special ideal of the British race—brave, simple, strong, open-handed, dutiful—not necessarily intellectual, and even not always rigid in his observance of the finer punctilios of morality, but never paltry, never mean, always honourable, open, and true, is, throughout all his works, Lord Lytton's special hero. His standard rose as he grew older, and those brilliant peccadilloes which his youth permitted were banished into the region of things impossible in his maturer years; but he never departed from his fine and strenuous effort to imprint this ideal upon the imagination of his country. That he should have thought Westminster Abbey a fitting subject on which to dilate as a stimulus to the energies of this ideal youth is partly owing to those old traditions cherished by many men, which point to fame as "the spur which the clear spirit doth raise," and partly to the natural turn for declamation, which he undoubtedly possessed, and which he has indulged in perhaps one time and another considerably more than

his best lovers approve. Whether he consciously cared for a grave at Westminster in his own person, who can tell? [It is a melancholy glory to which we doubt much whether any living man, apart from its splendid uses as a subject for eloquence, ever looked forward with real desire. Like everything else in the book, this hymn in praise of Glory as distinguished from Profit is a protest, and in its way a noble one. The real man of the time, the unscrupulous politician, the schemer who is ready to sacrifice everything for the sake of his career, looks forward to power as his highest reward, and to a peerage as the solace of his declining days. But to our Kenelm, if there is a reward at all, be it the reward which conveys no personal pleasure, the ethereal crown of national immortality.]

Thus Lord Lytton sums up and completes his work with a rare and touching unity of purpose. From beginning to end of his literary labours he is the historian, the prophet, the minstrel of the Gentleman, in the truest and finest sense of the word. It seems to us that from the airy and graceful Pelham, for whose entrance on the stage he withdrew the curtains not much short of half a century ago, to the less versatile and graver figure whom he has left behind him, last offspring of that creative mind which wielded its magic power so long, there is a gradual growth and expansion in the lines of the picture; but the intention is always the same. It is now as ever a noble intention; and in this point of view, Kenelm Chillingly, the last of his family—the old man's wistful representation of the new man, and conscious indication of a changed development of his great leading idea—possesses a touching grace and interest which is entirely his own.

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THE PARISIANS.—BOOK SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

It is the first week in the month of May 1870. Celebrities are of rapid growth in the *salons* of Paris. Gustave Rameau has gained the position for which he sighed. The journal he edits has increased its hold on the public, and his share of the profits has been liberally augmented by the secret proprietor. Rameau is acknowledged as a power in literary circles. And as critics belonging to the same clique praise each other in Paris, whatever they may do in communities more rigidly virtuous, his poetry has been declared by authorities in the press to be superior to that of Alfred de Musset in vigour—to that of Victor Hugo in refinement; neither of which assertions would much, perhaps, shock a cultivated understanding.

It is true that it (Gustave's poetry) has not gained a wide audience among the public. But with regard to poetry nowadays, there are plenty of persons who say as Dr Johnson said of the verse of

Spratt, "I would rather praise it than read."

At all events, Rameau was courted in gay and brilliant circles, and, following the general example of French *littérateurs* in fashion, lived well up to the income he received, had a delightful bachelor's apartment, furnished with artistic effect, spent largely on the adornment of his person, kept a *coupé* and entertained profusely at the *Café Anglais* and the *Maison Dorée*. A reputation that inspired a graver and more unquiet interest had been created by the *Vicomte de Mauléon*. Recent articles in the '*Sens Commun*,' written under the name of Pierre Firmin, on the discussions on the vexed question of the *plébiscite*, had given umbrage to the Government, and Rameau had received an intimation that he, as editor, was responsible for the compositions of the contributors to the journal he edited; and that though, so long as Pierre Firmin had kept his caustic spirit within proper bounds, the

Government had winked at the evasion of the law which required every political article in a journal to be signed by the real name of its author, it could do so no longer. Pierre Firmin was apparently a *nom de plume*; if not, his identity must be proved, or Rameau would pay the penalty which his contributor seemed bent on incurring.

Rameau, much alarmed for the journal that might be suspended, and for himself who might be imprisoned, conveyed this information through the publisher to his correspondent Pierre Firmin, and received the next day an article signed Victor de Mauléon, in which the writer proclaimed himself to be one and the same with Pierre Firmin, and, taking a yet bolder tone than he had before assumed, dared the Government to attempt legal measures against him. The Government was prudent enough to disregard that haughty bravado, but Victor de Mauléon rose at once into political importance. He had already in his real name and his quiet way established a popular and respectable place in Parisian society. But if this revelation created him enemies whom he had not before provoked, he was now sufficiently acquitted, by tacit consent, of the sins formerly laid to his charge, to disdain the assaults of party wrath. His old reputation for personal courage and skill in sword and pistol served, indeed, to protect him from such charges as a Parisian journalist does not reply to with his pen. If he created some enemies, he created many more friends, or, at least, partisans and admirers. He only needed fine and imprisonment to become a popular hero.

A few days after he had thus proclaimed himself, Victor de Mauléon—who had before kept aloof from Rameau, and from *salons* at which he was likely to meet that

distinguished minstrel—solicited his personal acquaintance, and asked him to breakfast.

Rameau joyfully went. He had a very natural curiosity to see the contributor whose articles had so mainly insured the sale of the '*Sens Commun*.'

In the dark-haired, keen-eyed, well-dressed, middle-aged man, with commanding port and courtly address, he failed to recognise any resemblance to the flaxen-wigged, long-coated, be-spectacled, shambling sexagenarian whom he had known as Lebeau. Only now and then a tone of voice struck him as familiar, but he could not recollect where he had heard the voice it resembled. The thought of Lebeau did not occur to him; if it had occurred it would only have struck him as a chance coincidence. Rameau, like most egotists, was rather a dull observer of men. His genius was not objective.

"I trust, Monsieur Rameau," said the Vicomte, as he and his guest were seated at the breakfast-table, "that you are not dissatisfied with the remuneration your eminent services in the journal have received."

"The proprietor, whoever he be, has behaved most liberally," answered Rameau.

"I take that compliment to myself, *cher confrère*; for though the expenses of starting the '*Sens Commun*' and the caution money lodged were found by a friend of mine, that was as a loan, which I have long since repaid, and the property in the journal is now exclusively mine. I have to thank you not only for your own brilliant contributions, but for those of the colleagues you secured. Monsieur Savarin's piquant criticisms were most valuable to us at starting. I regret to have lost his aid. But as he has set up a new journal of his own,

even he has not wit enough to spare for another. *Appropos* of our contributors, I shall ask you to present me to the fair author of 'The Artist's Daughter.' I am of too prosaic a nature to appreciate justly the merits of a *roman*; but I have heard warm praise of this story from the young—they are the best judges of that kind of literature; and I can at least understand the worth of a contributor who trebled the sale of our journal. It is a misfortune to us, indeed, that her work is completed, but I trust that the sum sent to her through our publisher suffices to tempt her to favour us with another *roman* in series."

"Mademoiselle Cicogna," said Rameau, with a somewhat sharper intonation of his sharp voice, "has accepted for the republication of her *roman* in a separate form terms which attest the worth of her genius, and has had offers from other journals for a serial tale of even higher amount than the sum so generously sent to her through your publisher."

"Has she accepted them, Monsieur Rameau? If so, *tant pis pour vous*. Pardon me, I mean that your salary suffers in proportion as the '*Sens Commun*' declines in sale."

"She has not accepted them. I advised her not to do so until she could compare them with those offered by the proprietor of the '*Sens Commun*.'"

"And your advice guides her? Ah! *cher confrère*, you are a happy man—you have influence over this young aspirant to the fame of a De Staël or a George Sand."

"I flatter myself that I have some," answered Rameau, smiling loftily as he helped himself to another tumbler of Volney wine—excellent, but rather heady.

"So much the better. I leave you free to arrange terms with

Mademoiselle Cicogna, higher than she can obtain elsewhere, and kindly contrive my own personal introduction to her—you have breakfasted already?—permit me to offer you a cigar—excuse me if I do not bear you company; I seldom smoke—never of a morning. Now to business, and the state of France. Take that easy-chair, seat yourself comfortably. So! Listen! If ever Mephistopheles revisit the earth, how he will laugh at Universal Suffrage and Vote by Ballot in an old country like France, as things to be admired by educated men, and adopted by friends of genuine freedom!"

"I don't understand you," said Rameau.

"In this respect at least, let me hope that I can furnish you with understanding.

"The Emperor has resorted to a *plébiscite*—viz., a vote by ballot and universal suffrage—as to certain popular changes which circumstances compel him to substitute for his former personal rule. Is there a single intelligent Liberal who is not against that *plébiscite*?—is there any such who does not know that the appeal of the Emperor to universal suffrage and vote by ballot must result in a triumph over all the variations of free thought, by the unity which belongs to Order, represented through an able man at the head of the State? The multitude never comprehend principles; principles are complex ideas; they comprehend a simple idea, and the simplest idea is, a Name that rids their action of all responsibility to thought.

"Well, in France there are principles superabundant which you can pit against the principle of Imperial rule. But there is not one name you can pit against Napoleon the Third; therefore, I steer our little bark in the teeth of

the popular gale when I denounce the *plébiscite*, and '*Le Sens Commun*' will necessarily fall in sale—it is beginning to fall already. We shall have the educated men with us, the rest against. In every country—even in China, where all are highly educated—a few must be yet more highly educated than the many. Monsieur Rameau, I desire to overthrow the Empire: in order to do that, it is not enough to have on my side the educated men, I must have the *canaille*—the *canaille* of Paris and of the manufacturing towns. But I use the *canaille* for my purpose—I don't mean to enthrone it. You comprehend?—the *canaille* quiescent is simply mud at the bottom of a stream; the *canaille* agitated, is mud at the surface. But no man capable of three ideas builds the palaces and senates of civilised society out of mud, be it at the top or the bottom of an ocean. Can either you or I desire that the destinies of France shall be swayed by coxcombical artisans who think themselves superior to every man who writes grammar, and whose idea of a commonwealth is the confiscation of private property?"

Rameau, thoroughly puzzled by this discourse, bowed his head, and replied whisperingly, "Proceed. You are against the Empire, yet against the populace!—What are you for? not, surely, the Legitimists?—are you Republican? Orleanist? or what?"

"Your questions are very pertinent," answered the Vicomte, courteously, "and my answer shall be very frank. I am against absolute rule, whether under a Buonaparte or a Bourbon. I am for a free State, whether under a constitutional hereditary sovereign like the English or Belgian, or whether, republican in name, it be less democratic than constitutional

monarchy in practice, like the American. But as a man interested in the fate of '*Le Sens Commun*,' I hold in profound disdain all crotchets for revolutionising the elements of Human Nature. Enough of this abstract talk. To the point. You are of course aware of the violent meetings held by the Socialists, nominally against the *plébiscite*, really against the Emperor himself?"

"Yes, I know at least that the working class are extremely discontented; the numerous strikes last month were not on a mere question of wages—they were against the existing forms of society. And the articles by Pierre Firmin which brought me into collision with the Government, seemed to differ from what you now say. They approve those strikes; they appeared to sympathise with the revolutionary meetings at Belleville and Montmartre."

"Of course! we use coarse tools for destroying; we cast them aside for finer ones when we want to reconstruct."

"I attended one of those meetings last night. See, I have a pass for all such assemblies, signed by some dolt who cannot even spell the name he assumes—'*Pom-de-Tair*.' A commissary of police sat yawning at the end of the orchestra, his secretary by his side, while the orators stammer out fragments of would-be thunderbolts. Commissary of police yawns more wearily than before, secretary disdains to use his pen, seizes his penknife and pares his nails. Up rises a wild-haired, weaklimbed *silhouette* of a man, and affecting a solemnity of mien which might have become the virtuous Guizot, moves this resolution—'The French people condemns Charles Louis Napoleon the Third to the penalty of perpetual hard labour.' Then up rises the commissary of police and says quietly, 'I declare this meeting at an end.'

"Sensation among the audience—they gesticulate—they screech—they bellow—the commissary puts on his greatcoat—the secretary gives a last touch to his nails and pockets his penknife—the audience disperses—the *silhouette* of a man effaces itself—all is over."

"You describe the scene most wittily," said Rameau, laughing, but the laugh was constrained. A would-be cynic himself, there was a something grave and earnest in the real cynic that awed him.

"What conclusion do you draw from such a scene, *cher poète*?" asked De Mauléon, fixing his keen quiet eyes on Rameau.

"What conclusion? Well, that—that——"

"Yes, continue."

"That the audience were sadly degenerated from the time when Mirabeau said to a Master of the Ceremonies, 'We are here by the power of the French people, and nothing but the point of the bayonet shall expel us.'"

"Spoken like a poet, a French poet. I suppose you admire M. Victor Hugo. Conceding that he would have employed a more sounding phraseology, comprising more absolute ignorance of men, times, and manners in unintelligible metaphor and melodramatic braggadocio, your answer might have been his; but pardon me if I add, it would not be that of *Common Sense*."

"Monsieur le Vicomte might rebuke me more politely," said Rameau, colouring high.

"Accept my apologies; I did not mean to rebuke, but to instruct. The times are not those of 1789. And Nature, ever repeating herself in the production of coxcombs and blockheads, never repeats herself in the production of Mirabeaus. The Empire is doomed—doomed, because it is hostile to the free play of intellect. Any Government that

gives absolute preponderance to the many is hostile to intellect, for intellect is necessarily confined to the few.

"Intellect is the most revengeful of all the elements of society. It cares not what the materials through which it insinuates or forces its way to its seat.

"I accept the aid of *Pom-de-Tair*. I do not demean myself to the extent of writing articles that may favour the principles of *Pom-de-Tair*, signed in the name of Victor de Mauléon or of Pierre Firmin.

"I will beg you, my dear editor, to obtain clever, smart writers, who know nothing about Socialists and Internationalists, who therefore will not commit '*Le Sens Commun*' by advocating the doctrines of those idiots, but who will flatter the vanity of the *canaille*—vaguely; write any stuff they please about the renown of Paris, 'the eye of the world,' 'the sun of the European system,' &c., of the artisans of Paris as supplying soul to that eye and fuel to that sun—any *blague* of that sort—*genre Victor Hugo*; but nothing definite against life and property, nothing that may not be considered hereafter as the harmless extravagance of a poetic enthusiasm. You might write such articles yourself. In fine, I want to excite the multitude, and yet not to commit our journal to the contempt of the few.

"Nothing is to be admitted that may bring the law upon us except it be signed by my name. There may be a moment in which it would be desirable for somebody to be sent to prison: in that case, I allow no substitute—I go myself.

"Now you have my most secret thoughts. I intrust them to your judgment with entire confidence. Monsieur Lebeau gave you a high character, which you have hitherto deserved. By the way, have you seen anything lately of that *bourgeois* conspirator?"

"No, his professed business of letter-writer or agent is transferred to a clerk, who says M. Lebeau is abroad."

"Ah! I don't think that is true. I fancy I saw him the other evening gliding along the lanes of Belleville. He is too confirmed a conspirator to be long out of Paris; no place like Paris for seething brains."

"Have you known M. Lebeau long?" asked Rameau.

"Ay, many years. We are both Norman by birth, as you may

perceive by something broad in our accent."

"Ha! I knew your voice was familiar to me; certainly it does remind me of Lebeau's."

"Normans are like each other in many things besides voice and accent—obstinacy, for instance, in clinging to ideas once formed; this makes them good friends and steadfast enemies. I would advise no man to make an enemy of Lebeau."

"*Au revoir, cher confrère*. Do not forget to present me to Mademoiselle Cicogna."

CHAPTER II.

On leaving De Mauléon and regaining his *coupé* Rameau felt at once bewildered and humbled, for he was not prepared for the tone of careless superiority which the Vicomte assumed over him. He had expected to be much complimented, and he comprehended vaguely that he had been somewhat snubbed. He was not only irritated—he was bewildered, for De Mauléon's political disquisitions did not leave any clear or definite idea on his mind as to the principles which as editor of the '*Sens Commun*' he was to see adequately represented and carried out. In truth, Rameau was one of those numerous Parisian politicians who have read little and reflected less on the government of men and States. Envy is said by a great French writer to be the vice of Democracies. Envy certainly had made Rameau a democrat. He could talk and write glibly enough upon the themes of equality and fraternity, and was so far an ultra-democrat that he thought moderation the sign of a mediocre understanding.

De Mauléon's talk, therefore, terribly perplexed him. It was unlike anything he had heard before.

Its revolutionary professions, accompanied with so much scorn for the multitude, and the things the multitude desired, were Greek to him. He was not shocked by the cynicism which placed wisdom in using the passions of mankind as tools for the interests of an individual; but he did not understand the frankness of its avowal.

Nevertheless the man had dominated over and subdued him. He recognised the power of his contributor without clearly analysing its nature—a power made up of large experience of life, of cold examination of doctrines that heated others—of patrician calm—of intellectual sneer—of collected confidence in self.

Besides, Rameau felt, with a nervous misgiving, that in this man, who so boldly proclaimed his contempt for the instruments he used, he had found a master. De Mauléon, then, was sole proprietor of the journal from which Rameau drew his resources; might at any time dismiss him; might at any time involve the journal in penalties which, even if Rameau could escape in his official capacity as editor, still might stop the '*Sens Commun*,'

and with it Rameau's luxurious subsistence.

Altogether the visit to De Mauléon had been anything but a pleasant one. He sought, as the carriage rolled on, to turn his thoughts to more agreeable subjects, and the image of Isaura rose before him. To do him justice he had learned to love this girl as well as his nature would permit: he loved her with the whole strength of his imagination, and though his heart was somewhat cold, his imagination was very ardent. He loved her also with the whole strength of his vanity, and vanity was even a more preponderant organ of his system than imagination. To carry off as his prize one who had already achieved celebrity, whose beauty and fascination of manner were yet more acknowledged than her genius, would certainly be a glorious triumph.

Every Parisian of Rameau's stamp looks forward in marriage to a brilliant *salon*. What *salon* more brilliant than that which he and Isaura united could command? He had long conquered his early impulse of envy at Isaura's success,—in fact that success had become associated with his own, and had contributed greatly to his enrichment. So that to other motives of love he might add the prudential one of interest. Rameau well knew that his own vein of composition, however lauded by the cliques, and however unrivalled in his own eyes, was not one that brings much profit in the market. He compared himself to those poets who are too far in advance of their time to be quite as sure of bread and cheese as they are of immortal fame.

But he regarded Isaura's genius as of a lower order, and a thing in itself very marketable. Marry her, and the bread and cheese were so certain that he might elaborate as

slowly as he pleased the verses destined to immortal fame. Then he should be independent of inferior creatures like Victor de Mauléon. But while Rameau convinced himself that he was passionately in love with Isaura, he could not satisfy himself that she was in love with him.

Though during the past year they had seen each other constantly, and their literary occupations had produced many sympathies between them—though he had intimated that many of his most eloquent love-poems were inspired by her—though he had asserted in prose, very pretty prose too, that she was all that youthful poets dream of,—yet she had hitherto treated such declarations with a playful laugh, accepting them as elegant compliments inspired by Parisian gallantry; and he felt an angry and sore foreboding that if he were to insist too seriously on the earnestness of their import and ask her plainly to be his wife, her refusal would be certain, and his visits to her house might be interdicted.

Still Isaura was unmarried, still she had refused offers of marriage from men higher placed than himself,—still he divined no one whom she could prefer. And as he now leaned back in his *coupé* he muttered to himself, "Oh, if I could but get rid of that little demon Julie, I would devote myself so completely to winning Isaura's heart that I must succeed!—but how to get rid of Julie? She so adores me, and is so headstrong! She is capable of going to Isaura—showing my letters—making such a scene!"

Here he checked the carriage at a *café* on the Boulevard,—descended, imbibed two glasses of absinthe,—and then feeling much emboldened, remounted his *coupé* and directed the driver to Isaura's apartment.

CHAPTER III.

Yes, celebrities are of rapid growth in the *salons* of Paris. Far more solid than that of Rameau, far more brilliant than that of De Mauléon, was the celebrity which Isaura had now acquired. She had been unable to retain the pretty suburban villa at A——. The owner wanted to alter and enlarge it for his own residence, and she had been persuaded by Signora Venosta, who was always sighing for fresh *salons* to conquer, to remove (towards the close of the previous year) to apartments in the centre of the Parisian *beau monde*. Without formally professing to receive, on one evening in the week her *salon* was open to those who had eagerly sought her acquaintance—comprising many stars in the world of fashion, as well as those in the world of art and letters. And as she had now wholly abandoned the idea of the profession for which her voice had been cultivated, she no longer shrank from the exercise of her surpassing gift of song for the delight of private friends. Her physician had withdrawn the interdict on such exercise.

His skill, aided by the rich vitality of her constitution, had triumphed over all tendencies to the malady for which he had been consulted. To hear Isaura Cicognas in her own house was a privilege sought and prized by many who never read a word of her literary compositions. A good critic of a book is rare; but good judges of a voice are numberless. Adding this attraction of song to her youth, her beauty, her frank powers of converse—an innocent sweetness of manner free from all conventional affectation—and to the fresh novelty of a genius which inspired the young with enthusiasm and beguiled the

old to indulgence, it was no wonder that Isaura became a celebrity at Paris.

Perhaps it was a wonder that her head was not turned by the adulation that surrounded her. But I believe, be it said with diffidence, that a woman of mind so superior that the mind never pretends to efface the heart, is less intoxicated with flattery than a man equally exposed to it.

It is the strength of her heart that keeps her head sober. Isaura had never yet overcome her first romance of love; as yet, amid all her triumphs, there was not a day in which her thoughts did not wistfully, mournfully, fly back to those blessed moments in which she felt her cheek colour before a look, her heart beat at the sound of a footfall. Perhaps if there had been the customary finis to this young romance—the lover's deliberate renunciation, his formal farewell—the girl's pride would, ere this, have conquered her affection,—possibly—who knows?—replaced it.

But, reader, be you male or female, have you ever known this sore trial of affection and pride, that from some cause or other, to you mysterious, the dear intercourse to which you had accustomed the secret life of your life, abruptly ceases; you know that a something has come between you and the beloved which you cannot distinguish, cannot measure, cannot guess, and therefore cannot surmount; and you say to yourself at the dead of solitary night, "Oh for an explanation! Oh for one meeting more! All might be so easily set right; or if not, I should know the worst, and knowing it, could conquer!"

This trial was Isaura's. There had been no explanation, no last

farewell between her and Graham. She divined—no woman lightly makes a mistake there—that he loved her. She knew that this dread something had intervened between her and him when he took leave of her before others so many months ago; that this dread something still continued—what was it? She was certain that it would vanish, could they but once meet again and not before others. Oh for such a meeting!

She could not herself destroy hope. She could not marry another. She would have no heart to give to another while *he* was free, while in doubt if his heart was still her own. And thus her pride did not help her to conquer her affection.

Of Graham Vane she heard occasionally. He had ceased to correspond with Savarin; but among those who most frequented her *salon* were the Morleys. Americans so well educated and so well placed as the Morleys knew something about every Englishman of the social station of Graham Vane. Isaura learned from them that Graham, after a tour on the Continent, had returned to England at the commencement of the year, had been invited to stand for Parliament, had refused, that his name was in the list published by the 'Morning Post' of the *élite* whose arrivals in London, or whose presence at dinner-tables, is recorded

as an event. That the 'Athenæum' had mentioned a rumour that Graham Vane was the author of a political pamphlet which, published anonymously, had made no inconsiderable sensation. Isaura sent to England for that pamphlet: the subject was somewhat dry, and the style, though clear and vigorous, was scarcely of the eloquence which wins the admiration of women; and yet she learned every word of it by heart.

We know how little she dreamed that the celebrity which she hailed as an approach to him was daily making her more remote. The sweet labours she undertook for that celebrity continued to be sweetened yet more by secret association with the absent one. How many of the passages most admired could never have been written had he been never known!

And she blessed those labours the more that they upheld her from the absolute feebleness of sickened reverie, beguiled her from the gnawing torture of unsatisfied conjecture. She did comply with Madame de Grantmesnil's command—did pass from the dusty *beaten* road of life into green fields and along flowery river-banks, and did enjoy that ideal by-world.

But still the one image which reigned over her human heart moved beside her in the gardens of fairy-land.

CHAPTER IV.

Isaura was seated in her pretty *salon*, with the Venosta, M. Savarin, the Morleys, and the financier Louvier, when Rameau was announced.

"Ha!" cried Savarin, "we were just discussing a matter which nearly concerns you, *cher poète*. I have not seen you since the an-

nouncement that Pierre Firmin is no other than Victor de Mauléon. *Ma foi*, that worthy seems likely to be as dangerous with his pen as he was once with his sword. The article in which he revealed himself makes a sharp lunge on the Government.

"Take care of yourself. When

hawks and nightingales fly together the hawk may escape, and the nightingale complain of the barbarity of kings, in a cage : 'flebiliter gemens infelix avis.'

"He is not fit to conduct a journal," replied Rameau, magniloquently, "who will not brave a danger for his body in defence of the right to infinity for his thought."

"Bravo !" said Mrs Morley, clapping her pretty hands. "That speech reminds me of home. The French are very much like the Americans in their style of oratory."

"So," said Louvier, "my old friend the Vicomte has come out as a writer, a politician, a philosopher ; I feel hurt that he kept this secret from me despite our intimacy. I suppose you knew it from the first, M. Rameau ?"

"No, I was as much taken by surprise as the rest of the world. You have long known M. de Mauléon ?"

"Yes, I may say we began life together—that is, much at the same time."

"What is he like in appearance?" asked Mrs Morley.

"The ladies thought him very handsome when he was young," replied Louvier. "He is still a fine-looking man, about my height."

"I should like to know him !" cried Mrs Morley, "if only to tease that husband of mine. He refuses me the dearest of woman's rights.—I can't make him jealous."

"You may have the opportunity of knowing this *ci-devant* Lovelace very soon," said Rameau, "for he has begged me to present him to Mademoiselle Cicogna, and I will ask her permission to do so, on Thursday evening when she receives."

Isaura, who had hitherto attended very listlessly to the conversation, bowed assent. "Any friend of

yours will be welcome. But I own the articles signed in the name of Pierre Firmin do not prepossess me in favour of their author."

"Why so?" asked Louvier; "surely you are not an Imperialist?"

"Nay, I do not pretend to be a politician at all, but there is something in the writing of Pierre Firmin that pains and chills me."

"Yet the secret of its popularity," said Savarin, "is that it says what every one says—only better."

"I see now that it is exactly that which displeases me ; it is the Paris talk condensed into epigram : the graver it is the less it elevates—the lighter it is, the more it saddens."

"That is meant to hit me," said Savarin, with his sunny laugh—"me whom you call cynical."

"No, dear M. Savarin ; for above all your cynicism is genuine gaiety, and below it solid kindness. You have that which I do not find in M. de Mauléon's writing, nor often in the talk of the *salons*—you have youthfulness."

"Youthfulness at sixty—flatterer !"

"Genius does not count its years by the almanac," said Mrs Morley. "I know what Isaura means—she is quite right ; there is a breath of winter in M. de Mauléon's style, and an odour of fallen leaves. Not that his diction wants vigour ; on the contrary, it is crisp with hoarfrost. But the sentiments conveyed by the diction are those of a nature sear and withered. And it is in this combination of brisk words and decayed feelings that his writing represents the talk and mind of Paris. He and Paris are always fault-finding : fault-finding is the attribute of old age."

Colonel Morley looked round with pride, as much as to say—"clever talker, my wife."

Savarin understood that look, and replied to it courteously. "Madame

has a gift of expression which Emile de Girardin can scarcely surpass. But when she blames us for fault-finding, can she expect the friends of liberty to praise the present style of things?"

"I should be obliged to the friends of liberty," said the Colonel, drily, "to tell me how that state of things is to be mended. I find no enthusiasm for the Orleanists, none for a Republic; people sneer at religion; no belief in a cause, no adherence to an opinion. But the worst of it is that, like all people who are *blasés*, the Parisians are eager for strange excitement, and ready to listen to any oracle who promises a relief from indifference. This it is which makes the Press more dangerous in France than it is in any other country. Elsewhere the Press sometimes leads, sometimes follows, public opinion. Here there is no public opinion to consult, and instead of opinion the Press represents passion."

"My dear Colonel Morley," said Savarin, "I hear you very often say that a Frenchman cannot understand America. Permit me to observe that an American cannot understand France—or at least Paris. *Apropos* of Paris—that is a large speculation of yours, Louvier, in the new suburb."

"And a very sound one; I advise you to invest in it. I can secure you at present 5 per cent on the rental; that is nothing—the houses will be worth double when the Rue de Louvier is completed."

"Alas! I have no money; my new journal absorbs all my capital."

"Shall I transfer the moneys I hold for you, Signorina, and add to them whatever you may have made by your delightful *roman*, as yet lying idle, to this investment? I cannot say more in its favour than

this—I have embarked a very large portion of my capital in the Rue de Louvier, and I flatter myself that I am not one of those men who persuade their friends to do a foolish thing by setting them the example."

"Whatever you advise on such a subject," said Isaura, graciously, "is sure to be as wise as it is kind."

"You consent, then?"

"Certainly."

Here the Venosta, who had been listening with great attention to Louvier's commendation of this investment, drew him aside, and whispered in his ear—"I suppose, M. Louvier, that one can't put a little money—a very little money—*poco-poco-pocolino*, into your street."

"Into my street! Ah, I understand—into the speculation of the Rue de Louvier! certainly you can. Arrangements are made on purpose to suit the convenience of the smallest capitalists—from 500 francs upwards."

"And you feel quite sure that we shall double our money when the street is completed—I should not like to have my brains in my heels."*

"More than double it, I hope, long before the street is completed."

"I have saved a little money—very little. I have no relations, and I mean to leave it all to the Signorina; and if it could be doubled, why, there would be twice as much to leave her."

"So there would," said Louvier. "You can't do better than put it all into the Rue de Louvier. I will send you the necessary papers tomorrow, when I send hers to the Signorina."

Louvier here turned to address himself to Colonel Morley, but finding that degenerate son of America indisposed to get cent per cent for his money when offered by a Parisian, he

* "*Avere il cervello nella calcagna*,"—viz., to act without prudent reflection.

very soon took his leave. The other visitors followed his example except Rameau, who was left alone with the Venosta and Isaura. The former had no liking for Rameau, who showed her none of the attentions her innocent vanity demanded, and she soon took herself off to her own room to calculate the amount of her savings and dream of the Rue de Louvier, and "golden joys."

Rameau approaching his chair to Isaura's then commenced conversation, drily enough, upon pecuniary matters; acquitting himself of the mission with which De Mauléon had charged him, the request for a new work from her pen for the '*Sens Commun*,' and the terms that ought to be asked for compliance. The young lady-author shrank from this talk. Her private income, though modest, sufficed for her wants, and she felt a sensitive shame in the sale of her thoughts and fancies.

Putting hurriedly aside the mercantile aspect of the question, she said that she had no other work in her mind at present—that, whatever her vein of invention might be, it flowed at its own will and could not be commanded.

"Nay," said Rameau, "this is not true. We fancy, in our hours of indolence, that we must wait for inspiration; but once force ourselves to work, and ideas spring forth at the wave of the pen. You may believe me here—I speak from experience: I, compelled to work, and in modes not to my taste—I do my task I know not how. I rub the lamp, 'the genius comes.'"

"I have read in some English author that motive power is necessary to continued labour: you have motive power, I have none."

"I do not quite understand you."

"I mean that a strong ruling motive is required to persist in any regular course of action that needs effort: the motive with the majority

of men is the need of subsistence; with a large number (as in trades or professions), not actually want, but a desire of gain, and perhaps of distinction, in their calling: the desire of professional distinction expands into the longings for more comprehensive fame, more exalted honours, with the few who become great writers, soldiers, statesmen, orators."

"And do you mean to say you have no such motive?"

"None in the sting of want, none in the desire of gain."

"But fame?"

"Alas! I thought so once. I know not now—I begin to doubt if fame should be sought by women." This was said very dejectedly.

"Tut, dearest Signorina! what gadfly has stung you? Your doubt is a weakness unworthy of your intellect; and even were it not, genius is destiny and will be obeyed: you *must* write, despite yourself—and your writing *must* bring fame, whether you wish it or not."

Isaura was silent, her head drooped on her breast—there were tears in her downcast eyes.

Rameau took her hand, which she yielded to him passively, and clasping it in both his own, he rushed on impulsively.

"Oh, I know what these misgivings are when we feel ourselves solitary, unloved: how often have they been mine! But how different would labour be if shared and sympathised with by a congenial mind, by a heart that beats in unison with one's own!"

Isaura's breast heaved beneath her robe, she sighed softly.

"And then how sweet the fame of which the one we love is proud! how trifling becomes the pang of some malignant depreciation, which a word from the beloved one can soothe! Oh Signorina! oh Isaura! are we not made for each other!"

Kindred pursuits, hopes and fears in common; the same race to run, the same goal to win! I need a motive, stronger than I have yet known for the persevering energy that insures success: supply to me that motive. Let me think that whatever I win in the strife of the world is a tribute to Isaura. No, do not seek to withdraw this hand, let me claim it as mine for life. I love you as man never loved before—do not reject my love."

They say the woman who hesitates is lost. Isaura hesitated, but was not yet lost. The words she listened to moved her deeply. Offers of marriage she had already received: one from a rich middle-aged noble, a devoted musical virtuoso; one from a young *avocat* fresh from the provinces, and somewhat calculating on her *dot*; one from a timid but enthusiastic admirer of her genius and her beauty, himself rich, handsome, of good birth, but with shy manners and faltering tongue.

But these had made their proposals with the formal respect habitual to French decorum in matrimonial proposals. Words so eloquently impassioned as Gustave Rameau's had never before thrilled her ears. Yes, she was deeply moved; and yet, by that very emotion, she knew that it was not to the love of this wooer that her heart responded.

There is a circumstance in the history of courtship familiar to the experience of many women, that while the suitor is pleading his cause, his language may touch every fibre in the heart of his listener, yet substitute, as it were, another presence for his own. She may be saying to herself, "Oh that another had said those words!" and be dreaming of the other, while she hears the one.

Thus it was now with Isaura, and not till Rameau's voice had ceased

did that dream pass away, and with a slight shiver she turned her face towards the wooer, sadly and pittingly.

"It cannot be," she said, in a low whisper; "I were not worthy of your love could I accept it. Forget that you have so spoken; let me still be a friend admiring your genius, interested in your career. I cannot be more. Forgive me if I unconsciously led you to think I could, I am so grieved to pain you."

"Am I to understand," said Rameau, coldly, for his *amour propre* was resentful, "that the proposals of another have been more fortunate than mine?" And he named the youngest and comeliest of those whom she had rejected.

"Certainly not," said Isaura.

Rameau rose and went to the window, turning his face from her. In reality he was striving to collect his thoughts and decide on the course it were most prudent for him now to pursue. The fumes of the absinthe which had, despite his previous forebodings, emboldened him to hazard his avowal, had now subsided into the languid reaction which is generally consequent on that treacherous stimulus, a reaction not unfavourable to passionless reflection. He knew that if he said he could not conquer his love, he would still cling to hope, and trust to perseverance and time, he should compel Isaura to forbid his visits, and break off their familiar intercourse. This would be fatal to the chance of yet winning her, and would also be of serious disadvantage to his more worldly interests. Her literary aid might become essential to the journal on which his fortunes depended; and at all events, in her conversation, in her encouragement, in her sympathy with the pains and joys of his career, he felt a support, a comfort,

nay, an inspiration. For the spontaneous gush of her fresh thoughts and fancies served to recruit his own jaded ideas, and enlarge his own stunted range of invention. No, he could not commit himself to the risk of banishment from Isaura.

And mingled with meaner motives for discretion, there was one of which he was but vaguely conscious, purer and nobler. In the society of this girl, in whom whatever was strong and high in mental organisation became so sweetened into feminine grace by gentleness of temper and kindness of disposition, Rameau felt himself a better man. The virgin-like dignity with which she moved, so untainted by a breath of scandal, amid *salons* in which the envy of virtues doubted sought to bring innocence itself into doubt, warmed into a genuine reverence the cynicism of his professed creed.

While with her, while under her chastening influence, he was sensible of a poetry infused within him far more true to the *Camœne* than all he had elaborated into verse. In these moments he was ashamed of the vices he had courted as distractions. He imagined that,

with her all his own, it would be easy to reform.

No; to withdraw wholly from Isaura was to renounce his sole chance of redemption.

While these thoughts, which it takes so long to detail, passed rapidly through his brain, he felt a soft touch on his arm, and, turning his face slowly, encountered the tender, compassionate eyes of Isaura.

"Be consoled, dear friend," she said, with a smile, half cheering, half mournful. "Perhaps for all true artists the solitary lot is the best."

"I will try to think so," answered Rameau; "and meanwhile I thank you with a full heart for the sweetness with which you have checked my presumption—the presumption shall not be repeated. Gratefully I accept the friendship you deign to tender me. You bid me forget the words I uttered. Promise in turn that you will forget them—or at least consider them withdrawn. You will receive me still as friend?"

"As friend, surely; yes. Do we not both need friends?" She held out her hand as she spoke; he bent over it, kissed it with respect, and the interview thus closed.

CHAPTER V.

It was late in the evening of that day when a man who had the appearance of a decent *bourgeois*, in the lower grades of that comprehensive class, entered one of the streets in the Faubourg Montmartre, tenanted chiefly by artisans. He paused at the open doorway of a tall narrow house, and drew back as he heard footsteps descending a very gloomy staircase.

The light from a gas lamp on the street fell full on the face of the person thus quitting the house—the face of a young and handsome

man, dressed with the quiet elegance which betokened one of higher rank or fashion than that neighbourhood was habituated to find among its visitors. The first comer retreated promptly into the shade, and, as by sudden impulse, drew his hat low down over his eyes.

The other man did not, however, observe him, went his way with quick step along the street, and entered another house some yards distant.

"What can that pious Bourbon-

ite do here?" muttered the first comer. "Can he be a conspirator? *Diable!* 'tis as dark as Erebus on that staircase."

Taking cautious hold of the banister, the man now ascended the stairs. On the landing of the first floor there was a gas lamp which threw upward a faint ray that finally died at the third story. But at that third story the man's journey ended; he pulled a bell at the door to the right, and in another moment or so the door was opened by a young woman of twenty-eight or thirty, dressed very simply, but with a certain neatness not often seen in the wives of artisans in the Faubourg Montmartre. Her face, which, though pale and delicate, retained much of the beauty of youth, became clouded as she recognised the visitor; evidently the visit was not welcome to her.

"Monsieur Lebeau again!" she exclaimed, shrinking back.

"At your service, *chère dame*. The good man is of course at home? Ah, I catch sight of him," and sliding by the woman, M. Lebeau passed the narrow lobby in which she stood, through the open door conducting into the room in which Armand Monnier was seated, his chin propped on his hand, his elbow resting on a table, looking abstractedly into space. In a corner of the room two small children were playing languidly with a set of bone tablets inscribed with the letters of the alphabet. But whatever the children were doing with the alphabet, they were certainly not learning to read from it.

The room was of fair size and light and by no means barely or shabbily furnished. There was a pretty clock on the mantelpiece. On the wall were hung designs for the decoration of apartments, and shelves on which were ranged a few books.

The window was open, and on the sill were placed flower-pots; you could scent the odour they wafted into the room.

Altogether it was an apartment suited to a skilled artisan earning high wages. From the room we are now in, branched on one side a small but commodious kitchen; on the other side, on which the door was screened by a *portière*, with a border prettily worked by female hands—some years ago, for it was faded now—was a bedroom, communicating with one of less size in which the children slept. We do not enter those additional rooms, but it may be well here to mention them as indications of the comfortable state of an intelligent skilled artisan of Paris, who thinks he can better that state by some revolution which may ruin his employer.

Monnier started up at the entrance of Lebeau, and his face showed that he did not share the dislike to the visit which that of the female partner of his life had evinced. On the contrary, his smile was cordial, and there was a hearty ring in the voice which cried out—

"I am glad to see you—something to do? Eh?"

"Always ready to work for liberty, *mon brave*."

"I hope so: what's in the wind now?"

"Oh Armand, be prudent—be prudent," cried the woman, piteously. "Do not lead him into further mischief, Monsieur Lebeau:" as she faltered forth the last words, she bowed her head over the two little ones, and her voice died in sobs.

"Monnier," said Lebeau, gravely, "Madame is right. I ought not to lead you into further mischief; there are three in the room who have better claims on you than——"

"The cause of the millions," interrupted Monnier.

"No."

He approached the woman and took up one of the children very tenderly, stroking back its curls and kissing the face, which, if before surprised and saddened by the mother's sob, now smiled gaily under the father's kiss.

"Canst thou doubt, my Héloïse," said the artisan, mildly, "that whatever I do thou and these are not uppermost in my thoughts? I act for thine interest and theirs—the world as it exists is the foe of you three. The world I would replace it by will be more friendly."

The poor woman made no reply, but as he drew her towards him, she leant her head upon his breast and wept quietly. Monnier led her thus from the room whispering words of soothing. The children followed the parents into the adjoining chamber. In a few minutes Monnier returned, shutting the door behind him and drawing the *portière* close.

"You will excuse me, Citizen, and my poor wife—wife she is to me and to all who visit here, though the law says she is not."

"I respect Madame the more for her dislike to myself," said Lebeau, with a somewhat melancholy smile.

"Not dislike to you personally, Citizen, but dislike to the business which she connects with your visits, and she is more than usually agitated on that subject this evening, because, just before you came, another visitor had produced a great effect on her feelings—poor dear Héloïse."

"Indeed, how?"

"Well, I was employed in the winter in redecorating the *salon* and *boudoir* of Madame de Vandemar; her son, M. Raoul, took great interest in superintending the details. He would sometimes talk to me very civilly, not only on my work, but on other matters. It seems that Madame now wants something done to the *salle-à-manger*, and asked old Gérard—my

late master, you know—to send me. Of course he said that was impossible—for, though I was satisfied with my own wages, I had induced his other men to strike, and was one of the ringleaders in the recent strike of artisans in general—a dangerous man, and he would have nothing more to do with me. So M. Raoul came to see and talk with me—scarce gone before you rang at the bell—you might have almost met him on the stairs."

"I saw a *beau monsieur* come out of the house. And so his talk has affected Madame."

"Very much; it was quite brother-like. He is one of the religious set, and they always get at the weak side of the soft sex."

"Ay," said Lebeau, thoughtfully; "if religion were banished from the laws of men, it would still find a refuge in the hearts of women. But Raoul de Vandemar did not presume to preach to Madame upon the sin of loving you and your children?"

"I should like to have heard him preach to her," cried Monnier, fiercely. "No, he only tried to reason with me about matters he could not understand."

"Strikes?"

"Well, not exactly strikes—he did not contend that we workmen had not full right to combine and to strike for obtaining fairer money's worth for our work; but he tried to persuade me that where, as in my case, it was not a matter of wages, but of political principle—of war against capitalists—I could but injure myself and mislead others. He wanted to reconcile me to old Gérard, or to let him find me employment elsewhere; and when I told him that my honour forbade me to make terms for myself till those with whom I was joined were satisfied, he said, 'But if this lasts much longer, your children will not look so rosy;' then poor Héloïse

began to wring her hands and cry, and he took me aside and wanted to press money on me as a loan. He spoke so kindly that I could not be angry; but when he found I would take nothing, he asked me about some families in the street of whom he had a list, and who, he was informed, were in great distress. That is true; I am feeding some of them myself out of my savings. You see, this young Monsieur belongs to a society of men, many as young as he is, which visits the poor and dispenses charity. I did not feel I had a right to refuse aid for others, and I told him where his money would be best spent. I suppose he went there when he left me."

"I know the society you mean, that of St François de Sales. It comprises some of the most ancient of that old *noblesse* to which the *ouvriers* in the great Revolution were so remorseless."

"We *ouvriers* are wiser now; we see that in assailing *them*, we gave ourselves worse tyrants in the new aristocracy of the capitalists. Our quarrel now is that of artisans against employers."

"Of course, I am aware of that; but to leave general politics, tell me frankly, How has the strike affected you as yet? I mean in purse? Can you stand its pressure? If not, you are above the false pride of not taking help from me, a fellow-conspirator, though you were justified in refusing it when offered by Raoul de Vandemar, the servant of the Church."

"Pardon, I refuse aid from any one, except for the common cause. But do not fear for me, I am not pinched as yet. I have had high wages for some years, and since I and Héloïse came together, I have not wasted a *sou* out of doors, except in the way of public duty, such as making converts at the *Jean*

Jacques and elsewhere; a glass of beer and a pipe don't cost much. And Héloïse is such a housewife, so thrifty, scolds me if I buy her a ribbon, poor love! No wonder that I would pull down a society that dares to scoff at her—dares to say she is not my wife, and her children are baseborn. No, I have some savings left yet. War to society, war to the knife!"

"Monnier," said Lebeau, in a voice that evinced emotion, "listen to me: I have received injuries from society which, when they were fresh, half maddened me—that is twenty years ago. I would then have thrown myself into any plot against society that proffered revenge; but society, my friend, is a wall of very strong masonry, as it now stands; it may be sapped in the course of a thousand years, but stormed in a day—no. You dash your head against it—you scatter your brains, and you dislodge a stone. Society smiles in scorn, effaces the stain, and replaces the stone. I no longer war against society. I do war against a system in that society which is hostile to me—systems in France are easily overthrown. I say this because I want to use you, and I do not want to deceive."

"Deceive me, bah! You are an honest man," cried Monnier; and he seized Lebeau's hand, and shook it with warmth and vigour.

"But for you I should have been a mere grumbler. No doubt I should have cried out where the shoe pinched, and railed against laws that vex me; but from the moment you first talked to me I became a new man. You taught me to act, as Rousseau and Madame de Grantmesnil had taught me to think and to feel. There is my brother, a grumbler too, but professes to have a wiser head than mine. He is always warning me against you—against joining a strike

—against doing anything to endanger my skin. I always went by his advice till you taught me that it is well enough for women to talk and complain; men should dare and do."

"Nevertheless," said Lebeau, "your brother is a safer counsellor to a *père de famille* than I. I repeat what I have so often said before: I desire, and I resolve, that the Empire of M. Buonaparte shall be overthrown. I see many concurrent circumstances to render that desire and resolve of practicable fulfilment. You desire and resolve the same thing. Up to that point we can work together. I have encouraged your action only so far as it served my design; but I separate from you the moment you would ask me to aid *your* design in the hazard of experiments which the world has never yet favoured, and trust me, Monnier, the world never will favour."

"That remains to be seen," said Monnier, with compressed, obstinate lips. "Forgive me, but you are not young; you belong to an old school."

"Poor young man!" said Lebeau, readjusting his spectacles, "I recognise in you the genius of Paris, be the genius good or evil. Paris is never warned by experience. Be it so. I want you so much, your enthusiasm is so fiery, that I can concede no more to the mere sentiment which makes me say to myself, 'It is a shame to use this great-hearted, wrong-headed creature for my personal ends.' I come at once to the point—that is, the matter on which I seek you this evening. At my suggestion, you have been a ring-leader in strikes which have terribly shaken the Imperial system, more than its Ministers deem; now I want a man like you to assist in a bold demonstration against the Imperial resort to a rural priest-ridden

suffrage, on the part of the enlightened working class of Paris."

"Good!" said Monnier.

"In a day or two the result of the *plébiscite* will be known. The result of universal suffrage will be enormously in favour of the desire expressed by one man."

"I don't believe it," said Monnier, stoutly. "France cannot be so hoodwinked by the priests."

"Take what I say for granted," resumed Lebeau, calmly. "On the 8th of this month we shall know the amount of the majority—some millions of French votes. I want Paris to separate itself from France, and declare against those blundering millions. I want an *émeute*, or rather a menacing *démonstration*—not a premature revolution, mind. You must avoid bloodshed."

"It is easy to say that beforehand; but when a crowd of men once meets in the streets of Paris——"

"It can do much by meeting, and cherishing resentment if the meeting be dispersed by an armed force, which it would be waste of life to resist."

"We shall see when the time comes," said Monnier, with a fierce gleam in his bold eyes.

"I tell you, all that is required at this moment is an evident protest of the artisans of Paris against the votes of the 'rurals' of France. Do you comprehend me?"

"I think so; if not, I obey. What we *ouvriers* want is what we have not got—a head to dictate action to us."

"See to this, then. Rouse the men you can command. I will take care that you have plentiful aid from foreigners. We may trust to the *confrères* of our council to enlist Poles and Italians; Gaspard le Noy will turn out the volunteer rioters at his command. Let the *émeute* be within, say a week, after

the vote of the *plébiscite* is taken. You will need that time to prepare."

"Be contented—it shall be done."

"Good night, then." Lebeau leisurely took up his hat and drew on his gloves—then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he turned briskly on the artisan and said in quick blunt tones—

"Armand Monnier, explain to me why it is that you—a Parisian artisan, the type of a class the most insubordinate, the most self-conceited, that exists on the face of earth—take without question, with so docile a submission, the orders of a man who plainly tells you he does not sympathise in your ultimate objects, of whom you really know very little, and whose views you candidly own you think are those of an old and obsolete school of political reasoners."

"You puzzle me to explain," said Monnier, with an ingenuous laugh, that brightened up features stern and hard, though comely when in repose. "Partly, because you are so straightforward, and do not talk *blague*; partly, because I don't think the class I belong to would stir an inch unless we had a leader of another class—and you give me at least that leader. Again, you go to that first stage which we all agree to take, and—well, do you want me to explain more?"

"Yes."

"*Eh bien!* you have warned me, like an honest man; like an honest

man I warn you. That first step we take together; I want to go a step further; you retreat, you say, 'No:' I reply you are committed; that further step you must take, or I cry '*traître!—à la lanterne!*' You talk of 'superior experience:' bah! what does experience really tell you? Do you suppose that Louis Egalité, when he began to plot against Louis XVIII., meant to vote for his kinsman's execution by the guillotine? Do you suppose that Robespierre, when he commenced his career as the foe of capital punishment, foresaw that he should be the Minister of the Reign of Terror? Not a bit of it. Each was committed by his use of those he designed for his tools: so must you be—or you perish."

Lebeau, leaning against the door, heard the frank avowal he had courted without betraying a change of countenance. But when Armand Monnier had done, a slight movement of his lips showed emotion; was it of fear or disdain?

"Monnier," he said, gently; "I am so much obliged to you for the manly speech you have made. The scruples which my conscience had before entertained are dispelled. I dreaded lest I, a declared wolf, might seduce into peril an innocent sheep. I see I have to deal with a wolf of younger vigour and sharper fangs than myself; so much the better: obey my orders now; leave it to time to say whether I obey yours later. *Au revoir.*"

CHAPTER VI.

Isaura's apartment, on the following Thursday evening, was more filled than usual. Besides her habitual devotees in the artistic or literary world, there were diplomatists and deputies commixed with many fair chiefs of *la jeunesse dorée*; amongst

the latter the brilliant Enguerrand de Vandemar, who, deeming the acquaintance of every celebrity essential to his own celebrity, in either *Carthage*, the *beau monde*, or the *demi-monde*, had, two Thursdays before, made Louvier attend her *soirées* and

present him. Louvier, though gathering to his own *salons* authors and artists, very rarely favoured their rooms with his presence; he did not adorn Isaura's party that evening. But Duplessis was there, in compensation. It had chanced that Valérie had met Isaura at some house in the past winter, and conceived an enthusiastic affection for her: since then, Valérie came very often to see her, and made a point of dragging with her to Isaura's Thursday *réunions* her obedient father. *Soirées*, musical or literary, were not much in his line; but he had no pleasure like that of pleasing his spoilt child. Our old friend Frederic Lemorcier was also one of Isaura's guests that night. He had become more and more intimate with Duplessis, and Duplessis had introduced him to the fair Valérie as "*un jeune homme plein de moyens, qui ira loin.*"

Savarin was there of course, and brought with him an English gentleman of the name of Bevil, as well known at Paris as in London—in- vited everywhere—popular every- where,—one of those welcome con- tributors to the luxuries of civilised society who trade in gossip, sparing no pains to get the pick of it, and exchanging it liberally sometimes for a haunch of venison, sometimes for a cup of tea. His gossip not being adulterated with malice was in high repute for genuine worth.

If Bevil said, "This story is a fact," you no more thought of doubting him than you would doubt Rothschild if he said, "This is La- fitte of '48."

Mr Bevil was at present on a very short stay at Paris, and, naturally wishing to make the most of his time, he did not tarry be- side Savarin, but, after being intro- duced to Isaura, flitted here and there through the assembly.

"*Apis Matinæ—
More modoque—
Grata carpentis thyma*"—

The bee proffers honey, but bears a sting.

The room was at its fullest when Gustave Rameau entered, accom- panied by Monsieur de Mauléon.

Isaura was agreeably surprised by the impression made on her by the Vicomte's appearance and manner. His writings, and such as she had heard of his earlier repute, had pre- pared her to see a man decidedly old, of withered aspect and sardonic smile—aggressive in demeanour—forward or contemptuous in his very politeness—a Mephistopheles engrafted on the stem of a Don Juan. She was startled by the sight of one who, despite his forty- eight years—and at Paris a man is generally older at forty-eight than he is elsewhere—seemed in the zenith of ripened manhood—startled yet more by the singular modesty of a deportment too thoroughly high- bred not to be quietly simple— startled most by a melancholy ex- pression in eyes that could be at times soft, though always so keen, and in the grave pathetic smile which seemed to disarm censure of past faults in saying, "I have known sorrows."

He did not follow up his intro- duction to his young hostess by any of the insipid phrases of compli- ment to which she was accustomed; but, after expressing in grateful terms his thanks for the honour she had permitted Rameau to confer on him, he moved aside, as if he had no right to detain her from other guests more worthy her notice, towards the doorway, taking his place by Enguerrand amidst a group of men of whom Duplessis was the central figure.

At that time—the first week in May 1870—all who were then in

Paris will remember there were two subjects uppermost in the mouths of men : first, the *plébiscite*; secondly, the conspiracy to murder the Emperor—which the disaffected considered to be a mere fable, a pretence got up in time to serve the *plébiscite* and prop the Empire.

Upon this latter subject Duplessis had been expressing himself with unwonted animation. A loyal and earnest Imperialist, it was only with effort that he could repress his scorn of that meanest sort of gossip which is fond of ascribing petty motives to eminent men.

To him nothing could be more clearly evident than the reality of this conspiracy, and he had no tolerance for the malignant absurdity of maintaining that the Emperor or his Ministers could be silly and wicked enough to accuse seventy-two persons of a crime which the police had been instructed to invent.

As De Mauléon approached, the financier brought his speech to an abrupt close. He knew in the Vicomte de Mauléon the writer of articles which had endangered the Government, and aimed no pointless shafts against its Imperial head.

"My cousin," said Enguerrand, gaily, as he exchanged a cordial shake of the hand with Victor, "I congratulate you on the fame of journalist, into which you have vaulted, armed *cap-à-pie*, like a knight of old into his saddle; but I don't sympathise with the means you have taken to arrive at that renown. I am not myself an Imperialist—a Vandemar can be scarcely that. But if I am compelled to be on board a ship, I don't wish to take out its planks and let in an ocean, when all offered to me instead is a crazy tub and a rotten rope."

"*Tres bien*," said Duplessis, in Parliamentary tone and phrase.

"But," said De Mauléon, with his calm smile, "would you like the captain of the ship, when the sky darkened and the sea rose, to ask the common sailors 'whether they approved his conduct on altering his course or shortening his sail'? Better trust to a crazy tub and a rotten rope than to a ship in which the captain consults a *plébiscite*."

"Monsieur," said Duplessis, "your metaphor is ill chosen—no metaphor indeed is needed. The head of the State was chosen by the voice of the people, and, when required to change the form of administration which the people had sanctioned, and inclined to do so from motives the most patriotic and liberal, he is bound again to consult the people from whom he holds his power. It is not, however, of the *plébiscite* we were conversing, so much as of the atrocious conspiracy of assassins—so happily discovered in time. I presume that Monsieur de Mauléon must share the indignation which true Frenchmen of every party must feel against a combination united by the purpose of murder."

The Vicomte bowed, as in assent. "But do you believe," asked a Liberal Deputé, "that such a combination existed, except in the visions of the police or the cabinet of a Minister?"

Duplessis looked keenly at De Mauléon while this question was put to him. Belief or disbelief in the conspiracy was with him, and with many, the test by which a sanguinary revolutionist was distinguished from an honest politician.

"*Ma foi*," answered De Mauléon, shrugging his shoulders, "I have only one belief left; but that is boundless. I believe in the folly of mankind in general, and of Frenchmen in particular. That seventy-two men should plot the assassination of a sovereign on whose life interests so

numerous and so watchful depend, and imagine they could keep a secret which any drunkard amongst them would blab out, any tatterdemalion would sell, is a *bêtise* so gross that I think it highly probable. But pardon me if I look upon the politics of Paris much as I do upon its mud—one must pass through it when one walks in the street. One changes one's shoes before entering the *salon*. A word with you, Enguerrand,"—and taking his kinsman's arm, he drew him aside from the circle. "What has become of your brother? I see nothing of him now." "Oh, Raoul," answered Enguerrand, throwing himself on a couch in a recess, and making room for De Mauléon beside him—"Raoul is devoting himself to the distressed *ouvriers* who have chosen to withdraw from work. When he fails to persuade them to return, he forces food and fuel on their wives and children. My good mother encourages him in this costly undertaking, and no one but you who believe in the infinity of human folly would credit me when I tell you that his eloquence has drawn from me all the *argent de poche* I get from our shop. As for himself, he has sold his horses, and even grudges a cab-fare, saying, 'That is a meal for a family.' Ah! if he had but gone into the Church, what a saint would have deserved canonisation!"

"Do not lament—he will probably have what is a better claim than mere saintship on Heaven—martyrdom," said De Mauléon, with a smile in which sarcasm disappeared in melancholy. "Poor Raoul!—and what of my other cousin, the *beau Marquis*? Several months ago his Legitimist faith seemed vacillating—he talked to me very fairly about the duties a Frenchman owed to France, and hinted that he should place his sword at the com-

mand of Napoléon III. I have not yet heard of him as a *soldat de France*—I hear a great deal of him as a *viveur de Paris*."

"Don't you know why his desire for a military career was frost-bitten?"

"No! why?"

"Alain came from Bretagne profoundly ignorant of most things known to a *gamin* of Paris. When he conscientiously overcame the scruples natural to one of his name and told the Duchesse de Tarascon that he was ready to fight under the flag of France whatever its colour, he had a vague reminiscence of ancestral Rochebriants earning early laurels at the head of their regiments. At all events he assumed as a matter of course that he, in the first rank as *gentilhomme*, would enter the army, if as a *sous-lieutenant*, still as *gentilhomme*. But when told that, as he had been at no military college, he could only enter the ranks as a private soldier—herd with private soldiers—for at least two years before passing through the grade of corporal, his birth, education, habits of life could, with great favour, raise him to the station of a *sous-lieutenant*, you may conceive that the martial ardour of a Rochebriant was somewhat cooled."

"If he knew what the dormitory of French privates is, and how difficult a man well educated, well brought up, finds it, first, to endure the coarsest ribaldry and the loudest blasphemy, and then, having endured and been compelled to share them, ever enforce obedience and discipline as a superior among those with whom just before he was an equal, his ardour would not have been merely cooled—it would have been changed into despair for the armies of France, if hereafter they are met by those whose officers have

been trained to be officers from the outset, and have imbibed from their cradle an education not taught to the boy-pedants from school—the twofold education how with courtesy to command, how with dignity to obey. To return to Rochebriant, such *salons* as I frequent are somewhat formal—as befits my grave years and my modest income; I may add, now that you know my vocation,—befits me also as a man who seeks rather to be instructed than amused. In those *salons*, I did, last year, sometimes, however, meet Rochebriant—as I sometimes still meet you; but of late he has deserted such sober *réunions*, and I hear with pain that he is drifting among those rocks against which my own youth was shipwrecked. Is the report true?"

"I fear," said Enguerrand, reluctantly, "that at least the report is not unfounded. And my conscience accuses me of having been to blame in the first instance. You see, when Alain made terms with Louvier by which he obtained a very fair income, if prudently managed, I naturally wished that a man of so many claims to social distinction, and who represents the oldest branch of my family, should take his right place in our world of Paris. I gladly therefore presented him to the houses and the men most *à la mode*—advised him as to the sort of establishment, in apartments, horses, &c., which it appeared to me that he might reasonably afford—I mean such as, with his means, I should have prescribed to myself——"

"Ah! I understand. But you, dear Enguerrand, are a born Parisian, every inch of you: and a born Parisian is, whatever be thought to the contrary, the best manager in the world. He alone achieves the difficult art of uniting thrift with

show. It is your Provincial, who comes to Paris in the freshness of undimmed youth, who sows his whole life on its barren streets. I guess the rest: Alain is ruined."

Enguerrand, who certainly was so far a born Parisian that, with all his shrewdness and *savoir faire*, he had a wonderfully sympathetic heart, very easily moved, one way or the other—Enguerrand winced at his elder kinsman's words, complementarily reproachful, and said in unwonted tones of humility, "Cousin, you are cruel, but you are in the right. I did not calculate sufficiently on the chances of Alain's head being turned. Hear my excuse. He seemed to me so much more thoughtful than most at our age are, so much more stately and proud; well, also so much more pure, so impressed with the responsibilities of station, so bent on retaining the old lands in Bretagne; by habit and rearing so simple and self-denying,—that I took it for granted he was proof against stronger temptations than those which a light nature like my own puts aside with a laugh. And at first I had no reason to think myself deceived, when, some months ago, I heard that he was getting into debt, losing at play, paying court to female vampires, who drain the life-blood of those on whom they fasten their fatal lips. Oh then I spoke to him earnestly!"

"And in vain?"

"In vain. A certain Chevalier do Finisterre, whom you may have heard of——"

"Certainly, and met; a friend of Louvier's——"

"The same man—has obtained over him an influence which so far subdues mine, that he almost challenged me when I told him his friend was a scamp. In fine, though Alain and I have not actually quar-

relled, we pass each other with,
"Bon jour, mon ami."

"Hum! My dear Enguerrand, you have done all you could. Flies will be flies, and spiders, spiders, till the earth is destroyed by a comet. Nay, I met a distinguished naturalist in America who maintained that we shall find flies and spiders in the next world."

"You have been in America? Ah, true—I remember, California!"

"Where have I not been? Tush! music—shall I hear our fair hostess sing?"

"I am afraid not to-night: because Madame S—— is to favour us, and the Signorina makes it a rule not to sing at her own house when professional artists do. You must hear the Cicogna quietly some day; such a voice, nothing like it."

Madame S——, who, since she had learned that there was no cause to apprehend that Isaura might become her professional rival, conceived for her a wonderful affection, and willingly contributed her magnificent gifts of song to the charms of Isaura's *salon*, now began a fragment from "*I Puritani*," which held the audience as silent as the ghosts listening to Sappho; and when it was over, several of the guests slipped away, especially those who disliked music, and feared Madame S—— might begin again. Enguerrand was not one of such soulless recreants, but he had many other places to go to. Besides, Madame S—— was no novelty to him.

De Mauléon now approached Isaura, who was seated next to Valérie, and after well-merited eulogium on Madame S.'s performance, slid into some critical comparisons between that singer and those of a former generation, which interested Isaura, and evinced to her quick perceptions that kind of love for music which has been refined by

more knowledge of the art than is common to mere amateurs.

"You have studied music, Monsieur de Mauléon," she said. "Do you not perform yourself?"

"I—no. But music has always had a fatal attraction for me. I ascribe half the errors of my life to that temperament which makes me too fascinated by harmonies—too revolted by discords."

"I should have thought such a temperament would have led from errors—are not errors discords?"

"To the inner sense, yes; but to the outer sense not always. Virtues are often harsh to the ear—errors very sweet-voiced. The sirens did not sing out of tune. Better to stop one's ears than glide on Scylla or be merged into Charybdis."

"Monsieur," cried Valérie, with a pretty *brusquerie* which became her well, "you talk like a Vandal."

"It is, I think, by Mademoiselle Duplessis that I have the honour to be rebuked. Is Monsieur your father very susceptible to music?"

"Well, I cannot say that he cares much for it. But then his mind is so practical——"

"And his life so successful. No Scylla, no Charybdis for him. However, Mademoiselle, I am not quite the Vandal you suppose. I do not say that susceptibility to the influence of music may not be safe, nay, healthful, to others—it was not so to me in my youth. It can do me no harm now."

Here Duplessis came up, and whispered his daughter "it was time to leave; they had promised the Duchesse de Tarascon to assist at the *soirée* she gave that night." Valérie took her father's arm with a brightening smile and a heightened colour. Alain de Rochebriant might probably be at the Duchesse's.

"Are you not going also to the

Hotel de Tarascon, M. de Mauléon?" asked Duplessis.

"No; I was never there but once. The Duchesse is an Imperialist, at once devoted and acute, and no doubt very soon divined my lack of faith in her idols."

Duplessis frowned, and hastily led Valérie away.

In a few minutes the room was comparatively deserted. De Mauléon, however, lingered by the side of Isaura till all the other guests were gone. Even then he lingered still, and renewed the interrupted conversation with her, the Venosta joining therein; and so agreeable did he make himself to her Italian tastes by a sort of bitter-sweet wisdom like that of her native proverbs—comprising much knowledge of mankind on the unflattering side of humanity in that form of pleasantry which has a latent sentiment of pathos—that the Venosta exclaimed,

"Surely you must have been brought up in Florence!"

There was that in De Mauléon's talk hostile to all which we call romance that excited the imagination of Isaura, and compelled her instinctive love for whatever is more sweet, more beautiful, more ennobling on the many sides of human life, to oppose what she deemed the paradoxes of a man who had taught himself to belie even his own nature. She became eloquent, and her countenance, which in ordinary moments owed much of its beauty to an expression of meditative gentleness, was now lighted up by the energy of earnest conviction—the enthusiasm of an impassioned zeal.

Gradually De Mauléon relaxed his share in the dialogue, and listened to her, rapt and dreamingly as in his fiery youth he had listened to the songs of the sirens. No siren Isaura! She was defending her own cause, though unconsciously—de-

fending the vocation of art as the embellisher of external nature, and more than embellisher of the nature which dwells crude, but plastic, in the soul of man; indeed therein the creator of a new nature, strengthened, expanded, and brightened in proportion as it accumulates the ideas that tend beyond the boundaries of the visible and material nature, which is finite; for ever seeking in the unseen and the spiritual the goals in the infinite which it is their instinct to divine. "That which you contemptuously call romance," said Isaura, "is not essential only to poets and artists. The most real side of every life, from the earliest dawn of mind in the infant, is the romantic.

"When the child is weaving flower-chains, chasing butterflies, or sitting apart and dreaming what it will do in the future, is not *that* the child's real life, and yet is it not also the romantic?"

"But there comes a time when we weave no flower-chains, and chase no butterflies."

"Is it so?—still on one side of life, flowers and butterflies may be found to the last; and at least to the last are there no dreams of the future? Have you no such dreams at this moment? and without the romance of such dreams, would there be any reality to human life which could distinguish it from the life of the weed that rots on Lethè?"

"Alas, Mademoiselle," said De Mauléon, rising to take leave, "your argument must rest without answer. I would not, if I could, confute the beautiful belief that belongs to youth, fusing into one rainbow all the tints that can colour the world. But the Signora Venosta will acknowledge the truth of an old saying expressed in every civilised language, but best, perhaps, in

that of the Florentine—'You might as well physic the dead as instruct the old.'

"But you are not old!" said the Venosta, with Florentine politeness,—"you! not a grey hair."

"Tis not by the grey of the hair that one knows the age of the heart," answered De Mauléon, in another paraphrase of Italian proverb, and he was gone.

As he walked homeward, through deserted streets, Victor de Mauléon thought to himself, "Poor girl, how I pity her! married to a Gustave Rameau—married to any man—nothing in the nature of man, be he the best and the cleverest, can ever realise the dream of a girl who is pure and has genius. Ah, is not the converse true? What girl, the best and the cleverest, comes up to the ideal of even a commonplace man—if he ever dreamed of an ideal!" Then he paused, and in a moment or so afterwards his thought knew such questionings no more. It turned upon personalities, on stratagems and plots, on ambition. The man had more than his share of that peculiar susceptibility which is one of the character-

istics of his countrymen—susceptibility to immediate impulse—susceptibility to fleeting impressions. It was a key to many mysteries in his character when he owned his subjection to the influence of music, and in music recognised not the seraph's harp, but the siren's song. If you could have permanently fixed Victor de Mauléon in one of the good moments of his life even now—some moment of exquisite kindness—of superb generosity—of dauntless courage—you would have secured a very rare specimen of noble humanity. But so to fix him was impossible.

That impulse of the moment vanished the moment after; swept aside by the force of his very talents—talents concentrated by his intense sense of individuality—sense of wrongs or of rights—interests or objects personal to himself. He extended the royal saying, "*L'état, c'est moi*," to words far more grandiloquent. "The universe, 'tis I." The Venosta would have understood him and smiled approvingly, if he had said, with good-humoured laugh, "I dead, the world is dead!" That is an Italian proverb, and means much the same thing.

THE DOCTOR ABROAD.—CONCLUSION.

XII.—THE CRAGS OF THE WETTERHORN—THUNDERSTORM AMONG THE ALPS.

THE sun was still low behind the peaks of the Engelhörner when I started next morning to walk to the great Scheidegg—alone. The rest of the party were to start an hour or two later (Fred hearing that the Vernons were to join us, rather unceremoniously threw me over), and I promised to wait for them at the top of the pass. I did not regret my solitude. Never are the great mountains so impressive as when we see them in the early morning, with no human creature near us. And at that season, the flocks not having been driven to the upper pastures, the *châlets* beyond Rosenlani were untenanted, and I met no one until I reached the obnoxiously dirty little inn on the great Scheidegg. The morning was very still. As I mounted through the pine-woods I heard the shrill cry of the marmot, and a brilliant kind of jay kept chattering close to me upon the trees. Ever and again tremendous explosions took place among the hills—like the rattle of musketry rising into the roar of artillery—the avalanches of the Wetterhorn. The lower precipices of that astonishing mountain were still in deep shade, but the snow upon the highest peak reflected the sunrise. It rose up in the sacredness of the dawn, in the profound serenity of the early morning, pure, virginal, inviolate!

“A privacy of glorious light is thine!”

The reader of Tennyson will recollect how habitually he attaches to such a scene the attribute of silence. “Three *silent* pinnacles of aged snow;” “the *silent* summit overhead;” “morn from his cold

crown and crystal *silence* creeping down.” The imagination acknowledges the appropriateness of an epithet which describes with poetic if not with literal exactness, the effect which the pathetic loneliness of these pathless peaks produces upon the mind.

In charming contrast with the pale ethereal purity of the mountains, are the rich colours of the Alpine flowers which bloom at their feet. It is a novel sensation to gather the crocus on the 20th of June! The snow was still lying in heavy wreaths below the inn, yet wherever it had begun to melt, the flowers made themselves visible. Crocus, gentian, auricula, pansy, and (among the pines) the rich clusters of the Alpine rhododendron! Crocus, yellow and purple; gentian, blue; auricula, purple and red; pansy, purple; rhododendron, carmine;—with such wealth and glory of colour do these high solitudes charm the stray tourist who comes before the spring flowers fade.

I was searching for wild flowers when I reached the summit of the pass. I raised my head. The mighty wall of the Wetterhorn still rose grandly above me; but there, beneath my feet—4000 feet below—lay the beautiful Grindelwald Valley. The snowy pinnacles of the Eiger and the Mönch—each kingly as a monarch—glittered in the morning sunshine,—a long line of snowy heights fading away in the blue distance. It is a scene which, even in Switzerland, has few rivals.

Sublime! But it was not until we were descending into the Grindelwald Valley that the immensity

of the power, natural or supernatural, which had reared that stupendous battlement, was distinctly brought home to us. A sheer wall of rock, without a ledge or crevice on which a chamois can find footing, rises up to a height of many thousand feet. It is roofed in, so to speak, by a perilously overhanging cornice of ice. The upper pastures, through which the road descends steeply along the very base of the precipice, are rich with flowers; there is a sweet uninterrupted tinkling of cattle-bells overhead and around; and cows and goats and sheep—game-like Alpine creatures—look curiously at us as we pass. Here, with all the sounds of pleasant pastoral life about us,—here at last we are truly “under the shadow of the avalanche.” It was none of the great passages in the Psalms which extol the power of the Almighty that came into my mind, as I looked up at that tremendous wall of rock,—it was that most singular, I might almost say unique poem, by William Blake, which Charles Lamb has justly called “glorious.” I am acquainted with no other piece of writing, prose or poetry, which so vivifies the feelings which such a scene is calculated to excite. “O thou tremendous and unspeakable Power, these are Thy works, these terrible ravines, these cruel rocks! Does any law restrain Thy hand? Art Thou at once implacable and irresponsible? I am but dust in Thy sight,—wilt Thou crush me in thy fierce anger and hot displeasure?” And as we ask these questions, we see the pale crocus at our feet gently freeing itself from the sod,—the delicate crocus, which some divine pity has preserved unharmed through the perils and severities of an Alpine winter eight months long; and we hear the tinkle of the sheep-bells and the bleating of the lambs.

This is the way in which, with

extraordinary intensity, Blake puts it:—

“Tiger, Tiger, burning bright :
In the visions of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire ?
What the hand dared seize the fire ?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dared thy deadly talons clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?”

I can quite understand the passion of the mountaineer. To enter into the soul of the mountains we must mix with them, and this high and perilous converse is full of charm. We may look at them from the outside, and declare that they are grand and noble; but until we pass the portals of that austere snow-world, of those vast snow-fields, which lie behind and around the great peaks, we cannot truly know them and love them. To the stranger who crosses any of the passes which skirt its borders, that world appears impenetrable, impenetrable,—a virgin territory not to be trodden by mortals. The precipice shows no ledge,—the glacier is a sheer buttress of ice. This mountain fortress, within which vast forces carry on an elemental warfare, cannot, it seems, be stormed. Yet the cunning hunter and the daring cragsman do successfully invade its most awful solitudes; and the members of the Alpine Club are as well-known to the *genius loci* as the chamois or the *lämmergeyer*. Nor can it be maintained that the really splendid intrepidity and endurance which is shown in the pursuit are entirely fruitless,—a consideration which may recommend it to those who are always looking for results,

and who will not admit that pure enjoyment is an end in itself. The Alpine Club men are the real road-makers of the High Alps. The great Oberland snow-field, for instance, is no longer an impassable barrier interposed between Berne and the Valais. These two districts which a few years ago were able to communicate by two passes only, forty miles apart,—the Grimsel and the Gemmi—have been brought close together by routes which are available to any active pedestrian with a good guide.

"That is the Glectstein," said an Alpine climber who had joined our party at the Scheidegg, pointing overhead. "I shall sleep there to-night, and to-morrow I go on to the Grimsel."

That night a thunderstorm, coming up the valley as the dark fell, broke over the village of Grindelwald, and spent itself among the mountains behind,—the lightning lighting up the Wetterhorn from its base to its summit, and the thunder echoing from valley to valley.

We sat out on the pleasant covered terrace of the Bär, and watched the advance of the storm.

THE DOCTOR.—"You recollect the lines in 'Hyperion'—

'There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunderlabouring up.'

MARKHAM.—"How our poor friend H—— enjoyed these lines, and how he used to roll them out! I never

hear them now without thinking of his pleasant face, his jovial humour, and his unwearied delight in Keats. When I come across any new piece of wit or poetry which seems good, I find myself saying involuntarily, 'I will show this to H——,' and then—and then—one recollects how it is, and that he, and ever so many of the old set, have gone away into the darkness outside. (I wonder how they like it?) Well, well; but Keats was a miraculous creature."

THE DOCTOR.—"Yes,—Keats at least cannot be explained away. He is utterly unaccountable. This apothecary's apprentice sits down with pen and paper before him, and the language and the idea shape themselves forthwith without visible effort or perceptible control into the most comely and perfect forms. There is the inevitableness of instinct about his work—no weakness, nor shortcoming, nor hesitation, nor delay—he works as nature works, when she fashions her shells and shapes her crystals. What a flash that was!"

A vivid flash of blue lightning, a tremendous peal of thunder, and a downpour of rain sent us inside. Cissy and Miss Vernon had already gone to bed, the rest now disappeared, and as Fred and I smoked a final cigar in the billiard-room, he assured me confidentially that we were in tremendous luck to have met such a splendid old gentleman as Colonel Vernon, and such a peerless girl as his daughter Dorothy.

XIII.—A WET DAY AT THE KLEIN SCHEIDEGG.—THE NEW POETS AND THE OLD.

It rained bitterly all night, and next morning when we met at breakfast it looked unpromising enough. The rain and the wind were coming down in furious gusts,

and thick mists hung about the mountains and drifted across the valley. We loitered disconsolately about the hotel door for an hour or two, and then we ordered the ponies

and started for the Klein Scheidegg, feeling that movement of any kind was preferable to this dismal inactivity. Dorothy, with her waterproof hood drawn over her hat, looked particularly nice; and Fred, walking by her side, appeared thoroughly to enjoy the rain. The pony she rode proved rather skittish this morning, and on one occasion actually made up its mind to lie down, side-saddle and all, with the view of enjoying the luxury of a roll in the wet grass. Fred was fortunately at hand, and caught the young lady in his arms, just as the pony was in the act of turning over. The rest of us struggled on manfully. Impenetrable mists hung round the mountains above us. A stupendous invisible warfare was going on among these mists; but the avalanches did not come our way. At one point, indeed, the path lay through a great snow mass which had fallen from the Eiger during the previous week; and when we neared the inn we found that the road had been cut through snow six or eight feet deep, and was heaped up on each side to a great height. When we reached the final ascent we heard shouting above us, and saw a human being gesticulating wildly. This proved to be the landlord of the little mountain inn on the summit of the pass, who was seeking to inform us that the usual track had been rendered impassable by the sleet and snow which had fallen during the night, and that we would require to make a considerable detour—which we accordingly did. We had come early in a very late season (one of the latest on record, I believe), and here, as elsewhere, we found the snow a considerable hindrance. Apart from such little inconveniences, however, the month of June is delicious among the Alps, and the inn people make you far more

comfortable than they do (or can do) during the "season," when hosts of tourists jostle each other over the passes, and there is a constant crowding and crushing, very trying to the temper and very fatal to peaceful enjoyment.

The rain ceased for about a quarter of an hour after we reached the inn, and the mists rose. But it was only a momentary gleam, and during the whole of the afternoon the sleet descended and the wind blew. But my recollections of that afternoon are by no means unpleasant. We had the whole house to ourselves, and we came actually to feel a kindness for the homely little inn, with its blazing wood-fire on the hearth on Midsummer day, and its warming-pans in the beds on Midsummer night. There was a stout, good-natured, and communicative Swiss girl who waited on us, who heaped pine-logs plentifully on the dogs, and made the *salle-à-manger* as bright and cheerful within as the day outside was cheerless and gloomy. This *salle-à-manger* (6768 feet above the sea) commands a view (when visible) such as is hardly to be seen elsewhere in Europe. It has two windows, and from the one we look down upon the peaceful Grindelwald valley, with its wall of unbroken rock from the Wetterhorn to the Eiger; and from the other, on the Trümmlenthal, and the mighty flanks of the Jungfrau.

The great Painter,

"Who dips
His pencil in the gloom of thunder and
eclipse,"

appeals to a wide audience; for there are certain stormy depths in every strong human soul which are stirred by the war of the elements. We may be sure that there is some defect in the brain of the man who cannot snatch a fearful joy from the tumult of the waves or the passion

of the wind. "He could hold no communion with the storm," is one of Miss Brontë's charges against Graham Bretton. She herself must have been almost nervously alive to such influences, as may indeed be very clearly inferred from the wonderful sentence in the earliest chapter of 'Jane Eyre.' "At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near, a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast." Such a feeling of *wet storm* as these few words disclose is highly characteristic of a writer whose enjoyment of nature must have been closely allied to pain. "It was a day of winter east wind," she says in 'Villette,' "and I had now for some time entered into that dreary fellowship with the winds and their changes, so little known, so incomprehensible to the healthy." Taken together, these two sentences throw a vivid light upon the imaginative action of Miss Brontë's mind. The spell of the imagination was very potent upon her; sometimes she invited it, sometimes she dreaded it; but it might not be disobeyed even when it tormented her. But we had no Jane Eyres among us, and it was with a feeling of positive exhilaration I believe that we heard the hail beating against the window panes, and the wind roaring in the chimney.

Miss Vernon and Cissy established themselves at one of the windows, finishing some unfinished sketches; Fred hovered about them; the rest of us gathered round the pine-logs, whose aromatic flavour pervaded the apartment.

The Colonel had not been much of a general reader; but his acquaintance with some of the old English dramatists—Beaumont and

Fletcher, Ben Jonson and Shakespeare—was surprisingly particular and minute. He was always ready with some apt quotation from one or another of his favourite authorities. Was it fire that we wanted? Then what could approach Melantius's address to Amintor in 'The Maid's Tragedy'?

"Amintor—
Think what thou dost! I dare as much
as valour,
But 'tis the king—the king—the king,
Amintor,
With whom thou fightest."

Was it tenderness? Then where out of Beaumont and Fletcher could you find such exquisitely tender words as these?—

"Those have most power to hurt us that
we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their
arms."

Was it nobleness of sentiment? What nobler than Zenonice's

"Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer!"
The starlight suggested Lollia Paulina,

"When she came in like starlight hid
with jewels;"

the day-break, such delightful passages as occur in that most sylvan and sunshiny of pastorals, 'The Faithful Shepherdess,'—

"See the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold.
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps to get him nuts and fruit."

And so on, and on, and on, into the deep glades of the forest, where, "under a broad beech's shade," the great Pan lies asleep.

The Doctor worshipped Shakespeare with a passionate worship, whereas the Colonel, I think, rather inclined to the careless poetic life of Beaumont and Fletcher. When I joined them this afternoon, they were already deep in friendly controversy over their favourites.

THE DOCTOR.—“Coleridge says some really admirable things about the dramatists in the ‘Table Talk.’ There is a passage in which he shows that the intellectual action of Shakespeare is totally unlike Ben Jonson’s, or Beaumont and Fletcher’s, which I have always considered very fine and subtle. The two latter, he says, see the totality of a sentence or passage and then project it entire: Shakespeare goes on creating and evolving B out of A and C out of B, and so on—just as a serpent moves which makes a fulcrum of its own body, and seems for ever twisting and untwisting its own strength.”

THE COLONEL (meekly).—“I am not quite sure that I follow you.”

THE DOCTOR.—“The observation is applicable to the language as well as to the structure of their respective plays. Ben Jonson’s language, for instance, is sharp, epigrammatic, with a certain completeness about each sentence which separates it from its neighbours. He knows exactly what he is going to say before he puts it down. But Shakespeare abandons himself to the inspiration, and does not look forward. So that line follows line in an unconscious harmonious way, which is better than epigram. So also of their form. Ben Jonson obviously *constructs*, both before he starts and as he goes along. But you cannot properly apply the word construct to Shakespeare at all—he *evolves*. The dream-picture lies in his mind, and he reproduces it without conscious effort—as the silkworm its silk, or the bee its cell—involuntarily, inevitably.”

MARKHAM.—“Colonel Vernon is inclined to believe that the commentary is darker than the text.”

THE COLONEL.—“Far from it; but it seems to me that there are more sentences that admit of being detached from the context in Shakespeare than in any other writer.”

THE DOCTOR.—“That is true: and yet when you come to examine the text you find that none of them could be removed without loss. Another very happy remark by Coleridge is his explanation of the fact, that no later writer has entirely caught the Shakespearian idiom. ‘I suppose,’ he says, ‘it is because Shakespeare is universal, and in fact has no manner: just as you can so much more readily copy a picture than nature herself.’”

MARKHAM.—“Shakespeare has been prodigiously overpraised (oh! oh! from the audience); but curiously enough the critics appear to have entirely missed what is to me the most astonishing feature of the plays—the literary richness, finish, and polish of the style in which they are composed. Such finish is commonly acquired by a close study of the antique models: but Shakespeare, as we know, had little Latin and less Greek. One is not surprised that a *literary* poet like Tennyson should be able to construct such lines as these—

‘And naiads oar’d,
A glimmering shadow under gloom
Of cavern pillars,’

but who taught Shakespeare to write—

‘His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his
beak,
As when the god is pleased!’”

Later in the evening, when the candles were lighted, the conversation turned on modern poetry.

THE COLONEL.—“I rarely read new poetry—my tastes are strictly conservative.”

THE DOCTOR.—“There is more poetry written now in one year than was written during the whole of the eighteenth century.”

THE COLONEL.—“Rather indifferent, I have been told!”

THE DOCTOR.—“No; much of it is fairly good,—quite as good as

would have sufficed to establish a great reputation among our grandfathers. The standard collections of British Poetry contain the works of many poets who would have no chance of a hearing from us. Still the best of ours is not supremely good."

MARKHAM.—"Tennyson? Browning? Arnold? Rossetti? Swinburne? Morris?"

THE DOCTOR.—"A goodly array, no doubt. But they all belong to what you have called the literary class of poets. Now it is a theory of mine that no poetry can live long which is not born in the open air. The poetry of the study is a delicate and perishable commodity. Browning is, in one sense, the only exception to this rule. Though the most studious of our poets, he is the only one who manifests the vital insight of a Burns, a Shakespeare, or a Scott; there is the direct pathos, the breathing energy of life, in 'The Ring and the Book.' It is impossible, I think, that 'The Ring and the Book' can live. Yet it is, in many respects, a stronger and greater piece of work than anything we have had since Shakespeare. Its author is clearly one of the great masters of the art which purges the soul by pity and terror. But the pathos of the others is not

the pathos which they have found in life, but the pathos which they have found in books. It is rank heresy, no doubt, Cissy; yet (let me whisper) I prefer the 'Morte d'Arthur,' as a whole, to the 'Idylls of the King.'"

CISSY.—"What a shocking confession!"

THE DOCTOR.—"An exotic, nursed in the hothouse, may be developed into velvety perfection; but the simple and modest wild-flower native to the soil is the hardier plant of the two. What will they know of our poetry a thousand years hence? It would not surprise me very much to learn that the whole of it had died out except Sir Walter's 'Proud Maisie is in the wood,' and (perhaps) Allingham's

'Up the airy mountain,
Down the reedy glen.'"

CISSY.—"I thought you admired Morris prodigiously, papa."

THE DOCTOR.—"Morris is always charming; so uniformly charming, in fact, that he gets just in the least degree monotonous at last. The greatest poetry has something more than Morris reaches—something more fervid—some intenser strain:

'Give me but what that ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.'"

And then we went to bed.

XIV.—THE SCHIENIGE PLATTE.

Two days afterwards, the rain having ceased, we climbed up to the Schienige Platte. It is a tremendous pull for a pony. Interlaken is about 1500 feet above the sea-level, the Schienige Platte is 7500 feet; so that the ascent is an almost sheer rise of 6000 feet. For the last time this season we heard the cuckoo in the Unspunnen woods. Then we zigzagged through beech, and pine, and mountain pastures, until we came

to the open, and crossing the shoulder of a tremendous precipice, along a slippery grassy slope, found ourselves beside the little inn which is built below the Platte. Looking over the slight rustic railing which has been nailed together in front of the inn, we find that we are on the highest ledge of a precipice ever so many thousand feet high, which falls without a break into the Grindelwald Valley. It is like living in a

balloon. The people beneath our feet inhabit a different world. They don't belong to us, nor we to them. We have risen above the latitudes where battles are fought and crowns are lost; we breathe a purer ether and serener air; and, like the gods from Olympus, look down complacently upon the races of men who make haste to destruction.

But this is not all. On the other side of the deep dark trench formed by the valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, rise, one after another, in pure, white, spotless procession, the peerless peaks of the Oberland. On the furthest east the Wetterhorn, on the furthest west the Breithorn, and between these two the mighty central figures of the Bernese group—the Schreckhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, the Mönch, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau! All that June morning they stood before us in dazzling whiteness or softest shadow, until, as the day declined, they caught the transfiguration of the sunset. Then the last rapturous flush passed away, the twilight shadows descended, and the pallid forms, in their snow-white mantles, lay motionless beneath the stars.

Walking that evening along the romantic path that leads to the Faulhorn, Markham observed, in a cheerful way,—

“A single false step, and one falls three thousand feet. There is nothing to break the fall except the

ledge where that pair of ravens are sitting beside their nest (the young ones must be ready to fly by this time). Consciousness, probably life itself, would be lost before the ledge was reached.” (“Oh, John!” exclaimed Cissy, shutting her eyes and holding on to his arm.) “Is it not curious to reflect how near death and all its marvellous disclosures are to us at such times? This moment on the narrow path, with these highly respectable mountains before us, and the next—where?”

‘Swooning at once
Into a sea of bliss, or rapt along
As in a flying sphere of turbulent light!’

That is Browning, and it is a sentence, I venture to think, that no man except Browning has written or could write.”

No one chose to contradict him; for at that moment such a strange and lovely flush of violet came into the sky that we dared not speak. It was as if some new exquisite colour had been brought direct from heaven and tried upon our earth for the first time. Then, in the silence, a clear bell-like cry rose from the pastoral Alp below us, and then another, and again another—

“The repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet!”

I never heard any music in the world so sweet or yet so sad as these pathetic “good-nights” of solitary shepherds,—for such we took them to be.

XV.—THE GEMMI—A BRACE OF RADICAL M.P.'S.

About a week afterwards, the rest of the party having gone on, I found myself alone on the summit of the Gemmi. There is a picturesque range of rocks with which I am well acquainted on the north-eastern seaboard of Scotland. Though apparently inaccessible, the crag-man knows that there are one or

two narrow tracks, originally made by smugglers, which can be traversed without much difficulty. But when you bring a stranger to the edge of the cliff, and point to the boat that is rocking on the surf far below, and looking back as you suddenly disappear over the face of the precipice, tell him, in an unconcerned tone, to

follow you, the chance is that he starts back in consternation, and refuses to embark on such a madcap expedition. Somewhat similar is the feeling one experiences when the road over the Gemmi reaches the summit of the limestone precipice above Leukerbad. It is a vertical wall of rock not less than two thousand feet in height. The pines at its base are scarcely distinguishable, and Leukerbad looks like a toy-village. It is almost impossible to believe that one of the great Swiss highways is carried down this perpendicular wall. Yet so it is;—that giddy precipice is traversed by a road up which a lady may ride. Up and round and across a cleft in the rock, it wheels and turns and twists itself in an amazing serpent-like manner, showing infinite patience, pliability, and resource, appropriating every inch of foot-way, and though never actually failing, or truly retreating, ever ready, on the other hand, to shift its course when it is plain that further progress is barred. All honour to the men who made it—they must have been directed by a stout heart and an infinitely ingenious head.

As I stood upon the edge of the cliff, a few drops of rain fell, and almost immediately afterwards I heard a deep growl of thunder overhead. It was time to descend. But I had descended only a few hundred feet when I was nearly carried off my legs by a sudden gust of wind. My wideawake disappeared into infinite space, and I felt as if I must follow it. I had actually to hold on by the rock to prevent myself from being blown into the valley—it was like walking on air. The blast roared madly up that infernal chimney. An occasional flash of lightning lit up the cavern-like gloom. The nearest human creature was two thousand feet below. Daylight was failing; darkness was approaching. Let me die in the sun-

light, I said, in the words of the old hero; and thereupon began to crawl cautiously along the steep and narrow footpath. The wind, luckily, fell as quickly as it had risen; but I had seen enough to assure me that a storm among the High Alps must be an event to be remembered.

At Leukerbad—that funniest of watering-places—we met a youthful member of Parliament, with a slight lisp, and an infantile moustache and imperial. He belonged to a noble house, but he thought that the aristocracy should be abolished; he had an uncle a bishop, but he had voted for the disestablishment of the Church. This sucking Republican, who, in his own language, had been born in the purple, was accompanied by a burly Manchester manufacturer, who had recently gone into Parliament as an extreme Radical, but who appeared to be very well satisfied with things as they were.

"I am generally," said the younger of the two, in a mild, effeminate tone, "in favour of abolition."

"Is there no existing institution that you would spare?" Markham inquired, with an amused twinkle in his eye.

"I cannot remember one at this moment."

"Oh, come, come," said his friend; "that is going too far." You won't abolish the Bank of England, I hope?"

"Why not?" interposed the Doctor. "Banks are institutions which impede the free circulation of coin among the people, and, I should fancy, would be exceptionally obnoxious to a real Communist. My idea is, that a good many things would admit of being abolished, if you could insure us anything better."

"Precisely my own notion," said the Manchester man. "My friend, William Gladstone, has made a fair beginning. We have attacked the

Irish Church and the Irish landlords. We shall attack the English Church and the English Tory proprietors by-and-by. All in good time. The edifice of civil and religious liberty is nearly complete, and——"

Here the speaker stopped, as if groping about for some familiar quotation which had escaped him.

"The devil take the hindmost!" the Doctor suggested. "Sir, my notion of completing the edifice is rather different from yours. I would complete the edifice by prohibiting the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion. Pray, hear me out. I was one of the few Tories who supported Canning on the question of Catholic Emancipation. I thought that the Popish disabilities might be safely removed, and that their removal being prudent, was also just. I recollect Coleridge saying that he did not agree with those who maintained that if the legal disabilities were removed the Romish Church would lose ground in this country. He was of opinion, on the contrary, that that religion was capable of being made so flattering to the passions and self-delusions of men, that it was impossible to say how far it would spread among the higher orders of society, especially if the secular disadvantages attending its profession were removed. That was Coleridge's opinion in 1827, and time has proved that he was right and that we were wrong. To the intolerance of the Papist priest half the difficulties of England's policy are now due. Ireland has become ungovernable. The Irish Catholic party have turned the English Parliament into a bear-garden. The insolent arrogance of Rome is tolerable in one view only—it is proving to us that we have made a great mistake, and that the Ultramontane priest is a noxious animal, who cannot be tolerated in

a free country. Our ancestors, who cleared the country of priests as they had cleared it of wolves, were wiser than their children. But I fancy that, after an interval of judicial blindness, our eyes are being opened again."

The elected legislators were too much astonished to speak. They probably regarded the Doctor as a lunatic.

"Having got rid of the Irish priests," continued the Doctor, who had now mounted his hobby, "I would then get rid of the Irish patriots. They would leave their country for their country's good on very short notice. Instead of a make-believe Viceroy, I would send a Lord-Justice with full powers; and I would request Governor Eyre to accept the office. His instructions would be to give every man justice, and justice only—justice meted out with an impartial hand—justice that cordially encouraged virtue, sobriety, industry, truthfulness—justice that sternly repressed mendacity, anarchy, self-indulgence. Ireland would be pacified in a year; and, take my word for it," added the Doctor, "you would have more civil and religious liberty, of the real kind, under Governor Eyre than under Cardinal Cullen."

"Very fine, sir—very fine, sir," said the manufacturing M.P., who had by this time got over the shock; "but, as a practical man, I should like to know who is likely to appoint Governor Eyre to such a post? Even Bob Lowe wouldn't do it."

"I don't know that. Bob Lowe, as you call him, appears to me to be the only man on your side who uses his own eyes instead of Liberal spectacles. He *might* do it. Profoundly cynical, and without reverence even for the prejudices of his party, he might, once in a way, accept a policy simply on its merits, and because it was fitted to save the

commonwealth. But Disraeli, at least, is a real ruler of men ; and my hope is, that Ireland may know this before he dies."

"That cock won't fight; William Gladstone is the man for our money," replied the manufacturer, who had a genial habit of calling statesmen by their Christian names. "A remarkable man, sir—a remarkable man. Are you aware, sir, that during his electioneering campaign in Lan-

cashire, 83,000 words of his speeches were telegraphed direct to the 'Times' office ? They were counted by Mr B——, who is now Secretary to the Treasury—83,533 words, sir! What do you think of that ?"

The Liberal M.P. had obviously the best of it at this point, and he and his friend judiciously retired after taking leave of our party—I am bound to add, with perfect courtesy and friendliness.

XVI.—THE BEL ALP—THE BRITISH TOURIST, MR SMITH.

We had a magnificent drive next day down the gorge of the Dala,—a trench driven by some Titanic plough. The rest of us got into a vast old-fashioned conveyance which the landlord of the hotel provided ; but Fred was permitted to take charge of a light little wicker-work pony-carriage, in which Dorothy had installed herself. Fred was in a state of ineffable enjoyment, and I think Dorothy liked it too. They soon fell behind ; and on arriving at Susten, half an hour after us, Fred's explanation was not very coherent, and Dorothy, if I am not mistaken, blushed rather more than was necessary, or than is usual with that sedate young woman.

The Rhone Valley is a pestilential swamp tenanted by frogs and flies. The highroad—Napoleon's Simplon—is the one bit of solid land thereabout ; and it runs like a dyke through a morass. Ducks and geese are the only industrial products of the soil which appear to flourish. The frogs kept up a continuous croaking in the bright morning sunshine—enormous creatures, which plumped into the reedy water as we passed ; and a water-hen rose more than once out of the forest of flags that hemmed us in. The physical and spiritual unwholesomeness of this wretched valley—its flies, its priests, its waspish Ultramontane

papers (published at Sion), its decayed towns, its tawdry saints, its mean ruins of a perished civilisation,—are peculiarly depressing ; and we were greatly relieved when, after quitting Brieg, we took the track to the Bel Alp, and began again to ascend.

The road to the Bel Alp is surely the worst in the world. For the first mile or two it is a species of diabolical staircase, up which goats, mules, and Bernese ponies, however, contrive to scramble. This is succeeded by a level valley, with its village and its church, charmingly situated among pastoral Alps ; and then the scramble begins again, until, after full four hours from Brieg, the platform on which the inn stands is reached. The inn is within hail of the high *châlets*, and hundreds of cattle are feeding in all directions, their bells tinkling as they move. A soft glow of pastoral light and peace rests upon the hillside, which is bright with flowers and merry with the laughter of children.

And each night and morning this mountain community behold a spectacle (if they care to look) of more than Eastern pomp. The mighty range of the Southern Alps is visible morning and night,—Monte Leone, Monte Rosa, the Fletschhorn, the Mischabelhörner, the Weisshorn, and the Matterhorn. When we ar-

rived the air was cloudless, and each solitary peak was drawn in faultless outline against the sky. Then came the sunset,—the most remarkable we anywhere saw in Switzerland. Soft snow pink of innumerable peaks against a background of deepest blue! This lasted for a time, and then the pink, fading away from the peaks (from all except the Matterhorn and the Dorn, where it lingered longest), flushed the sky above them into stormy crimson, against which the white mountain forms stood out in spectral paleness! And for many minutes this extraordinarily brilliant fire filled the whole sky from east to west, from north to south, from the nadir to the zenith, so that we thought at last of Dante's lines,—

"Fell slowly wafting down,
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summits when the wind is
hushed."

MARKHAM. — "The Matterhorn looks like a silver wedge cleaving the sunset."

MRS MARKHAM. — "My dear John, you are stealing from Coleridge. My opinion is that the Finsteraarhorn is the finest mountain in the Oberland, and the Mischabelhörner in the rest of Switzerland. What a splendid mass it is, and how nobly proportioned,—rising tier after tier to the Dorn! Do you know, John, if without being profane I might use a comparison from the Bible, I would liken it to the Great White Throne in the Revelation."

THE DOCTOR (who joins them). — "Thank you, Cissy—I think you have hit it. It is exactly what I have been trying to get at all day. Glorious! glorious! but the pleasure is not unmixed. How fragile one feels among these everlasting mountains! They dwarf us into feebleness."

MARKHAM. — "Do you think so? Do they not rather rouse us into self-assertion,—into the mood which

defiantly protests, I am greater than thou art?"

After enjoying this wonderful picture to our hearts' content, we adjourned to the pleasant reading-room (with its collection of the light and limpliterature which floats about Continental hotels), where we found a delightfully hot stove,—the cold is always severe at night, 7130 feet above the plain,—and a solitary traveller—the British tourist, Mr Smith. Why Mr Smith should have left his comfortable villa in the suburbs to come to the top of the Bel Alp, will, I suspect, always remain a secret even to himself. He speaks the language of his countrymen with perfect freedom (although he occasionally forgets an *h*); whereas it must be confessed that his familiarity with foreign tongues is of the slightest. He admires, I might say venerates, the roast beef of Old England, while the "kick-shaws" of a foreign *table d'hôte* are an impertinence in his eyes. He does not care a rap for Gothic architecture or snow mountains; he is victimised by innkeepers, and jeered at by his own courier; and yet an irresistible instinct drives him annually abroad. This very evening he had been shivering over the stove with an old number of 'Galignani,' while the "red-litten eve" was passing away into the cold brilliancy of the Alpine night.

The Colonel sat down beside the stove, and Mr Smith at once fastened upon him.

"Delighted to see you, sir," said Mr Smith. "I think I had the honour of meeting you at Prince Torlonia's?"

The Colonel bowed. He certainly banked with Torlonia when in Rome, but he had no recollection of Mr Smith.

"My name is Smith—Smith of Dorking," our new friend continued, in an explanatory tone. "The way these foreign papers mangle one's

name is too provoking. In the Interlaken 'Liste des Etrangers,' I figured originally as 'Mr Smeeth; Rent: Angleterre;' then the 'Swiss Times' dropped the *h* and called me 'Smeet,' which the Florence 'List of Tourists' transformed into 'Smeeths,' and now here is a Baden paper, which calls me 'Tsmeets,'—'Tsmeets of London, and two domestiques.' And yet Smith is not a difficult name to spell."

The Colonel admitted that it was not.

"You came through France, of course," Mr Smith continued; "so did I. These French innkeepers are most extortionate rascals. They charged me twelve francs at Rouen for a chop and half-a-dozen sour strawberries, and when I remonstrated, they said it was caused by the Prussian occupation. The Prussians had been away for eight months, and I found afterwards that this very innkeeper had made a small fortune out of the Prussian officers—much to the disgust of the townspeople. Infernal swindlers, every man of them!"

The Colonel admitted that the French inns had become very dear.

"You have heard of excursion tickets?" he went on. "I took one of these tickets in London the other day,—a ticket from Paris to Switzerland and back to Paris. 'May be had in Paris, but it is better and more economical to secure them in London,' said the advertisement, as if the thing were a rarity which might be lost to you by delay. So I took one. Will you believe it? As soon as I got to Paris I found the railway company offering the very same ticket to all the world for less money."

The Colonel suggested that there must be some mistake.

"None whatever, sir. I have the ticket in my pocket at this moment. But for actual swindling, commend me to the Swiss. Why, at Ouchy

they put 'a broken window' into my bill? '*Un carreau brisé*,—What's that?' I said, when I went to pay it. 'Oh, you broke your window, sare, and me charge you five francs.' I told him that I had broken none of his windows, but that I should certainly break his head if he did not take it out forthwith. Of course it was deducted,—there is nothing like a little judicious firmness with these fellows. Did you notice the tariff for horses and carriages at Lausanne? Why it's so extravagant that even the cabbies themselves haven't the conscience to take more than a third. Then at Reichenbach, after I had got half-way up the abominable precipice, I came upon a notice warning me that it was private property. 'Messieurs, the gentlemen, must pay one franc, or turn back.' Of course I could not turn back, but paid my franc, and was allowed to look at the trumpery waterfall through a hole in the wall."

The Doctor listened in grim silence, but the Colonel was as pleasant as usual. "Very sharp, indeed. It reminds me of an experience of my own in the Saxon Switzerland. We went to see the waterfall of the district. We could see nothing. So we asked a fellow, who was hanging about, where it was. 'The waterfall?' says he. 'Oh, here's the waterfall!' And then he pulled a string, and down it came."

Meanwhile Markham was deep in the transactions of the Swiss Alpine Club for the previous year. Cissy was gathering her paints and brushes together, and Dorothy and Fred were bringing a game of backgammon, which had lasted in a surprising manner during the whole evening, to a close. A game of backgammon, forsooth! My dear lad, do you recollect the German print in which the Devil is playing at chess with Faust for his soul, or some

such trifle? 'This fair Dorothy is a far different antagonist, I admit; but you have just as little chance of winning as poor Faust. She has got your soul, or your heart (or whatever it is called), in her silken web, and you need not hope to escape.

But you don't want to escape? Of course not; none of us do—till later.

"Late!" said the Doctor, drowsily looking at his watch. "Half-past ten, and we have to cross the glacier to-morrow. We start for the Eggischhorn at six."

So we went to bed,—Fred to

dream of a pair of very singular blue eyes—

"Blue as Pandora's,
When first they darkened with im-
mortal life,"—

and the rest of us to enjoy the dreamless sleep which is purchased by a mountain scramble.

But looking down once before the morning broke, in the pale misty light of earliest dawn, at the glacier which coiled itself snake-like round the valley, I could have fancied that it was some strange, watchful, primeval monster, waiting in ominous silence for its prey.

XVII.—THE NICOLAI THAL—THE MATTERHORN.

The traveller who, crossing from Italy, descends the malarious Rhone Valley by the Simplon, can form no conception of the surpassing beauty of many of the valleys which join it at angles more or less obtuse, and which lie behind the bank of low monotonous hill which alone is visible. Of these, the Nicolai Thal, which leads to Zermatt, whither we are bound, is not the least grand.

A true Swiss Thal is a district *sui generis*. Leaving the main Rhone Valley at Visp, and reaching Stalden, we enter a deep trench between the mountains. The near precipices on either side, grim masses of rock, rise to a height of three or four thousand feet. The mule-road is scraped along their sides, sometimes close to the brink of the torrent, sometimes a thousand feet above it. Once or twice, in the course of twenty miles, the rocks retreat and disclose a lovely green strath, where the mountain village nestles snugly. At Visp we are 2362 feet above the sea; at St Niklaus, 3869; at Zermatt, 5315; at Zmutt, 6365. The whole character of the valley alters as we rise. Its lower end is rich with unusual southern flowers, among which a brilliant

lily, dusted with gold, is conspicuous; and gauzy, bright-winged creatures, the dragon-fly and the humming-bird moth, flit across the path; and lizards bask in the sunshine, and the hillsides are covered with vines. The upper valley is rich with flowers too, but they are the flowers which flourish beside the snow, in a region where even the pine has ceased to find nourishment for its hardy roots, and a barrier of eternal ice stretches from the Dent Blanche to the Matterhorn.

The fortnight that we spent at Zermatt was a complete success. The weather was all that could be desired. Fleecy shreds of cloud would continue to gather round the lower summits, gathering and dispersing again and again during each day; but, as a rule, the great peaks, without cloud or shadow, stood out from morning to night against the intense blue in intenser white. The wayside crosses, the rustic shrines, the open empty churches, the humble churchyards (not untenanted by English strangers who have fallen victims to the avalanche or the glacier), the simple Catholic *curies*, spending their lives, winter and summer, amid these remote and

secluded communities,—are features of the life of the valleys which cannot be contemplated without interest even by the passing visitor. There is not much art in this devotion, although we occasionally came across a carved Christ into which a certain rude energy had been thrown; and the Catholic zeal has even more than its average accompaniment of Catholic bigotry and Catholic ignorance. The people are little given to wandering (the lad who led one of the mules had never been out of his native valley), and their amusements are of the most primitive and uncouth kind. They are, in particular, so far as we could judge, a most unmusical people. On the Sunday forenoon a fellow stationed himself on the steps of a *châlet* near the hotel, and from a cracked drum evoked the most hideous noises. He was surrounded by a group of admirers, who sat at his feet or stood beside him for an hour at a stretch, evidently entranced by the atrocious discords. Then the flowers in these

June days are a source of endless enjoyment. The delicate lily of Paradise waves in white patches all over the low ground, while the brilliant crimson of the Alpine rhododendron flushes the rocks and lightens up the pine-woods.

But to none of these is the unique fascination of the Zermatt valley due,—not to the novelty of its tropical Alpine life, not to the splendour of its flora, not to the singularity of its glaciers. The Matterhorn is the *genius loci*. That extraordinary crag colours the whole life of the valley. Ghostly under the stars—with peach-like softness of sunset bloom in the summer twilight—lustrous as a white sea-bird at dawn. It is quite alone—there is nothing at all like it anywhere round about. The wonder never diminishes. To that matchless pyramid, the pyramids of the Pharaohs are ant-hills. There it stands, sphinx-like, inscrutable, unaccountable,—some ancient, primeval, Titanic creature, stranded helplessly upon the shores of time.

XVIII.—A SOLITARY SCRAMBLE BELOW THE MATTERHORN.

This morning, the rest of our party being otherwise engaged (sketching, botanising, book-making, love-making, — and love-making among the Alps is one of the pleasantest of holiday pastimes), I start for the Schwarz See. I have already been there more than once, this being my favourite ramble from Zermatt; but the grandeur, glory, and beauty of the excursion repay the slight toil of repeated ascents. No guide is needed, and the moderate walker is thus enabled to enjoy one of the noblest and most impressive bits of the Alps in utter loneliness. There are times when one needs to be alone among the mountains, and such hours

‘Of high communion with the living God’

impress themselves with peculiar vividness on the memory. Ignatz Biner, the good-humoured and talkative host of the only inn at Zermatt, which faces the Matterhorn, has got the bread, hard-boiled eggs, and wine required for lunch packed away in a miniature knapsack; and slinging this across my back, I start directly after breakfast.

As I ascend the valley towards Zmutt, there is not a vestige of cloud in the whole sky, with the exception of a banner of mist which streams from the highest peak of the Matterhorn. The track along the Zmutt torrent winds through enormous rocks,—

“Confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world,”—
until, quitting the valley, it rises

rapidly in a series of zigzags to the plateau, 8400 feet in height, on which the Schwarz See is situated, and from which the Matterhorn itself may be said to spring. The woods through which I pass are all aglow with the Alpine rose, and the path is covered with large ants, each hard at work, or pretending to be so. Here a host of them have seized upon an unfortunate caterpillar, and are pulling him in pieces; there a single sturdy warrior is dragging a dead dragon-fly through the pine-dust. Cissy, who has such intense sympathy with every living thing that she cannot bear to see even a wild-flower recklessly gathered, holding with Wordsworth that every flower enjoys the air it breathes, and that it is cruel to interfere with such pure and innocent enjoyment, hates these strong and savage hordes, whose relentless energy and angry industry are never at rest. Shaking myself clear of the wood, I reach the open, and after a little more clambering, the plateau for which I am bound. At this early season it is little visited, and during the whole day I did not meet a single creature in these upper regions. The summer had been long of coming, and the snow still lay in deep wreaths and patches, even on those parts of the pasture which were exposed to the full heat of the mid-day sun. I dipped my flask of Swiss wine into a snow-wreath, and sat down on a point of rock to enjoy the wonderful magnificence of the scene around me. Overhead towered the Matterhorn. There is no deception about it; the nearer we get, the bigger it grows. Mr Ruskin, I think, speaks of its defiant attitude: to my mind it shows no defiance; only calm, assured, sorrowful strength, and invincible tenacity. Monte Rosa, rising out of unfathomable fields of snow, fronted me where I sat—a truly royal domain. Between the

two stretched the vast sea of snow and ice which, descending from the Lyskamm, the Breithorn, and the Little Matterhorn, feeds the Gömer Glacier and its affluents. The splendid peaks of the Mischabelhörner range, the Weisshorn, the Gabelhorn, and the Dent Blanche, complete the circle. Below me I can see the houses of Zermatt, not bigger now than beehives, and the Gömer Glacier pouring round the Riffel-berg in a mighty stream.

A delicious breeze blew from the Dent Blanche, but it was not cold; and the hours slipped away unnoticed. Then I went on to the lonely lake and the lonelier chapel. The snow lay deeply about them, and added to the pathetic solitariness of the place. I looked in at the broken window; I could see nothing, but I heard a faint sigh or groan. It was repeated more than once—a sob of eerie sadness that made my blood run cold. There were no marks nor footprints on the snow; if spirits sigh, this must have been a spirit. I went round to the door, which was on the latch, and pushing it open looked in. The church was empty and desolate, hung round with the tawdry trumpery in which the Catholic *curé* and peasantry delight, and which looked even more tawdry than usual in this high and solemn solitude of nature. No, there was no one within. I shut the door softly behind me, and stole away on tip-toe, fancying that I heard light footsteps behind me. "It may have been the wind," I said aloud, to reassure myself; "the wind among the mouldering rafters." So I waded along through the drift, while above, rising right into a snow-storm, towered the crags of that tremendous peak. A white ptarmigan which I disturbed went away with a hoarse startled cry.

There are few words in any language which can adequately describe the mingled emotions with

which one stands on the brink of the Zmutt Glacier and looks up at the Matterhorn crags ; but among the few are those which occur in the opening lines of Coleridge's "Hymn to Mont Blanc :"—

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning
star

In his steep course ? So long he seems to
pause

On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base

Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful
Form !

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently ! around thee and above,
Deep in the air, and dark, substantial,
black,

An ebon mass ! methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
It is thy own calm home, thy crystal
shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity !
O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought ; entranced
in prayer

I worshipped the invisible alone."

The afternoon was closing in

when I turned away, and, racing down the snow-slopes, reached the brink of the ravine, and saw the *châlets* of Staffel underneath my feet. There was no visible track, but I took to a nearly dry water-course, and so contrived to scramble down into the valley, passing as I descended through a wood of branchless and shattered pines, riven by lightning and thinned by avalanches, which Gustave Doré might have created. The agony of the dying trees was at once lamentable and grotesque. The Zmutt valley, from the Staffel *châlets* down to the village (where a frail wooden bridge spans the torrent at a giddy height), is the most lovely in these parts ; and in this doubtful evening light, the young moon hanging over the white peak of the Rymfischhorn, it disclosed a more mystical loveliness than I had ever yet beheld.

XIX.—NIGHT AT THE RIFFEL—MORNING ON THE GÖRNER GRAT.

We all went up to the Riffel Inn together. It is a sociable expedition, and we left Zermatt early to enable us to picnic, and sketch, and botanise by the way. The crispness of the air, the scent of the pines, the blue of the rocks, the crimson of the rhododendrons, the verdure of the pasture, the Scotch-like sparkle of the stream which no glacier has tainted—are enough in themselves to make any one happy ; and when these are combined with a mountain landscape of surpassing splendour, and the fair face or faces of the woman or women we adore (the more the merrier), the unusual elation of spirit which even an Englishman has been known to exhibit in such circumstances becomes comprehensible. Before we get to Seiler's Hotel we are 8427 feet above the sea, and an enormous amount of pressure must by that

time have been removed from the heart as well as from the lungs. Black care may accompany the horseman who keeps to the plain ; but let him mount a mule and climb to the Riffel, and he will find that the enemy has been dislodged from his seat on the crupper, and left below.

Miss Vernon's sketch of the Matterhorn, as seen from the slopes below the hotel, is one of the most effective in her sketch-book, and she has slyly introduced in one corner the face of a bright handsome lad asleep among buttercups—Fred himself, who, on the previous day, had performed some tremendous mountain feat, and to-day, deputed to wait on Dorothy, actually began to doze before the sketch was completed. The outline of the sleeping face is full of spirit and character ; but the artist has added, in pure

wantonness, a pair of long ears—a liberty which Fred is inclined to resent.

"I owe you a pair of gloves, Miss Dorothy," he says, maliciously, by way of retort, when he wakes up and recognises the portrait.

"Do you mean to insinuate, Master Frederick——?"

The evening was cloudy, but I rather think that the mystery and indistinctness of the twilight which filled the valley added to the strangeness of the scene. The clouds, the peaks, the snow, were so mingled together that we could not tell which was solid land and which was cloud-land. It was a wonderful, fantastical, visionary landscape, like the unsubstantial landscape one sees in dreams.

We went to bed early, for we had to start at daybreak. Deep snow covered the high table-land down to the door of the hotel; and though a path had been cut for some distance, yet the latter part of the ascent to the G6rner Grat lay over a snow-field which was now only practicable for ladies in the early morning. Some of us, scrambling through the snow to look upon Monte Rosa in the grey evening light, had found a rivulet flowing along the track: next morning the rivulet was silent, and its channel frozen into solid ice. During the night the mist had dispersed, and when we rose at 2 A.M. the stars were shining brightly in the frosty heaven. We left while it was yet dark, but ere we had gone far the whole sky began to fill with the soft reflected light of the summer dawn. We looked around us, and, lo! a vast circle of snowy peaks rose

into the silent air. Far away over the Oberland we saw a belt of carmine, which gradually brightened and widened, until at last the Sun-god rose, and, touching one by one the mighty peaks at hand—Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Breithorn—rested in one glorious sheet of flame upon the pure snow of the Dent Blanche and the shining cliffs of the Matterhorn!

It was great fun. English, Yankees, Canadians, all of us enjoyed it like boys, the women no less than the men. We stayed a quarter of an hour at the G6rner Grat, and looked down into the deep trench that separated us from the Monte Rosa range, and their vast fields of snow. Yet the great peaks as seen from here look rather flat, and are apt to disappoint the spectator who forgets that the G6rner Grat itself is more than ten thousand feet above the sea. Then we retraced our steps, and slid down the rocks, and glissaded down the snow, the Canadians teaching the girls how to use their alpenstocks for this latter purpose, not altogether with success. And among the jolliest of the party was Colonel Vernon, who is seventy-six on his next birthday! All honour to the hale, cheery, gallant old soldier, who is as fresh as the youngest of the party, and who wears his years, as Mr Lushington his learning, lightly, like a flower!

"The Psalmist assigns labour and sorrow to those who reach my age," he observes, as we re-enter the inn, "but I never felt younger in my life."

"Oh you dear old boy," says Dorothy, patting playfully the arm to which she clings, but with something like a tear in her eye.

XX.—MR CHALKSTONE AND MR SKIN FLINT, OF THE "ALPINE CLUB."

We met at Zermatt Mr Chalkstone, who is one of the luminaries

of the Alpine Club. A singular figure was seated at the door of the

hotel when we returned from the Riffel. It wore an old brown wide-awake, with a white towel wrapped round the brim, thick leathern gaiters, and heavy boots with great hobnails, such as ploughmen wear at home. The nose and cheeks were peeled and blistered and swollen; the lips were cracked; the eyes were bloodshot. Altogether he looked more like a prize-fighter who had been hit hard in a tough fight, than an English gentleman. And yet Mr Chalkstone—for this was the eminent mountaineer—was a shrewd, pleasant, unpretending, and highly-cultivated scholar; and at home, no doubt, looked exactly what he was. But much mountaineering had made him mad among mountains, and during two months of each year he presented the extraordinary (not to say revolting) spectacle which I have just described. He was accompanied by his friend Mr Skin Flint, another celebrated climber (unrivalled among *rocks*), and they joined us at *table d'hôte*, where we found them quite inclined to be sociable. They had made "a new Pass" from Macugnaga to Zermatt, which (as far as I could understand the matter) went clean over Monte Rosa, took twelve hours longer than the Weiss-thor, and was attended with such frightful risk that it was doubtful if it would ever again be attempted by any sane creature. To-morrow and next day were to be devoted to a little quiet mountaineering between Zermatt and Evolena, in preparation for the attack which they were meditating on the inaccessible precipices of the Matterhorn which rise from the Zmutt Glacier; and they invited Fred, who was drinking in the narrative with greedy ears, to accompany them. The Doctor would not at first hear of his going; but the lad looked so disappointed, that permission was ultimately accorded. He came back on the evening of the second day, so scorched and

blistered that even Dorothy Vernon (who had come down from the Riffel) did not know him. But he was in tremendous spirits.

"Such a jolly lark it had been," he said. "We took no guide, for Chalkstone said that he knew every inch of the way. We started at two o'clock, and I yawned fearfully till sunrise—for, of course, I hadn't slept a wink. However, we got up to the moraine just as day was breaking, and there we smoked a pipe and had a pull at the flask. It's beastly walking among those big stones, and we were glad to get on the glacier. By Jove, that side of the Matterhorn is tremendous! it makes one giddy to look at it. We got on very tidily for a bit, until all at once there was such a deuce of a tug at the rope that it nearly carried me off my legs, and we found that Skin Flint had fallen into a crevasse. We could see nothing of him except his wideawake, but we held on, and he managed to scramble out after a while. An avalanche of ice came crashing down from the Matterhorn, but it didn't quite get our length, and we kept on till we came to a sort of island in the glacier, called the Stockje, where we took to the rocks. The rocks were easy enough, but when we got on the snow again at the upper end of the island, it was no joke. We sank knee deep at every step, and I began to fear we should never get to the Col. We had to creep along a steep slope of hard ice on which the snow was lying thinly: then we crossed three or four awful *bergschrunds* on snow bridges, and then scrambled up some perpendicular rocks, sharp and slippery, which cut our boots and took the skin off our hands. After dodging one or two avalanches which crashed down the *coulair* we were ascending, we reached the cornice of ice across the Col, and sat down to dinner on the summit of the pass—a leg on each

side. For the last hour the fog had grown so thick that we could not see a yard before or behind us—so of course we hadn't much of a view; but that didn't matter, until it began to snow and blow like mad—and it *does* snow and blow at twelve thousand feet above the sea! It was no good staying there, so we made for Evolena through the mist as fast as ever we could, and by good luck reached the hotel soon after midnight. I have only got a small

frostbite on one of my toes, but Chalkstone is in a regular funk about his nose, which is the size (and colour) of a lobster, and is off to see the doctor. Such a lark! I wish some of you fellows had gone."

We didn't appear to see it, and the Doctor was very savage and satirical for some time afterwards on the adventurous society of which Skin Flint and Chalkstone are such distinguished members.

XXI.—ST NIKLAUS—A SUNSET PICTURE—ADIEU TO DOROTHY.

It was St Peter's Festa when we got to St Niklaus, on our way back, and the village was overrun with country people, who seemed to derive much satisfaction from the fearful pictures of the damned with which the church is adorned. The bell-ringer at St Niklaus can have no sinecure. The church bells were always ringing. The chimes were the last thing I heard at night; I was wakened by them at four in the morning. These early matins and late vespers would be highly inconvenient in a country where sleep is much prized; but in Switzerland, with its bracing and elastic air, in spite of the enormous amount of exercise undergone, a few hours suffice for moderate people. We could not, however, help pitying an unfortunate Doctor of Music, who had been smashed on his way from Zermatt in one of the carts of the country, and was now lying in the inn.

After dinner we sat out together on the benches in front of the hotel, which is one of the best in these parts (the landlord, indeed, being *one* of the *two* honest men we met in Switzerland). This was to be our last night together, and, as happens at such times, the conversation (of which some snatches are here given) took a graver tone and a wider sweep.

MARKHAM (who had been relating some old college adventure in which he and H—— had taken part).—"These were wild times" (to Cissy—"in the consulship of Plarcus, my dear, before you were born"), "but it was great fun; and after all, the excesses of three-and-twenty do not harden the soul like the decent materialism of middle age."

THE COLONEL.—"So you knew H——? We met him once at Heidelberg, you recollect, Dorothy!—a most delightful humorist, and a charming companion. Where is he now?"

MARKHAM.—"Ah me! that is more than I can tell you. The hero-slaughtering Hector has undergone the earth. He, too, like so many of the others, has gone down to darkness, down even unto Hades. What more can we say about the mystery than the oldest poets said?"

(It is thus that Markham when too nearly touched, tosses his words about. Cissy knows the mood, and the Doctor too, for after a pause he remarks:)

THE DOCTOR.—"We cannot conceive how our departed friends assimilate themselves to these new strange conditions. The imagination refuses to soar in that rare ether. I prefer simply to think

of them as *sublimed* (if I may use the word) into their best and most characteristic qualities; the honesty, manliness, sweetness, fidelity, simplicity, which endeared them to us, in spite of many faults and weaknesses. When the dross is cleared away, when the earthly garments drop, then the one ethereal spark—whichever it may be—expands into the pure flame of its perfect spiritual life."

THE COLONEL.—"I like the notion."

MARKHAM.—"Yes, that is about the most and best we can say. All dogma is out of place when we transcend the realm over which science presides. That dreadful creature, a Scotch theological professor——"

THE COLONEL (inquiringly).—"A Scotch theological professor?"

MARKHAM.—"A Scotch theological professor is never satisfied until he has reduced Almighty God Himself from an ineffable overshadowing mystery into a neat proposition which can be put into a lecture."

THE DOCTOR.—"The taste for theological epigram has certainly proved disastrous. I never could quite understand why Socinians and Calvinists should fight as they do; but, after all, the most furious wars have raged about refinements and subtleties which are utterly invisible to the naked eye of a layman."

THE COLONEL (smiling).—"You are a very Broad Churchman, my friend."

THE DOCTOR.—"I am a narrow, bigoted, intolerant, despotic Christian at home (as Cissy knows to her cost); but in theory I try to be as catholic as the Church to which I

belong. In the true sense, I believe our Church to be the only one in the world which ever really strove to deserve the name; and when you come to read the admirable work on which my friend, the Principal of the University of St Andrews, is engaged, you will find that the Broad Church party in the English Church has a historical as well as a constitutional basis, and a roll of saintly names, of which any Church might be proud."

The sky that night (or what we could see of it or imagine of it in our deep valley) was most impressive. It was the sky which, according to the mood in which it is regarded, inspires hope or presages calamity. There was no wind, but the clouds were riven into fantastic shapes, and heaped confusedly up against the western heaven in banks of lurid purple and wild vermilion. But the eye did not rest on these; for beyond them we beheld a realm of purer and sweeter light—a tranquil field of tender orange—the far-away sanctuary of the sunset.

We left the Colonel and Miss Vernon next morning at Stalden,—all, except Fred, who was resolute to obtain one glimpse, however brief, of the Val Anasca. So he went with them up the grand Saas Thal, and stayed all night at the little inn on the Mattmarksee; and next morning, under a cloudless dawn, beheld the glory of the Monte Moro pass,—the unveiled face of Monte Rosa.

There they parted.

"Good-bye, Miss Vernon—Dorothy," said poor Fred, with a great emptiness in his heart.

"*Au revoir*," said Dorothy; "we meet at Rome."

AMATEUR THEOLOGY: ARNOLD'S LITERATURE AND DOGMA.

OURS is said to be an age of great religious thoughtfulness. "Thinkers" are rife in all departments of knowledge, but especially in that which used to be supposed the highest and most difficult of all, and in which men only ventured to speculate who had trained themselves by long and laborious culture. We have changed all that. Our most notable religious teachers are no longer men who have spent their days and nights in the study of Holy Scripture, and in calm and grave reflection on the great subjects which its study suggests, but "able" editors, "advanced" dukes, and "literary" men with no function for "dogma," and who despise it accordingly. If it were said that our age was one of great religious restlessness and excitement, there could be no doubt of the truth of the saying. For the very air around us is resonant with theological disturbance. And our newspapers serve up the morning news or the weekly retrospect amidst a garnishing of "modern" views or the latest theories of the origin and destiny of man.

Nothing can well be more singular than the chaos of religious "novelties" in which we are living. There are no books more popular than those which profess to discuss religious problems with what is called "freshness"—or with some infusion of personal feeling. Old theories with new faces, which seemed dead and buried centuries ago, have come to life again. The rags of Stoicism, threadbare in the time of the Antonines—when they yet clothed truly noble natures—have been flaunted as discoveries in

our face under the name of a great *Universum*; and even the "sty of Epicurus" has found poetical votaries who, in feeding on the old garbage, suppose themselves to be luxuriating in a new divine food. There is hardly an opinion or tendency, philosophical or theological, which the wisdom of "eighteen Christian centuries" might have been thought to have outlived, which has not—in slightly or considerably altered form—shown signs of resuscitation, and begun anew to court the attention of the superficial and the half-informed minds which an "age of progress" never fails to produce in multitudes.

It is always the characteristic of such an age to attack the most fundamental and radical questions, and so to veer towards religious discussion, even while professing to ignore or despise religion. The great problems of the origin of life, of the character of man, of the authority of Revelation, of the nature of religion, reappear for fresh inquiry and controversy, as if they had never before wearied the brain or tasked its utmost powers. There is something cheerful perhaps in this ever-renewed assault on the great fortresses of human thought, as if sure to yield at last to the accumulating knowledge and skill of successive generations. It is a witness, if nothing else, to the bravery of the human spirit, which refuses to be beaten back or succumb before the barred secrets which no one has yet disclosed. The attempt is a hopeful yet a sad one, and must always command respect when we see not only courage, but true knowledge, and wise reverence, and patient and

large thoughtfulness engaged in it. The mind would be dead indeed that was not kindled into some enthusiasm by the ardent ambition of a noble and well-controlled intellect—like that of Hooker or Butler in the past—to penetrate to the sources of our higher knowledge, and lay bare the granite, so to speak, of those convictions out of which, since the world began, all dignity of faith and earnestness of life have come. Let it not be supposed that we undervalue the power of *thought*, or the real use of “thinkers” in a world like ours. There are none who more thoroughly deserve honour than true thinkers—men who patiently go to the roots of questions, in the light, not of their own fancy, but of all preceding knowledge. There are none who do so much to advance human intelligence and the world's welfare. Nor would we be supposed to imply that our age does not possess such thinkers. It would be strange and melancholy, indeed, if the higher methods of criticism and the great discoveries of science which have made the present generation so conspicuous, should not yield some definite and clear results in the enlargement of the Christian reason, and the widening of men's thought and faith. No doubt they will do so—and human civilisation will go forward on its career the better for the higher impulse thus imparted to it.

It is nevertheless true that there are many pseudo-thinkers abroad—men of whom the world will certainly not be the better, but the worse, so far as they are likely to affect it. If the sight of men with real powers attacking the old problems and bringing the accumulated thought of all the philosophies to bear upon them be a noble one, there is little to excite our admiration in the far more common spectacle of crude speculation, fanciful theory, and unsound rage

for generalisation that constitute so much of what is at present called science, or of the flimsy confidence and superficial dilettanteism which passes with many for philosophy and theology. There is less to be said perhaps for some of our theological teachers, than even for our rashest theorists in science; for the latter are at least primarily dealing with what they have carefully studied and understand. If Mr Darwin's halting logic and misconceptions of the nature of inference cast ridicule on some of his conclusions, he is yet thoroughly at home in the field of natural observation and in those crowds of facts which he seldom fails to marshal with accuracy, however inconclusively he may interpret them. He and others have had a genuine scientific training, and they fail only when they leave their proper domain, and traverse a region of argument for which they have had no training, and for which, plainly, they have no special aptitude. But there are some of our theological essayists and anti-dogmatists, who not only “rush in where angels fear to tread,” but who have not been at the pains to master some of the most ordinary sources of information on the subjects on which they write so fluently. Nothing but courage seems to them necessary to assail and overthrow the most cherished opinions of centuries.

The fact is that theology nowadays is considered to be an open pasture-ground on which all literary adventurers may disport themselves, and whet their appetite for speculation and culture. Translations have made familiar the resources of German study, and even the latest results of Dutch Biblical Criticism and the new “Experience - Theology” of Gröningen are filtered through the columns of newspapers. There is a general admission that

the older forms of Christian thought have had their day, and are no longer good for anything. It is hardly to be wondered at that our *littérateurs* and dukes, not altogether "inaccessible to ideas," should join in the *mêlée* of theological criticism which is so general. They may know nothing of the history of Christian thought, they may fail to understand the profound conceptions out of which some of the most common forms of theological opinion have come, they may be ignorant of the theological literature of their own country—by far the most solid and valuable in spiritual and moral reflectiveness of any in the world—but they feel it to be their mission to enlighten a benighted Church and vaunt a new Christianity destined to supersede the old, and to bud forth and blossom into riper fruits of virtue than it has ever done. Such writers have never any doubt of the meaning of Calvinism, although they may never have read a word of Calvin. They judge glibly of Puritanism, although ignorant of Howe and Baxter alike. They can tell all about predestination, and free grace, and justification by faith, although each of these terms has a history which it would take years to learn, and they have hardly begun its study.

It would be curious to inquire how it is that theology, of all branches of knowledge, has thus come, in our time, to be the special field for amateurs (a "feminine pastime," as Lord Lytton says in 'Kenelm Chillingly,' which touches so admirably many features of the age), from the Prime Minister during his autumn leisure, to the London correspondent of a provincial newspaper. It cannot certainly be because it is less difficult as a branch of knowledge than some others, or that it needs less patience and capacity to master its great ideas. On the contrary,

whatever be the real value of the study, there is none which demands more knowledge or more patience and largeness of mind. But its subjects lie near to human life at every point, and touch multiplied social interests. In a time of "new ideas" theology always comes to the front; and every man who shares the new ideas is apt to fancy that he also understands and can refute the old. There is much that is inevitable in all this, and theology can, of course, claim no exemption from the laws of movement that rule all other branches of knowledge. This would be to set up a pretension for it which, in its very extravagance, would invalidate its title to be a true branch of knowledge at all. Our present criticism is as far as possible from implying such a conclusion. Our complaint is, not that theology is undergoing, as it must undergo, great modifications of its accumulated opinions and traditions, but that its old opinions are frequently set aside as valueless by those who have never studied them, and that its accumulated treasures are held to be so much waste-paper by many who know nothing of them, and have never tried to estimate them. There may be progress in theology as in other things, and the old phrases and forms of doctrine cannot be expected to hold their place permanently here any more than elsewhere. But true advance is not to be sought in any branch of knowledge by merely turning our back on what is old and welcoming all manner of novelties. We may have to unlearn much that our forefathers believed; but it is only a shallow philosophy that does not recognise what was true and good, as well as defective and false, in the grounds of their belief. With all our increased knowledge and more exact canons of verification, the capacity of human thought varies but slightly from age to age. It may be fairly questioned,

indeed, whether the power of brain, in individual cases, retains its old level with the wider diffusion of intellectual culture. The attitude of the student, therefore, towards past forms of opinion, ought always to be an attitude of respectful criticism. If no doctrines, however venerable, are entitled to acceptance merely because they are old, it is yet the business of the student to trace and acknowledge the true conditions of thought or faith out of which they grew, and the genuine elements of knowledge which they embrace, or were supposed to embrace, against the errors of their time. The study of dogma, pursued in this manner, becomes a study which at once illuminates the past and guides the present. It is the best corrective of extravagant theory and self-confidence. The student learns how varied, subtle, and multiplied have been the relations of religious thought in all ages of intellectual excitement—how constantly these relations repeat themselves under modified forms—and how little essential novelty there frequently is in the most “modern” theories. He acquires an instinct of appreciation and balance of judgment that enables him to estimate the real constituents of progress in any movement, and to guide possibly the course of the movement in a useful or beneficial direction.

It is one of our most serious objections to the work before us that it betrays so inadequate an estimate of the true meaning and value of dogma, and of the high uses which may come from its intelligent study to the advance of religious thought. We take this objection the more freely, because the author is evidently not without serious aims in this and other publications which he has devoted to religious questions, however easy it may be for many readers to doubt this. We credit Mr Arnold, after a careful perusal

of these writings, with a desire upon the whole to help religious inquiry, and to bring the claims of the Christian Church before a certain class of minds disposed to set them aside altogether. There are passages here and there so admirably expressed, and even lines of thought at times so finely worked out, that we are bound to accept them as fruits of a genuine religious interest. We have felt inclined to say to ourselves, this author is not a mere amateur—one who writes upon theology because it is the fashion of the day to do so.

This, we are sorry to confess, is not the impression left by Dr Arnold's latest and apparently most mature work. It has, upon the whole, fewer traces of earnest intelligence, while the faults of the author appear in their most aggravated form. Especially, it has all those characteristics which stamp the mere amateur writer in theology or in anything else. Although in the form of a book, ‘*Literature and Dogma*’ is really only a large pamphlet directed in great part against the bishops of the Church of England, particularly the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester. The same continuous vein of flippant personality, designed as pleasantry, which marked ‘*St Paul and Protestantism*’ towards the Dissenters, pervades this volume towards the bishops. And here it is more offensive, because at once more obtrusive and less directly connected with the subject. The previous volume was, after all, in form little more than a pamphlet. It was of the nature of a special appeal to the Non-conformists; but the present volume is meant to be “An Essay towards a better apprehension of the Bible.” It seems to have grown out of a natural wish of the author to work out in a larger and more consistent form, with reference to Scripture as a whole, the threads of thought

which he had previously started in relation to St Paul. No object could well be more grave or elevated. It was surely undesirable to mix up with such an object any grievances the author may have with the Bishops of Gloucester or Winchester, or the Archbishop of York, or the Dean of Norwich. Evidently, these ecclesiastical authorities have not judged highly of Mr Arnold's efforts to expound St Paul or to minimise religious dogma. It was not to be expected that they would. But this is no reason why they should be made to play the part—not of chorus, but, we might say, of scullion, in his present volume. Appearing in the introduction as the representatives of dogmatic theology, they reappear in the background of his argument, whenever it is convenient for him to discharge some of that irrepressible scorn with which his style is constantly mantling. There may be, to certain readers, something of entertainment in their first or second appearance, and the "chaff" which he levels at them; but even the reader in search of amusement gets heartily tired of them. The "chaff" becomes very dreary, indeed; and Mr Arnold's taste, if not his sense, should have made him avoid this.

This manner was sufficiently trying in 'St Paul and Protestantism.' The reader grew wearied with Mr Miall, and Mr Mill, and the "Rev. W. Cattle," and the "Rev. E. W. Conder," and Mr Winterbotham, and his "spirit of watchful jealousy." Even in what was little more than a *brochure* on a grave subject, it was felt that the effect was not promoted, but impaired, by such headlong personalities. Only the author's lightness of touch, and the deftness with which his satirical shafts were pointed rendered them tolerable. In the more elaborate volume be-

fore us they become altogether intolerable. They wound our taste and sense of fairness without advancing the argument, or raising any responsive smile of well-bred contempt in the reader, or at least in any reader who is not a facsimile of Mr Arnold himself. They are, in short, nothing but impertinences. In any circumstances they would be so; but as by-play in an argument "towards a better apprehension of the Bible," they are serious literary blemishes, at variance with that very culture of which Mr Arnold has proclaimed himself the peculiar apostle. In one instance, indeed—an illustration of what he calls "the Protestant story of Justification"—he has allowed his love of personal allusion to hurry him into a parallel of such merely vulgar profanity as to shock every true and right instinct. No Philistine who had never heard of "sweetness and light" could have further transgressed. Our author would do well to remember that there may be a Philistinism of thought as well as of manner, and that the true British character of that name may appear all the more offensively when clothed with a certain external polish. It is a deeper outrage to drag the sacred thoughts of your fellow-creatures into that aspect of caricature to which the highest subjects often lend themselves most easily, than to cherish honestly even the most imperfect and debased notions of such subjects. It cannot advance the conception of religion to have any of its doctrines, and especially one which has so powerfully swayed many devout minds, presented under images of ludicrous inaptitude.

The great object of Mr Arnold's present volume, as it was in a more limited degree of his previous essay on St Paul, is to draw out the distinction betwixt dogma, or what he frequently calls "metaphysics" in religion, and religion itself. "Religion,"

he truly enough says, "means simply either a binding to righteousness, or else a serious attending to righteousness, and dwelling upon it: which of these two it most nearly means depends upon the view we take of the word's derivation; but it means one of them, and they are really much the same." "Dogma," on the other hand, means such theoretical or metaphysical views as are held by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester about the divinity of our Lord—such ideas as that "God is a person, the great First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe, Jesus Christ consubstantial with him, and the Holy Ghost a person proceeding from the other two."

The following is a specimen of the peculiar manner in which he places his subject before the reader: "The distinguished Chancellor of the University of Oxford thought it needful to tell us on a public occasion lately, that 'religion is no more to be severed from dogma than light from the sun.' Every one, again, remembers the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester making, in convocation the other day, their remarkable effort 'to do something,' as they said, 'for the honour of our Lord's Godhead,' and to mark their sense of that infinite separation for time and for eternity, which is involved in rejecting the Godhead of the eternal Son. In the same way: 'To no teaching,' says one champion of dogma, 'can the appellation of Christian be truly given which does not involve the idea of a personal God,' and then lays like stress on the correct ideas about the personality of the Holy Ghost. 'Our Lord unquestionably,' says a third, 'annexes eternal life to a right knowledge of the Godhead'—that is, to a right speculative dogmatic knowledge of it."

But in truth all these things, and not least "the idea of a personal

God," are, in Mr Arnold's opinion, of the nature of "abstruse reasonings" or metaphysics, with which religion has nothing to do. The word "God" is an unscientific term—"a term thrown out, so to speak, at a not fully grasped object of the speaker's consciousness—a literary term, in short; and mankind mean different things by it as their consciousness differs. . . . Strictly and formally, the word 'God,' we now learn from the philologist, means, like its kindred Aryan words *theos*, *deus*, and *deva*, simply *brilliant*. In a certain narrow way, therefore, this is the one exact and scientific sense of the word. It was long thought to mean *good*, and so Luther took it to mean the *best that man knows or can know*; and in this sense, as a matter of fact and history, mankind constantly use the word." The theological sense of the word—the sense in which it is used by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester—is, according to Dr Arnold, quite another thing. This is "deduced from the ideas of substance, identity, causation, design, and so on." And all this has nothing to do with religion. For surely "if there be anything with which metaphysics have nothing to do, and where a plain man without skill to walk in the arduous paths of abstruse reasoning may yet find himself at home, it is religion. For the object of religion is *conduct*; and conduct is really, however men may overlay it with philosophical disquisitions, the simplest thing in the world—that is to say, it is the simplest thing in the world so far as *understanding* is concerned; as regards *doing*, it is the hardest thing in the world."

Again and again, after his manner, the author reiterates, "Religion is conduct; and conduct is three-fourths of human life." "When we are asked, what is the object of religion? let us reply, *conduct*. And

when we are asked further, what is conduct? let us answer, *three-fourths of life.*"

Now of course it is needless to say, and it was hardly necessary for Mr Arnold to announce with such repetitious emphasis, that there is a distinction betwixt religion and dogma. The distinction lies obviously in the respective nature of the things. "Religion is conduct," as the author says, or touches conduct. It is practical, and may and frequently does exist where there is little or no knowledge of dogma. Dogma, again, is in form at least intellectual. It represents our conception of religious truth, and, like all other intellectual products, it may be clearly apprehended without any practical result. But surely the fact that opinion does not necessarily influence conduct, by no means destroys the value of "right opinions" in religion any more than in other things. Because dogma is something quite distinct from conduct, and the one may exist without the other, this is no reason for disparaging dogma, or for putting it aside as of no account. For what are dogmas, after all, but men's highest thoughts about religion—the thoughts of the Church formulated and set down in order respecting those Divine relations out of which all religion comes, and into which, when we make it a subject of reflection, it always runs? Man, as our author quotes, "is a being of a large discourse looking before and after," and he cannot help *thinking out* what appears to him the conditions of right conduct. It is of the essence of religion that these conditions are felt largely to be beyond ourselves. Of this very fact Mr Arnold makes much. "The *not ourselves*," which is in us and around us, and exercises constantly so much influence over us, is his own phrase to express the religious side of life. Or again, more definitely, "The *not*

ourselves which makes for righteousness;" or, more definitely still, "the *enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness.*" These are the forms under which he conceives the Divine, or that which is more than we are, and in conformity with which religion arises. Even he cannot get quit of dogma so far. God is for him—not a person or a cause (this is to anthropomorphise)—but the "Eternal," or "enduring Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." To talk of God as a person, still more as a "personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe," is to talk what appears to him unverifiable nonsense. But to talk of God as "the stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being," or as the "Eternal"—the "enduring Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness"—this is to talk in one case the language of science, and in the other case the language of religious experience. We say nothing in the mean time of the value of these definitions, or whether they have any claim to stand for what our author makes them stand; we point merely to the obvious fact that in both cases they are generalisations of the nature of dogma. They are the intellectual forms in which the Divine seems true to him, or the opinions regarding it which he would wish us to receive for our mental peace and our practical good.

But to most minds—may we not say to a catholic *consensus* of minds!—the Divine is far more truly conceived as a "great intelligent First Cause, or moral Governor of the universe." Does Mr Arnold suppose that the Bishops of Winchester or Gloucester, or even the Archbishop of York, have invented "the idea of God as a person," that this idea is a mere product of their metaphysics, or of anybody's metaphysics? Even the more formal Christian dogmas

are in no sense metaphysical inventions. Who has invented them or given them their dominance in the sphere of religion? Powerful as bishops and archbishops are, they are hardly equal to any such task as this. Surely they are only there, the most abstruse of them, because they were in their day real growths of Christian thought and experience—as real as any products of modern thought, to say the least of it. If Christian theology teaches that "God is a person," it is not merely that any bishops have thought or reasoned so, but because all the revelations of the Divine, "the not ourselves," in history and in human life, have pointed towards this conclusion. When men were athirst for the Divine, and could not find it in such mere stoical conceptions of order and righteous power as Mr Arnold once more tenders for our acceptance, then the words of Christ revealed to them a living Father—not merely a Power making for righteousness, but a divine Person loving righteousness and hating evil.

Mr Arnold does not profess to doubt that this element of personality enters into the Biblical conception of God. But he casts it aside as a mere poetic accretion of the main idea, which, according to him, was "the Eternal." "The Eternal" was that special conception of the Divine which the Hebrew mind meant to designate by the name "which we wrongly convey either without translation by *Jehovah*—which gives us the notion of a mere mythological deity—or by a wrong translation, *Lord*, which gives us the notion of a magnified and non-natural man. . . . In Israel's earliest history and earliest literature under the name of *Eloah*, *Elohim*, *the Mighty*, there may have lain and matured, there did lie and mature, ideas of God more as a moral power, more as a power connected above everything with conduct and righteousness, than

were entertained by other races. Not only can we judge by the result that this must have been so, but we can see that it was so. Still their name, *the Mighty*, does not in itself involve any true and deep religious ideas, any more than our name *the Brilliant*. With *the Eternal* it is otherwise. For what did they mean by the Eternal? the Eternal *what*? the Eternal *cause*? Alas! these poor people were not Archbishops of York. They meant the Eternal righteous, who loveth *righteousness*. This is admitted to have been the idea which Israel had of the Divine. He personified his Eternal, for he was strongly moved, and an orator and a poet.—and "*man never knows how anthropomorphic he is*," according to the saying of Goethe. Therefore "Israel called God the maker of all things, who gives drink to all out of his pleasure as out of a river; but he was led to this by no theory of a first cause. The grandeur of the spectacle given by the world, the grandeur of the cause of its all being *not ourselves*, being above and beyond ourselves, and immeasurably dwarfing us, a man of imagination instinctively personifies as a single mighty, loving, and productive power." The language of Scripture is everywhere of the same character. So far it is a mere poetical adaptation. "God is a father, because the power in and around us which makes for righteousness is indeed best described by the name of this authoritative but yet tender and protecting relation."

This and nothing else was the sense in which Jesus used the name of Father. He gave no "new or more precise definition of God, but took up this term just as Israel used it to stand for *the Eternal that loveth righteousness*. If, therefore, this term was, in Israel's use of it, not a term of science, but, as we say, a term of common speech, of poetry and elo-

quence *thrown out* at a vast object of consciousness not fully owned by it, so it was in Christ's use of it also. And if the substratum of scientific affirmation in the term was not the affirmation of 'a great personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe,' but the affirmation of 'an enduring Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness,' so it remained with Christ likewise. . . . Instead of proclaiming what the Bishop of Gloucester calls 'the blessed truth that the God of the universe is a person,' Jesus uttered a warning for all time against this unprofitable jargon by saying, 'God is an *influence* (a Spirit), and those who would serve Him must serve Him not by any form of words or rites, but by inward motion and in reality.'—P. 191, 192, 198, 199.

It is difficult to criticise statements of this kind, in which the language of Scripture is used so confidently, and yet in a sense so different from what is customary. If we are to take the language of Scripture as expressive of religious truth at all, on what ground can we accept its witness to the Divine righteousness and exclude its witness to the Divine personality? The "idea of God as a person" may seem ridiculous to Mr Arnold, but it was plainly a very real and true idea, and no mere poetical imagination to the mind of Hebrew Psalmist and Prophet. "*Jehovah is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. . . . O God (Elohim), thou art my God: early will I seek Thee. My soul thirsteth for Thee. . . . O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.*" It is surely unnecessary to quote passages to show how pervading this personal strain is everywhere in the Old Testament,

heart crying unto heart—the conscious self, ignorant and astray, appealing for light and help to an almighty conscious Being, who "knoweth our frame," and "like as a father pitieth his children," pitieth them that fear Him. Is not this the deepest strain of psalm and prophecy to which the other strain of righteousness is added, rather than that to this? The idea of a personal Being who thinks and loves and reigns,—is not this the primary idea of the Divine to Abraham, who was the *friend of God*—to David, who *was His servant*—and to Isaiah, whose eyes had seen in vision *the King, the Lord of Hosts*? The idea of *righteousness* was no doubt a very vital and fruitful growth of the Hebrew mind, but it was of later, and, at the end, of more imperfect development than the idea of personality. God was a conscious Will or Providence—a personal Power to help and guide and punish, before He was seen to be in all things a righteous Power, demanding not merely sacrifice and burnt-offering, but clean hands and a pure heart. Looking, therefore, merely at the religious consciousness of the Hebrew, how can we reject its primary and accept its secondary revelation? on what principle can we pronounce the one to be poetry and the other experience or fact? Certainly Israel felt Jehovah to be more truly a person—one who cared for, and loved, and protected them—than any other else.

And who can doubt, in reading the Gospels, that this element of personality, sublimed into the perfect conception of fatherhood, is the conception of God which is everywhere present to the mind of Jesus? "*I thank thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy*

sight. *All things are delivered unto me of my Father : and no man knoweth the Son but the Father ; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him.*" What need here also to multiply quotations? Do not we feel everywhere in the life of Christ, and at last in His passion and death, that it was the sense of personal relationship to God which sustained and blessed Him more than all else? God was to Him a Father. He was His Father with whom He daily dwelt in blessed communion, whose conscious presence cheered Him, whose absence for a moment bewildered and terrified Him. Can we believe that all that Christ *verified* of God was "*a power not himself making for righteousness ;*" that He had no conscious intercourse with a Divine mind; that the will of God which He declared was not a conscious purpose? God as a *power not ourselves making for righteousness*, is not only something less, as indeed Mr Arnold admits, than the "God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," but something else—something outside the genuine Christian conception, and quite different from it. Not that there is any question of righteousness being an element of this conception. It is so invariably. The very glory of the Christian idea of God is that it blends in undistinguishable union the elements of righteousness and fatherhood or personality. God is a righteous Father. The laws of His family and kingdom are laws of righteousness. His will is ever a righteous will. He is, as Mr Arnold so often repeats, "the Eternal that loveth righteousness." There is no doubt of all this, and the verity of this idea of God is one of the blessings of the Christian revelation. Yet, withal, this is not the *inner side* of the Christian idea. Righteousness is everywhere present in

it, but fatherhood is the core and centre of the idea, or, we should rather say, the fact. Primarily God was to Christ His Father, and to all who know the *method* of Christ, that very method of *inwardness* of which Mr Arnold says so much. God is primarily "Our Father which art in heaven." It is the personal relation that is the deepest relation in the Christian consciousness of God. Nay, it is that which takes the place of all other thoughts of God, and to which all others gather, as its living centre. Father—*my* God and Father—is what the Christian heart means by God—what it knows as God—what it has verified to be God, although not in Mr Arnold's sense of verification.

It is surprising that Mr Arnold did not feel that his own notion of verification takes him quite outside the Christian, or indeed the religious, sphere. The difference betwixt God as described by him, and God as "a great personal First Cause who thinks and loves," is that the one, as he supposes, can be *verified*, and the other cannot. Nobody can ever know, he says, or be *sure* that God is a person. And what people wish nowadays, and especially our hard-headed "masses," is to be *sure* of what they are called upon to hold or accept. "The masses, with their rude practical instinct, go straight to the heart of the matter. They are told there is a great personal First Cause who thinks and loves, the moral and intelligent Author and Governor of the universe; and that the Bible and Bible-righteousness come from Him. Now they do not begin by asking with the intelligent Socinian, whether the doctrine of the Atonement is worthy of this moral and intelligent Ruler; they begin by asking what proof we have of Him at all. Moreover, they require plain experimental proof, such as that fire burns them if they touch it." This is the sort of proof, ho-

thinks, that can be given of God as "*the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness.*" He would say to the working man who rejects God and religion altogether, "Try it. You can try it." That there is such a Power *not ourselves* you can verify by the very same process as you verify that fire burns—by experience! "Every case of conduct, of that which is more than three-fourths of your own life, and of the life of all mankind, will prove it to you. Disbelieve it and you will find out your mistake; as sure as if you disbelieve that fire burns, and put your hand into the fire, you will find out your mistake. Believe it, and you will find the benefit of it."

Now, if Mr Arnold means by this (and if he does not mean so much, the illustration will not serve his purpose), that religious truth is to be tested by experiments of the same nature as that by which we prove that fire burns, and that no religion has claim upon us which cannot stand this test—it is surely evident, first of all, that this is not the order of religious certitude. Men do not find religion in this way. It finds them. It seizes them not as a law of being, or conduct, to which they must conform, but as a living awe, a conscious presence haunting them. God is not a power outside of them which they seek to verify after Mr Arnold's manner, but a power within them which their whole life confesses. He *is*, they feel: and their spirits witness with His Spirit the *fact*. God, in short, is a revelation to the human heart and conscience, and not a mere law or order which we verify, as we verify the properties of fire or water, or any other natural substance. Whether His righteous power is not also verifiable in this manner is another question. We believe it is. All Christian thinkers, no less than Mr Arnold, hold that righteousness is the only law of happiness in indi-

viduals or states, and that the course of every life and of every national history more or less proves this. Nothing can be finer or truer than much that he says on this subject. But the sphere of experimental verification in individual conduct—in history—is not the inner religious sphere. It is not properly this sphere at all. This is within the spirit alone. It is the life of the soul abiding in God; and finding all its strength and righteousness and rest in Him. To such a spirit and life there is no doubt of God; and of God as a Father, and not merely a Power—as a Personal Love dealing with us, and not a mere Force binding us.

Plainly this was the side on which Christ approached men, and the special aspect in which He set God before them. God is your Father. He is willing to save you. For this end have I come into the world to make known to you His loving will for your good. "*I came forth from the Father. Again I leave the world and go to the Father. . . . God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.*" It is easy for Mr Arnold to call this mere language of accommodation adapted to the common beliefs of the Jews, and necessary to be used if Christ was to address them intelligibly at all. We quote it in illustration of his essential method, as of the method of all great religious teachers, whose first and last aim is not with conduct, or even with righteousness, all important as these are, but with God as a living authority, and with man as a creature of God. "Repent," no doubt such teachers have always said. "Be changed in your whole inner man." "Renounce thyself," they have also said. But primarily they have always said, or at least all who have "learned of Christ" have

said, "God is your Father—He has claims upon you. He has sent His Son into the world to save you." And this thought of God as a living Being "who thinks and loves," whose we are, and yet against whom we have sinned—this thought of God it is which has been the well-spring of religious life in Christendom, which pours itself forth in all the prayers of the Christian Church, and which these beautiful natures, with what Mr Arnold calls a genius for religion, have especially cherished. They have never thought of verifying God as he would have us to do. They have never thought of the results of conduct as tests of religious truth. God is *within* them. Religious truth is for them the experience of the heart and conscience—its own light lightening and sending its verifying radiance down upon all the lower levels of conduct.

If this is not the "experiment" of the nature desiderated by Mr Arnold, it is nevertheless the sort of experiment which has been first of all and last of all satisfactory to the religious nature. It is such an inner consciousness of God to which the saintly and good in all ages have clung, when they had nothing else to which to cling—when no way of righteousness was plain to them, and the course of their own lives and the course of the world seemed to lie in darkness. "Righteousness is no doubt salvation," but the consciousness of this has not been always present to the Church, or at any rate this has not been the primary spring of the most powerful religious movements. No thought of conduct, nor even passion for righteousness—but the subduing consciousness of God, and of the living, personal, responsible, relation of all to Him, as children to a father, as subjects to a lord,—this has been the special inspiration of religious hearts in all ages. And if this relation is unverifiable according to Mr

Arnold's illustration, it is only because his illustration is inapplicable to the case. Religious facts are not facts of the same nature as the properties of fire or water, and you cannot certify them in the same manner. Fire always burns, and if any one doubts the fact let him try it. But it is of the very nature of religion to appeal to a religious sense—as of poetry to a poetic sense, as Mr Arnold himself confesses, or music to a harmonic sense. The laws or truths of both poetry and music are unverifiable to those who have no taste or capacity for either. They cannot be tested as you test the facts of nature. They are none the less true on this account. They yield an experience of their own which is their sufficient evidence. And taking religious experience as our guide, can there be any doubt that the personality of God is a fact to it as sure as the fact that fire burns, although not after the same manner sure? It *proves itself within* the spiritual sphere; it is the root-relation of all religious affection and aspiration; it is the life and strength of all religious effort; it is the joy of Christian song, and the breath of Christian prayer. "O God, Thou art my God: early will I seek Thee."

Is all the accumulated experience of the Christian ages to pass for nothing, or less than nothing—"a huge mistake," "an enormous blunder"? With so much talk of experience, is nothing to be allowed for what Christian men have felt and thought from the beginning? It is surely an egregious misreading of human history—to say nothing else—to suppose that the deepest and most sacred convictions of the human heart have been nothing but misapplied metaphysics. Nor is it less an astounding affectation to suppose that it has remained to Mr Arnold to point out this, and to recall men from the region of "abstruse reasoning" to the region of "fact and ex-

perience" in religion. It is not he indeed, but the "Zeit-Geist"—he says, in a concluding passage of banter—that has discovered this. But the "Zeit-Geist," powerful as it is, is nothing but a transitory phase in the evolution of human experience. It will take its place and leave its result in the onward course of history. It has no claims to do anything more, and least of all to dispossess us of our old treasures till it has provided for us something better than "a Power not ourselves making for righteousness." Moreover, it has other prophets than Mr Arnold; some of whom will not even allow us so much as this—will have nothing to do with righteousness, or with the Bible as the great lesson-book of righteousness.

This is the second point of weakness, as it appears to us, in our author's plan of verification. Try conduct, he says, and you will find that *righteousness is salvation, life, happiness*. So far Mr Arnold is at one with the ordinary Christian; and we observe that there are those in these "thoughtful" weekly and monthly organs of opinion, which report to us every "advance" of the "Zeit-Geist" in religion, and in other things, who are full of gratitude to our author for this acknowledgment as to righteousness. Almost, they feel and say, he is persuaded to be a Christian; and although they cannot approve of his flippancies towards the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, and "the Council of Nicæa," they are disposed to pardon them for the sake of this admission. But there are many others, we need not say, who look upon Mr Arnold as unfaithful to the "Zeit-Geist" just in so far as he is weak enough to talk about *righteousness* at all—or a *Power not ourselves making for righteousness*. And these are the "men of science," *par excellence*, in our day—the men who are given to verifica-

tion, and will allow of nothing that we cannot verify, as we verify the fact that fire burns. Righteousness, they will say,—what has science to do with righteousness? Such an idea is just as much a product of metaphysics as personality—the one as intangible, as unverifiable as the other. All that science has to do with is Nature and its laws—and these laws operate in a purely mechanical manner. We know nothing of any *power* behind them, and least of all of a righteous power. We know merely that our lives must be ordered into obedience to these laws, and that if we violate them no allowance is made for our ignorance and mistake. And this is really the simpler view of the matter, if we must have scientific verification for everything. Facts, and the order in which these facts recur, are all that science can know in a strictly scientific manner. We have really no right to interpret nature or life so far as to include in them the idea of power—still less of a Power making for righteousness. How can we tell, looking merely at the outside of things? There are many things, evidently, that do not make for righteousness, *so far as we can see*. The wicked are seen to flourish "like a green bay-tree," and the pure and humble and good to live and die in misery. If there is a rapture in righteousness, this does not come from any outside view of its effects, or because righteousness (as Mr Arnold so often quotes) "tendeth to life," but from the undying faith *within* that there is a living Power above us that loveth righteousness, and will make it triumph in the end. It is, in short, that very faith in a personal God, which Mr Arnold ridicules, which alone sustains the idea of righteousness, and makes it a passion to any poor, weak, human soul. This is the living root from which the flower of righteousness, and every

virtue of conduct, most surely and strongly springs. Cut it away, and the passion for this, or any other form of goodness, would die out of the human heart. How should it live, if all we can ever know are the mere movements on the chess-board, if there is nothing behind the changing phenomena of which we are a part? It would still be our business, indeed, to learn the game of life as well as we could. But how many are there who would never learn it! How many have never a chance of weighing the calculations which it involves, or testing the rules of conduct! To such, righteousness is a mere name. They see it nowhere. Nor indeed do any of us see it, or know it, apart from the belief of something more than we can see and feel. Without some such belief life has no plan,—no ideal.

And so, as it appears to us, Mr Arnold's verifying test returns upon himself. We cannot verify righteousness, still less that there *is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness*, as we verify the fact that fire burns. All that he can verify in this manner is the recurrence of certain outward conditions to which he chooses to give this name, and behind which he supposes that there is a power working or making for them. This is the measure of *his faith*; but beyond question it *is faith* and not science which so far utters itself in Mr Arnold's creed, scanty as it is, no less than in all other creeds. The idea of righteousness is as truly a product of conscience, or what he calls metaphysic, as the idea of personality—born within, and not gathered from without. Nay, they are twin ideas—the one lying within the other in the common conscience everywhere—a law or order of conduct (righteousness), and a lawgiver or personal authority from whom the law comes. This is the voice of *experience*, not in Mr

Arnold's sense, but in a higher and truer sense—the voice of the righteous heart and religious life everywhere—the voice of Psalmist, and Prophet, and Apostle, and Fathers, and Saint in all ages. Always they have felt and realised not only a law of righteousness, but a living source of righteousness—a power *not indeed themselves*, but conscious, intelligent, *like themselves*,—holding them not merely by blind force, but loving, guiding, and educating them as their Shepherd and Father—"the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls."

And this brings us back to the initial and pervading absurdity of Mr Arnold's volume—his conception of dogma as a mere excrescence or disease of religion. All the creeds are to him mere mistakes; all Christian theology a mere illusion of metaphysics, or jumble of abstract reasonings. They have come out of a misdirected criticism of the Bible, and must perish with all other products of misdirected criticism. "As were the geography, physiology, cosmology of the men who developed dogma, so was also their faculty for a scientific Bible criticism, such as dogma pretends to be. Now we know what their geography, history, physiology, cosmology were." Here is the "Zeit-Geist" with a vengeance, sweeping away at one brush all the results of Christian thought! The Apostles' Creed, we are told, is "*the popular science of Christianity*;" the so-called Nicene Creed, "the learned science" of the same; and the so-called Athanasian Creed, also "learned science like the Nicene Creed, but learned science which has fought and got ruffled by fighting, and is fiercely dictatorial now that it has won;—*learned science with a strong dash of violent and vindictive temper.*" This is very pretty play on the part of our theological amateur. We can imagine the smile of satisfaction with which he contemplated

this effort of creed - classification ; but it is easy to classify creeds, or do anything else, when we have a proud confidence in our own opinion, and know so well how everything has happened. We have heard of a Professor of Church History who, when questioned as to the writings of the apostolic fathers and apologists of the second century, that *tempus æδηλον*, as Scaliger calls it, replied that he knew nothing of these writings ; but " what with the Bible on the one hand, and the human consciousness on the other," he knew very well what must have happened in that century ! Mr Arnold, without appeal to these aids, can tell all about the three great Creeds of Christendom. Not only so, but he can explain with ease the misdirected criticism and futile metaphysics out of which " the whole of our so-called orthodox theology " has grown.

It is hardly necessary to make any reply to such light-headed confidence. Dogmatic Theology will survive Mr Arnold's witticisms, and even the touch of that " Ithuriel spear of the Zeit-Geist " which he evidently thinks he wields with no little effect. But apart from any higher considerations, we may surely urge again the absurdity of conceiving the development of religious thought, or any other mode of thought, after such a manner. In every age men have thought more or less deeply of religion. From the beginning of the Church, the wisest and most humble no less than the most daring and speculative minds, have been busy with its great facts and questions. If they lacked, as no doubt they did, the aids of modern criticism, they yet knew profoundly the necessities of our spiritual nature, and the realities of Revelation were living and present to them without the help of

this criticism. The Creeds of Christendom have been the fruit of all this study and experience. The labours of dogmatic theologians have sought to organise the highest ideas of the Church from age to age. They may have sometimes passed beyond the range of permanent Christian thought, and corrections may await the extravagances of theology as of other subjects. But the great articles of the Christian faith have sprung from the very depths of the Christian consciousness ; they are its living utterance ; and to this day they continue living in thousands of Christian hearts. Do they not still witness to a far grander spirit than this " Zeit-Geist," or modern spirit of which we hear so much, but whose main ambition seems to be to insult or disparage all that has gone before it ?

Can anything be more unscientific than such a spirit ? It is the very apotheosis of self-opinion intoxicated by its own pride, and flaunting its dogmatisms with a crude audacity in the face of preceding dogmas. As a student of the Bible our author should have learned better than this. To his expostulatory and clever friends who knew so much in their time, the patriarchs, Job says, " No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you ; but I have understanding as well as you." Other ages besides ours have known something of the Bible ; the doctors and theologians of the Church have not quite mistaken its meaning. Literary critics like Mr Arnold, with their " wide experience," and the " Zeit-Geist favouring," may haply add something to our knowledge. But it is neither modest nor consistent with the progress of truth that they should claim to do anything more.

A TRUE REFORMER.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER LXXI.—EXPLANATIONS.

I CARRIED Eva up-stairs to her room, her pallid face resting against my shoulder, while Mary and Miss Barton followed, and laid her on the couch. "Now leave us," said Mary, decisively, "and send her maid quickly. I will come down presently," she whispered, as I was leaving the room, "and explain all."

Her confident tone completed the relief of mind which Eva's return in her company had already brought, and I left the room to arouse the servant, and send for the doctor, feeling almost an elation of spirits, Eva's prostrated aspect notwithstanding. Illness seemed for the moment a small matter. In a few minutes the household was astir, the news that its mistress had come back spreading through it at once; and the housekeeper, emerging from her retreat, came bustling to help, and to get rooms ready for the visitors.

In about half an hour Mary descended to the dining-room, where tea was laid, and I awaited her, impatient for her news, striving to appear calm.

"Take some refreshment, Mary, before you speak; I can wait now, for the story is half told already; it is almost enough to know that my horrid fears are not realised."

"You men are selfish creatures," she began, coming up to the fire, and standing opposite me on the hearth. "Here is your wife half killed with fatigue and excitement, and coming back to you because it is her duty, when to my mind it is you who ought to have flown to her, and the first thing you begin to think about is the relief to your own feelings."

I admired the young girl's pluck in taking up this line, but I was not yet prepared to accept the position she accorded me, so retorted—

"I admit the justice of your reproaches in great part, Mary; I see that I have misunderstood Eva grievously; still they would, perhaps, come with more propriety if you knew the whole facts."

"I know quite enough to know that you have shamefully ill-treated her."

"That is, you have heard Eva's version of the affair."

"Version, indeed! Ah! Eva is more generous than you, Mr West," said the young girl, proudly.

"Then she has told you that there is something to be forgiven? Pray consider the state of suspense I am in, Mary, and keep your recriminations, just though they be, till you have told me what you know. Eva has been down to Leatherby, I see that; but pray tell me how and when you met."

"It was about one o'clock yesterday. I was staying for a day or two with Aunt Emily. We were sitting in the drawing-room, she and I—Miss Honoria was walking in the garden, she had been in her strange ways for a day or two—when the door opened, and Eva came tottering in, looking wild and pale as a ghost, and fell fainting at our feet. It seemed hours before we could bring her round, for she fainted again and again. Even when she got better she could hardly speak, and it was quite late in the afternoon before she told us what had happened."

"Why did you not telegraph to me?"

"We thought at first it must be that something dreadful had happened to yourself, which had turned her mind. We thought of everything but the right cause, and then when we came to learn what it was, we did not like to have it known about the town. I say 'we,' but she would not tell Aunt Emily much, and she only told me afterwards all about it, by bits; how you had been at this ball, and seen her without her knowledge; and how, when she came home, you had met her and reproached her, and made use of an awful word, and treated her as if she were an abandoned creature; and so between fright, and indignation, and shame, she was distracted and quite beside herself, and so came down by the first train to us. And how she managed it is still a wonder."

"You speak of shame, Mary. Eva was all defiance with me, and yet I could not disbelieve the testimony of my own eyes. Was I then right, and has there really been conduct to produce shame?"

"You could not reproach her more bitterly than she reproached herself. She said that was what made her run away; she felt she could never look you in the face again."

I looked earnestly at Mary, and she went on, speaking in a low voice and with hesitation, her eyes turned to the ground.

"Yes, she knew how wrong she had been; that night especially, she felt that she had been foolish and giddy—those were her words; and then when she found you had been there, and seen her conduct, you would never believe that she had not always been behaving in the same light way."

"Yes," I replied, "and if you had only heard the ribald talk that went on about it; it was this which drove me nearly mad before I ever

saw her myself with—with that man. And the people in the room were talking about it as if the affair were notorious already. And after all, a sudden impulse does not explain away public impressions. They must have been formed by something which happened before."

"For shame, Mr West! Would you allow a light slander spoken by any impudent person to weigh against your wife's word! She assured me solemnly that Colonel Strickland had never ventured on a word that could border on impropriety, even on that evening. She feels remorseful enough at having allowed herself to be led away so far as to have caused even the appearance of wrong."

"There is no smoke without fire," said I, moodily. "Appearances are all we have to judge by. Other people formed their judgment about them plainly enough. And even you admit the appearance of wrong on this occasion?"

"And if there was, what then!" cried Mary, quite fiercely. "Is no fault a woman commits to be venial! Because a young wife once in a way behaves a little thoughtlessly, is she to be railed at, and called bad names, and driven from her house as if she were a thoroughly abandoned woman! Are there no degrees in faults, and have you done your duty so well by your wife that she must be judged by such a lofty standard! Can you make no allowance for a young girl, thrown all by herself, without anything to do, or friends, or sympathy?"

"Sympathy! God knows I at least have had little enough of that."

"That is so like a man," retorted Mary; "everything is to be put on one side of the scale, and nothing on the other. You had business, and occupation, and excitement, and fame, and she was left all day alone and neglected—for she *was* neg-

lected, you know, whatever the cause; and then because she was not absolutely perfect, you throw all her loving nature and truth and honesty to the winds. Truly men are selfish creatures. They view everything merely as it affects themselves. If your honour is so vastly important, why did you not take a little more care to guard it properly?"

I admired the young girl's chivalrous defence of her friend. It would have been so easy to assume a lofty moral superiority, while yet acting as peacemaker. And I felt keenly under her reproaches the wickedness of my unjust rage. But my mind was not yet laid to rest.

"You speak as if it were merely a question of a thoughtless moment in a ball-room, Mary. But this was merely the last link of a long chain of circumstances thus suddenly revealed, and all pointing in the same direction. Why, you yourself gave me a warning on the subject, before you went away last autumn; although, like a fool, I was too blind then to understand your meaning."

"You would have grossly misunderstood me," she replied haughtily, "if you supposed I meant to throw suspicion on Eva. I will not deny," she added, after a pause, speaking with hesitation and looking downwards, "that I did not think your plan of having a stranger always in the house a good one; but it is one thing to wish to shield your wife from further estrangement, and another to suspect her of even the shadow of disloyalty. And, ah, Mr West!" the young girl added with fervour, raising her eyes and looking proudly in my face, "if you had seen Eva as I did yesterday, as she lay there barely able to speak, full of her own little faults, yet not uttering a word of reproach for your treatment of her, gasping out her protestations of love and loyalty,

laying bare every thought of her truthful mind,—you would understand how ashamed I at any rate feel at having ever allowed a suspicion to enter my mind that she would ever be other than the guileless truthful Eva I knew her to be. And when," continued Mary, wiping away the tears which had come while she was speaking, "I think of her self-abasement, her self-reproaches, because she had come short of her own standard of what was right, her fears lest she should have lost your affection, I declare I feel quite ashamed to be standing here justifying her conduct at all in this cold-hearted fashion."

As her friend spoke up thus on behalf of Eva, my heart leapt up as if shaking off the load that oppressed it, and my previous suspicions seemed to be passing off into the distance, like some horrid grotesque phantom. Yet I went on, expecting perhaps to invite some further avowal in confirmation of my hopes.

"You speak of affection, Mary. It is not a very strong mark of affection in a wife to join with another person in turning her husband into ridicule."

"You mean that business about that wretched drawing?" said Mary, eagerly. "I am glad you mentioned it, for I had forgotten to speak about it. Yes, Eva told me about that too; she was never tired of laying bare her faults and blunders, real and supposed. She told me how she saw you suspected that you had been caricatured, and how she had meant a dozen times to disabuse you of the notion. But what between anger at your supposing her capable of such a thing, and shyness at speaking, she let the opportunity for doing so go by. Yes, this was one of the matters she was most contrite about. She knew, she said, that she was not quick at under-

standing things, and often vexed you on this account, but she saw quite plainly what had gone wrong in this case. You see, Mr West," continued the speaker, again looking up and confronting me, "I am acting faithfully as Eva's agent, however much it goes against the grain to do so. It is the old story; all confession and supplication on the wife's part, pride and obduracy on the husband's. You have Eva quite at your feet, you see; it rests with you to stoop and raise her up, if you can bring yourself to condescend to do so."

As the young girl said this, with flashing eye and curling lip, although yet, as it struck me, with a sort of consciousness underlying her manner that she was speaking as became an advocate, the sense of personal injury which had possessed me up to this time passed away; and as I thought of Eva stricken down by my cruelty, yet uttering no complaint of her own sufferings, but speaking only of her share of blame in contributing to this misunderstanding, — as this picture came up before my mind, no reproach of her champion could be severer than my own self-condemnation. And my impulse was to throw myself at her feet, and ask forgiveness for my cruelty. But just then a horrid suspicion came up in my mind, that, after all, perhaps I was being hoodwinked, for that on one important point explanation was still wanting. I stood irresolute, therefore, and said—

"You spoke just now of a thoughtless moment in a ball-room, Mary, but did Eva also tell you that she allowed that man to accompany her home from the ball? I heard his voice quite plainly below when she entered the house. It was that which drove away all my resolves about forbearance."

"Good gracious, Mr West!" ex-

claimed Mary, "is it possible you don't understand the case even now! She went to the ball and came back with Mrs Strickland. Mrs and Miss Strickland were both in the carriage when they came home, as well as the Colonel."

"Say no more," I cried, thoroughly abashed and humbled. "You cannot condemn me more than I do myself. I will go and seek her pardon at once."

Of the next scene I cannot speak at length. Any misgivings remaining lest I might have been too credulous, would have been at once dispelled by the sight of the wan face, cradled in pillows, looking out beseechingly as I entered the room, while the hollow eyes followed me wistfully as I made my way to her side. What must not the poor child have suffered to change to this in one day! And as I knelt by her, and, resting her head on my arm, asked her in tender accents to forgive me, and to try to forget that I ever spoke so cruelly, and to trust me that I would never wound her gentle heart again, she sought in vain to find utterance, but a gentle smile came over her face, and holding my hand with her feeble fingers, she tried to draw it to her lips.

A few minutes passed by in fondling her, while I strove by word and look to make her feel that the reconciliation was complete, trying to cheer and satisfy the crushed mind, when her aunt entered the room to announce the arrival of the physician. "I hope the doctor will approve of our having made the journey back," said Miss Barton, rubbing her hands gently together in a nervous manner; "Mary would have it this was the best thing to do, and Mr Fergusson seemed to approve too: he thought if it was to be made at all it had better be made at once; and Mary

said it would never do for her to remain at Leatherby without you, and that you would never be able to come down with all this business about the dreadful war to look after. But I am sure I don't know whether it was wise; she seems so very much shaken by it."

To the physician was told so much of the cause of illness as was necessary for him to know. He was one of the foremost men in his profession, and secrets are not to be kept from one's doctor. Mrs West had had a serious quarrel with her husband, and had gone off alone almost straight from a ball to Leatherby—arriving there in the state already described, and returning at night with her aunt and friend. Telling him this I brought him to his patient, with whom he stayed a long time, examining the case as patiently as if no other sick people awaited him. At last he came forth with Miss Barton from the room, and joining me in the library, communicated his opinion while writing his prescription. There had been a great shock to the nervous system, and great nervous depression in consequence, acting on a delicate constitution. Complete rest and frequent nourishment were enjoined, but the best remedy was the restoration of happiness. Still there was great vital depression, and great natural delicacy of constitution. The action of the heart was very feeble. This was the great physician's verdict; and hearing it, a dull dread came over me of a possible greater blow impending than that from which we were delivered. Yet, on the whole, a great balance of relief remained since Eva's coming back. There are degrees and kinds of mental pain. Which suffers most—the parent who lays a loved child in the grave, or the one who is dishonoured by the misdeeds of a living one? Eva and I were united

again, more truly so than at any time before; she had youth, and care, and peace to help her. And as I walked down to the office that morning, I felt that I could once more look my fellow-men in the face, and could once more apply my mind to business.

One task remained to be done, and not an easy one. It was necessary to break off my official connection with Strickland, and to do so without making the reason public. And while now believing entirely that the occasion for scandal had arisen, on one side, from at most the heedlessness which a woman less guileless, or more worldly-wise, would have avoided, I could not bring myself to believe in the same innocence of intention on the other. How far I had been mistaken in my first supposition of deliberate purpose on his part, and how far even in his case his conduct may have been exaggerated by appearance, I shall never know, for it was due to Eva under our reconciliation that even to him I should not say anything which should bear the semblance of imputation on her conduct. While, therefore, it was necessary to let him understand that the avoidance of scandal required the severance of our connection, no crimination was possible, and it must be left to him to give any explanation for the rupture he might choose, other than the real one. Strickland's reply to my letter left me still more in doubt than before, whether I had not done him injustice. Further explanation was, however, from the nature of the case, impossible; but, as the matter stood, I hope that our separation was effected with the least possible amount of public attention.

That evening when I returned home the report was entirely good. Eva had slept almost all through the day, which Dr Adams, when he paid

his second visit, said was the best thing she could do; and she slept well all night. Next day Miss Barton returned home. I would fain have urged her to stay; but despite her nervous, helpless manner, it was plain the gentle lady would be firm on this point. She dared not leave her sister, she said. She had never left her alone before during the last twenty years. Honoria might have one of her attacks, and she could never forgive herself if she were away. Dearly though Miss Barton loved her niece, her first idea of duty was plainly connected with her lifelong companion. But Mary was to stay till Eva should be well again, or at any rate well enough to move,—and where could better nurse be found?

The days flew swiftly by. We were now busier than ever, if possible, for all the great reorganisation schemes were in full swing, and those concerned with them owed their first duty to their country. A few minutes by Eva's side in the morning before going down to the office, and again half an hour or so on returning in the evening, was all the time that could be given to home life. But she seemed now quite satisfied. She did not talk much during these visits, but would lie quietly, holding my hand, smiling gently as I spoke of the time to come when she would be well and strong again, and the servants of the public who had done the work that was wanted of them would be duly kicked out of office, and we two should be able to go holiday-making together. "A real honeymoon we will have then; and Eva, you shall begin to teach me to dance," at which she almost laughed. I saw hardly more of her constant attendant, who dined early by herself, and spent the evening in Eva's room, sleeping on the couch there, and only

resigning her charge in favour of the professional nurse to take an occasional short walk or drive. "Don't have any misgivings about being away," she said. "Eva gets restless now if you are too much at home, for she fancies you ought to be down at the House or at a Cabinet Council. She is quite happy in thinking of your greatness, and feels the reflected splendour which shines on all your surroundings. And oh, Mr West! I hope you have forgiven my boldness on that dreadful day! How I came to speak so to a Secretary of State, I can't think."

"Ah, Mary! in doing so you showed yourself a friend indeed. It is all your doing that Eva and I are now together again. How shall I ever be able to thank you sufficiently for your goodness?"

At last the day drew near for the second reading of the Army Mobilisation Bill, on which occasion it had been determined by the Cabinet that a statement should be made in the House, reviewing all the measures which the Government had carried out for the defence of the country, naval and military, and the general state of our preparations. The Bill would not come on till late, but Mr Carstairs was also to make his part of the statement upon the preparations of the navy in the afternoon (Mr Carstairs was First Lord of the Admiralty), so that the whole condition of our national defences might be put before the country. The great question of peace or war—firm peace or a war of Titans—still remained suspended in the balance; but the political outlook seemed to be certainly growing less dark, and many of us were almost sanguine that war might be finally averted—averted by the only way possible, by showing that we were not afraid or unprepared to meet it.

There would thus be a long sitting, and I went home from office early in the afternoon, to see my poor invalid before going down to the House.

"Dr Adams thinks she is certainly better to-day," said Mary, meeting me on the stairs. "He says we must go on giving the food regularly every two hours, but that everything is going well."

"I can't see, myself, that anything is going on except the illness. I don't perceive that she is any stronger from day to day, although I try hard to fancy it."

"When you see her in the evening she has often got to be tired, and I think all this port-wine she has to take during the day makes her dull. She is very tired of it herself, and Dr Adams has told us to change it for champagne. You will find her brighter now, because it is earlier in the day."

"Poor child!" said I, pausing awhile on our way up-stairs. "It must be dull, dull work lying there day after day, even with your nursing, Mary."

"There never was such a patient," replied Mary. "She was saying only just now she should be quite happy to lie there for ever, and never get up again, if you could only sit with her now and then. She should be quite sorry when she got strong again, for she had never felt so happy before, and she meant never to go to balls and amusements of that sort again."

"Sometimes I could almost wish it too," I replied, moodily.

"What *do* you mean?"

"Well, I feel that all this peace and contentment cannot last. Do what I will to hide it, the hard future of reality will force itself up to view, a future only too like the past. Make what good resolutions we may, Mary, they will not stand the strain of daily life. When Eva gets well, the notions born of a sick-

bed will give place to more natural feelings. Do what we may, our tastes and habits will be sure to carry us apart—at least in thought—and then I shall grow bitter, and cut her with harsh words, and so frighten and estrange her again, poor gentle soul!"

"Not so," replied Mary, gravely. "After this warning you will be on your guard against such impulses; Eva, too, for her part——"

"And was I not on my guard before, always making good resolutions about forbearance, and never keeping them? No, Mary, few tempers are calm enough to bear the constant irritation produced by want of sympathy; and warnings only take effect for a time. A twelve-month hence we shall be perhaps just as if all this business had never happened. This is what I dread will happen, and I grow sick at heart at the prospect. But I did not mean to burden you with these gloomy forebodings; at least let us banish them for the present." And so saying, I led the way to Eva's room.

"What is this you have been saying, my pretty one? You to leave off dancing just as I am going to begin? That would be indeed a transposition of the proper order of things. But you must make haste and get well, you little thing, if only to satisfy my longing to begin our lessons. You look to me to be better than usual to-day, my darling. Do not you feel so yourself?"

"Oh yes," said Eva, trying to speak with liveliness, "you don't know how strong I am, really; I believe I could sit up or do anything if I tried. But it's so nice to be petted, I shall go on shamming ever so long."

"Has Mary told you I am going to be away for ever so long to night?" I said, after a pause, gulping down

the sensation which made it difficult to find words. "My last night of real hard work, and then I shall be able to have a little bout of idleness."

"When do you think you shall be home, Charlie?" she replied, in her low voice, to the face bending down very near her own.

"Why, how can it matter to you, you little thing? You must be asleep, whatever time it is; promise me you won't fidget about it. I should break down altogether in my speechifying if I fancied you were lying awake and restless at home. Besides, I mustn't disturb Mary in the small hours."

"Mary never goes to sleep at all, I think," whispered Eva; "she seems always to be always awake whenever I look up. But I will go to sleep, really, all to-night,

only I should like to wake up just for a little bit when you come home."

I promised to knock at the door when I returned,—and took my parting kiss, for Eva looked fatigued with talking.

As I did so she whispered, "Mary has promised to read me the speeches to-morrow."

"That will be famous," said I, gaily; "better than any of Dr Adams's composing draughts."

"Don't begin to laugh at me again, Charlie," said Eva, patting my cheek gently as I bent over her pillow, and smiling faintly, yet with a tear glistening in her eye; "don't begin to laugh again at me, or I shall never want to get well at all. You know I'm a foolish little thing, but we can't be different from what we are, can we?"

CHAPTER LXXII.—OUR REFORMER'S CLAIM TO HIS TITLE OBTAINS RECOGNITION.

It was about ten o'clock when I rose to make my statement in a crowded House, a House already excited by spirited utterances upon the condition of the navy, and in sympathetic mood for receiving my declaration of the state of the army. The Army Mobilisation Bill invested the Government with certain powers for calling out the reserves, for equipping the forces, for employing the railways, and for occupying certain lands required for defence, all in the event of war being imminent, but in anticipation of any actual declaration; but the object of my speech was not only to explain exactly what was contemplated by the act of Mobilisation, but also what was the nature of our new organisation, and what the state of our preparations for defence. For although all these points had been thoroughly discussed and determined on, the

whole scheme had not till now been made formally public in a comprehensive form.

The principle, I said, on which her Majesty's Government had acted in their measures could be expressed in a few words. Modern war was sudden, short, and decisive; and if one fact had been established more clearly than another, it was that no wealth of natural resources or productive power would make up for lack of preparation beforehand. England, if she would not exist upon sufferance, must be prepared as well as other nations. Some people might say, and had said, that our insular position gave us immunity from the dangers which impended over any unarmed nation on the Continent—and undoubtedly it did greatly lessen them; but absolute certainty of safety it could not give us: and was it to be toler-

ated for a moment that the honour and liberties of our free and happy country should be jeopardised by risking their safety on a chance? Is such a reckless policy as that to be recommended to a sober, practical people? And after all, the sacrifice called for to obtain this certainty is not such a great one. If our position is not absolutely safe, it is at any rate much safer than that of any other country, and our scale of defence may be diminished in proportion. Further, in proportion as we are secure does the danger of war diminish. The security of England is the best guarantee for the general peace of Europe. And while the sacrifice is not a large one absolutely, compared with the object to be attained it is in reality almost insignificant. For we have not proposed a large standing army; that is to be no larger than before. Nor have our reserves been actually much increased; the expenditure has been mainly of forethought and diligence by those intrusted with the superintendence of the national affairs. Up to this time we have acted in our military organisation as a man might do, who, intending to erect a house, were to provide the bricks, the timber, the lime, and all the other materials requisite, even down to the paperhangings and the door-handles, but omitted to prepare a plan of the building, or to give anybody any instructions how the various articles were to be employed. Our work therefore consists in this, that we have framed a symmetrical design for the due employment of the various military materials ready to our hand, while we have also made good a deficiency in the quantity of bricks needed, our original builder having forgotten to provide any foundation for his house. The foundation on which our military structure will rest securely, is the new system of reserves which we

have established; for the rest, the edifice will be built up of the materials already abundantly available, if only made proper use of. Our reform has therefore been of a twofold kind: we have provided the army for the first time with a really effective reserve; while as for the army itself, instead of a mere congeries of inorganised military units, with nothing prearranged for bringing them together in war time as a fighting body, but all the higher organisation left to chance, we have now a homogeneous force with all parts duly fitted together, and everything planned beforehand to render it a complete and effective machine. As soon as this Bill shall be passed, then, on the word being given for Mobilisation, two hundred thousand men, who are pursuing their avocations as peaceful citizens, thereupon spring to arms, and fall into their destined places in the general scheme of military organisation. For this is the first great point, that the embodied peace army is not to be enlarged; the number of men doomed to enforced idleness in peace time, withdrawn from productive occupations, is no greater than heretofore; our army is to be brought up to war strength by a reserve of a new kind—of men who, after undergoing a sufficiency of training, are thereon relegated to civil life, and are henceforth bound to serve only in war time. In fact, we do now what has always had to be done before in case of war,—engage more recruits; only with this difference, that we *engage them beforehand*, and in sufficient instead of insufficient numbers. For to go to war with small armies is mere wasteful folly.

Next, our scheme is based on the principle of a widely-extended decentralisation, under which, also, all the needful parts of the machine shall be provided beforehand, nothing being left to chance, or to be taken in

hand when war actually breaks out. And while we cannot imitate the German system of complete localisation, where the same troops are always stationed in the same province, we have provided a plan which secures the essential objects of localisation, while adapted also to the special conditions which are involved in colonial service. First, there has been the amalgamation of the Line with the Militia. A regiment of infantry—the establishment of these having been reduced from 108 to 74 in number—besides furnishing a battalion for foreign service, now consists of an active and a depot battalion serving at home, each of which can be brought up from the reserves to 900 strong; together with two militia battalions of the same strength, or four battalions in all. Thus every infantry regiment can take the field 2700 strong, besides leaving 900 men at home from which to fill up casualties. Of these component parts of the regiment, the depot line battalion and the two militia battalions will be completely localised with the regimental headquarters; but the various active battalions serving at home will be distributed during peace time in nine Military Divisions, organised in twenty-six, or, with the Guards, in twenty-seven brigades. Here appears the second main feature of our scheme. The organisation of these Military Divisions, which replace the irregular and ill-arranged military districts heretofore maintained, will be uniform and permanent, and they will be complete as to generals, staff, guns, stores, and equipment of all kinds sufficient for a war establishment. And although each Military Division will thus be made up in peace time, as regards troops, of its eight or nine separate line battalions, moving about from one station to another in ordinary course

of relief, and will therefore be undergoing constant change of its component elements, its composition for war purposes will consist of a definite number of complete infantry regiments, designated beforehand, and permanently allotted to it. Thus, in fact, every regiment has a specified headquarters for time of peace, and a specified headquarters for time of war; and on Mobilisation being declared, all that it has to do is to call up its reserves and march away from the one to the other, where it finds its generals, staff, equipment, and all things needful for taking the field. When this is done, each Military Division, which during peace time is a mere skeleton force of eight or nine weak battalions, becomes a complete and self-contained army of 30,000 men.

The headquarters of these nine Military Divisions have been established at Aldershot, Colchester, Cork, the Curragh, Dover, Dublin, Portsmouth, Woolwich, and York; and at these places, accordingly, the nine armies will assemble on Mobilisation being decreed, from which to proceed abroad, or to co-operate in the defence of the country. While for purposes of transport, a large number of horses have been made available within the jurisdiction of each Military Division, engaged for a small annual fee during peace time—constituting, in effect, an insurance premium—to be placed at the disposal of the army on Mobilisation.

But it is not enough to organise an army of men; officers are needed to command the levies which we have provided, and skilled officers, because the troops will be unskilled. The officers for the reserve or militia battalions are therefore to come from the line. In this way the militia will obtain that cohesion and real amalgamation with the active line battalions which young troops need.

But the number of officers that could reasonably be kept up in peace time would be insufficient in war. To meet this difficulty the system of provisional commissions has been introduced, by which a number of young members of volunteer corps, on undergoing certain professional tests, stand posted to each regiment as provisional subalterns. On Mobilisation being proclaimed, these commissions become *de facto* permanent, and the holders of them in all respects *bond fide* officers. Meanwhile, during peace time, these officers receive no pay, and a provisional commission has force for only seven years, after which the holder is succeeded by a younger man.

The same plan is in course of application to the artillery and cavalry. It may appear more open to objection in their case; but any sudden change from a peace to a war footing necessarily involves the appointment of young officers who must be more or less untrained, unless, indeed, a full war establishment of officers be kept up in peace time, which is not to be thought of. After all, although scientific acquirements are very desirable for a portion of your artillery, you don't want the whole of your officers to be scientific; experience in war is much the more valuable quality of the two. We estimate, and rightly, the value of camps of instruction; but what are the lessons to be gained by a week or two spent in such camps, compared with what may be furnished in a single campaign?

But further, a congeries of divisions or army corps, however complete and well appointed, do not make an army. Our nine Army Divisions, if employed in the field, will make up a force which, for tactical purposes, ought to be formed into at least three armies, and for these there must be generals-in-chief

and headquarter staffs. But here again a peace establishment is not needed nor desirable. There is no room for three commanders-in-chief with their separate staffs in peace time to command our 80,000 embodied troops, nor would such an expense be justifiable. We provide for the emergency, accordingly, by provisional commissions. Three of the major-generals now commanding divisions have therefore received provisional commissions as generals of armies, their places as division commanders being filled up in like manner by provisional commissions issued to as many generals of brigades, and so on with the junior grades; and a similar arrangement has been carried out with respect to the staff. On the word being given for Mobilisation, all these officers will move up to the higher posts assigned them. And while in this way nothing is left unprovided for, the plan offers two great advantages. The country has the means of scrutinising the appointments to be made, and can satisfy itself beforehand that proper men will be selected to lead its armies, and that the measures taken to make those armies efficient in other respects will not be stultified by jobbery, or ransacking the half-pay list at the last moment to drag out some worn-out old men to fill posts they are unfit for. On the other hand, the men designated for these high functions will prepare themselves in peace time to prove equal to the occasion, should it arise. In short, when our army is called out, and raised from ninety to three hundred thousand men, no one, from the generals-in-chief to the youngest provisional lieutenant, will be taken by surprise.

All this, be it observed, costs the country nothing; it merely involves care and forethought on the part of those intrusted with the administration of the army.

Various other measures have to be mentioned, which, although of minor degree compared with the great one of creating an efficient and sufficient force, have yet an important share in the general scheme.

The antiquated and excessive unattached list known as the establishment of general officers has been abolished; general officers will in future be appointed like all other officers, by selection; and the establishment will be limited to the men who are actually exercising, or who have actually exercised, the duties signified by the title. To become a brigade-general a man must actually be appointed to command a brigade, or to an office on the staff of corresponding importance. To become a major-general he must command a division.

So with respect to the colonels. This rank can in future only be obtained by appointment to the command of a regiment, or equivalent staff appointment. In fact, the whole system hitherto in force of promoting the senior officers of the army, with its brevets and qualifying periods of service, and bringing them in and out of the half-pay lists, and piling up the higher grades out of all proportion to the wants of the service, is as much out of keeping with the conditions of modern times as the still more preposterous state of things which it succeeded, when field officers might attain that rank before leaving the nursery.

Honorary rank and honorary promotions have been prospectively abolished. Military titles will signify henceforward that the holders of them are really what they are called.

This reform involved an extensive one of the Indian army, where the abuse of military titles has

been carried to a prodigious length. Orders have accordingly been sent out to India abolishing the Indian Staff Corps. The military men now employed as civilians have been invited to join a new Civil Service, a somewhat higher rate of pension being offered as compensation for loss of title. Those really employed as soldiers have been recast into regiments, so that rank and duties may go together, and the country be no longer flooded with field officers and nominal generals for whom no employment can be found.

Relative rank has been readjusted. The fact is, one civil branch of the army after another has gained concessions through clamour and agitation, till the combatant officers have been degraded to the lowest place. This state of things may have had some show of justification in the days when military education began and ended with a little drill; but the education of the combatant officers is now at least as scientific as that of the so-called scientific departments, and the matter was one urgently inviting reform.

In place of an establishment of field artillery quite insufficient in strength, but maintained on an expensive war footing, the number of batteries has been largely increased, the embodied peace establishment of each being largely reduced.

The artillery regiment had reached an unwieldy size. It has now been broken up into nine manageable bodies, one attached to each Military Division. Among other advantages claimed for this change, it admits of free selections for promotion, and widens the door for the advancement of merit.

So much for the army itself. As regards its administration, the leading change has been to reconstitute

the office of Commander-in-Chief, detaching him from the War Office, and establishing his specific responsibility for the performance of his duties. All the civil departments have been dealt with in the same way. Their heads are no longer the irresponsible advisers of the Secretary of State, sheltering themselves against all obloquy behind his name, and exercising a backstairs influence which no one could gauge. There will now be a definite record of the course of business; and if anything goes wrong let Parliament call for the papers, when it will be seen exactly who is to blame; what advice the executive department concerned gave to the Secretary of State, and his reasons for not acting upon it, if he did not do so. In this way only can responsibility be properly established, and efficient executive administration be secured. With all this we believe that the control of both the Minister and Parliament over the army will be far more real and effective than it has ever been hitherto.

In face of possible combinations, the speaker continued, it seemed madness to concentrate all our military stores in one place, and that on what is practically the coast. It is nothing to say that this arsenal, selected in the first instance by chance, and which has gradually attained its present enormous development, is reasonably secure. We have no right to commit the incredible folly of running any risk whatever of the awful calamity involved in the destruction of our only military arsenal. Even if there were no risk, we have no right to hold out the temptation to other nations to attempt rash enterprises by leaving any vulnerable spot in our armour. Nor is any heroic remedy needed. We do not mean to abandon Woolwich; we

have simply carried out the precautionary measure so often talked about, of establishing a supplementary magazine in the centre of the country.

Still more strongly did the same considerations impel us to carry out another measure, the defence of London. The invasion of England has been a fertile subject of discussion of late years, here as well as abroad. Some people think the notion wildly absurd; others, and by no means the worst judges, think that, under a not very improbable combination of circumstances, it would have had, before our present efforts, a reasonable chance of success. However that may be—and I will not now enter into the argument one way or the other—this much at least is certain, that nations are not always deterred from enterprises in war by their rashness. France, as we now know, had no chance of success against Germany; but that did not preserve her from rushing to arms, and the awful calamity which followed. Whatever the difficulty or danger might be, no other plan offers the same results, if it succeed, as a blow at the enemy's centre, and no prize in the world is so tempting as London. At any rate, it seems to her Majesty's Government perfectly intolerable that the question should be ever discussed whether the invasion of England is possible or not possible, when by the most simple precautions the matter may be placed beyond the range of probabilities—the attempt made too hopeless even to be thought about. Further, whether there shall be war or peace is yet beyond our power of foresight; but we believe that to render England impregnable is at least to offer one more chance in favour of a peaceful issue out of the present ominous condition of Europe. In the interest of peace, then, we are

carrying out the scheme which in a few weeks will, for the first time, render panics groundless. England, if she goes to war on the Continent, must take her chance with other nations; but war within our own shores will henceforth be impossible. Nor is it a great thing to accomplish; the whole affair will be carried out for less than what may be lost by a fall of two per cent in the national funds.

One point more. It is of no use to build up a great and carefully-planned organisation for providing an army, cheap as well as efficient, with all the parts framed in proportions suitable to each other and the whole, if pieces of the framework are constantly to be picked out here and there, till the whole machine becomes again rickety and unstable, overloaded in one part, too weak in another. If senseless lopping off or adding to the establishment of the army, such as has heretofore been customary, is still to be always going on, in accordance with that often irrational impulse known as public opinion, and at the fancy of the Government of the day or Parliament—if this practice is to continue, there will soon be an end of economy. The number of men embodied may perhaps be allowed to vary within narrow limits, but if the organisation now provided is to hold good, the available establishment must remain fixed. The time has passed when the annual voting of the forces as a guarantee for liberty has ceased to be anything but a fiction. Permanence and economy go hand in hand. We seek to secure this object in the Army Establishment Bill which my right honourable friend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will ask leave to bring in this night, and by which, if it shall eventually be approved by this House, the strength of the army will be permanently fixed by Act of Parliament. If circumstances arise

hereafter to render an alteration of the establishment proper, then let it be altered accordingly by Act of Parliament; but meanwhile it will be safe from the mischievous effect of those constant fluctuations in strength, unsupported in most cases by any reason, which are equally fatal to the interests of true economy and true efficiency.

"For," I went on to say, "changes and reductions of the army can and should no doubt be made hereafter; and this is one special merit which we claim for our scheme, that, for the first time, it offers a plan by which large economy in the charges for our embodied army will be compatible with safety. Our scheme contains a new principle, which, if it proves successful in practice, will admit, we believe, of extraordinary further development; that, namely, of holding a part of both officers and men engaged for military service only in time of war. At first, while the measure is experimental, and in face of existing European complications, we must proceed with caution; but when in the light of further experience the principle has become familiar to the country, it should be capable of producing an extraordinary economy in our military expenditure. At present a hundred thousand embodied soldiers are not an excessive nucleus round which the reserve forces have to rally. But no rational person can help regretting the waste of power and life involved in withdrawing so large a part of the manhood of the nation from the useful employments of civil life; and I, for one, look forward to the day when, by maintaining and developing still further the principle of trained reserves, disembodied in peace time, and resting upon a sound and complete organisation administered by a highly-trained staff, the regular embodied forces in the kingdom

may be brought within smaller dimensions than they have measured at any time within this century. In this way, then, we claim to have produced a true financial as well as true military reform.

"This completes the summary of our measures: it is for the country and Parliament to decide how far they are suitable for the object in view. We have no bloated armaments to show, no great additional expenditure to ask sanction for. The increase in the military estimates is mainly for the disembodied pay, or retaining fee, to be paid to the reserve and militia. There will not, we believe, be found many to say that the cost is excessive for the object in view. Some, indeed, may think we have not gone far enough; that we should not trust to voluntary service; that every man should be required to perform the first duty incumbent on a citizen—to take part in the defence of his country. Sir, irrefutable though that argument may be logically, her Majesty's Government feel that, in a time like the present, when the people of England are called on to present a united front towards the dangers which threaten her; when all men's hearts should beat in harmony together,—that in such a time we should do wisely to avoid any course which might create even a partial division in the sentiments of the nation. We believe that the plan we have adopted will be more generally in unison with the feeling of our countrymen, as furnishing adequate means of defence without interfering with that liberty which is the cherished birth-right of us all; that, if not logically defensible, it will yet be heartily accepted as a reasonable, practicable scheme, suited to the state of things with which we have to deal; and that, although the maintenance of a great volunteer army, supported by the tax-paying community, places

an undue burden on the latter, while a large number of able-bodied men escape altogether, yet that the prosperous citizens of this rich community will not grudge the cost of a measure which serves to bind the nation in one united front against the would-be disturbers of the peace of Europe, and violators of the liberty of neutrals."

Never was a speech better received. One or two men got up, as if to criticise, with the seeming intention of making a debate; but the House was impatient and excited; and on Mr Braham rising to point out the urgency of the case, and that notwithstanding the brighter aspect which foreign affairs were now wearing, yet that Mobilisation might have to be declared even next day; that the principles set forth in the Bill had virtually been already placed before the House and country in the various measures publicly carried out by the Government during the past few months, in pursuance of the powers accorded them by the votes already given for men and money, and that the speech of the Secretary for War, in fact, merely summarised what had already been made public in one form or another; that these measures had, beyond doubt, been approved by the general voice of the country; and that, with the enemy almost at our gates, this was no time to be discussing details of military organisation,—on Mr Braham addressing it briefly to this effect, the House, taking the cue, insisted on the question being put at once, and the second reading was carried without a debate or division. Thereon, standing orders being suspended, the Bill was committed at once, and we went through the clauses in slashing style. No chance given for ventilating small hobbies. One or two men, indeed, pleaded for time, and were for still maintaining the inefficiency of the

militia, and for saving the good old plan of seniority generals; but no patience was shown for the champions of antiquated abuses; and by two o'clock the Bill was brought up for a third reading, and passed amid loud and triumphant cheers.

Then up rose Mr Merrifield, in an excited House, to move for leave to bring in the Army Establishment Bill, which fixed the strength of our military forces—a Bill which, he explained, although not demanding the same urgency as that just passed, yet it behoved the House to use all reasonable despatch in dealing with.

Mr Merrifield was now more popular than ever, both with the House and with the country. His self-abnegation in taking subordinate office had been much admired—his high-toned utterances still more so; in fact, his eloquent appeals to the patriotism of the country, his stirring enunciations of the duty of strong nations to the weak, and of the need for England's becoming the exemplar of that higher morality, which does not limit its action within the artificial boundary of common blood or language—these lofty sentiments, clothed in the noble form which only his eloquence could impart to them, and impressed upon the public with indefatigable force and energy on every possible occasion, had inspired the whole nation with his own steadfast spirit; and he stood forth now more conspicuous than ever among men, higher than ever in national regard. When, therefore, Mr Merrifield said that the Bill which had just been passed was defective, in his opinion, only because it did not go far enough, those who would have opposed it on the score of its sweeping character were left stranded by the tide of public opinion passing beyond them.

"I am free to confess," said the orator, "that in my poor judgment

the assumption involved in the Bill, that the citizens of a free state like ours, while all in their several degrees liable for their share of the various obligations implied in the condition of citizenship, should yet be absolved from the highest and most important of all obligations—the call to bear arms in defence of their country—such a narrow view of the duties of citizenship appears, to my humble apprehension, perfectly indefensible on any grounds of morals or justice; that any man should not only deny the duty, but should desire to evade it, is a supposition almost too monstrous for the mind to conceive. Our Bill must therefore be regarded, as my right honourable friend has put it, in the light of a compromise of sense and justice with expediency." Then as the orator passed on to dilate on my services, saying that while the last speaker had represented the measures taken for meeting this great national emergency as measures carried out by the Government collectively, they had, in fact, been mainly devised and carried into effect by the Minister for War; and as he went on to congratulate the Government and the country on their good fortune in having secured the services of a man who had shown himself so fit as his right honourable friend to deal with the circumstances which had arisen, with other encomiums in the same strain, while the House by its plaudits echoed the flattering tale, —I felt for the moment the true happiness conferred by the sense of good service to one's country done and recognised. Seldom can there be realised such fruition of a patriot statesman's aspirations as fell to my lot on this occasion. Parliamentary triumphs are for the most part won grudgingly from political adversaries—nor can it often be given to one Minister to be praised by another. But at this juncture the opposition

party in matters of military policy had ceased to exist, while the difference in age and standing between Mr Merrifield and myself put his testimony on a quite different category from the ordinary compliment of Minister to Minister. This then was a supreme moment in my life; and as I left the House, elated by the congratulations of friends, and with the cheers which greeted me when we broke up still ringing in my ears—rising above the proud satisfaction at the good work done and recognised, I felt all the exaltation which could not but be occasioned by the personal gratification these tributes occasioned. True it was that I had reached the summit of reputation, and that the rest of my po-

litical career must needs be one of decline. Even if the fall were not to be as rapid as the rise, a fall it still must be. This generous suspension for the moment of all opposition could not be maintained much longer; to no man could it be given always to reign undisputed as a dictator, every action endorsed and applauded by the nation; henceforward political life must mean for me, as for others, the ordinary humdrum of modern public life; great efforts and small measures; drudgery, commonplace, and disappointment. But the great object now before me once accomplished, the country once established in security, I felt that I could freely relinquish all share of further prosperity and fame.

CHAPTER LXXIII.—THE LAST.

A crowd of members were leaving the House, some rousing their weary servants, dozing uneasily on coach-boxes in the morning light, others pursuing their way home on foot in little groups, discussing in high notes the proceedings of the night; and one or two of my colleagues made way for me on the pavement, as if suggesting to me to join their party; but evading the invitation, I made off in another direction, and sought the way homeward by an unfrequented street. I wanted to walk down in solitude, before reaching my destination, the exaltation of feeling which possessed me. The exercise and quiet quickly had this effect, and I soon found myself changing the rapid step with which I had left the House for a leisurely saunter. The time and scene were inducive to a quiet state of mind. There is something in the solemn stillness of London in the early morning as soothing in its way as the quiet beauty of a country landscape. And as I passed along

the streets, I was reminded by the silence and the coming light that it was just on such a morning as this that my poor Eva came home from her flight. How many days ago! and yet it seems but yesterday, so quickly have the hours sped in this busy turmoil of high-pressure public life. Quickly for me, but ah! how long for you, my poor child, lying there helpless on your sick-bed! All this night, too, I have never given you a thought, and you, perhaps, have been watching all through the long hours, waiting for my coming! How eagerly the loving heart spoke out when we parted last night, even though the languid voice was weak! Weak, indeed! so long she has been ill, and so little sign is there of rallying. And as I looked back on the days gone by, and recalled how little change there had been for the better, a sudden feeling of depression and dread arose within me. What if these are to be the hours to look back upon in after-life, when we seek to map out on

our memory the record of each moment, dwelling on each word spoken, treasuring up each little incident that marked the time! Moments indeed, they have been scarcely minutes, the short, hurried snatches of stolen leisure passed by my poor darling's side, while I have been selfishly accepting her patient assurance of contentment with these fleeting visits as an excuse for my neglect. For neglect it has been. What if I can never now repair it! But no; I will not listen to this horrid doubt. Surely the chapter of our joint lives cannot be yet completed. Ah, no! now is close at hand the happy future; rest and mutual happiness await us, while I seek—not to regain my love's heart, that has been freely given already, but to assure her of the warmth of my own; to give her confidence, and drive away her self-abasement and distrust. Surely with one so gentle and so loving, a scheme of life may yet be framed to satisfy the wants of both. Yes, too plainly with reflection come up the outspakings of conscience, bitter at feeding on the memory of a misused past. But the future is still before us; we will live down the sad past in a happier and wiser future.

I was recalled from this vein of musing by noticing from the litter strewed on the road that I was nearing home. There still shines the light dimly in my darling's chamber, emblem can it be of hope and happiness?

Letting myself into the house noiselessly, I passed up the stairs and knocked gently at the door of Eva's room. It was opened immediately. The faithful watcher was up and dressed, a shawl thrown over her shoulders. She raised her hand in sign of caution.

"Eva sleeps, then; but why, Mary, are you sitting up?" I whispered.

"What is it?" I asked, for a glance at her face showed that something was amiss.

"Oh, Mr West," said Mary, in a low voice, tremulous and anxious, "I don't know what to think. She has been sleeping all the night through, but not as she used to do. She seemed so much brighter all day, and the doctor was quite pleased when he came in the afternoon. I think the sickness has tried her very much."

"What sickness?" I asked hurriedly.

"It was just after Dr Adams left. She was very sick for a long time, and then she fell asleep, and has lain just like this ever since. I think it is this change in the wine which has upset her so."

As Mary spoke she held the shaded candle over the patient. The pale face lay calm, and the pretty brown hair, which Mary herself always dressed daily, tied up with a snood of blue ribbon, was smooth and unruffled about the temples, the rippling locks lying even on the pillow, telling us plainly that the sufferer had never moved her head; but the slow, laboured breathing seemed to shake her whole frame.

"The sickness comes from the brain, sir, I fear—not from the food," said in a low voice the nurse, who had come into the room, and was standing behind us.

Bidding her send to call the doctor as soon as possible, I stood with Mary watching the pale face and laboured breathing.

Presently the blue eyes opened and gazed dreamily at us, as not knowing what they saw. Then with a sudden look of recognition Eva smiled, and made a motion as if trying to hold out her arms.

I stooped down and encircled her gently in mine. As I did so, with a sudden effort of strength she put

one hand round my neck, and nestling her head on my shoulder fell asleep again, her hand dropping back till it rested in mine.

I sat down by the bed, still supporting my burden, to await the doctor's arrival, insisting that Mary should go into the next room and lie down, for she looked worn out with watching.

The time passed on. The fire went out, the broad daylight, coming through even the closed windows, paled the night-lamp.

Eva slept quietly, her head resting on my shoulder, her hand folded in mine; while I, watching the regular but laboured breathing, and looking down on the pale and tranquil face, have space to conjure up the scenes that I and my gentle mate have passed through together. But three short years since she left her home, bright and happy, trustful of me and the future, to share my fortunes. How much has happened in that short time,—fame, reputation, and success achieved, such as never fell to politician's lot before; but what has all this done for her? A more humble lot perchance might have saved my poor crushed darling from this blight. Is this to be the ending of my prosperity?

Then as I sat there, counting the minutes till the doctor should come, yet dreading to hear his verdict, my thoughts involuntarily wandered away to the exciting hours of the past evening; my speech, and the cheers that greeted it; and Mr Merrifield's; and the tumultuous applause which followed. It was always so, I reflected with shame, as my senses returned to the scene before me; even in my thoughts I seemed always to be leading two separate lives.

The time wore on. Eva still slept peacefully, and, overborne by the silence, and by fatigue and want of rest, I was myself dozing, when

suddenly awakened by a movement of the burden in my arms—a sudden drooping of the head, a sudden stop of the laboured breath.

"Mary! Mary! come quickly!"

Too late! Before her faithful friend could come to our side, my gentle Eva had breathed away her life in my arms.

In a peaceful corner of the little cemetery at Leatherby, shaded by graceful boughs, and looking out over the dark woods which clothe the banks of Ewe, a new-placed cross records that beneath it lie the remains of Eva, wife of the Right Honourable Charles West, M.P., with the age, twenty-two years, and the date of her death. Thus ends the first episode of my life. Shall I say that, while recalling fondly the sweet wistful face, the gentle voice, the pretty ways of the innocent young girl, the record of whose brief pilgrimage has been written in these pages, while thinking with many an unbidden flush of shame of the bitter words—words which no shame can recall—that threw what sadness lay in her path; above all, while calling up with anguish of heart the cruel harshness of that fatal quarrel; while the memory dwells on the sweetness of the poor sufferer in her illness,—I know, and hate myself for knowing, that this grief will not be lasting? Each day already makes the wound less tender; how long will it be before the scar alone remains? Already I find, not without self-scorn, unbidden coming up new plans in search of happiness. The past stands fixed, while we, the living, are ever changing as time bears us onward; and in my mind's eye I can already see my second self, lonely perhaps, and hard, and absorbed in public life, looking back on this distant episode of my life, as a brief and almost unsubstantial dream.

OUR COMING GUEST.

Now that the deserted halls of Buckingham Palace are being prepared for the reception of a monarch who styles himself the King of Kings, we may fitly request the readers of this Magazine to follow us in a few remarks on the country which bows to him as sovereign.

We shall attempt no history of his dynasty, nor seek to assign reasons for the present weakness of a power that once threatened the destruction of all that was civilised in the West, or that was strong in the East: to account for the extraordinary depopulation of vast territories that at one time teemed with thriving and industrious races, is not within the scope of a magazine article; we shall therefore confine our attention to the consideration of the manner in which English interests can be affected by the policy, for good or for evil, that may or may not be adopted by our Ministers in treating with our coming Guest.

From the numerous articles that have appeared lately in our periodicals upon the "Central Asian Question," the reading public has at least been able to acquire a considerable amount of information regarding a region of the earth that was certainly the nursery, if not the cradle, of humanity. Great diversity of opinion exists amongst us as to the true bearing of that question upon the interests of our empire; and so many and so various have been the plans propounded for dealing with it, and so much stress has been laid upon the measures it behoves us to take, that a large proportion of those who talk with decision on the subject, appears to overlook or to forget the cause that renders it of any importance at all to the dwellers in these islands. If the East India Company had never existed, it never could have been of

much moment to us whose navy ruled supreme on the Caspian, or whether Herat had an Affghan, a Persian, or a Russian governor. It is the fact of our being a great Eastern Power that alone occasions the anxiety that has been lately so generally expressed here with reference to the doings of the great northern Czar, and to his intended movements on the Oxus. It is only through our relations with India that these matters are of importance to us; and this fact should never for a moment be forgotten in our thoughts and reasonings on the subject. India, with its 200,000,000 of people, is ours; and as it may be assumed that we intend to keep it, and that nothing short of national death shall force us to relinquish it, let us consider how our hold on it may be affected by the policy Persia may adopt.

In all our dealings with India, military considerations must ever be of paramount importance; and as the only real interests that we can have in Central Asia are owing to our position in India, British policy in the East, to be thoroughly sound, must be based upon the military exigencies of that position. The wisdom or the folly of any line of conduct we may adopt in reference to this question can only be justly estimated by weighing the manner and degree in which it is calculated to affect our military position.

Presuming it to be generally conceded that the defence of India—or in other words, the preservation of our power, our prestige, in the East—is a military question, it behoves us to study it as a strategical problem. It is not possible here to do so thoroughly, as the geographical description of our Indian frontiers, and the relative strength of the neighbouring states—all impor-

tant elements in the discussion of the problem—would of themselves fill a volume: we shall therefore only glance at it in a general way. Those who have availed themselves of the information lately published on the subject will easily comprehend why it is that no large Russian army could reach India from the north, and could only do so from the west. This is, therefore, the operation that we should adopt measures to render impossible. The study of any large map of Asia will make it clear even to the most ignorant in the science of war, that the geographical position of Persia gives to that State a strategic importance of the highest magnitude. To get at India, Russia must first get at Afghanistan; and as with a large army she cannot get at it from the north, she must get at it from the west, and in order to do so, she must follow the route taken by Alexander the Great along the Atrek valley. In doing so, Persia would flank her communications from the Caspian to Herat, rendering it essential to the success of such an undertaking that Persia should be either completely conquered, or induced to become her firm ally, before it was embarked upon. These are some of the many great difficulties that Russia would now have to contend against if she wished to invade India.

She must operate with a large army in Afghanistan, for a small one would not command the respect required to overawe its turbulent people, divided as it always is into several parties, and would therefore be beaten. And to feed a great force there in winter, when the snow had blocked up the passes through the Hindoo-Khoosh, would be a most difficult matter, unless the communications with the Caspian were well secured, which never could be effected with a hostile Persia on their flank.

For a successful invasion of India by Russia, it is therefore essential that both Afghanistan and Persia

be either completely subdued, or entirely and heartily in her interests. Of the two, the alliance or the possession of the latter is of infinitely the greater importance to her.

Unfortunately, however, for us, it is possible for Russia to attack our position in India without invading it. It is not necessary that her battalions should pour down upon Hindostan through the Bolan and Khybur Passes in order to shake our hold over it; for, should she be permitted to establish herself upon our borders, it would be always possible for her to stir up rebellion within our provinces. It is necessary, therefore, for our security, that the invasion of our Eastern empire should not only be guarded against, but that Russia should be kept at such a distance from it, as to prevent her from exerting any disturbing influence over the minds of the many races that have been there more or less blended together by us into one kingdom. Although, beyond doubt, our rule in India would come to an end the moment we withdrew our European troops, yet it is not alone our positive strength as represented by the number of regiments that enables us to hold our position there: the force now in India would not be sufficient to put down even a partial rebellion as that of 1857, much less any general rising in the three Presidencies. It is just imposing enough in numbers to impress the princes and people with an idea of the military power of the nation it represents. It is not so much the actual strength in bayonets, but the moral strength springing from the warlike renown of the nation to which they belong, that secures the peace of India. For the maintenance of order there, it is essential that the minds of its millions should be convincingly imbued with a belief in the omnipotence of their rulers. There can be no stability in an Eastern Govern-

ment where that feeling is absent; where it exists, as at present in our provinces, there is tranquillity; where it is wanting, as it has been for generations past in Afghanistan, the land is a prey to disorder, and to the wars of adventurers striving for supreme power.

As so much of our strength in India rests upon our reputation for strength, it is absolutely necessary to keep at a distance from our frontiers all disturbing influences capable of stirring up rebellion, and of shaking the faith in the irresistibility of our power now entertained by its people. Let there be continuous with our Indian frontiers a great European nation, capable of being regarded by popular opinion in the bazaars of India as a rival strong enough to contest for sovereignty with us, and we shall be no longer able to hold our own there with the small British force we do at present. To maintain at all times in India an army sufficiently strong to put down a general rising of its people—a possible contingency if Russia is permitted to become our near neighbour—an army numerous enough to guarantee the perfect internal security essential for the development of its great resources, would be financially impossible. Its revenues could not support such a charge: it is with difficulty that her Viceroy can, even with the small army now there, make both ends meet. India must pay its own way, or we will have none of her. Unlike Russia, we are not prepared to pay for empire over countries like the Caucasus or Turkestan: the English taxpayer will not consent to bear any of the charges, no matter how small, that may be occasioned by our position as a great Eastern Power.

If this reasoning is true, we have to decide, and the sooner we do so the better for our honour, whether we shall positively forbid Russia to approach our frontiers, or whether

we shall surrender our position in India, and leave it to a more enterprising nation to shape its future destiny. This is the question that we must sooner or later put to ourselves; and although it may be postponed for a little, partly through cowardice, and partly because domestic legislation is a more congenial subject to the intellect of our Ministers, it must come up for decision eventually, and the longer it is shirked the more difficult it becomes.

It is quite true that Russia is in no way prepared at present for an invasion of India. Before she could hope for success in such an undertaking, she must consolidate her power in Central Asia, and her lines of communication must be developed by the construction of railways. This question of invasion is a distant contingency to be provided against; but her advance towards our frontiers now being pursued *via* the Atrek valley is one of pressing importance. Stop it, and we take the most effectual measures for guarding against invasion. For the reasons already given, one would be as fatal as the other to our position in India: if the road to Herat is left open to her, it will be always in her power to disturb the peace of India without her sending a battalion across our frontiers.

But, says my friend the reader, what are we to do? Are we to declare war with Russia at once? The military student's answer is, by no means; avoid war as you would the plague; but clearly understand that the do-nothing policy pursued at present must eventually lead you into a war with that country, unless perhaps you may have been in the mean time educated to the lofty principle, that it is better to surrender India than to fight for her with Russia. In order that you should avoid war by-and-by, active and determined measures are now necessary. Persia occupies the key to

the whole position of affairs in the East. Let us grapple her to us with hooks of steel, forged in the furnace of mutual self-interest. Firm friendship between two nations can only be reliable when it rests upon those grounds : they exist between Persia and England ; let us leave no stone unturned to impress upon the Shah the identity of our interests in the East, with a view to cementing an alliance between the two nations that is necessary for the good of both.

The line of conduct we have pursued for the last forty years in dealing with Afghanistan and Persia has been most injudicious. Since the beginning of the century all Indian statesmen have felt Russia to be our great rival in the East. For a time they were scared by visions of French legions, allied with hordes of Cossacks, making their way to our North-western frontiers ; and again by rumours of Affghans and Afreedies preparing to pour down through the mountain passes upon the fertile plains of Hindostan ; but these were only passing subjects for dread. Behind was ever the last- ing and steadily approaching Colossus of the north. We have long felt that no combination of purely Asiatic enemies could drive us from India ; but that a war carried on against us by either Afghanistan or Persia, assisted by a Russian army, would entail upon us such a death-struggle that, no matter how it ended, our position in the East would have received a serious shake. When we were in dread of an allied army of French and Russians coming down the Volga bent upon the conquest of Hindostan, our thoughts turned to Persia, whose alliance we eagerly sought for ; but when Napoleon's overthrow removed all prospect of that danger, and the old dread of Russia began to reassert itself alone, by an unfortunate fatality we ignored the importance of the Persian alliance, and turned all our

attention to cultivating the friendship of Afghanistan—peopled by the most unreliable races on the earth. This policy was for a long time, and in some quarters appears still, to be considered the most effective means for thwarting the aims of Russia, and for keeping her power and moral influence at a distance from our frontiers. To play off Persia and Afghanistan one against the other, and, if possible, both against Russia, has been seemingly considered by our Foreign and Indian Offices as the acme of diplomatic wisdom. If at one time we checkmated an intended Dooranee invasion of India, by inducing the Shah to besiege Herat, at another time we declared war against him for doing so. Upon the principle that governs so many of our actions as a nation, causing us to view the relative importance of subjects not immediately affecting some special domestic interest in direct ratio to its distance from Westminster, and which accounts for our taking a somewhat less feeble interest in Irish affairs than we do in those of Cape Coast Castle, the tendency has long been to attach more importance to an alliance with Caubul than to that with Persia, whose territory was more remote from Calcutta. We appear to have assumed that Russian influence should always be supreme in the latter kingdom, and that it was hopeless contending against it. Urged on by Russia, she has, upon several occasions, endeavoured to encroach upon Afghan territory ; and we, feeling it to be necessary to keep those two countries divided to prevent the further spread of Russian influence, have protected Afghanistan. It has been already pointed out that the Czar's troops can never attempt an invasion of India until both those countries favour the project, and it requires no argument to prove how much more easily their co-operation could be secured by Russia if they were in-

corporated into one kingdom. Separated as at present, and covetous of one another's possessions, it is only natural that if one sides with Russia, the other should be our ally.

When England was first so seriously alarmed at the persistent advance of Russia towards India as to resolve upon active operations, her attention was most unfortunately directed to Caubul instead of to Astrabad. It was determined to reconstruct the Dooranee empire, and to strengthen it, so that it might be able to hold its own against Persia, supposed to be the firm ally of Russia. Our blow was really to be aimed at the latter power, but ostensibly our operations in 1838 were directed against Persian aggression. We strove to gain by fighting in Afghanistan what we might have more effectually secured by diplomacy well directed at Teheran. That policy was the extreme of folly; and with the knowledge that we now possess of Central Asia and of Afghan politics, it is only to be accounted for by believing it to have been devised by men fatally ignorant of those countries, and of the chiefs and people who inhabited them. With the manner in which we elected to appear upon the arena of Afghan politics, and with the political position we assumed before the world in order to have a pretext for showing ourselves there at all, it is not now intended to concern ourselves; but that we should have selected that country as the theatre of operations in preference to Persia, evinced an ignorance of the relative strategical importance of the two countries that is difficult to account for. Persia was then, as she is now, the pivot round which the combinations involved in the question revolved — whichever of the two great rival Western Powers had most weight and influence at Teheran, was then, and will be in future, masters of the position.

During the Shah's stay here, it is to be hoped that his attention may be directed to the different effect that her policy, if influenced by Russian views, must have upon Persia itself, from that it would have if conducted according to our advice. The object of Russia has been to weaken her as much as possible: she has been robbed of territory by every successive treaty, and has been forbidden to have a gun afloat upon that great inland sea that in ancient times was but a Persian lake. The only outlet to the ocean that Russia can have to the south is through the heart of Persia; and unless England awakes in time to the importance of a firm alliance with that kingdom, the day is not far distant when a railroad will connect a Russian fort on the Caspian with a strong Russian fortress on the Persian gulf. The existence of Persia as an independent State will then have become a thing of the past.

On the other hand, it is our true policy to strengthen Persia in every possible way: we have nothing to fear from her independent strength, as she cannot hurt us. Her frontier on the side of Afghanistan having been lately clearly defined, all disputes between the two nations as to the possession of Herat are settled, thus removing the only serious cause of quarrel we have ever had with her. Should she at any future period, supposing her to have been converted into a strong nation by our assistance, turn against us, and side with Russia, being led away by false hopes of extension of her territory at the expense of Afghanistan, our position would be little different from what it has been for years past, as we should still have Shere Ali or his successor to make common cause with us in the war. Persia owns no territory that we covet, for already we rule over as much in the East as we wish to have; whereas her

provinces that cut off Russia from the ocean, as well as those lying between the Caspian and Herat, will never cease to be coveted by that aggressive power. We have good grounds for believing that the educated people in Persia are fully alive to these facts, and that they desire to show a bold front to the power that threatens their independence: they are too weak to do so without our assistance, but with it, if properly applied, Persia could hold its own. If Russia makes war either against Persia or Afghanistan, it can only be as a stepping-stone to an eventual blow at our power in the East; how much better it would be for us to fight out that struggle with her in Khorassan, with its people as our allies, than in our own provinces, where one serious defeat would serve to raise every disaffected native against us, ending very probably in our annihilation. We could at any time easily pour reinforcements into Persia by Bushire, for troops despatched from England could be landed there under thirty days. The Shah's standing army is about 100,000 strong, and if organised by English officers could be made a very efficient force, guns and warlike material having been obtained on payment from our arsenals. Let us assume that this has been effected, and that Meshed has been converted into a strong fortress. With Persia so strengthened, and united to us as a firm ally, and the wise policy initiated by Lord Mayo towards Afghanistan continued, India could have nothing to fear from without. Its present able and gifted Viceroy might then devote all his great energy to internal affairs; these discreditable panics about Russia would cease; and the Central Asian question would be buried for ever.

The possession of the Atrek valley by Russia is a blow at the

independent existence of Persia, as it is a standing menace to England. The Shah must feel this as regards himself, and we should explain to him how it affects us. The more we can do to convince him of the identity of our interests, the more easily he can be led to believe in our sincerity, and in our desire to see him the strong ruler over a powerful nation. By evincing a sincere desire to increase the efficiency of his army, and by lending him officers for that purpose, we shall have no difficulty in proving to him how really in earnest we are.

It is to be hoped that the great geographer who is to meet the Shah, and, as her Majesty's representative, conduct him to England, may avail himself of the opportunities so afforded for drawing attention to the divergence of interest existing in the East between England and Russia. As regards our past aggressiveness in India, the present generation is not responsible. We find ourselves in possession of a great empire there that we could not surrender without an incalculable loss of power, and which, if torn from us by force of arms, would be tantamount to our destruction as a great nation; that, although we are determined to maintain possession of the empire we have inherited in the East, we are most anxious to avoid extending its limits beyond those mighty natural features that a glance at the map of Asia would induce one to think had been designed by Providence to be the boundaries of one great kingdom. There is no one better—if as well—calculated than Sir H. Rawlinson to point out this to our royal guest, and to show him on a map the various and successive encroachments of Russia in Asia since the end of the sixteenth century, when her armies first crossed the Ural Mountains and conquered Siberia; how she pushed on, almost year by year,

until, at the end of the next century, the Pacific Ocean had become her eastern frontier. One of her most recent acquisitions was obtained by a treaty, cajoled by General Ignatieff from the frightened Ministers of the boy-Emperor of China, when our breaching batteries were being prepared to open upon Peking, by a promise that he would, by means of his great influence with the besieging forces, obtain favourable terms for the city.

The operations now being carried out against his co-religionists in the Khanate of Khiva must serve to keep alive in the Shah's mind the feeling of distrust entertained for Russia by the Persians generally. Until the Atrak valley had been occupied by Russian troops, a wide extent of desert, inhabited only by a few wandering tribes, separated the Persian from the Russian frontier eastward of the Caspian; but henceforth, if she is permitted to continue her hold upon that highway to Merv and Herat, Persia will have along her border there a line of Russian forts.

Our representative at Teheran should be a military man of high attainments, instead of being, as at present, a gentleman of the diplomatic service, devoid of the professional knowledge required for a just appreciation of the strategical bearings of this Eastern question. A soldier would never have calmly acquiesced in the Russian occupation of the Atrak valley. Even Mr Grant Duff, in a work published some years ago, declared that to allow the Russians to occupy Herat would be the height of folly on our part; but he now appears to forget or to ignore what he knew then—it was before he had obtained a seat on the Treasury benches—that in permitting the Russians to establish themselves in that valley, we virtually make over to them the keys of that city known generally as the gate opening into India. Persia, unsup-

ported by England, can deny the Czar nothing he demands, so when the possession of this Atrak valley was asked for, it was conceded.

If the approaching opportunity is properly taken advantage of, and the Shah converted into a firmly, it will be for us, conjointly with Persia, to speak out regarding the occupation of this valley. Russia should be told, not in the vague terms for which Downing Street is celebrated, but in the plainest words, that the occupation of Tchakishlar and of this valley can only be viewed as a menace to the independence of Persia and to our Eastern possessions. It is not yet too late to demand their evacuation; and knowing the real weakness of Russia in Central Asia at present, and the necessity she is under from her position there for avoiding war with us for some years to come, we believe that this demand, made conjointly by England and Persia, would be at once conceded. In negotiating with Russia on this question, we should also insist upon her troops being withdrawn entirely from Khiva as soon as the objects for which Count Schouvaloff said the expedition was to be undertaken had been accomplished. When Persia has been drawn to us in a close alliance, the time will have arrived for informing the Czar on several points in connection with our position in the East, that should be well known, and if well known, would go far towards preventing difficulties or war arising hereafter between the two nations. He should understand that any further occupation by his troops of Persian or Afghan territory must bring him into collision with us: that we esteem it to be so essential for the preservation of our power in India that both those countries should remain independent, that under no circumstances whatever could we afford to allow

Russia to encroach upon them. It was the absence of manliness from our negotiations with Russia in 1854 that brought on war then; and a similar line of conduct if pursued in our diplomacy now regarding Central Asia, is calculated to involve us at no very distant time in hostilities that might be avoided, by a frank declaration now of what we deem to be essential for the preservation of our Indian Empire.

The Khivan expedition has been made an excuse by Russia for undertaking military operations along the Atrek; but a glance at the map will demonstrate that it is not an advantageous line of advance against Khiva. It was felt that this would be patent to every one, so in order to account for the presence of a Russian force in the valley, it was announced to have for its object to draw away from the objective point the warlike tribes of Turkomans occupying the southern districts of the Khanate. This is but a shallow excuse easily seen through by every one not blinded by the skilfully worded diplomacy of St Petersburg. Its real object is to open out the roads to Merve and Meshed, with a view to the permanent occupation, first of the valley, and subsequently, upon the first favourable opportunity offering, of those two important cities. When firmly established there, Herat will be at her mercy.

Our present Administration has endeavoured to make political capital out of our recent negotiations with Russia, although they have been really nothing more than an interchange of ideas between the two Governments: it is for the sanguine to believe that Russia will be bound by anything she has said, beyond the moment that it ceases to be for her interest to be so. The utmost that can be claimed for them is what Mr Gladstone said in Parliament, that they have not in any way crippled our future action, but

have left us free to adopt any line of policy in the future that we may consider advisable. It was a great deal of smoke from a very small fire. Those who dislike our present Ministry assert that great prominence was given to the affair in the hope of thereby diverting public opinion from the disastrous results that had attended upon our diplomacy in America. Be this as it may, our recent negotiations have helped Russia, inasmuch as although we did not actually tell her she was at liberty to occupy the provinces intervening between her present frontiers and the Oxus, yet we have given her every reason for believing that we do not intend to interfere or to cramp her action in any way, as long as she respects the line agreed upon as the northern frontier of Afghanistan.

It still remains to be considered what our position would be should Shere Ali or any of his successors join Russia in an attack upon India. With Persia as an ally, we should have little to dread from that combination. Parties in Afghanistan are so divided, that, under the most unfavourable circumstances, we should always be able to reckon upon having a party there in our favour, unless our affairs were very badly managed indeed; and any disaster befalling a Russian army that had advanced to Candahar or Caubul would be the signal for a rising of those fickle tribes, who care more for plunder than for the fulfilment of treaties. With Persia as a base to operate from, the communications of a Russian army engaged in Afghanistan would be at our mercy when winter had closed the passes through the Hindoo-Khoosh mountains.

Three courses are now open to us in regard to this Central Asian question, and no time should be lost in deciding as to which of them would accord most with the in-

terests of England; when that decision has been arrived at after due deliberation, we should resolutely resolve to act upon it. 1st, We can determine upon maintaining the integrity of Persia, and, as a last resolve, decide the matter by a battle fought in Persia, Shere Ali being either in our favour, or neutral or hostile to us. 2d, We may leave Persia out of the question, and resolve to fight in defence of the Afghan territory when it has pleased Russia, or Persia instigated by her, to invade it. Or, 3d, We can determine to follow the "sufficient-for-the-day" policy recommended by Mr Grant Duff, and do nothing until India itself is actually assailed, and then fight in our own provinces in their defence. The first is clearly the wisest course to pursue; for, owing to the peculiarity of our tenure of India, the further we can conveniently remove from our own frontiers the theatre of the war we may have forced upon us in defence of our position in the East, the better it will be for us. The nearer to India that fight takes place, the stronger must be our European garrisons to maintain internal order there.

The extension of our commerce is a subject intimately connected with the solution of this great question. If the markets of Central Asia were open to us, new and extensive outlets for our manufactures would be secured. The possession by us of the Indian seaboard gives us an advantage over all other nations in this respect, provided we are permitted to compete upon equal terms as regards import duties with all other Central Asian States. Our merchants should, however, remember that trade monopoly follows in the wake of Russian conquests. Wherever her influence is paramount in the East, there she is the favoured nation in everything relating to commerce. It is therefore

a subject for regret, that our Chambers of Commerce have not turned their attention more seriously to the extension of our trade in Central Asia. The first great step in that direction should be the construction of a railway to unite Quetta with our Indian railway system. If this by no means difficult undertaking were accomplished, the goods of Manchester and Birmingham would soon fill the bazaars of every town in Central Asia that had not yet acknowledged Russian sway. The military advantages to us of such a line of communication with Afghanistan would be immense. Wherever the influence of Russia increases, ours wanes correspondingly, and our trade diminishes; as our strength depends much upon our reputation for strength, every successive step made in advance by Russia weakens the foundations upon which our Indian Empire has been reared.

Our professional diplomatists appear to have no confidence in themselves when called upon to treat with Russia. The history of our diplomatic relations with her is not creditable to our Foreign Office. We are, it would seem, no match for her in diplomatic skill, and all our dealings with her have either rashness or timidity stamped upon them. She has so repeatedly got the better of us in the treaties we have entered into with her, that we appear to assume it to be but natural that her diplomacy should succeed everywhere. This was recently exemplified in Persia, where a sound knowledge of what are really the Shah's true interests should have convinced us of the advantage we might have had in combating any request made by Russia antagonistic to our interests. Russia requested the cession by Persia of the Atrek valley, and our Minister at Teheran was informed of it; but he seemed to consider it to be

so natural that she should obtain everything she asked for, that no remonstrance was even made by him with reference to an arrangement by which the highroad to India was thrown open to our great and dangerous rival in the East.

The foreign policy of this country, in a military sense, is based upon the most dangerous of principles, which, if injurious to our future greatness and national reputation when acted upon in Europe, must lead to disastrous consequences when applied to our position in Asia. That policy was well described by the Spanish proverb quoted by Mr Grant Duff, "Let him attack who will; the strong man waits." No teaching was ever more utterly false than this principle in all that relates to war, and to military questions like the defence of England itself, and still more of her Indian possessions. It is a line of conduct that of late years has brought upon us the contempt of foreign nations. Pursued in Europe, it has lost to us allies and military reputation; but if similarly followed in Asia, it will most surely lose us our Indian Empire. Those who have studied the subject recognise that the question involved by our position in the East can only be dealt with satisfactorily upon military principles. Is it, then, possible that the English people will submit to its being disposed of in the off-hand manner adopted by the Ministry in the recent debate? Is the opinion of professional soldiers upon a great military question to be met and countered by the false teaching contained in a Spanish proverb?

This subject has of late been so fully discussed by the press of Europe, that public attention generally has been much directed to it. Notwithstanding our national dislike to discussions about nations possessing towns and localities with unpronounceable names, and whose

history is as unknown as it is perplexing to the casual student, still it may be safely affirmed, that at every dinner-table where educated Englishmen have recently met together conversation has more or less turned upon it. The interest thus excited will cause us to watch with earnest attention the diplomatic intercourse between our Ministers and the Shah during his stay in London. Much is expected from it, for it is believed to be now possible to retrieve the errors committed by past Administrations in our conduct to Persia. The circumstances required to afford us this happy opportunity have not been devised by our diplomatic skill, they have made themselves; let us hope that their fitness may not now be neglected. We can now secure as a firm ally the Power whose co-operation is capable of turning the scales between the protection of English interests in the East on the one hand, and of Russian aggressiveness on the other, according to the side it takes. We have endeavoured to show that all its true interests lie on our side; failure, therefore, can only arise from our want of diplomatic skill or from the short-sightedness of our policy. The diplomatic ability of our Indian and Foreign Offices will thus be upon its trial during this current month: the eyes of all those who, from a study of the subject, appreciate the importance of Persia as bearing upon it, will be upon our Ministers: may we trust them? Will they fully and duly appreciate the gravity of the interests at stake, and of the influence for weal or for woe in the East that may depend upon the manner in which they avail themselves of the approaching opportunity for permanently cementing a firm alliance between us and the country now ruled over by the Shah-in-Shah, "our coming guest"?

MRS OLIPHANT'S NOVELS.

WHAT is there in the Scottish dialect and mode of expression that, when it is written far more than when it is spoken, it should exercise such a fascination over the English ear? That to those who have been brought up to hear and use it, such speech should seem the perfection of idiom and euphony, is no more than we might expect. So also does the Welsh liquid inflection of voice and vivid loquacity seem to the born Welshman, and the strongest Irish brogue, no doubt, to an Irishman. But though the Welshman who is so rarely introduced to us in the novel or on the stage may raise a laugh, his is a mode of talk not very easily represented in writing; and it is curious that we have not even a tolerable attempt to represent it, so far at least as we can remember, since Shakspeare's *Fluellen*, until Mr Blackmore gave us, in the pages of this Magazine, his admirable old rascal, who spells the same ancient name with a difference, but more correctly—Davy Llewellyn. The Irish brogue and humour are far more popular, and have been employed by novelists to a much greater extent and with no little success. But for a combination of quaintness and pathos, nothing seems to touch the fancy of an intelligent English reader like the speech of the *cannie North*. Was it the new life which Walter Scott breathed into fiction, and the charm which he threw over the sayings and doings of the humblest of his countrymen whose portraits he transferred to his pages, that first created and afterwards fed this taste—somewhat remarkable as it is

in a cold and self-appreciating people like the English—or did it exist before his day? That it does exist very widely now, can hardly be denied. We may find here and there, no doubt, a well-educated Englishman who does not understand the Scotch idioms, and confesses not to be able to appreciate the quaint and shrewd humour of the national talk; but such prosaic temperaments are few amongst the more intelligent readers of fiction.

We have been led to these remarks—which we beg to observe are at least honest on our part, coming from the south of the Tweed—by the pleasure with which we found, upon opening Mrs Oliphant's new book, that she had gone back for her scenes and characters to her old "kingdom of Fife." It was on that ground that—never mind how many years ago—the young authoress's first victory was won. Those who do not remember that pretty story of '*Mistress Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*,' cannot do better than read it again. True, it is uneven in power, and shows here and there, as might be expected, the work of an inexperienced hand: but there is a freshness in the story, and a charm in *Mistress Margaret's* way of telling it, which makes it better worth reading than many novels of more level merit. Where shall we look, even in the writer's maturer productions, for a more genuine and kindly humour than is to be found, for instance, in the account of his school given by poor Reuben Reid—a probationer of the Kirk, but "in no manner gifted

in respect of preaching," who, for want of a "call," had drifted into the quiet berth of parish school-master?

"There's a wheen dour wee whigs in yon schule at Pasturelands, that heed the tawse nae mair than I would heed them mysel'. There is one bairn—Tam is the name of him—that'll tak' the pawmies without a word, and be ower the lugs in mischief again before I have weel laid them down. It's a sore thing, Miss Marget, to be trysted with the charge of bairns.'

"And so it is, Mr Reuben," said I. "I laugh whiles to mysel'," said Reuben, 'at the way the wee vexations take their pawmies, for ye can have a perception of the bairn's nature mair mostly in that way than in any other. There are some of a fearful nature, that will draw back the hand when the tawse comes down, in an unwise coward spirit, seeing they maun bear the pain some time, whether they will or no. And there are some that hold their arm bold out, to get it ower at once; and there are some, mair especial the women bairns (for ye are ever a pawkie set, Miss Marget), that will look me fair in the e'en, as if they thought their bit shining faces would stop my hand. There is one lassie wean—puir wee wifie, she has had a sore time of it with the measles—Femie Telfer, wha will glint at me with her blue e'en and her amile, till I can scarce think to bring down the tawse. It's aye a light pawmie Femie gets.'

Or Peter Young's reminiscences of Mr Novimundy's lectures at Cruive End:—

"There's been ane on the richt way to read poetry, and ane on the choice of books, and ane on the Latin Cæsars—a wheen auld rips thae last. To think of the Apostle Paul, honest man, answering for his life before that deil Nero, as I might do mysel' before the sheriff!"

And the opinion of Peter's wife upon the same:—

"The auld fuil body, he's proud at what he ca's improving his mind, and here Menie and me are left the leelang nicht our lane. I'm maisty driven to

gang and rug the auld man out, whiles—by the lug and the horn."

This first story was followed by 'The Rose of Merkland'—hardly so successful as its predecessor; but then, a year or two afterwards, came the "true story" of 'Katie Stewart,' which so charmed all the readers of *Maga*. We hope we maintain a wholesome suspicion of our own judgment when we have to speak of a literary foster-child of our own; but we believe the verdict of the reading public will fully bear us out if we say, that in delicate pathos and grace, that story reached a point which the writer at her best has never exceeded—which indeed it would be very difficult for any writer to do. It is not too much to say of it that it made the 'East Neuk of Fife' in some sort classic ground; that it did for that far corner, what in larger degree Scott's poetry has done for the scenery of the Highlands; that Kellie Law, and Balcarres, and little Pittenweem itself, became names of significance to many ears which scarcely knew their sound before. More than one English visitor, rambling over the fine old house which still bears the name of Kellie Castle, and stands a silent and somewhat melancholy witness of the departed glories of the land, has caught himself trying to identify, as though it were an historical fact, the high window facing the west where little Katie sat at the feet of "good Lady Anne" as she plied her perpetual embroidery; kind, gentle Anne Erskine, the buried romance of whose nature was never to know development—upon whom "the singing mantle and the garland had come down in an agony, and only the harp had been withheld." And possibly some half-despairing but true affection has been cheered under absence and trial by reading of Katie Stewart promising—and standing fast to her promise spite of all

temptation—to “keep her heart up,” though it shall be “for twenty year.”

Other novels followed in quick succession. ‘Henry Muir,’ ‘Magdalen Hepburn,’ ‘Adam Graeme of Mossgray’ (deservedly a favourite), ‘The Orphans,’ and ‘Days of My Life’—all date within the succeeding four years. And meanwhile these pages contained, from the same hand, the pretty little idyl called ‘The Quiet Heart,’ no unworthy companion to ‘Katie Stewart,’ though not so universally popular. ‘Zaidee’ and ‘The Athelings’ were also first given to the public under Maga’s auspices—both in the same year; and ‘Lilliesleaf,’ ‘The House on the Moor,’ and that delightful story for younger readers, ‘Agnes Hopetoun’s School Days,’ followed at brief intervals from other publishers. It might well have been supposed that so active a pen would have needed rest for a while, and that without longer respite from work, some trace of weariness would have betrayed itself in the continuous effort. But if, here and there, in the volumes comprised in this long list, some imperfections may be traced which are incident to rapid execution, no one can say that there was any symptom of exhausted brain or failing hand in the remarkable series known as the ‘Chronicles of Carlingford.’ ‘The Rector,’ ‘The Doctor’s Family,’ ‘Salem Chapel,’ ‘The Perpetual Curate,’ ‘Miss Marjoribanks,’—form together a family group of stories which may take their place unabashed by the side of the acknowledged classics of modern fiction. In this series ‘Salem Chapel’ confessedly holds the first place. The Church parsons had not been handled mincingly; not that there is any shadow of unfairness in the way they are dealt with, but the little weaknesses and hollowesses which are incidental to their position—the points in which they fail as

other men fail, while the failure is more evident, because the ideal is properly so high—are noted with keen observation, though without any breach of charity. There is no satire—though there is too much truth—in that pathetic little picture of the transplanted College Fellow, the new “Rector,” whom “perhaps all the years of his life had not taught so much as did that half-hour in an unknown poor bed-chamber, where, honest and humble, he stood aside, and kneeling down, responded to his young brother’s prayer;” and who, when he reaches home, “for the first time in his life, set himself to inquire what was his supposed business in this world.” His highly orthodox successor, indignant at the somewhat irregular ministrations of the same young brother—the “Perpetual Curate” of the little district of St Roque’s, which is still within the boundaries of his own ecclesiastical dominion; and that young Anglican himself, preaching conscientiously his “curious little sermon,” with its “choice little sentences about the Church,” before his evangelical aunts, knowing all the time that it is like to forfeit him the living of which they have the presentation, and which he wants so much because he is in love,—nothing can be a more life-like impersonation of the varieties of clerical character than these are, or more scrupulously fair. The authoress does not like the little Anglican sermon (at which she deals sundry blows in a more recent novel, and which, it must be confessed, is but a thin kind of spiritual nourishment); but she quite gives the High Church curate of St Roque’s his due.

But ‘Salem Chapel’ was to most readers a new revelation. The “fierce light” which in these days beats upon the parish clergyman, if he be anything better than a dummy or an automaton, had never yet been

let in upon the Nonconformist. The parson always gets bullied in the county paper, if he has any distinctive character at all; railed at by the Dissenters if he is too active, rebuked by the good ladies of his parish if he is too quiet. It is very well for him if he is not made the subject of a letter either in the 'Guardian' or the 'Record,'—the two great "religious" newspapers which are such curious exponents of the Church's law of Charity—according to the colour of his opinions. But the little difficulties between a Nonconformist minister, his deacons, and his congregation, though always supposed to be certainly not less than those which beset the Church and its officials, were not so much public property. Besides, agitation seems the normal state of such communities. Popular elections, settlements and displacements of ministers, and even the separation of malcontents from the main body, would appear to be of the very essence of such principles as are indicated by the words "Independent" and "Congregational." The reading public knew very little about these matters, important as they always were in the eyes of the "connection." How the authoress of 'Salem Chapel' came to know so much about them is one of those minor mysteries of literature into which, we suppose, we must not inquire. We ourselves profess no esoteric knowledge whatever upon the subject; but of the essential truth of the pictures of Nonconformity which we get in that clever story there can be no doubt, any more than of their quiet humour. The actual story in 'Salem Chapel' is less artistic than in many others from the same hand; but this is lost sight of altogether in the admirable painting of the detached scenes. Poor old Mr Tufton, made painfully conscious of increasing years and waning popu-

larity, and compelled to retire before a younger successor, is pathetic enough: but here it must be confessed that the Church has hitherto been in a still more painful difficulty—the continued occupation of her parishes by men grown incapable from age and infirmity. Young Vincent, with his high aspirations and disappointment—his elevated ideal and his disgust at the vulgar reality; who had hoped to enter on his duties at Carlingford as "an apostle of thought and religious opinion," and finds himself sinking suddenly into "coorses" of sermons and statistics of seat-letting—into "tea-parties of deacons' wives, and the complacent society of those good people who were conscious of doing so much for the chapel and the minister;" Beecher, the lively young preacher from "'Omerton" college, intent on making what he calls "an 'it" in his profession; the deacons of the connection—honest, coarse Mr Tozer, who backs up the minister with as much of English heartiness as is consistent with a very narrow mind, and Mr Pigeon who leads the opposition—the great tea-meeting, and the little back-parlour suppers; and then the women—oh, those women! Phœbe, and her mother, and Mrs Pigeon; well, vulgarity is no sin, and there is as much spite, and meanness, and jealousy exercised under the politest phrases, and veiled under the most charming manners, as ever found vent in the cheese-monger's back-parlour or the poulterer's drawing-room at Carlingford, and Mrs Oliphant has held it up to scorn vigorously in some of her other works. But the vulgar expression of these feelings admits of bolder drawing and stronger colours; and we do not remember anywhere in fiction to have seen this kind of life painted with such apparent truth to nature and so little exaggeration. Caricatures of vulgar life are very

often vulgar themselves: it is the great merit of these Carlingford sketches to be entirely free from this fault. The Salem Chapel connection are vulgar—intensely vulgar; but we feel that they are acting, according to their lights and ways of thinking, as they might be expected to act; that they have living human souls in them, and are not mere puppets for whom the author refinds vulgar sentiments and vulgar modes of expression. Poor Phœbe's gushing sensibilities are not so really offensive as the arts and affectations of young women in higher society; and the chief difference between the Salem deacons and the more refined critics and opponents with whom the orthodox parochial clergyman often has to deal, is that the former speak out.

But the real weakness of the Nonconformist system—the bondage under which some of their best men confessedly groan—is more forcibly illustrated by some of the scenes between the minister and the deacons of Salem than in any graver and more controversial work. The impetuous young Vincent, who is by no means the plastic material out of which popular Nonconformist ministers are made, protests hotly against what he calls "inquisition" on the part of his constituents. He asks whether he is supposed to be the "servant of the congregation"? And Mr Tozer, the deacon, answers him:—

"If a minister ain't a servant, we pays him his salary at the least, and expects him to please us," said Tozer, sulkily. "If it weren't for that, I don't give a sixpence for the Dissenting connection. Them as likes to please themselves would be far better in a State Church, where it wouldn't disappoint nobody. Them's my views."

It will be remembered how the young preacher, after delivering that fiery sermon out of the depths of

his troubled spirit, escapes hastily through the vestry door to avoid the congratulations of his puzzled deacons upon such "rousing" oratory. He protests, in a subsequent interview with Tozer, against being expected to call and give explanations of this unusual conduct to the leading members of his flock; if he had known "that sort of thing" was required of him, he would never have come to the place at all.

"Mr Vincent, sir," said Tozer, solemnly pushing away his empty teacup, and leaning forward over the table on his folded arms, "them an't the sentiments for a pastor in our connection. That's a style of thing as may do among fine folks, or in the Church, where there's no freedom; but them as chooses their own pastor, and pays their own pastor, and don't spare no pains to make him comfortable, has a right to expect different. Them an't the sentiments, sir, for Salem folks. I don't say if they're wrong or right—I don't make myself a judge of no man; but I've seen a deal of our connection, and of human nature in general, and this I know,—that a minister as has to please his flock, has got to please his flock whatever happens, and neither me nor no other man can make it different."

And what a lesson is read—if it were of any use to read lessons upon matters of controversy—to the advocates of that "voluntary system" which sounds so apostolic and so plausible, and is so dangerous as we moderns interpret it, in the indignant farewell which the young minister hurls at his flock at the meeting which he has himself called (after they have sat in judgment upon him and acquitted him by acclamation), and which poor Tozer, with the kindest intentions, and proud of his own success as a partisan, has liberally turned into a tea-feast at his own expense!

"I am one of those who boasted in my day that I received my title to ordination from no bishop, from no tem-

poral provision, from no traditionary Church, but from the hands of the people. Perhaps I am less sure than I was at first, when you were all disposed to praise me, that the voice of the people is the voice of God; but however that may be, what I received from you I can but render up to you. I resign into your hands your pulpit, which you have erected with your money, and hold as your property. I cannot hold it as your vassal. If there is any truth in the old phrase which calls a church a cure of souls, it is certain that no cure of souls can be delegated to a preacher by the souls themselves who are to be his care. I find my old theories inadequate to the position in which I find myself, and all I can do is to give up the post where I find myself in the lurch. I am either your servant, responsible to you, or God's servant, responsible to Him—which is it? I cannot tell; but no man can serve two masters, as you know."

Well—the bitterest Nonconformist is a man; and even Pigeon, the defeated leader of the malcontents, recognises in his way the grand independence of the utterance, and shouts out that "the pastor had spoken up handsome." And the whole connection is honestly grieved as well as astonished that the addition of fifty pounds and the "piece of plate," which are at once voted by the repentant flock, fail to shake the young minister's resolution.

We might owe some apology to the reader for thus reintroducing some of the contents of our own pages, but the whole story of 'Salem Chapel' seems to us to stand almost alone in its graphic delineation of this particular sphere of English middle-class life, which, in spite of its wide extent and growing importance, is very little understood by those who stand outside it.

Passing over 'Brownlows' and 'John,' already familiar to all readers of *Maga*, as well as the pretty tale of 'Madonna Mary,' and one

or two other novels which followed it, we come to one of the freshest and most original of the authoress's works, which first made its appearance in 'Macmillan's Magazine'—'A Son of the Soil.' Again the scene is laid in the county of Fife, on the banks of the "Holy Loch;" and though in the course of the narrative we are carried as far as Rome, we confess that it is so long as the foot of the writer is "on its native heath," that the charm is most powerful. The book contains one of the most original and carefully-drawn characters in the long list of Mrs Oliphant's *dramatis personæ*. If such a man as Lauderdale is possible anywhere, he is possible, we suppose, only under the peculiar circumstances of Scottish national and university life. He is introduced to us suddenly, with the vaguest hint as to his youthful history, as a man whose early studies at Glasgow have been interrupted by family sorrow and disappointment, and who has come up to college again late in life to renew them, without any definite view of turning them to advantage in the future, maintaining himself meanwhile by some handicraft trade of which he is not really ashamed, but as to which he maintains a whimsical reticence. He is a Pyrrhonist, and in some sort a cynic; but he is this, as it were, by profession, while at heart he is the most unselfish and gentle-natured of human beings. His conversations throughout the book with Colin Campbell,—the young farmer's son of Ramore, whom the elder student takes under his wing when first launched into university life, and whom he watches over with all the tenderness of a woman—are almost a system of philosophy in themselves; full of startling paradox and quaint humour, yet of an earnest suggestiveness which makes the reader

pause and think. He staggers his young friend, who is studying for the Kirk, by such remarks as the following, half earnest, half ironical, thrown out as it were casually, partly the result of a process of discussion always going on in his own mind, partly with a view to educate his young companion—the “callant,” as he affectionately calls him—in liberal ideas, and free him as much as possible from the fetters of youthful prejudice:—

“It’s often a wonder to me what the Almighty took the trouble to make man for at a’. He’s a poor creature at the best, and gives an awfu’ deal of trouble for very little good. Considering all things, I’m of opinion that we’re very little better than an experiment, and very likely we’ve been greatly improved upon in mair recent creations.”

He doubts everything—even that he has any right to doubt: and when Colin, who is not of the most pacific temperament, claims as good a right to an opinion as himself, he replies,—

“That’s no the subject under discussion; I never said any man had a right to opinions—I incline to the other side of the question mysel’.”

This metaphysical scepticism, however, is “crossed at every turn by an equally lively belief in the truth of his fellow-creatures, which was a sad drawback to his philosophy.”

His conversations with the young enthusiast Meredith, who is dying of consumption at Frascati, and is possessed by the one idea of “converting” every one with whom he comes in contact, are told with remarkable power. Questions which must occur in some shape to every thoughtful spirit are put into bold and striking language. Lauderdale, it must be remembered, is “no unbeliever, but whose heart longed to know and see what others were con-

tent in vague generalities to tell of, and say they believed.”

“No to speak of hopes a man has as a Christian—though I maybe canna see them as clear as that callant thinks he does—it would be an awfu’ satisfaction to ken what was the meaning of it a’, which is my grand difficulty in this life.”

“It’s awfu’ difficult to ken. For my part, it’s a great wonder to me that there has never been any revelation worthy of credit out of that darkness. That poor fellow Dives, in the parable, is the only man I mind of that takes a Christian view of the subject. He would have sent one to tell. The miracle is, that nae man was ever permitted to come.” . . .

“Why can they no speak nor we hear? You’ll no tell me that heaven and the presence of God can take the love out of a living soul. If love’s no everlasting, I’ve no desire to be everlasting myself, and if I’m to be no more hereafter to them that belong to me, than to legions of strange angels, or a whole nation of fremd folk!”

Meredith “cannot bear to think that perhaps they may not meet” in heaven.

“‘Maybe no,’ said the philosopher; ‘there’s the awful question. A man might go ranging about the shining streets for ever, and never find them that belonged to him; or, if there’s no geographical limits, there may be others harder to pass. It’s awfu’ little comfort I can get for my own mind out of shining streets.’”

“‘It’s maybe a wheen like the question of the Sadducees—I’m no saying; and it’s awfu’, the dead blank of wisdom and knowledge that’s put forth for a response—no any information to you; nothing but a quenching of your flippant questions and impudent pretensions. No “marrying or giving in marriage” there,—and the curious fools baffled, but nae light thrown upon the darkness. I’ll have to wait like other folk for my answer.’”

“‘Whiles my mind inclines to the thought that it must be a peaceable sleep that wraps them a’ till the great day, which would account for the awfu’ silence; but there’s some

things that go against that. This is what makes me most indignant at these idiots with their spirit-rapping and gibberish. Does any mortal with a heart within his bosom dare to think that, if love does not open their sealed lips, any power in the world can?' cried the philosopher, whose emotion again got beyond his control. 'It's an awfu' marvel, beyond my reach,' he said, 'when a word of communication would make a' the difference, why it's no permitted—if it were but to keep a heart from breaking here and there.'

A sweet picture of matronly womanhood, in the same story, is Colin Campbell's mother, the mistress of Ramore, in whose peaceful and well-ordered household—one of those phases of Scottish rural life which the writer understands so well—the tall, strong sons are growing up nature's gentlemen. Her simple faith stands far apart from Lauderdale's free inquiry; though to her, too, some of the ways of Providence—such as rain in the late northern harvest—are mysterious.

"'It's awfu' to think o' the rain, how it's taking the bread out of us poor folk's mouths; but to be sure it's the Lord's will—if it be na,' said the homely speculator, 'that the weather's ane of the things that has been permitted, for wise reasons, to fall into ither hands: and I'm sure, judging by the way it comes just when it's no wanted, ane might think so, mony a time, in this country-side.'"

If Mrs Oliphant has a gentle contempt for the "little Anglican sermon," she is no great admirer of the extempore prayer of the Kirk, as to which Farmer Campbell himself has something to say.

"'I've aye been awfu' against set prayers read out of a book; but I cannot but allow the English chapel has a kind of advantage in that, for nae fool can spoil your devotion there, as I've heard it done many and many's the time. I ken our minister's prayers very near as well as if they were written down,' said the farmer of Ramore,

'and the maist part o' them is great nonsense. Only little scraps of real supplication there may be in them, you could get through in five minutes; the rest is a' remarks, that I never can discriminate if they're meant for me or for the Almighty.'"

We must not stop here to do more than name, amongst the two or three stories which Mrs Oliphant has since given us, that which bears the somewhat fanciful title of 'At His Gates,' as one of the most popular of her tales of modern English life. It is time to pass to the volumes which lie before us—her latest work—and which were intended to form the more immediate subject of this notice.

Most readers will rejoice with ourselves to meet the authoress here once more upon Scottish ground, and in that "East Neuk" of Fife which she knows so well, and with which in 'Katie Stewart' she first made us familiar. Admirable as are many of her sketches of English life, she seems never so thoroughly at home as when she peoples her ideal stage with her own countrymen and women. "May"—the pet abbreviation by which Marjory Hay-Heriot of Pitcomlie is known in her own household, and under which she gives a title to these volumes—is one of the freshest and most charming of Mrs Oliphant's creations. Born in the old house of Pitcomlie, where the Hay-Heriot have dwelt "for more centuries than can easily be reckoned,"—a family mansion of some local pretension, stately but dull, with its grand though somewhat desolate outlook upon the broad estuary of the Forth and the North Sea,—she has grown up to woman's estate in a sweet natural dignity, with very few of the weaknesses and conventionalities of her sex. She has early lost her mother, which has given to her character an amount of firmness and independence which

yet leaves her thoroughly feminine. If her father and her bachelor uncle—"Mr Chairles," as he is called—are not fully conscious of the treasure which they possess in their bright young housekeeper, she has an undisputed kingdom of her own in the little fishing town of Comlie—which the reader may or may not, as he pleases, identify with Crail or any other quiet burgh in the East Neuk.

"She went along the street of Comlie with the free yet measured step of a princess, aware that every eye in the place (there were not many visible) was turned to her; but so used to that homage that it gave her only a fine moral support, and made her neither vain nor proud."

Of course much of this homage is due to her position as Miss Hay-Heriot of Pitcomlie; but she has subjects also whose allegiance is more of a personal character. It is not only Jenny Paterson who admires the tall and graceful young lady gathering up the skirts of her riding-habit to go "up the stair" on a kindly visit to Jenny's mother; but even her brother the watch-maker, who holds "advanced political opinions," and considers poor Jenny's devotion servile, "blushed to feel that he himself shared it whenever he was brought under its influence."

"'But it's no the leddy, it's the woman I think of,' Radical Jock explained to himself—an explanation as false as most of such explanations are."

The authoress is privileged, of course, in a way which no reader can possibly be, to know the real sentiments of her characters; but we cannot help thinking that Jock, Radical as he is, suffers from a somewhat uncharitable interpretation. The woman and the "laddy" are very difficult to separate in such cases by any logical or metaphysical

division, even in the mind of a Scotchman and a Radical.

We have no intention of epitomising the story for the benefit of idle readers. If they want to know how fast and thick the sorrows fall on the old house of Pitcomlie, which, as May sadly calls to mind, has been free from sorrow for so long, and how heavily they press upon poor May herself, who has to bear the burden of others as well as her own,—they must go to the volumes themselves. But the scene at the death-bed of Tom Heriot will bear extraction; and it would be difficult to point to any passage in fiction which surpasses it in quiet, natural pathos.

"'Tom, we used to say our prayers in the nursery together when you were ill, don't you remember? 'Pray God take away Tom's fever,' I used to say. And this is so like old times. Tom, I don't think I said my prayers this morning.'"

"He put up his hand to stop her, and then his countenance changed and melted, and some moisture came into his bright eyes. He gave a strange little laugh.

"'I was a better boy in those days than I am now.'"

"'You never made yourself out to be good,' said Marjory, with tears; 'but you were always good to me. Oh, God bless you, dear Tom! if we were only to say, "Our Father"—after being up all night—don't you think it would do us good?'"

"'Say what you like, May.'"

"The words were commonplace, but not the tone; and Marjory, with his hand clasped tighter within hers, was kneeling down by the bed, when the door opened, and their father came in. Mr Heriot had grown ten years older in that half-hour. He came in with a miserable smile, put on at the door as a woman might have put on a veil.

"'Well, Tom, my man, and how are we getting on now?' he said, with an attempt at hearty jocularly, most pitifully unlike his natural tone.

"Tom looked from his father's ghostly pretence at ease to his sister's face,

as she knelt by the bed, with his hand pressed between hers, now and then softly kissing it, and smiling at him with an effort which became more and more painful. A change came over his own countenance. With a sudden scared look, he thrust his other hand into his father's, and grasped him tight like a frightened child.

"Don't let me go!" he cried, with one momentary unspeakable pang.

"Then swiftly as the mind moves at moments in which a whole lifetime seems concentrated, he recovered his mental balance. How few fail at that grand crisis! He recovered himself with one of those strange rallyings of mental courage which make all sorts of men die bravely with fortitude and calm. The whole revolution of feeling—enlightenment, despair, self-command—passed so quickly, that only spectators equally absorbed and concentrated could have followed them.

"Well!" he said, finally, "if it is to be so, we must bear it, father. We must bear it as well as we can."

May opens poor Tom Heriot's desk, after his death, to spare her father the pain.

"There is nothing in the world so sad as thus to open some human creature's most cherished repositories, when the poor soul is gone, and can guard his foolishness no more. How trivial half the things are! a fourth part of them, at least, thrown there in that light-hearted inadvertence which death makes to appear like a solemn intention, puzzling the survivors with its want of meaning. Why did he keep this or that? an unimportant invitation, a letter about nothing at all, an empty envelope, a memorandum about a race, a receipt for physic for a horse. What a curious mixture of awe and astonishment was in her as she gathered them together! They were good for nothing but the waste-basket; and yet the fact that Tom had treasured them gave the worthless scraps an interest. She cleared away a mass of these remains of his life. There is a little hill near Rome which is made, they say, of fragments of crockery, and such other valueless relics of an ended existence; but, ah me! when one remembers what sacred spot lies there

under the cypress, in the shadow of Testaccio, how solemn and sacred does that mound of classic rubbish become to us! Something of the same effect was wrought upon Marjory by the sight of poor Tom's rubbish, now that death had made it mysterious."

Poor Tom Heriot, however, has left something else behind him besides these frivolous scraps which have suddenly become pathetic, and the unpaid bills which lie in the same desk, more painful and prosaic reminiscences. There had been a secret which half escaped his lips when dying, which he had put off disclosing to his sister until his memory failed him. A letter in a woman's hand, signed "Isabell," which May finds towards the end of her painful search, reminds her of Tom's last words, and his evident intention to have made her his confidant in some important disclosure. The feelings with which May reads and re-reads this letter—in which this unknown Isabell promises to make "a good wife," while it is evidently more than doubtful whether she had ever any right to such a name—are very finely imagined, and their influence upon her subsequent conduct forms the main interest of the story. The conflict in the spirit of the pure-minded girl, shrinking from the very idea of vice, and even more of treachery towards a woman, on her dead brother's part, and yet indignant, with all the honest pride of an ancient and unblemished house, at the thought of planting a coarse and uneducated peasant girl as the mistress of Pitcomlie, is perfectly natural, and very naturally told. Either Tom Heriot has been basely treacherous to this Isabell, or miserably faithless to the honour of Pitcomlie. It is a wretched alternative, and poor May does not know which solution of the odious mystery to choose or to wish for. The

authoress apologises for this moral hesitation on such a question on the part of her heroine, and prophesies that "the ingenuous reader will be disgusted with Marjory, as Marjory was with herself." But there is no reason why readers should demand from the characters of fiction a more rigid and absolute virtue than we commonly find walking this earth in bodily human shape; and some alloy of mortal imperfection even in the sweetest character seems necessary to bring it thoroughly within the sphere of our sympathies. We require, in the woman of fiction as well as of fact,

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Such most distinctly is May Heriot: bright enough, and good enough, to justify all the patient devotion of her English lover; too good, as many will think, for the somewhat commonplace fate to which the authoress at last consigns her. And when at last the true nobility of her nature wins its complete triumph over feminine scruples and social prejudices (which, after all, we must remember, are in their degree safeguards to every woman), we appreciate the victory all the more because we have been allowed to watch the intensity of the struggle.

The boldest and most original venture in the book is the character of the hero—if hero he must be called who has about him the fewest possible of heroic attributes. A man who honestly says of himself, and with pretty nearly as much truth as honesty, that he is "not much of a fellow," and "has never thought much of anything," is seldom the character which finds favour in the eyes of a warm-hearted and spirited young woman such as Marjory Hay-Heriot. Such, however, is Mr Fanshawe, poor Tom Heriot's friend—if the relations

between two idle young men, whom sporting associations bring together, can be called by such a name as friendship—and who becomes, by force of circumstances, the friend in a more real sense of the whole Heriot family. A gentleman "of the best blood and connections"—most distinctly a gentleman, and little more.

"Almost all that could be said in his favour was negative. There was no harm in him. He had never been involved in any discreditable transaction; he had wronged nobody; he had not even bored his friends. A certain fine instinct, indeed, in this respect possessed the man; he had no high moral qualities, no principles to speak of, no plan of life or rule of action; but he was never a boor. It was the one great quality of his character; like the sun in Hood's poem, he 'never came an hour too soon,' and he never stayed a moment too late. He was always agreeable, sympathetic, ready to interest himself in what interested those about him."

It is the character, no doubt, with more or less variation, which many good women, much too good for them, are content to marry in real life, and so far the story is quite true to nature. If Mrs Oliphant desired to illustrate the immense influence which, in the formation of such connections, is exercised both over men and women by what Mr Clough calls "juxtaposition," it could not have been better or more simply done.

"Allah is great, no doubt, and juxtaposition his prophet."

So sings the poet who had so little appreciation in his life, and in whose wayward and imperfect utterances, scarcely intelligible even to himself, the critical world seems now, after his death, to be strangely unanimous in recognising the voice of genius lost too early for itself and for others. "Juxtaposition,"—what

seems an accidental combination of circumstances, whereby the lines of two young people on their entrance into life become curiously and insensibly interwoven: this, and not the realisation of any preconceived ideal, is the history of many earthly marriages, and by no means the least happy ones.

"Not the thing we would wish, but the thing we must even put up with."

Never were words of a poet discoursing of love less conventionally poetical, and seldom more true, than these of the "*Amours de Voyage*."

There is a well-known saying, that "a man is what a woman makes him;" rather a favourite with female moral philosophers, and containing about as much truth in it as most of these popular aphorisms, and no more. Some women seem to have married upon this principle—a very convenient one, where the judgment does not entirely corroborate the inclination—and in very many cases find out their mistake. But it is undoubtedly true enough in the case of such men as Fanshawe, full of amiable qualities, but wanting in force and decision of character, if they have the good fortune, by grace of the mighty goddess of juxtaposition, to win the love of a woman in whom these latter qualities are combined with modesty and good sense. It is not only the Lady Macbeths who give an object and an ambition to the husbands' life. Here is what the influence of his growing love for May Heriot begins to make of the good-for-nothing Fanshawe.

"Ambition—a thing he had never known in his life—had sprung up within him; acquisitiveness—a desire to have, to possess, and to enjoy; an impatience of the present aspect and conditions of life; a sense of disgust with himself and his circumstances. These were not moral qualities, let us allow, nor amiable, nor in any way an im-

provement upon the gentle and light-hearted contentedness of the past. This was the new development to which Fanshawe had come. His past easy life was odious to him; he wanted to become on the spot something totally different—something which seemed to him better, though morally it might not perhaps be so. Certainly at the first offset it was not a moral improvement. To substitute dissatisfaction for content, uneasiness for calm, care and mental restlessness for the happy *insouciance* of a man undisturbed by any thought of his career, was neither an advantage to himself, nor to anybody near him. He who had been the most good-natured, easy-going, well-conditioned fellow known to his friends, became all at once moody, uncertain, unmanageable. He had resolved to 'make a change,' and he was preoccupied, to the exclusion of everything else, with thoughts of what that change must be."

But perhaps a passage from one of the letters which by May's permission he writes to her during his absence, best describes the character of the man, honestly drawn by himself, and how far he may be capable of being "made" into anything in the hands of such a woman.

"I have had one kind of dubious good quality in my past life, and that has been content; now, I have lost that even. What a poor sort of affair is the life we live without thinking of it, we wretched fellows who are, I suppose, the scum, and float on the surface of the stream, going wherever it carries us, in a helpless, hopeless sort of way, that must appal and disgust any one who has ever known better! Having had a glimpse of the better, I am disgusted too, and begin to make a fuss among the other atoms, and long to cling to something, to oppose the power of the tide, and get some kind of independent action into me. I wonder if you will know what I mean! How often I find myself wondering this—asking myself if it would be comprehensible to you; or if you would simply scorn the poorer sort of being whose existence has been so long without plan, or purpose, or pilot? This would be very

natural; but I like to think that you would rather try to understand, knowing what a great thing it would be for me if you would take so much trouble. I am no theologian, and dare not pretend to speak on such subjects; but yet, if the angels would take the trouble to enter a little into our mortal concerns, how much good it would do us! Do not you think so too?"

We have been led to dwell a little upon the love-story of these volumes, partly because it is so different from such stories generally (we mean in the pages of the novelist), and partly because it will assuredly be denounced as unsatisfactory by a good many readers. But such stories in real life run in various forms, the majority of which are by no means so romantic or so complete as fiction makes a point of representing them. Some apology might be due for so far anticipating the interest of those readers who value a novel chiefly for its plot, in thus betraying the secret which both Fanshawe and May succeed for a long time in concealing both from each other and from themselves; but it is a secret which the shrewd reader, who knows the usual result in real life of such close association, not of habit only but of serious interests, as that into which these two are brought, discovers for himself much earlier in the story than they were likely to do. When once we find, very early in the second volume, poor May confessing to Fanshawe that she "has got used to cry to him and show him all her weakness," in her sore lack of any help or counsel in her own family, we feel sure that, in spite of all his self-depreciation, such confidences can only have one result. Yes, "juxtaposition is great;" and especially when there are no disturbing causes. And, if May Heriot is not to give her hand, and her heart with it, to such a patient and un-

selfish lover in the end, what is to become of her? No one would have forgiven the authoress for such an unpardonable waste of all that is lovable as to leave her an old maid, in spite of Aunt Jean's half-serious prediction, and though she is, as that lady reminds her, nearly twenty-five. And "Johnnie" Hepburn—her only other apparent possibility,—for the old house at Pitcomlie has few visitors, though we are given to understand that May has had previous admirers,—has fallen into other snares, an unpitied victim, long before the fate of bonnie May is even verging towards its decision. This young gentleman, who is "tolerably well off, and more than tolerably good-looking," with his small accomplishments in the way of music and drawing, and a great deal of idle time upon his hands, has been treated by the young lady of Pitcomlie "with mingled kindness and condescension, as a clever schoolboy is sometimes treated by a young lady."

"For his part, Hepburn admired Marjory as he had never admired any one else in his life. He was three or four years her junior, and he thought he was in love with, nay, adored her. The sight of her, he said, was as sunshine in the dreary silent place; and he had said this so often that it had come to Marjory's ears. It was not very original, and she had thought it impertinent, and had treated him with more lofty condescension than ever."

For a long time, in spite of as much cool discouragement as is compatible with her desire to be civil to an inoffensive neighbour, this poor young man perseveres in his imaginary worship of May Heriot. He is, indeed, of that plastic material of which a woman might make anything, except a man of sense or a hero, which not even May herself could have made of him. And he, too, as soon as her immediate attraction is removed from him, succumbs

to the irresistible force of juxtaposition ; caught, as wiser men have been, by the eyes and smiles of a pretty fool. He is not such a fool himself but that he sees the difference between this last and the lady of his first devotion ; but

"He had begun to say to himself that an ideal standard was folly ; that a real human creature was above ideals ; that to be genuine was best, whatever the character of that reality might be. This was the first stage : afterwards he went further, and said to himself that women were different from men ; that justice was not to be expected from them, or an appreciation of anything above the ordinary level of facts ; that they were not capable of understanding abstractions ; that they were invincible to reason ; and that, after all, it was because she was so undauntedly foolish, so delightfully under the sway of her feelings, and had so different a way of judging—a method quite her own, and independent of law and rule—that men worshipped a woman. Yes, she was not as they are ; she was a fool and yet a goddess ; to be petted, put up with, laughed at, admired, thought more of and less of than was possible to any other created being. This was Hepburn's way, as it has been many another man's, of making up to himself for having given over his whole being to the sway of a foolish woman."

The men are, in truth, throughout these volumes, vessels of far weaker clay than the women, even where their good qualities are concerned ; and we seem to remember that it is so in some other productions of the authoress. But, even if we were so bold or so little chivalrous as to challenge the truth of the representation, or to defend ourselves, in the spirit of the old fable, by hinting that some explanation might be found in the sex of the artist, we should feel too grateful for a pair of such charming pictures as Marjory Heriot and her old "Aunt Jean" to find any fault with their exaltation above the men-folk of the

story. For Aunt Jean is quite as charming, in her way, as her niece is in hers. Highly as she contributes to the comedy of the story, it has, like all the best comedy, its pathetic side. The keen-witted, sharp-spoken, kind-hearted old maid calls forth our sympathies quite as often as our smiles. The half-hints which she lets fall now and then (for, even in moments of unusual emotion, she is too stout-hearted to do more) of disappointment in early life, are more affecting in such a strong and self-sustained nature than any more distinct confessions and regrets would be. We are quite content to sit awhile with her in the gloaming, in the window looking out upon the ruined Cathedral at St Andrews, thinking of the days when she was young Miss Heriot of Pitcomlie.

"The sweep of the great west window caught her eye, and she was young Jean again, looking up at it to hide her confused sweet girlish face from some one who would gaze too closely. Which was the real one between these two ? Which the most true—the past that lives for ever, or the present that is but for a moment ? The old woman sat absorbed in this bewilderment of mingled memory and observation, and did not think the dim hours long as they stole past her.

"She sat at the window, her old head framed in by the delicate crown of the broken arch, perfect on one side, an exquisite flowery shaft of ancient stone, with canopy-work fit for a queen of heaven—on the other, nothing but gloomy sky and sea. The darkness closed over her, but she noted it not. The scene before her eyes had brought all her life back to her."

Aunt Jean has accepted her lot stoutly, and does not waste her time or sour her temper by dwelling on what might have been. On the contrary, she enjoys life keenly, and is full of human interest, occasionally of a cynical, but never of an ill-natured kind. Any sense which

she may have that her own life has been incomplete—any consciousness that an unwedded existence involves a loss—is only betrayed by a hint now and then to Marjory that old Aunt Jean is, in that particular respect, to be regarded rather as a warning than an example. Marjory is to inherit her little property, being, as she says, her “natural heir”—her only fear is that she is “too natural.”

“You’ve smiled the lads away from you with scornings and civil speeches, as I did myself. You’ll be Miss Heriot, like me. It’s suited me well enough, yet I’m wae to see another begin. For life’s long, and sometimes it’s weary and dreary. There’s more trouble the other way; but even trouble is a divert, and keeps you from that weary think-thinking, and all about yourself.”

She expresses herself to the same purpose to her nephew, Mr Charles, when discussing with him the future of Marjory. But her style is more caustic, because she considers that amiable *dilettante* and antiquarian “a doited auld bōdy,” though her junior by a whole generation, and holds him to be a very weak specimen of a sex which she plainly considers to be the weaker one as a whole.

“The Heriots have never minded their daughters; they have left the poor things to themselves. There’s me, for example; not that I’m regretting my lot. A man would have been a terrible trouble to me—I could not have been fashed with a creature aye on my hands. But Marjory’s young enough to accustom herself to her fate, whatever that may be.”

“Mr Chairles” is also an excellent sketch of a kind-hearted desultory old bachelor, whom the sorrows of his family, especially the complications caused by the women-folk, puzzle even as much as they distress. He is more of an old

maid, as Aunt Jean tells him, than she herself is. The scene in which he at last makes up his mind to leave his beloved rooms in the old tower at Pitcomlie, where he has gathered round him his little household gods, in the shape of drawings and prints and coins, and other such art-antiquities, because he cannot stand the changes which are being made in the old ways of the house under the new female domination, is very characteristic. He is trying to impress confidentially upon the old family butler the duty of bringing philosophy to bear upon these trying circumstances.

“‘Fleming,’ he said, ‘we’ve had a great and blessed dispensation in our ladies in this house. They’ve been free of the follies of their kind in a way that’s quite extraordinary to think of. But we must not expect that we’re always to be so fortunate, or that Providence has just singled us out, you know, for special favour. We must try and put up with what’s sent, and do our duty to the best of our ability.’”

“‘Deed, Mr Chairles,’ said Fleming, ‘I have nae doubt it’s real important to you to be able to take that comfort to yoursel’, being one of the family, and in a manner bound to do your best; but as for me, I’m but a servant. I’ve served my forty year, which is long enough to gie me the best of characters in ony place; and I’ve saved a pickle siller, and invested it—by your advice, sir, and that of ithers—in a very advantageous manner; and if I’m ever to mairry a wife, and has a fireside of my ain, I have nae time to lose. I’m no saying but what you’ll make a great hand o’t, and carry the leddies through and break them in; but for me, at my age, to stand yon bit creature’s temper and her ignorance, and hand my tongue and clip my words to please her—by George! it’s what I’ll no do. And when I’m driven to sweer, Mr Chairles!—’

“‘And, by George! I’ll not do it either,’ said Mr Charles, smiting his lean thigh. He was so roused up and stimulated by this valiant resolution that he took another glass of sherry on

the spot, a thing he had not been known to do for years. 'I wish ye joy of the wife, &c.,' he said. 'I'll not follow your example in that; but why I should make myself miserable and ridiculous for an idiot of a strange woman at my time of life—by George! I'll not do it any more than you.'

Another admirable pair of sketches, many originals of which are to be found no doubt among the shrewd Scotch peasantry, are John Macgregor the gamekeeper and his wife. Here the woman, though still the stronger vessel, is the least noble of the two. The way in which her more selfish nature and gift of ready speech dominates over the shy and awkward giant in whose name she acts and speaks is amusingly true to what may be often observed in the real life of her class; and the rush with which John's slow speech, after severe internal struggles, breaks forth at last, to the confusion of all his wife's cunning diplomacy, forms a telling conclusion to a very clever scene.

"He twisted his limbs so that he seemed all shoulder, he screwed up his features till he seemed all mouth. 'I'll no do it!' he burst forth at length. 'I'll no do it! I'll no wrong a poor lass, nor be man-sworn.'

"What does the haveril mean?" cried Jean. "John!" (shaking him violently) "you're falling into one of your ill turns. Lord save the man! if ye dare to lay a finger on me!"

"I'll no do it!" cried John, stretching forth his arm with a clenched fist at the end of it which might well have made the weaker creatures beside him tremble. Even Mr Charles felt a nervous tremor go over him. *Finesse* and intellect grew pale in presence of brute force thus displayed.

"I'm no a man of many words like her, but naething would have made me man-sworn!" said John, in the pleasure of being personally appealed to. "And I'll no deny my name. John Macgregor's my name, ance gillie to the laird in Strathmore, then odd man

about the moors doing whatever turned up, then——

"It's a speat when it comes," said Jean, composedly, folding her arms upon her bosom, and regarding Mr Charles with a vindictive pleasure; 'you've brought it on yoursel.'

We have not space to do more than indicate one other powerful delineation of Scottish peasant character in Agnes, especially as it is interwoven more or less throughout the whole of the story. This is more than a sketch, it is a careful study, and strongly impresses one with its truth, though the impression is not altogether a pleasant one. There is a reminiscence of Jeanie Deans in her deep sisterly love and fearless determination towards one great purpose, but Agnes has a pride and hardness which give quite another colour to the character. Some brief key to it may be found in some words of her final interview with May Heriot.

"I know you're kind," she said, 'it's your nature; but I'm of the nature that I canna bide kindness. I'll take it from my equals, but no from you—and nothing else can be between us,—though I respect ye—I respect ye,' she added hurriedly.

"Love," said Marjory, gently, 'is what no one would scorn—not the queen.'

"No,—no the queen. She's a good leddy," said Agnes; 'but ye can take many a thing from them below you that ye canna take from them above you. Love's no love unless you're a kind of equals.'

There are many passages scattered through these volumes which popular writers of former days, if they were capable of them, would have thought wasted in the pages of a novel. But it is the great charm and praise of the best novels of our own day, and ought to do much to remove the prejudice against novels as being necessarily the mere dissi-

pation of reading, that instead of merely hurrying the reader on to get to the end by the temptation to unravel some artificial mystery, they allow us to pause and think and admire while we read. Such passages as the following deserve more than to be cursorily read as illustrations of the story. They may not convey to us any new truths—how much is there that is new in human nature? They are but reflections of thoughts which have passed through most minds, put delicately into words; but such process of embodiment is of the very essence of literary genius.

"Then came the long night journey, silent, yet loud, with the perpetual plunging and jarring of the railway, that strange, harsh, prosaic jar, which yet, to those who listen to it all through an anxious night as May did, is an awful sound. Ordinary wheels and hoofs make a very different impression on the mind; but there is something in the monotonous clang of a railway which sounds unearthly to an excited mind, thus whirled through the darkness. How fast the colourless hedgerows, the dark spectres of trees, the black stretches of country fly past, with now and then a fitting phantasmagoria of lights from some town or village, and yet how slow, how lingering, how dreary are the minutes which tick themselves out one by one with a desperate persistence and steadiness!"

Who has not felt, as May does, the "falsehood" of mourning, though few would venture to express such unconventional feelings?

"What a farce, she thought to herself (being bitter and sore), that mourning was! It had just as many troublesome accessories as the gayest dress, nay, almost more, for the most heart-broken of women in the deepest of affliction has got to take care of her crape, that dear and odious addition to all mourning garments. From this it is not to be supposed that Marjory was impatient of her crape. She would not have cheated poor Tom out of a single fold; she would have enveloped

herself in it from head to foot rather than fail in any prejudice of respect. But her heart was sore and her mind excited. Nothing seemed to her to be true. . . . The party would meet, she said to herself, all longing to escape from this gloom, and talk and think like others, but dared not for Falsehood's sake; and she herself, the falsest of all, even saw good in the calamity, and gave thanks for it. What treachery, what untruthfulness was in all this!"

Quaint little bits of humour there are, again, in plenty: as where poor Mr Heriot, in his family perplexities, remarks, without the least intentional profanity, that

"Providence is very queer in some things. Just when May was a growing girl, and Tom at the age when a woman is of use, their mother was taken away. It is not for us to complain, but it's a strange way of acting—a strange way of acting."

Mr Fleming's view of the telegraph has probably occurred to others.

"'Lord! what's the good of that telegraph?' said Fleming. 'If a body could travel by't, when they're sair wanted, it would be worth having, instead o' thae blackguard messages that plunge a hail house into trouble without a why or a wherefore.'"

The authoress has patriotically dedicated these volumes to "The Honourable Captain and Members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews;" a happy compliment, since the latter part of her story takes us to the East Sands, and the Maiden Rock, and the Spindle, and we are even slightly introduced to the Club-house and the "Ladies' Links," where the fairer sex imitate, in their mild feminine fashion, the nobler deeds that are daily done on the Links properly so called. For who does not know that the whole city of St Andrews, and every visitor thereto, is a worshipper of the Great Game?

It is not exactly that every man plays golf there, or cares for golf in the secrets of his heart; but golf is the religion of the place, and to speak against it openly is to be as a heathen man and a publican. There are heretics, of course, both among natives and visitors; sceptics and freethinkers, who say (privately) that golf is a harmless delusion, invented and kept up by interested parties. There is, again, a school of indifference, which admits golf to be good in its way—as good as other amusements—good at St Andrews, as hunting is in the English shires. There are even blasphemers who have been heard to call it “pottering.” But its true worshippers do not heed such irreverence. They know their game to be the true and only game worthy of a man’s serious energies. We suspect even Mrs Oliphant of a leaning towards that sarcasm which is so tempting upon all enthusiasms. We are not quite sure she is in earnest when she says—

“Twice round the Links in a day is the whole duty of man; and one round maintains him in that decent condition of moral respectability, falling short of excellence, but above mediocrity, which is in some respect a more comfortable state than that of supreme excellence itself.”

She makes our favourite May Heriot, too, look on at the great sight upon the Links, with something like a curl upon her pretty lip, when she sees the members of the Club—“extremely busy at what!” But poor May was in trouble; and one of the Club had called Mr Fanshawe “good-for-nothing;” and Fanshawe, in his

English barbarism, did not play golf at all. But we still hope that our authoress is expressing her more deliberate opinion by the mouth of the Reverend Mr Morrison of St Rule—“It’s just one of our privileges,” said piously that excellent divine. Of the fascination which it exercises over its votaries—young and old, from peer to peasant—there can at least be no kind of doubt. And it has one immense advantage—that, let what will happen, the player is sure of his day’s sport. In hunting, fishing, shooting, all kinds of unforeseen casualties may mar the pleasure of the day. At cricket, the best bat of the eleven goes out first ball with a shooter. But at golf, come what may, you get your round; if you blunder at one hole, you have your chance at the next: and it is a singular fact that some of the weakest players are the most enthusiastic in their admiration of the game, having the happy faculty (which is, however, by no means confined to golf) of remembering their hits and ignoring their blunders.

At all events, let every member of the “Royal and Ancient” read ‘May.’ The worshippers of Shakespeare collect—and possibly read—every book which can throw even the ray of a rushlight on his life or works. The true golfer can hardly do less with the literature of the great game. He may possibly find himself honoured with a niche in this pleasant book; for some of the sketches on the Links are suspiciously suggestive; but at least the pages which contain the honoured names of “Tom Morris”* and “Bob Kirk” should have no ephemeral value.

* Tom Morris the elder (“the auld man,” as he is affectionately called on the ground, though still a fine hale man of fifty) was the champion player until the belt was won from him by his son, Young Tom, whom he had carefully educated in the game—

“Until at last the old man
Was beaten by the boy.”

THE SECOND GLADSTONE ADMINISTRATION.

It has happened more than once that an English Ministry has gained strength by the temporary surrender of office. It has returned to power with a new lease of life: contact with the ground gave it the vigour of a second youth. But very recent experience shows us that to have been overthrown and then re-seated does not necessarily imply rejuvenescence. The Gladstone Government has had a roll in the dust, and has been set on its feet again; but the accident seems to have been anything but an invigorating one. There was no wail over it when it fell; there was no joy when it rose again. To the country generally it was matter of indifference whether it picked itself up and brushed the dirt from its garments, or whether it met its dissolution when it fell. Before it went through the form of resignation, Mr Osborne foretold that the word would be, "As you were." It is doubtful, however, whether "As you were" more than officially describes the present position. The Government has come back to its place with much loss of strength; obliged to be very careful of itself, instead of being ready to do battle with everything or anything established; liable to fatal attacks from smallest causes. It is not to be numbered among those that have come back strengthened by defeat; and why? They who have gained force have always been Ministries which, though overborne by political intrigues or Parliamentary combinations, could with confidence throw themselves upon the people. Re-established by the popular voice, they were able to trample their enemies under foot, and to act more boldly than ever. But the people had nothing to do

with reinstating our present rulers. They have resumed their places simply because it was not convenient for the Conservative party to take office while the present House of Commons survives. They have been recalled by bare necessity, not by choice; and the falling away of popular support which was apparent before their defeat, has been only the more remarkable since that suicidal event. They have been shaken by a heavy reverse, and are not likely to recover.

It is curious how the declining Ministers clung to their old pretence of superior virtue and disinterested benevolence. The idea of their being unswervingly righteous, or righteous at all, had long passed away from the national mind; yet they thought it worth while to put forth from time to time solemn reminders of their rectitude. These bold illusions, which had been sometimes of the greatest avail, were persisted in to the end of their first tenure of office. It is a question whether the last instance was not the most daring of all. Scarce anything in the way of impudence could parallel the audacious diversion of ideas and sentiment conceived by Mr Gladstone in the last speech which he delivered on the Irish University Bill. That solemn reference to "the still small voice of justice" was a masterpiece in its way. Parliamentary manoeuvring had been (to take the mildest view) carried to the extreme limit of what is allowable. There could be no doubt that the objects of the Bill, that the persons whom its authors professed a wish to benefit by it, were entirely lost sight of in the selfish struggle to get some bill of Ministerial origin passed. First, an over-

ture was made to one faction, showing how the Bill might be eventually made conformable to that faction's ideas; then, when the offer was rejected, another faction was solicited to take the Bill on its own terms, but to assist in passing it. Finally, when many of the factions equally objected to accept the thing at all, the House of Commons was entreated to take the document and mould it into any form in which it could be passed. Conduct more disloyal to the Irish people—anything more decidedly mercenary—it is impossible to imagine. The Bill had in effect been put up to auction. Any section might give it its character which would bid the price of passing it, and so save the Ministry from defeat. Nothing more barefaced had been done within the walls of the palace of Westminster. And yet, while the memory of all this shuffling and attempted traffic was fresh, a Minister could be found with effrontery enough to stand up and admonish the House, as from a superior platform, about "the still small voice of justice"! There is no doubt that great effects may be produced by sudden revulsions of ideas. Sir John Falstaff, after earning a beating by impertinence, would "turn all to a merriment," and so cheat the offended of their revenge. But the transition to merriment, being a more common device, is less effectual than the transition to the solemn and homiletical. Recalled all at once to thoughts of equity and duty, men were liable to forget how the body to which the preacher belonged had been employing itself till within the last quarter of an hour,—how little it had even pretended to think of justice, or anything else but party success. Hearers so severely addressed were likely enough to fancy for the moment that it was they who had been guilty of the levity which, indeed,

they had only witnessed; and so, by way of amends, they might have lent themselves to the designs of the speaker. It was, for all the world, as if a fellow, after offering his wife for sale in the market-place, had begun reading to the people Taylor's sermon on the Marriage Ring, and threatening them with the wrath to come if they did not bid a good price at once. Charlatanism, all the world over, whether it work by flippant, or plausible, or subtle, or sanctimonious ways, is dependent on one quality—impudence. The Administration knew that well. They were careful to keep up the idea that if they walked or ate, slept or spoke, blew their noses or pared their nails, they did so from motives totally different from those felt by ordinary mortals; the outward acts were indications of holy purposes unseen. The trick was played out at last, and when it failed, the Government came to a stop. We must wait to see whether it will still lay claim to superior virtue, or whether it will conform to its reduced circumstances, and limp out its existence on terrestrial crutches.

Meanwhile the gratifying fact that a large section of the Liberal party has openly revolted from the service required of it of playing into the hands of the Roman Catholic priests, is full of promise to the country. How the priests will meet the declaration of hostility made by Mr Horsman and others, remains to be seen. It is just possible, however, that they may see fit to baffle the Nonconformist designs against religious education. That will be a concern of the tricky Government which has endeavoured to make capital out of both these antagonistic parties. What the country has to do with is the prospect which now opens of some little calm coming to the long-troubled waters in Ire-

land, through the decision which so many English Liberals, much to their credit, have arrived at. There is an opportunity for Irish Roman Catholic laymen now to occupy a very honourable and important position. There is no want of English sympathy with the Roman Catholic body; on the contrary, there is the strongest desire to consider their case and to help them in all reasonable ways. But it has been declared that a distinction shall be made between the Roman Catholic priesthood—a body, one may say, alien to Ireland, and the servants of Rome only—and the mass of the Irish Roman Catholic people, subjects of her Majesty the Queen, whose welfare is inseparably connected with the welfare of these islands generally. The machinations of the priests will, we may expect, find no further tolerance; while measures for the benefit of the Irish laity, as distinct from Romish politics, will be more in favour than ever. The time seems propitious for Irish peers and squires to step in and assume that leadership which it is probable that the hierarchy will never again be permitted to exercise with effect. It must be that there are very many influential Roman Catholics who, like Judge Keogh, are ashamed of such things as are known to have happened in the county Galway; whose plainness and denunciation of such enormities is a very different thing from discouraging religion—that religion, in fact, is degraded and weakened by them. In most Catholic lands it has been found expedient to exclude the priests from political power, and we, as Protestants, in making this recommendation, counsel only such supersession of the Catholic priesthood as we should insist on of our own clergy were they ever to forget the line which separates religious from civil duties, and to mix

themselves up with political agitation. It were a great object to lift the Irish people out of the ferment which has hitherto kept them discontented and miserable. This was impossible while the Liberal party on this side St George's Channel persisted in abetting the priestly schemes; but now there will be support for those who, distinguishing between hierarchical and public aims, will labour for the material advantage of Ireland. To any but a priest it must be clear that both Great Britain and Ireland lose immensely by the animosity which the priests have with so much subtlety fostered, and that nothing which the Government has done, or can do, in the way of concession to the hierarchy, ever did or ever will really assist the Irish people. The day of turbulence and lawlessness is pretty well at an end; they never could have endured so long but for English sympathy, and that sympathy can be hoped for no longer if there be any meaning in the late Radical utterances. Nevertheless, there is a field in which Irish leaders may labour with effect, and their labours, if they follow our suggestion, will attract with the power of novelty. Let them persuade the people to try the effect of quiet living, and obedience to the laws. That course now seems more likely than any other to raise up friends to Ireland on this side the Channel, and to procure the removal of disabilities, if disabilities there be; but, peradventure, the disabilities would disappear with the agitation. We make these remarks without in the least forgetting the present activity of the Home Rulers. Home Rule excitement may distract Ireland; it will get no countenance from England, and so will fall to the ground. But a party of order would, without doubt, meet with immense favour on this side the Channel, and might find

itself able to effect what the most formidable of the disaffected movements may clamour for in vain.

We penned the foregoing pages in the belief that there was nothing in this opening statement to challenge contradiction—nothing but what is notorious and of general acceptance. We were deceived. Celestialism is not quite dead. It has yet a prophet, an earnest though a feeble one; a prophet who, with steadfast assertion, if with very hazy logic, still essays to teach the superhuman claims of a Gladstone government.

"At its head stands a man gifted, even in the opinion of his adversaries, with powers the most extraordinary and an exceeding eloquence, who has striven through life after a lofty standard of ideal excellence, and who has governed this kingdom with a noble disdain of all paltry arts or personal advantage. We doubt whether a leader of men at once so earnest and enthusiastic ever retained and exercised power for so long a period."

"'Twas thus the latest minstrel sung."

We doubt whether many of our countrymen, after being persuaded that the divinity of Mr Gladstone is as dead as that of Joanna Southcote, will find time or patience to entertain the proposition (unsupported by the slightest proof) of a quarterly contemporary, as given above. The great body of the Liberal press and the Liberal party has not only ceased to mention the

divine legation—it has been very vehement in criticising what at the mildest it considered an essentially worldly mission; while one outspoken Liberal journal, as we have before had occasion to point out,* suggested an inspiration which was neither celestial nor terrestrial. If the past acts of Mr Gladstone and his Government do not to ordinary thinkers seem to warrant the strong certificate of character copied above, neither do their dealings with questions on which issue has not yet been joined at all tend to proof of pure and disinterested motives and enthusiasm. There are certain questions of the day concerning which people of all parties greatly desire to know the leanings of the Ministry—questions which no man is justified in treating as matters of mere expediency. And yet the past conduct of the Administration, coupled with its unreasonable reticence, has engendered the universal belief that these grave, these all-important subjects, will be looked at by Ministers entirely in a party light. Can we reconcile their keeping secret their disposition as to the Established Church with lofty and enthusiastic principles? Surely on such a point as this a high-minded man would feel it his duty to speak out, and to leave not the least excuse for misunderstanding him; an enthusiastic man *could* not restrain his mouth from speaking out of the fulness of his heart.† But opinion

* *Vide* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for February 1872; Art., "The Reasonable Fears of the Country." We quote again a passage from the 'London Examiner' of 13th January 1872. Speaking of Mr Gladstone's Government, it says: "Its political sins have been so gratuitous, and, until they were committed, so strangely improbable, that in a more theological age they would have been explained by supramundane, if not by diabolical agency." The great Liberal doctors, the 'Edinburgh Review' and the 'Examiner,' widely disagree as to the Gladstone affluatus, it is plain.

† The text was written before Mr Gladstone made his speech in reply to Mr Miall, but that speech does not in the least affect our opinion. It showed that, as long as the Church may be supported by a majority in the country, Mr Gladstone will not lift his hand against her; but it leaves us to believe that, should her enemies become strong enough to destroy her, they might count on his leading the attack. A more heartless, calculating oration could not have been spoken. It was worthy of a politician determined to hold no opinion but that of the winning side.

and enthusiasm are kept well in hand,—to be produced, as men will shrewdly suspect, at such time and in such form as may best serve party requirements. If we were looking about for examples of purity and enthusiasm, we should not pitch upon men wearing impenetrable masks on their faces.

If we look back at the circumstances amid which the Government was formed, we see nothing to prove that it had high unselfish views, or that its leader was moved by "generous sentiment and noble impulse." The country did not call them to office, they raised the question which eventually brought office within their reach. There had been Fenian troubles, but these were allayed. Nothing was said about concessions to Ireland until Lord Derby retired from office, and her Majesty called upon Mr Disraeli to form an Administration. Then it was—immediately after that act of the sovereign—that the Liberal party, led by Mr Gladstone, suddenly became impressed with their obligations to Ireland, and were on fire to acquit themselves thereof. Now we quite admit that there are many other instances of statesmen having obtained office in this way, namely, by making a bid for it—putting before the country a proposal likely to be momentarily popular, and promising great results therefrom. As a trick for gratifying ambition we are quite familiar with it, and if the performers were content to be as other men are who do the same things, there would be nothing especially noteworthy in the transaction. But when a claim to superior purity and unselfishness is put in, we cannot but call to mind these events—cannot help asking how they sort with the reputation sought to be set up.

We can see nothing exalted in

the practice of the low arts of the demagogue; on the contrary, we can hardly reconcile such practice with high patriotic principles. We cannot admire the clamour against excessive military expenditure which was raised before the election of 1868, and preached from stump to stump by Mr Gladstone to throw discredit upon the Conservative Ministry. A more unjust reproach was never uttered, as Liberal estimates have since shown. Are we censorious if we say that this unwarrantable slander was invented purely to obtain office, or if we add to this that we can see nothing like greatness of mind about it? It is needless to pursue the controversy. The history of the Celestial Administration answers the testimony of the 'Edinburgh Review'; in that history we can see nothing self-denying, nothing generous—everything has been for party or for self.

One would naturally suppose that all this admiration of the Premier and his Government, put forward just after the commencement of the terrestrial era, meant a hearty unqualified approval of the Irish University Bill, deceased. It means nothing of the kind. The opinions of the 'Edinburgh Review' as to allowing priests to control the practice of a university are very fairly and clearly enunciated, and they agree, as far as we can judge, with the opinions of Mr Horsman, Mr Fawcett, and other Liberal members of Parliament who spoke against the Ministerial measure. Nevertheless our contemporary thinks not only that the Premier made one of his happiest speeches in proposing the gagging bill, but that the Ministry generally deserve the greatest credit for bringing the measure forward. We should greatly like to know how, according to the 'Edinburgh's' view of things, Ministers are entitled to the slightest praise. The

'Review' abhors the very idea of allowing priestly dictation in civil affairs; the bill was framed to propitiate the priests openly by its gagging clauses, and, according to Mr Fortescue, it was covertly intended to give the priests, sooner or later, full control in educational matters. It was a bill to depress science and to embarrass and humiliate the teachers of science, in which view our contemporary does not, we are certain, admire it. It was a bill founded on the assumption that the youth of Ireland are at a disadvantage—labour under a grievance, in fact, in respect of the means of education; while our critic freely admits that Irish youth have ample means open to them, and that if Mr Fawcett's bill (No. 1 we presume) were once made law, the very shadow of a grievance would disappear. We have read the argument over and over again, and are utterly at a loss to know on what ground readers are expected to admire an attempt at legislation which, designed to be in accordance with Irish ideas, was pronounced by Irishmen of all religions and all shades of opinion to be radically and wholly bad. Had the Ministry made a profession of faith as full and as honest as that made by the 'Edinburgh Review,' there might have been some reason to praise at least their boldness and candour, however little there might be to say in favour of their opinions. But they did nothing of the kind; they kept their general opinions as to giving power to, or withholding power from, the priests quite dark. They devised a measure made to look like a means of preserving a balance of influences through the shadowy council, but really intended to throw the whole power into the hands of the Catholic priesthood. This intention, care-

fully guarded at first, was confessed by Mr Fortescue when the bill was approaching its death-agony—confessed in the desperate hope of yet securing Popish votes to pass the second reading. The ultimate intention of the bill, as above stated, can have been kept secret from no other motive than that of blinding the English Liberals, and inducing them ignorantly to support a measure which with a full knowledge they would be certain to oppose. After it was found impossible to reconcile the priests, an offer was made to give up those clauses which were especially intended for their gratification, so as, in the last resort, to carry an altered measure against the Irish vote. And in this transaction the 'Edinburgh Review' sees something to admire! Mr Gladstone's lofty standard, his generous sentiment, and noble impulse, will be found, we fancy, to amount to this, that he has a sort of sneaking kindness for a righteous and honourable career, and would gladly walk in the path of it, if only it could be made to square with the promptings of ambition and self-interest. Whenever right and self can be made to harmonise, he makes much parade of right, and says nothing about self; when they will not amalgamate, right gets the worst of it.

"What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not
play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win." *

Balaam, the son of Beor, was a prophet, and, up to a certain point, a strictly religious, conscientious man, but "he loved the wages of unrighteousness."

The article of our contemporary is inspired, we suspect, not by real admiration of the Ministry, but by fear lest Conservatives should suc-

* 'Macbeth.'

ceed at the general election. Anything would be more palatable than that; therefore the Government, though holding opinions which the writer cannot approve, are praised to the skies, and, to remove the appearance of inconsistency, spoken of as if they were the legitimate descendants of the old Whig Party. The 'Standard' newspaper has so fully and powerfully exposed the absurdity of this last assumption, that we need do no more than notice it.

From the discussion which took place immediately after Easter, it is plain that the public mind continues to be much disturbed concerning Russian acts and intentions in Central Asia. Ministers, readily assuming that this anxiety means simply doubts of the good faith and the moderation of Russia, replied in a reassuring tone that there is no ground for suspecting insincerity, and that, even if Russia were to be found to have deceived us, we have in no respect compromised ourselves, and are at liberty to take, in our own defence, any action which was open to us before the late negotiations; also, that we have not imposed upon ourselves any obligation to control the Ameer of Afghanistan except by moral means. The tone of the speakers who took up the case as that of the country against the Government, did not, we think, repudiate with sufficient clearness and emphasis the imputation of *Russo-phobia*, as it was called. We can at present do nothing in regard to Russia but watch her, and hold ourselves prepared to act promptly should an occasion for decisive action unhappily arise. It cannot be dread of Russia, nor any idea of obtaining a further guarantee of her determination to refrain from trespassing on our rights in

Asia, that makes Parliament or the people uneasy. Were we only assured that our interests are in faithful and capable hands, we might sleep in peace, and bid Russia beware how she encroached by a hand's breadth on what we believe to be our rights. But the real distrust is of our own rulers; the apprehension is that whenever it may be necessary to make a stand against Russian encroachment, the stand will not be made—the honour and interests of England will not be upheld. Now, all the assurances which can be given by Ministers that our hands are not tied, and that our rights have not been invaded, will not remove this distrust. We have said before,* and we say now, that we look upon the utterances of Ministers (of Mr Gladstone especially) as unusually explicit, and that we do not in the least doubt that the case is as they have represented it. The only addition to be made to our remarks as to the position of the question is, that the last debate brought to light the same slovenliness in treating, the same proneness to "less accurate language," which produced such perplexity and heart-burnings in the American negotiation. According to the custom of our Foreign Office, openings in plenty have been left for disputes and recriminations at some future time. These, however, would not be alarming if we could feel that our Cabinet understood the real interests of the country, and could be relied on to uphold them. But here we are oppressed with the same misgivings which distress the country generally. Whatever may be at the present time our freedom to act as we may think proper, that freedom gives us no security that proper action will be taken. In plain words, Englishmen have no confidence in

* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for March 1873.

their own Government ; that is the interpretation of what members of Parliament have allowed to be called *Russo-phobia*. Legislators suspect that some day or other we may be sacrificed to Russia ; and they are trying, from time to time, to procure some little comfort for their souls by extracting from Ministers assurances that we have not been sacrificed already. Try what they may, they will never be quit of this apprehension as long as the present Ministry shall be in office. If the apprehension be intolerable, the only cure for it that we know of is to declare the distrust plainly, and to take the reins out of incompetent hands. If this be not done by Parliament, it may be done by the electors ; and they, we hope, will not fail to remember, when next called upon to exercise their functions, that if they do not then decide against the present Government, they will prepare for themselves five or six more years of doubt and anxiety concerning Central Asia, followed, probably, by events that will more than justify the doubts. We know what occurred when Russia declared that she would tear up the treaty which we had won by the Crimean war ; what right have we to expect any more satisfactory result when she may declare that it is her pleasure to threaten or invade our Asiatic rights, if we leave our affairs in the same feeble hands which failed us then ? To dissipate this distrust is in the power of the electors themselves, and they will not, we trust, hesitate about their action.

The debate on Mr Hardy's motion concerning the treaty with America again proved the suspicion which the country entertains of the Government. The country, we say advisedly ; for it was clear that Ministers apprehended an adverse majority, or they would not at the end

of March have yielded, under pressure, an explanation and an assurance which they had not thought it proper to give in answer to questions and objections put at the beginning of the Session. The Prime Minister in February did not know, and apparently did not care, what steps, or whether any step, had been taken towards recommending the treaty for adoption to foreign powers ; and the Ministry would not say whether, in their opinion, the treaty as they intended it, or the treaty as interpreted by the Geneva arbiters, ought to be recommended. What the obstinate reticence meant, we of course do not know ; but as it would have been easy to have said readily and candidly what was afterwards extorted by fear of the House of Commons deciding to address the Crown, the country is naturally indignant at a proceeding which has such an ill look. Dissatisfaction enough had already been produced by this treaty and its results ; but here was another impediment which Ministers allowed to grow into a stumbling-block, as if determined that they would deal arbitrarily throughout this American business, and make the nation feel their high hand.

Mr Lowe brought out in April a most unambitious Budget—quite a terrestrial production. The manner in which he distributed his surplus, so that there might be crumbs for as many expectants as possible, showed that the daring genius which could devise a match-tax, is for the present subordinated to the humble policy of soothing opposition. That every one may take a little, and nobody may get too much, 1873 is to share with 1872 the privilege of making up the American tribute ; but the shame which has been purchased with the three and a quarter millions, that, we fear, will be distributed among the whole

British people with a minuteness of subdivision which Mr Lowe's beneficence can hardly attain to. By remitting a penny of the income-tax, Mr Lowe has, we think, done wisely, and shown an appreciation of the altered circumstances of the Ministry. An abatement of an unpopular tax will very often be accepted in lieu of a fair adjustment of the burden. It would have been dangerous for an unstable Government to attempt to equalise the pressure of this odious tax; but it is, at least, an earnest of goodwill to the payers to bid them take their bills quickly, and write a penny in the pound less. The day cannot be far distant when relief will be given to owners of moderate fixed incomes, and to those who live by professions. Some attention to their grievances would really be more meritorious than speculative legislation; but those who have to remake lost capital if they can, will hardly waste their time in effecting what is simply useful, or removing a grievance unconnected with clamour and agitation. We observe that many, whose opinions are entitled to respect, entertain the idea of altogether abolishing the tax. But it is not very clear how they propose to replace it; and we certainly ought to see our way to a substitute before we rid ourselves of the burden. As long as the income-tax is maintained at any figure at all—say even that it were reduced to a penny—Parliament would have the means of, at the shortest notice, increasing the revenue if necessary, without shocking or agitating the community by the invention of a new impost; but if it were wholly done away with, there might be great difficulty in inducing the country to submit to a reimposition of it, or to a new tax instead. As the question at present stands, one is led to suspect that some of the

abolitionists are actuated by a deliberate desire of restricting the Ministers' power of suddenly raising money, in order to drive still further from their minds the idea of ever going to war. Glad as we should be to be rid of the oppressive tax, we cannot consent to play into the hands of peace-at-any-price men, or any other set of theorists; and therefore, before accepting the proposed tempting relief, we desire much to see something more than a mere representation of the inconvenience of the existing tax—we should like to see a lucid scheme for replacing it by one equally expansive. In the mean time, we trust that the question of adjustment of the pressure of it will be discussed previous to the general election, so that, if we may not be able with prudence to obtain relief, we may, at least, abate the injustice which now so tries our patience.

Out of this humble Budget much discussion was to arise, and rather a grand sensation was to be produced, not as necessary or natural consequences of it, but because Ministers generally, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in particular, feeling probably that it was rather a mean production, could not bear to hear criticism, and got on the rampage, like Mrs Joe Gargery, as soon as anything in the form of an objection was made. We have before had occasion to comment on the haste with which they are accustomed to make a motion of the Opposition a vote of no confidence. They thus avoid the difficulty of defending what generally is indefensible, and appeal to the fears of hon. members instead of attempting to convince their reason. It could be looked on only as a pitiable device even if it were legitimate; but it is not legitimate, nor fair. Not only is it the right of the Opposition, it is its duty, to criticise as

closely as it can the acts and measures of those in power. The country is entitled to have the criticisms fairly answered; and the country is ill-treated when the Ministers, instead of satisfying it on any point where the Opposition may discern a flaw, decline to defend their own course, and crush discussion, as with a sledge-hammer, by declaring that if Parliament dare entertain the objection raised, be it great or small, they will recklessly use the power which they possess of stopping public business, terrifying members who are not secure in their seats, and agitating the whole country, while they go through the farce of resigning their places and returning to them again. They will not resort to the proper means for ascertaining whether the constituencies will approve such conduct or not, but they will threaten excitement and annoyance as alternatives to being allowed to have their will unquestioned. This indecent impatience of criticism has been shown so repeatedly that it would be ridiculous were not the circumstances grave. It is like Mr Mantalini declaring that he would poison himself every time a question was asked about his expenditure or his amusements. But to return to the Budget. It was soon apparent that the House of Commons was to be asked to approve the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer before any information should be given as to how Government proposes to give effect to the resolution of last year on the apportionment of imperial taxation and local rating. The Budget made no provision whatever for relieving the rates; therefore, if the House, having observed this omission, should pass the Budget, it would make itself accessory to disregard of the resolution above mentioned—a resolution which Sir Mas-

sey Lopes had carried against the Government by a majority of a hundred. It was not surprising that under these circumstances an honourable member should embody in a motion the wish very generally felt, that Ministers, before taking the decision on the Budget, would explain the whole of their policy as regards taxation, direct and indirect. Accordingly, Mr W. H. Smith, in a speech singularly free from censorious and provoking remarks, moved—"That, before deciding on the further reduction of indirect taxation, it is desirable that the House should be put in possession of the views of the Government with reference to the maintenance and the adjustment of direct taxation, both imperial and local." He repeated very clearly the arguments which had procured the vote of last year—showed how acceptance of the proffered Budget would preclude the possibility of giving effect to that vote, either this year or next—and recommended that the "factitious prosperity" of the present moment should be taken advantage of to give to local burdens a relief which we might not have the means of affording at a future day. That expression "factitious prosperity" is a happy one; as Justice Shallow says, "good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable." But, however well chosen were Mr Smith's phrases, or however inoffensive his speech, Mr Lowe in reply quite broke through any slight veneer of decorum which may at other times confine his genius; his style, his arguments, his language, came very close to the flowers of Billingsgate. The unpardonable affront had been given of taking exception to his Budget, and hence was Mr Lowe wroth, and not choice in culling images, or in the use of words. A fine emulation may possibly have

caused this resort to nervous Saxon. Mr Lowe has attained to the honour of being often bracketed with the gifted Ayrton; but there is an idea abroad that of the two Arcades Ayrton is the more impressive. Perhaps this vigorous eloquence was designed to prove the injustice of the public in awarding to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the second place. One after another, astonished members called attention to the unadorned address wherein force rather than beauty abounded; but it was reserved for Mr Disraeli to apply the fine lash that must have made the right honourable Chancellor's sense of triumph most exquisite:—

"I will not criticise the answer of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with that severity which it has received from my honourable friends. I do not wish to view that answer in that spirit of indignation that has pervaded the House. The answer of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was certainly expressed in language, and indeed in a manner, that we have not been used to in this House. But I take a more charitable view of the answer of the Chancellor of the Exchequer: I look upon it rather as an indication of what may be the juvenile ardour of some primitive assembly that has inherited, and we hope may excel, our Parliament here. It is not every one that has had the advantage of travelling at the antipodes, and I was really glad to learn from the experience of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, how, in a Parliament of that kind, it might be thought necessary to meet a claim from aggrieved subjects of her Majesty for some relief from unjust and oppressive taxation."

A year or two ago, Mr Lowe remitted a large portion of the duties on sugars, at the same time informing the House that the relief which he had given was ample, and would be final. But this promise of finality having served its turn, is not thought worth keeping now, and we

have not the least reason vouchsafed to us why Mr Lowe has changed his determination, save that it is his will and pleasure so to do. Benedict, about to wed, remembers that he said he would die a bachelor; and he observes, "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married." If Mr Lowe is superior to being bound by former professions, he is the more worthy to serve with Mr Gladstone.

But its style was hardly the most remarkable thing about Mr Lowe's speech. There is a void; it is to be feared, in the people's affections. The people had a William once, but alas! alas! they have proved him haggard, whistled him off, and let him down the wind. Howbeit, the people must have something to love; some one gracious, bland, and amiable. The last infirmity in the noble mind of our Chancellor of the Exchequer has suggested his appearance next election as the people's Robert. It is true that this is quite a new rôle; Mr Lowe has not always expressed himself as one who felt very kindly towards the people; and the people may have treasured up some old sayings of his, not very flattering nor very gracious. But courage: the many are notoriously inconstant, and they may possibly not be very severe in contrasting their would-be Robert's former deliverances with his sayings of the present Session. They may—as was old Mr Weller's practice with his grandson, little Tony—ascribe the pretty sayings to the real Robert, while all the naughty ones they may set down to a fictitious Robert in a watch-box round the corner.

Mr Lowe—we are sorry to have to say it—could find no better answer to Mr Smith's speech than to accuse the Opposition of desiring to remit the income-tax, which is, he

said, paid by the rich out of their superfluities, and to maintain indirect taxes, as that on sugar, which are paid by the poor out of their necessities. This Budget, then, is to exhibit Mr Lowe as emphatically the poor man's friend; but will he accept to its full extent the doctrine which he has laid down? Will he allow that, when he proposed two years ago to lay a tax on matches—an indirect tax—he was the poor man's enemy? He may recollect, possibly, that he, if he could have had his way, would have imposed a match-tax instead of the income-tax,—the tax on the rich, as he now calls it—which the House of Commons allowed to be substituted after it had condemned the *ex luce lucellum* vagary. It happened this year, as we believe, without the least regard to rich or poor, but solely to Ministerial necessity, that the Budget, as submitted to Parliament, contained remissions both of a direct and of an indirect tax, and Mr Lowe seized on the objections made to the Budget to utter the miserable taunt about rich and poor. He cannot have been surprised that, in the course of the debate, he should have been reminded of another person, connected with ways and means on a small scale, but never remarkable for benevolence, who once became suddenly solicitous for the poor, using ointment, however, and not sugar, as the subject of his charitable sentiment. It was not a pleasant comparison, though an obvious one; neither can Mr Lowe's reflections, when he woke up the morning after his speech, have been enviable. No man knows better than he the utter fallacy of the idea which his speech presented; and we are sure that he must have regretted the perplexity which allowed him to find no wiser or fairer rejoinder to the strictures made on the financial policy of the Govern-

ment. He must, on the least reflection, have been aware that the bit of clap-trap, invented by him, as we hope, on the spur of the moment, was so grossly unfair that it never would be allowed to tell in favour of the Government at the general election; also, that if it did tell, its effect in rousing class animosities would be most injurious. Whatever we may think of Mr Lowe, he has, till now, given us no reason to believe that he is utterly reckless of consequences, provided he can gain a momentary advantage for his Cabinet. It looks as if the position in which the Government stands had driven him, for the moment, out of patience; that he threw out the bait to the "poor man" in a desperate attempt to make political capital; and then, aware that that attempt *was* desperate, made the coming decision of the House a vital one for the Administration, that he might escape from a situation which had become so humiliating as to be intolerable.

Apart from Mr Lowe, and "the poor man" so injudiciously thrust by him into the debate, the House was certainly entitled to an explanation from Ministers of the reasons which moved them to take a tax off sugar, while they made no mention of the local rates which, according to the resolution recorded last year, it has been determined to relieve. There was, confessedly, a large surplus, and nothing could be more reasonable than to expect that it would be applied in the direction indicated by the House, rather than in one chosen to suit the circumstances of the Ministry. The lavish and ostentatious candour for which once the Government was so remarkable, has been exchanged for a suspicious reticence which withholds the most ordinary explanation or admission, until it may have been extorted by a hostile-

motion, involving recriminations, darkening of counsel, loss of time, and of course the usual declaration that a vote of "no confidence" has been proposed, and that hon. members must take the consequences if they affirm it.

Mr Stansfeld has, with much parade, introduced into the Lower House some bills on the subject of local taxation, which completely justify Mr Smith's motion, and prove that the apprehensions which the Budget created were not unfounded. Effect will not be given this year, with the goodwill of Ministers, to Sir Massey Lopes's resolution of 1872. If the Budget made no provision for relieving the local taxpayer out of imperial funds, it was because there was no intention of giving relief. The resolution has been set at nought, and the House of Commons has been amused with bills to regulate details and remove anomalies, and the promise of a Select Committee to investigate and to report on the whole subject of local government. Whatever there may be of good in the bills (and probably they may effect small improvements), whatever information or recommendations may proceed from the Select Committee, the present objection to Mr Stansfeld's measures is that they do not fulfil the expectations justly raised by the passing of Sir Massey Lopes's resolution by an immense majority. It is of course still possible, if Mr Gladstone's Government should live till the Committee may report, that measures may then be taken in accordance with the resolution. But for the present the subject is cushioned by the appointment of the Committee, and the country is left in doubt as to how much, or whether any, of the relief promised by the resolution will ever be granted. What that resolution affirmed was, that cer-

tain expenses, such as the cost of police, of lunatics, of sanitary improvement, should be borne partly, if not wholly, by the Imperial Treasury. The reason for shifting these burdens was, that whereas the local authorities have now to find the funds for them, they have only the shadow of control over them. The Imperial Government, through its army of inspectors, virtually directs everything; and as the local authorities find the money for effecting the inspectors' recommendations, there is no check on these latter; and it is reasonable to suppose that, if the Minister who enforces them had to pay for them, he might not lend quite so ready an ear to the inspectors. The system is undoubtedly vicious—is always open to suspicion, and may be made oppressive. The House is not debarred by the defeat of Mr Smith's motion from reaffirming its resolution, and insisting on its being made operative, whenever Mr Stansfeld's proposals may be fairly before it, and we hope that the attempt to evade the prescript of the House may yet be censured and prevented. The debates will hardly conclude before our day of going to press, but we shall be glad if we are able next month to congratulate the country on Parliament having compelled the Administration to pay some respect to its decree. In the present enfeebled state of the Government, pressure has a wonderful effect, and we trust Sir Massey Lopes and his friends will not hesitate to use pressure.

Amid the strifes of parties and the discussions on ways and means, the House of Commons found an afternoon on which to consider the question of how drunkenness could be effectually prevented. We are glad that a serious reception was given to Sir W. Lawson's argument; because, however mistaken may

have been his method, there can be no doubt that his object was to suppress a shocking vice. But we are glad also that the House so emphatically rejected Sir Wilfrid's Bill; for he, in his zeal for morality, would have introduced evils a thousand times worse than that which he sought to cure. The trade of the licensed victualler, and the cognate trades, as long as they are honestly and quietly practised, are as much entitled to the protection of the laws, and as little deserving of the invidious interference of the Legislature, as the butcher's, the baker's, or any other recognised business. A man may make a beast of himself by eating intemperately as well as by drinking to excess; but no tradesman who furnishes means which may be abused is to be restricted in his dealings, except the seller of liquors. This is not a fair distinction, and it is one that originates in a misconception as to the point on which the hand of the law ought to fasten. The real offender is the man who gets drunk, or who spends in tipping means which are required for the decent support of his family; but as it is hard to get at him, and deal with him, it has been proposed to take a short method, and cut off the supply of the commodity through which he offends. No regard is had to the tradesmen whose legitimate business may thus be intercepted, nor to the many harmless and temperate men whose convenience and enjoyment are thus interfered with. It would be a less unjust proceeding if the Legislature were to seize on the wages or the property of habitual drunkards, so as to deprive them of the means of ruining themselves, for this would make the punishment fall on the real offenders. Lord Claud Hamilton, a supporter of the Permissive Bill, spoke of the means which it would afford to weak natures of

"protecting themselves"—a curious expression, which would be warranted only if it were a practice to hale men and women into drinking-houses, and there to pour liquor down their throats forcibly. They can surely protect themselves, if they choose, by staying away from such places. It is true—more's the pity—they do not refrain! But in order to make them sober, we must do something more than arbitrarily restrict the supply of spirituous liquors; we must convince them of the sin of drinking; and we must, if possible, dissociate the ideas of good-fellowship and getting drunk. Englishmen, rich and poor, have unfortunately a belief that they cannot be friendly together or sociable without much drinking. The stones and bricks, as it were, of which friendships and reconciliations and confederacies are made, cannot be cemented save with copious wassail. And it must be confessed that in this respect the upper classes are verily guilty, and furnish but too obvious examples for the misguidance of the lower. What though the upper classes may not, and in general do not, now drink to excess? They sanction the practice of feasting and health-drinking on every available occasion. Is it to be wondered at if the lower classes, seeing the important place which strong drinks and toasts have wherever Englishmen congregate, consider them an indispensable element at all friendly meetings, and so never fail to introduce, by force of custom, what they cannot always use with moderation. We think that the habit of eating and drinking upon all occasions might with great advantage be suffered to decline. Forbearance in this respect on the part of the rich would undoubtedly sooner or later come down to the poor. Example would be powerful where legislation is use-

less. In saying this we are not advocating teetotalism, nor attempting to bind on men's shoulders burdens too heavy for them to bear. There is much difference between arbitrarily denying comforts and reasonable enjoyment, and making excess almost imperative through the tyranny of custom. If the working man could sometimes, at his institute or reading-room, read that wealthy and leading men had been able to organise a movement, to show their loyalty to certain principles, to honour a peer or a citizen, to commemorate a great event, without feasting, he too might come to believe it possible to discourse with a friend, to make peace with an enemy, to strike a bargain, or to enjoy a piece of good fortune, without the single cup which leads on to the debauch. Possibly Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends, finding that they cannot compel men to be sober with the policeman's baton, may condescend to take steps for discountenancing ebriety by force of opinion and of custom.

The new Educational measure will scarcely come under review this month. Conservatives must, however, be prepared for it, and must, as far as they can, resist all attempts further to discourage religious teaching. The Bill, we know, is intended as a sop to Mr Dixon and his friends, whom Ministers refused to gratify last year, but whose discontent they have not been able long to abide. A sweeping change, as we were told, was at first intended; but since Mr Gladstone put his head down and then put it up again, like a jack-in-the-box, there is not courage for anything sweeping. Mr Dixon's *douceur* will be less than it was intended to be, being, like the Budget, recast to suit the fallen circumstances of the Government party. But the change, whatever it may be, will be designed to

repress the teaching of religion in the schools. With the aid of the Roman Catholic vote a further assault upon religion might be resisted; and why should not the Roman Catholic vote come to the aid of religion? Of old, as we grant, the course of English Liberals was to depress by all means the Church of England, and to favour the Church of Rome. Under these circumstances, when exclusion of religion meant simply enmity to the national Church, Roman Catholics were not inconsistent in supporting the attacks of Dissenters and others. But by this time they must see that the movement is against religious teaching by any Established Church, and that by goodwill of the movers the Roman Catholic teaching will be forbidden as much as the Protestant. Religion ought to make common cause against godless schools, and, if the Irish members be wise, they will assist in baffling the attempt of the Government, and will not, by aiding the attack upon the Church of England, bring about an attack upon their own Church, which will prove irresistible. Now is the time, while it can be done with an appearance of liberality, to defeat the whole anti-religious party, and so to prevent religious teaching from being further interfered with. Should they allow Protestant teaching to be interdicted on this side the water, they may look forward to a day, not remote, when Roman Catholic teaching will likewise be excluded.

We hardly expected, after the note of warning that was sounded at the end of the Session of 1872, to find that the complaint of Mr O'Keeffe against the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland had been, up to this time, set at nought in that country, and was still crying for justice to the House of Commons. The Commissioners,

or a majority of them, it appears, consider that they have been right all through the matter, and that they had nothing to do in dealing with Mr O'Keefe as a manager of national schools but to follow the course pursued towards him as an ecclesiastic by his superiors. The Pope or his legate had deprived Mr O'Keefe — or rather ordered Mr O'Keefe to be deprived — of his cure ; and therefore the Commissioners proceeded to deprive him of the management of schools, which he held from them as a servant of the State. They refused to listen to Mr O'Keefe, looking upon the mandate of the Pope's legate as one from which there was no appeal. Now, as we said when this grievance was stated in Parliament last year, we do not for a moment suspect the Commissioners of having done what they knew to be wrong, or having knowingly used their power to serve the party purposes of the Government. We feel sure that had they known how unjust and even illegal was their conduct, they would have refused to deprive Mr O'Keefe, even though they had been threatened with the loss to the Government of every Papist vote. But in thus acquitting the Commission of evil intention, we only the more strongly condemn the system of administration in Ireland which has made submission to Rome so habitual that a public board can be found looking to the command of the legate as indicating its whole duty, and disregarding, by comparison, the duty which it owes to the sovereign. It is a monstrous evil, that for the sake of two or three dozen votes in the House of Commons, the machinery of Government should have been so largely subjected to a foreign Power. If only as a support to the Commissioners in resisting the Ultramontane pressure, an expression of the feeling of Parliament was

wanted ; and Mr Bouverie, in bringing forward Mr O'Keefe's grievance, did not reckon unwarrantably on the sympathy of the Commons with the aggrieved person. Lord Hartington, it is true, managed to postpone the verdict of the House by the manœuvre of asking for a Select Committee. From the fact of such tactics being adopted, it is easy to see how dangerous Ministers think the position of the Commissioners to be. Whatever may be thought of the Ministers' resort to such a device, there seemed to be an almost unanimous opinion out of Parliament that the Committee once asked for ought not to have been refused. But Ministers were obliged to promise that the Committee, if appointed, should not lag over its work ; and we may hope that before the Session terminates the Commissioners may hear how Parliament regards their proceedings, and the proceedings of all those in Ireland who take their instructions from Rome. It was clearly shown in the debate that it was not as Mr O'Keefe's Bishop or Archbishop that Cardinal Cullen interfered, but as the mouthpiece of the Pope, instructed directly from Rome. What said Dr Ball on this head ?—

“The instrument of suspension of Cardinal Cullen commenced by reciting that he had been commissioned, not that he was proceeding by consent, but as special legate direct from Rome. He had pointed out that that touched a serious question. Here was an individual taking upon himself to exercise authority — reciting that his authority was not by consent nor by his office as archbishop, but by an instrument giving him special authority direct from a foreign Power, to adjudicate upon the property and upon the rights of a British subject. In the Court of Queen's Bench the Lord Chancellor proceeded to plead that that rescript from Rome was legal, and gave Cardinal Cullen authority

within the British dominions. Mr Justice O'Brien, one of the judges, said it was a legal document; but two Catholic judges, Barry and Fitzgerald, pronounced it illegal. Illegality was not, however, the whole of it. This was a document that touched the supremacy, and he challenged the contradiction of the law officers of the Crown when he said that whatever touched the supremacy was a misdemeanour in common law. Now, let the House see what a hole the Board got themselves into by not asking Mr O'Keefe to state his case."

No doubt it is high time for Parliament to investigate the degree and the manner in which the Roman Catholic priesthood interfere with the course of justice. There is the disposition now to make this investigation, and we hail it, less as a danger threatening the Government or the Commissioners, than as another proof of what we before spoke of as a most wholesome feeling among Liberals—namely, a desire to repress priestly tyranny in Ireland, but at the same time to aid by every reasonable means the Irish laity. Every inquiry of this kind tends to bring to light the intrigues and undue influences which have been allowed to prevail in Ireland; and every exposure of these doings shows more clearly to the English people what kind of persons they are for whose gratification the present Ministry has been confiscating and demolishing in Ireland.

But the failure of the Irish policy is now being indicated by proof upon proof falling in at last with cruel frequency. On the same evening on which the Ministry all but underwent defeat on the O'Keefe Committee, it was compelled, by the state of Ireland, to come before Parliament and ask for a renewal of the Peace Preservation Act. This, which is in fact a most stringent coercion law (although not one turn of the

screw more stringent than the occasion demands), is a convincing proof of the success of governing Ireland according to Irish ideas. It is the old story of the rent made worse by injudicious cobbling—the grand result of four years of incapable government. So clear is the necessity for coercion now compared to what it was before Ireland began to be governed according to Irish ideas, that those very patriots who used to rail against repressive legislation as wholly uncalled for, now admit the necessity for a law to tie men's hands and gag their tongues: the O'Donoghue speaks of the Peace Preservation Act as Artemus Ward spoke of the Tower of London, and thinks it a "sweet boon." It is better than unrestrained lawlessness certainly, and so far he is right; but what a result is this of the boasted uprooting of the Upas-tree! In prospect of speedy dissolution the Ministry is making its will; and the legacy which it is in such a hurry to secure to Ireland is this Coercion Act.

As if the Government had not already made itself enemies numerous enough and formidable enough, Mr Gladstone has given a hint to the Corporation of London, which sounds suspiciously like our nursery acquaintance, *fa, fi, fum*. The Endowed School Commissioners having thought proper to interfere in the management of Emanuel Hospital, Westminster, the Aldermen, who are the trustees, presumed to appeal to Parliament against what they considered an uncalled-for interposition. Whether their case was good or bad, it was very natural, one thinks, for them to try to defend themselves; but, as to defend themselves was to take exception to the proceedings of Commissioners whom Mr Gladstone chooses to uphold, they committed an unpardonable sin, to be expiated not only

by refusal of redress in the matter complained of, but by vengeance on the whole Corporation of which they are a part. Mr Gladstone spoke of the city as "fat with charities, gorged with charities, almost bloated with charities," and as "that remarkable city where there is a larger quantity of property devoted to so-called public objects, for the application of which it is impossible to give account, than in any other country in the world." Now, if this denunciation of the Corporation (which, be it remembered, is not the body which the School Commissioners had interfered with) meant anything, it meant that Mr Gladstone, already so familiar with confiscation, is meditating a raid upon the Corporation, to be followed, perhaps, by raids on other guilds. But before he gets to the end of the selection from the nursery anthology which we have indicated, and reaches the savage conclusion, "I'll grind his bones to make me bread," he thinks it prudent to try whether any bread—*i.e.*, any political capital for a Premier bankrupt once, and now doing business in a cautious fashion—can be made out of the raid. Here, clearly, is an offer to "go in" and pluck the Corporation, or perhaps the Corporations, bare, if only the requisite amount of backing can be obtained. We have not the least expectation that backers will be forthcoming. It is not with Mr Gladstone now as it was when he offered to rob the Irish Church. People have got to know too much about him, and will hardly care to follow his lead; we doubt whether even the Hyde Park mob will have anything to say to the job. On the other hand, it may prove a dangerous move to have roused the apprehensions of rich and powerful corporations when his own position is already insecure.

But then Mr Gladstone is noted for making bids for power, while he is not noted for discretion.

As to the Administration generally, it is, we submit, distrusted by the country. There has been no formal vote of want of confidence; but the questions and motions from all sides show clearly enough that want of confidence in Government, whether as the executive power, or as the originators of legislation, is fretting the whole community. If this be denied, there is an easy way of bringing the question to issue. Let there be a dissolution of Parliament as soon as the financial business of the year shall have been concluded. If the decision of the electors should show that they prefer the present Government, with all its faults, to any other, there will be an end to these repeated attacks, which imply want of confidence, if they do not formally express it. Surely a Ministry strong in the approbation of the people would never submit to have information wrung from it, to be driven into corners, to exist on sufferance when it might exist by the clearly-expressed will of the nation. Neither would a Ministry, with any regard for its own character, be content to exist at all on such terms; relinquishment of office would be better. But as long as the Cabinet may delay to take measures for appealing to the electors, we shall be justified in supposing that they prefer a humiliating tenure of office to none at all, and that they do not dissolve because they dare not.

The attitude of some of the nominal supporters of Government has changed in a noteworthy manner. The antagonistic elements of which the majority of 1868 was made up, have begun to show openly their antagonistic character. It is no longer pretended that the whole Liberal party agrees with the

Ministry as to making concessions to Roman Catholic priests ; in other words, there is a formidable section of those who once made up the majority which now will refuse to endorse measures devised by Ministers to secure Popish votes. As was lately shown, the Government cannot make head without the Roman Catholic vote; and yet, by taking order for retaining that vote, they will certainly alienate a formidable band of Nonconformists and others. Any one who will take the trouble to study the political articles in the 'Westminster Review' may convince himself of how widely the allegiance of the party has been shaken. It has been discovered at length that it was not ingenuous in Ministers to undertake the business of Government relying upon the support of sections which are violently opposed to each other on vital questions. We quite agree in saying, and have said before to-day, that it was disingenuous ; but we think that the sections which, knowing that they had not principles in common, consented to join for the purpose of making up the majority, were every whit as disingenuous as the Ministry, and have no right to complain. The English extreme Radical party seem to have believed all along that, although the Papists were to be propitiated by the destruction of the Protestant Church and by persecuting Irish landlords, the real affections of the rulers were with them alone. They now find that the game has been to persuade all the sections, one by one, of the same thing. All have been deceived, yet all have assisted to deceive. They have combined for a wicked and treacherous purpose, and their disappointment deserves no pity. As to the fact of disruption, however, there can be no doubt. *Finesse* will be taxed to its utmost to pre-

vent the discontented sections from openly rebelling. There is no longer any creed common to the whole party ; and the existence of the Government is not safe from week to week. This state of things ought to be intolerable to the governing body. It affords another strong proof that a dissolution of Parliament ought not to be delayed.

It is a remark very common nowadays that the Radical Government has worked out its programme and has not invented a new one, therefore it must be content to give way to another which may come forward offering a more highly spiced bill of fare. To this remark we take exception. We believe that, if it could have preserved the respect of the country, the Administration might have continued without further sensational announcement. If it is to fall, as we believe it is, it will fall for what it has done, not for what it has omitted to promise for the future. Like all those concerns which make their appearance inordinately heralded, and sustained by unlimited puffing, it has disappointed expectation. The promises, the grand improvements proposed by Mr Gladstone as he went from stump to stump in Lancashire, might have instructed Mr Barnum himself ; but when the people, at the end of four and a half years, come to sum up the performances, they are afflicted with a cruel sickness of heart. What are they the better for the spoliation of the Irish Church or of the Irish landlords ?—what have they gained by the tampering with the constitution of the army ?—what have they gained by conceding to the peace fanatics or the temperance fanatics ?—what has the ballot done for them ?—how much do they care for "gagging" science in order that Romish priests may be propitiated ? They have found out how little these illusions affect

their real interests. And the only one of the baits, which, had it been a reality, would have been of consequence—namely, that of economy with efficiency—has simply been a broken promise. Nothing could have shown the change in public feeling more plainly than the recent election for Bath. At the preceding contest, so besotted was the whole of that community by the stage tricks that were in operation, that Conservative candidates could scarcely obtain a hearing; now, a Conservative has been returned by a large majority, and by ballot. There can be no mistake about this return having been brought about by political feeling alone. Private and personal influences were all on the side of the Liberal candidate, Mr Murch, an old and respected citizen, very zealous in works for the good of the city, a man with troops of friends, one tried in the requirements of public life. The merit of Viscount Chelsea, so far as Bath knew it, consisted chiefly in his being an outspoken Conservative, and that he would *not* “vote for Mr Gladstone.” There is the strongest reason for believing that the city will, at the next general election, send up Conservatives only. The Conservative working men—about whose mythical being Liberals have been so sarcastic—were to be seen on the day of election congregating in groups and troops, parading the colours of the party, and otherwise openly manifesting their opinions. The appearance of Mr Lowe as “the poor man’s friend” did not seem to influence the working man in the least; indeed the working man seemed as if no profession coming from the present Ministry could gain his ear: he is indignant and disappointed, and only anxious to record his vote against those whom he accuses of having deceived him.

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He asked Lord Chelsea for no pledge—no sensational undertaking. The profession which found favour with him was that of a desire to let our institutions in Church and State alone, and to uphold the honour of the country. Gloucester city was not behind Bath in manifesting its dissatisfaction with our rulers: into the seat vacated by a Liberal it has put a Conservative, and so added another to the many proofs of the great degree in which the country dissents from the Ministry. Mr Gladstone, with all his cleverness, has not half sounded the depths of the British nature. He raised a momentary excitement, but could make no abiding impression. And all England, recovering from its hallucination, is this day rejecting the Radical baits as determinedly as Lancashire put them aside when they were first presented. Our adversaries must not suppose that they can weaken us by their challenge to propound a policy. Judging from what occurred at the recent elections, not to have a signboard ready painted is in itself a merit with the constituencies. They have had enough of specious promises and violent demolitions; they crave governors who, not having bound themselves beforehand to “run amuck,” may give the land some chance of repose, and reserve their energies till occasion may call for them. A firmer tone towards foreign powers seems to be the only point on which the people particularly insist. In short, where this Ministry has been submissive and spiritless, the people desire decision and action; where the Ministry has been active, the people desire repose: there could not be much clearer evidence of failure. We have evidence, moreover, of another truth—namely, that the miserable tricks of the demagogue not only degrade the actor of them, but re-

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coil upon and overthrow him. The people, willing enough to listen to flattering and glozing talk, soon learn to see through these devices, and to be more and more exacting. Mr Gladstone does not seem to know any spell that can move them more. We regret to see that he has been caricatured on the stage, a mark of disrespect which, however he may have personally deserved it, should never have been shown to the First Minister of the Crown. Ministers cannot be restrained from degrading themselves if they choose to do it by playing to the gallery; but they should be compelled to show some regard for their offices, and not to let *them* furnish coarse amusement for the vulgar.* The Premier committed the great blunder of making himself cheap, and he is no longer thought worth having. He descended into the gutter, and is of no more account than any other of the contents of the kennel. In short, he exemplifies an old proverb which, in spite of its mustiness, we may be suffered, on this occasion, to write—"FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT." If he had cocked his hat on one side, stuck a cigar in his cheek, and lounged along a West-end street, he would understand

that he had done something calculated to lower him in opinion. And yet many a man has done this and preserved the respect of his countrymen. What he does not understand is, that there is a moral self-abasement about incurring which he does not hesitate at all, and yet which is a hundred times more damaging than any mere levity of mien.

The signs of the times are cheering for Conservatives. Opinion is coming round to their side with that even and deliberate progress which gives promise that it will continue in the same way, being not suddenly nor capriciously moved, but turning after reflection. There is not the least reason for desiring that the reaction should quicken its pace. Far more important is it that the party of order, when called to office, should have such support as may enable it to give effect to its policy, and more especially to place our foreign relations on a proper footing. But any chance division in Parliament may lead to a dissolution; we are not, we hope, unprepared; and when the election does come, it will probably prove that we have not "worked and waited" in vain.

* Foote once entertained an idea of caricaturing Dr Johnson on the stage. Boswell asked the Doctor how he would act if such a liberty were taken with him. "Sir, I would have broken his bones," was the great Samuel's answer; and the fear entertained by the less Samuel for his bones, caused that lively person to think better of his intention. Johnson could with justice be indignant at the thought of such an outrage, for *he* had never failed to respect himself.

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